

THE WIRE-GRASS

Lyons, Ga., 1924

WIRE-GRASS



MAY 1924



Mr. & Mrs. Willard Partin
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THE WIRE-GRASS

Vol. I

Lyons, Ga., 1924

No. I



Published by The Students of
LYONS HIGH SCHOOL
LYONS, GA.





TO OUR ESTEEMED SUPERINTENDENT

G. E. USHER

In recognition of his proven friendship and devotion to Lyons High School, this volume of *The Wire-Grass* is respectfully and lovingly dedicated.

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MARY HUNTER

Demosthenian

"And had I but one penny in the world thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread."

Nickname: Dash.

Chief Occupation: Dreaming.

Hang Out: Up Town.

Favorite Expression: Lemme See.

Extravagance: Sweets.

Economy: "Trig."

Final Destiny: Home Sweet Home.

President Senior Class '24; Secretary Junior Class '23; President Sophomore Class '22; President Demosthenian Literary Society; Nine-O Club; Glee Club; K. K. Klub '24; Skiroquette.



LOUISE BROWN

Demosthenian.

"But leave the wise to wrangle, and with me The quarrel of the Universe let be."

Nickname: Kiddo.

Chief Occupation: Kodaking.

Hang Out: Mary's.

Favorite Expression: Well, I'll declare.

Extravagance: Sweets.

Economy: Work.

Final Destiny: Chautacqua Work.

Vice President Seniors '24; Editor-in-Chief of The Wire-Grass '24; Literary Critic Demosthenian Literary Society '23; Vice President Demosthenian Literary Society '24; Glee Club '23; K. K. Klub '24; Nine-O Club; Skiroquette.



ANNIE LOU COLEMAN

Ciceronian

"Smile and the world smiles with you."
Nickname: King Cole.
Chief Occupation: Sleeping.
Hang Out: Lyons, Ga.
Favorite Expression: Katididn't.
Extravagance: Chewing Gum.
Economy: Studies.
Final Destiny: Love Nest.

Senior Class Poet; President Ciceronian
Literary Society; Basket Ball '22, '23; K.
K. Klub; Nine-O Club; Skiroquette.



TOMMIE LIL MASON

Ciceronian.

"The name of friendship is sacred; what
you demand in that name I have not the
power to deny you."

Nickname: Tom.
Chief Occupation: Riding.
Hang Out: Anywhere.
Favorite Expression: Oh,oo.
Extravagance: Curling Irons.
Economy: Science.
Final Destiny: College Professor.

Secretary and Treasurer Seniors; Presi-
dent Ciceronian Literary Society; Business
Manager The Wire-Grass; Nine-O Club;
Skiroquette; Glee Club; K. K. Klub.

ALFRED NEWTON

Demosthenian.

"For say a foolish thing but oft enough,
The same thing shall pass at last for also
lute wise."

Nickname: F.g Newton.

Chief Occupation: Dancing.

Hang Out: Colonial Theater.

Favorite Expression: Dad Burn.

Extravagance: . Sta-Comb.

Economy: Nothing.

Final Destiny: Country Gentleman.

Senior Class Historian '24; President
Demosthenian Literary Society '25; Basket
Ball '22, '23, '24; Literary Editor The Wire-
Grass '24; Nine-O Club; Skiroquette.



History of The Senior Class

The task of relating the past history and achievements of these five historic Seniors is far too great for the brief space allotted to us. One very interesting fact is that four of us bear the gratifying distinction of having been "Rats" together. The other member cast his lot in our camp of wisdom two years later.

No phase of school life has escaped the sway of this year's Seniors. The ranks of Basket Ball, Music, Glee Club and Dramatic Art have been honored by Senior quality.

We were very glad indeed when we became High School Rats. The faculty were as kind as we could expect. They gave us examinations in abundance. Our Superintendent, too, seemed always considerate of us, except on Commencement Day. On this day we saw him give to those by three years our superiors, rolls of paper all tied with white ribbon. We asked him with tears in our eyes to give us some. We even offered to buy them, but he refused. He was so tender-hearted and sorry for us that he promised, if we would stay three more years with him and study hard he would give us some just like those.

We returned in the fall of '21, as Soph-

omores and spent the year training Rats in the way we should like them to go. Oh, this was a wonderful year!

We spent the summer months picnicking and having a wonderful time in general. But alas! another September came and we came to school broken hearted, knowing we had a hard year's work a head of us.

Everything went on smoothly until some of us began to flunk. Then our Superintendent made it hot for us. He said there would not be any Seniors this year unless we spurred up. After this we began to show him how brilliant we were. Then again came vacation.

September, 1923, found us with a longing in our hearts to fall asleep and awake to find our year's work finished and our little rolls of paper gripped tightly in our hands. But there was no other road for us but the rough and rocky road that leads to success. This we traveled, only to find the way not so rough and not so rocky as we were led to believe. In fact our voyage on Senior Sea has been so pleasant and agreeable withal that we fain would be among those not yet embarked, anticipating with joyous hearts our fast year in High School.

—Alfred Newton.



Senior Poem

When dear old high school days are passed,
'Tis vain to wish that they could last.
Of course at times we thought that we
Were just as luckless as could be;
The grisly aspect of exam,
When we had tried to cram and jam
Deep thoughts into a youthful head,
Would make us wish that we were dead.

But with the sad days were the glad days,
Passed in a hundred carefree ways.
Each one we shall recall, though Fame
In every field that we could name;
Reward us for the time we've spent,
In following rays her star has lent.
Each one an inspiration brings,
And leads us on to higher things.

E'en now we look through mists of gold,
And in the glamor we behold,
That petty troubles then endured,
Made us for hardships more inured;
A gauzy covering o'er this lies,
The hue of wings of butterflies,
And through the meshes may be seen
Ourselves, the Past, the Might-have-been.

No doubt in time our yesterdays
Will be as beacons on our ways,
Directing us in pathways right,
Until the ideals are in sight,
That our instructors pointed out,
Toward which we'll travel, without doubt,
Till time has claimed our many fears,
And life brought tenderness with tears.

—Annie Lou Coleman.



Senior Class Prophecy

Tired and weary from my day's work, which consisted chiefly in entertaining and being entertained, I sank into my favorite chair on the lawn to rest a few minutes before going to the graduation exercises.

The sun was setting and the entire western sky was a beautiful mass of fluffy clouds, flecked here and there with old rose and gold. Slowly the shades turned to scarlet, and then to a wonderful orange.

As I watched this marvelous phenomena of the sky, I felt a tide of peace ebb into my soul and was thankful to be living in such a grand and glorious world. Once more the sky was changing, but—what shapes the clouds were taking! I sat aghast.

Held in place by the star pins of heaven was a great curtain of both subdued and glorious colors, which moved softly as that great hand reached out and grasped the tasseled cords of twilight. The curtain moved gently, and with absorbed interest I sat very still, waiting and watching.

As the curtain slowly moved, I beheld a tall office building, which only the successful might gain admittance during the rushing hours of a business day. Seated around an immense mahogany table were the members of the city council of St. Louis. Evidently they were waiting for someone, for they frequently cast their eyes toward a door marked "Private." Slowly the door swung open, and a woman entered. She responded to different greetings and took a seat at the head of the table. The Mayor of this great city! Wonderingly glancing around the room my eyes were attracted by an artistic calendar suspended on the wall, noticing that it was June 4, 1934. Once again my eyes sought the face of the Mayor, and swiftly my memory recalled the days spent at old L. H. S. and I remembered how Tommie Lih Mason always argued that a woman could discharge the duties of a Mayor better than a man—usually losing. But now as years roll on the tables turn, we see Tommie has won her point at last, with herself and her city as proof.

A moment of darkness,—then I saw a little bungalow, with the reception hall and parlor brilliantly lighted. Laughter and music floated out to my ears and I perceived a couple at the piano gaily playing and singing, with groups of others

about them. That voice—surely I had heard it before—yes, indeed, for at that moment someone called out "Oh, Mary," and I recognized my old school pal, Mary Hunter, and remembered how she had always said she was going to marry, have her a sweet little bungalow, "for two," and entertain her friends. So, at last she had realized her ideals.

But while I pondered, the scene was changed. I saw before my weary eyes a courtroom in a large city, packed with many forms; for Supreme Court was in session, and an attorney of great renown was pleading for the life of a fellowman. That face, how familiar. Memory recalled the many, many times our old school mate, Alfred Newton, had pleaded for us in our troublesome school days—how many times we had escaped punishment by his pleading.

I mused and was thinking of the olden days, when suddenly a picture appeared before my eyes that made me smile. I saw a large dance hall with many happy couples swaying to the rhythm of music. With the strains of this dreamy waltz, memory drifted back to the dances of my Senior year, and I remembered one class-mate whose greatest delight was dancing. And there she was before me, not so greatly changed after all, during the years that had sped. Annie Lou Coleman was one of the greatest dancing teachers in America.

Once again the scene changed and I saw a lovely summer camp in the Berkshire Hills. Out on the lake a girl was slowly paddling a canoe and gazing into the water. In some strange way this girl resembled me. From somewhere in the distance came the silver tones of a bell. The tasseled cords of twilight gently swayed; with its fading hues of evening the curtain dropped slowly, gently into place; and, with the dropping of that gorgeous curtain the picture revealing my own future destiny was blotted out forever.

Still looking into those Western skies I realized that I was drifting back from the land of slumber. As I walked toward my room, with my mind confused with visions of the past, present and future, I wondered if dreams ever come true.

—Louise Brown.
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Last Will and Testament of The Senior Class of 1924

We, Seniors of 1924, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make this, our last will and testament.

First: To the Board of Trustees we will and bequeath an inexhaustible supply of tax returns.

Second: To the people of the town we bequeath good children, good luck, and good times.

Third: To Prof. Usher we bequeath the sacred privilege of meeting the trains four times a day? ? ?

Fourth: To Miss Milholland we bequeath a class that does not chew gum.

Fifth: To Mr. Corbitt we bequeath all the becoming Senior blushes.

Sixth: To the Junior class we bequeath the following:

Alfred Newton wills to Clyde Thompson his wonderful "Trig" talent.

Annie Lou Coleman wills to Mary Frances Woodle her happy disposition.

Louise Brown bequeaths her musical talent to Evelyn Wimberly and Gladys Aaron.

Mary Hunter bequeaths Maude Willson and Cleo Stanley her own and only dimple, said dimple to be equally divided and most advantageously used by the joint owners.

Tommie Lil Mason bequeaths to Robbie Inman her beautiful brown eyes and the ability to use them to the best advantage.

Signed, sealed and published by the Seniors of Lyons High School in the presence of the undersigned, this 28th day of May, 1924.

—Mary Hunter.



Junior Class

Mary Frances Woodle, Pres. "Huck"

"Work, Study and Love—but the greatest of these is Love."

Evelyn Wimberly, Vice Pres. "Rat"

"If you can't work—can work."

"Precious things come in small packages."

Clyde Thompson, Sec. "Cracklin"

"Silence is golden."

"And what is so rare as a girl like Clyde!"

Robbie Inman, Treas. "Bob"

"Life's a joke—all things show it;

I thought so once, but now I know it."

Maude Willson, Poet. "Mutt"

"Some may talk and some may stop,
But she goes on forever."

Cleo Stanley, Historian. "T-Beau"

All the skyscrapers are not in New York.
"Live, laugh and love."

Gladys Aaron, Jester. "Doc"

As full of fun as her name indicates.
Should be named Pollyanna.

Motto: Pop.

Flower: Poppy.

Colors: Purple and Pink.

Junior Poem

To relate the sad history
Of the class of '25
Would tax the keen brain
Of the smartest man alive.

For in the annals of school life
There was never a class
Who put out more effort
Toward their work—but, alas!

All their efforts were fruitless
And their work seemed in vain,
For they, though so brilliant,
Failed time and again.

But to describe the appearance
Of each beautiful dame,
Would give the world pleasure
And the writer much fame.

So we choose for our poem
Some such subject as this:
We'll attempt to suggest
Each charming little miss.

Robbie

Has eyes, ears, mouth, nose and curls,
Which themselves do assemble
In a way that makes Robbie
A motion picture star to resemble.

Mary Frances

With eyes like the skies,
And hair like the night,
A sweet and ever-ready smile,
Forms a quite pleasing sight.

Gladys

Modest, retiring, hisping and sweet,
Is a jolly good sport and barrels of fun,
Who works when she works,
Till the possibly unpleasant work is all done.

Clyde

Of dusky hair and soft brown eyes,
Slender form and graceful poise,
Studies well and has never been known
To laugh too much or make too much noise.

Cleo

Talks more and says less
Than you, perhaps, and yet
She's in for any kind of fun,
And knows more than you, I bet.

Maude

Has curls she can't make straight,
And eyes and tongue she can't keep still.
She studies hard to get good marks,
And laughs a lot and catches thrills.

Evelyn

Has eyes that twinkle and wrinkle and
dance,
Black bobbed hair and cute red lips,
And does she drive that great big car?
Well, I would say, "She never skips."





Sophomore Class

Colors: Nile Green and White.

Flower: Narcissus.

Tree: Hickory.

Motto: It's hard but it fair."

Organization

President—William Oliver.

Vice President—George Langford.

Secy. and Treas.—Josephine Brantley.

Historian—Sara Frances Mosley.

Poet—Dorothy Brown.

CLASS ROLL

Georgia Lillian Aaron

Josephine Brantley

Dorothy Brown

Nilwon Brown

Catharine Clifton

Lizzie Kate Coursey

Dan T. Gibbs

Gladys Galbreath

Thelma Hill

Pauline Ivey

George Lankford

Margaret Lynn

Sara Frances Mosley

J. D. New

Elizabeth Newton

William Oliver

J. P. Pughaley

Christine Stewart

Earnest Taylor

Josephine Taylor

Callie Thompson

Alvin Usher

Clarence Winge.

Sophomore History

When we started in the first all did say, "There's a class worth while. Those children are sure to be great some day, for never a moment of time they foolishly beguile."

Eight years passed by without delay. Never did we fool our time away, and when the boys who at ball were a-batting, heard the bell, running in, all tuned in on Latin. At last from the eighth we passed, though some of us frairly gasped, for we thought our next year's name was sure to be the same. Then we worried no more. Now in the ninth we've all twenty-four; so cheer up, old grade, and never be sad. Let's always be happy and merry and glad.

Yet among all the teachers we are the "pecks." How much they fuss they care not a speck; they rave at us from morning till night, and about our lessons they're entirely too tight. First comes Milholland, who teaches English Grammar; when she fires a question you'd sooner be hit with a

hammer. You'll have to stay in if you don't be good and work and learn as she thinks you should. With Mr. Corbitt it's five demerits for this and five demerits for that, and X most got a hundred and five for laughing when he sat on his hat. Mr. Usher, our beloved superintendent, of whom Alvin's a promising descendent, is so strong for that wonderful "THAT" rule that that's why we think that that's the reason that we attend school.

But brace up, old dears; don't be ashamed. For Fame you've been named. Study with all your might all your lessons, though the teachers are all tight. For if you don't graduate in 1926 'twill be one thing that we surely can't fix. Then, old grade, we'll all say we're glad and thankful for all the good chances we've had.

Here's to the Ninth! You dear old grade,
I would that your light might never fade.

—Dorothy Brown.





Freshman Class

Colors: White and Gold.

Flower: Chrysanthemum.

Motto: Don't be a crank—be a self-starter.

Organization

President.....	Ward Hill
Vice President.....	C. C. Mosley
Secy. and Treas.....	Ruby New
Historian.....	Elizabeth Pharr
Poet.....	Nell Willson

CLASS ROLL

Dane Chandler
 Robert Coursey
 Martha Bell Coleman
 Mildred Dent
 Nora Hendricks
 Ward Hill
 Elmo Kitchens
 Crawford Kinard

C. C. Mosley
 Ruby New
 Frances Odom
 Iona Odom
 Elizabeth Pharr
 Nettie Stewart
 Nell Willson.

History of The Freshman Class

As we cast our eye in retrospective glance over the past years of "underclassmanship" we sigh in unison a deep sigh of relief at the thought of having finished our travels on that dusty road. We are thrilled with joy at the thought that we are now full fledged high school students.

> We began our Freshman year with about twenty-five boys and girls, hale, hearty and hard-working, though some of them did have the "moss still growing on their backs and cob-webs in their manifold-colored locks." (We must necessarily remember that some of our country's greatest men were of that description, consequently we have hopes.)

In athletics we hold our ground well, considering the fact that we are only Freshmen; while in studies we have never been equalled, being composed of stars that sleep at night and shine forth brightly by day.

In both Literary Societies our class is represented, as well as in the Nine-O Club, Skiroquette, Music Club and other

organizations of the school. In addition to this, in the words of the poem selected by our class poet,

"Absolute knowledge we have none,
But Mr. Corbitt's washwoman's son
Heard a policeman on his beat
Say to a newsboy on the street,
He had a letter just last week,
Written in the finest Green,
From a Chinese Jap in Timbuctoo,
Who said the niggers in Vidalia knew
Of a colored man in Macon town,
Who had it straight from a circus clown,
That a man in Soperton heard the news
From a gang of South American Jews,
About somebody in Borneo
Who heard a man who claimed to know
Of a swell society female rake,
Whose mother-in-law would undertake
To prove that her husband's sister's niece
Has stated in a printed piece
That she has a son who will tell next May
When we'll see graduation day.

—Class Historian and Poet.



Department of Music

Nellie Lou Tippins, Teacher.

Piano Pupils: Louise Brown, Maude Willson, Sara Frances Mosley, Josephine Taylor, Nilwon Brown, Pauline Ivey, Thelma Hill, Elizabeth Newton, Frances Odom, Elizabeth Pharr, Ruby New, Lucy McNatt, Dorothy Brown, Rebecca Hall, Mary Mc-Lemore, Annie L. Coursey, Ralph Langford, Virginia Gray, Jessie New, Bess Oliver, and Mary Sumner



Contestants in Preliminary Contest

Maude Willson, Music 1st place; Louise Brown, Music, 2nd place; Elizabeth Newton, Elizabeth Pharr, Nilwon Brown. Gladys Aaron, Expression, 1st place; Nell Willson, Expression, 2nd place; Frances Odom, Pauline Ivey, and Mary Hunter.



Nine-O Club

1. **Membership:** Students who make an average of 90 per cent in all studies.

2. **Purpose:** Increased effort and proficiency on the part of every student.

3. **Awards and Honors:** Some form of profitable entertainment each month, and membership in the Skiroquette Club for those who maintain an average of 90 per cent throughout the year.

Members

Martha Bell Coleman, Frances Odom, Ward Hill, Ruby New, Crawford Kinard, Dane Chandler, Mildred Dent, Elizabeth Pharr, Nell Wilson, Iona Odom, Nettie Stewart, Alvin Usher, Dorothy Brown, William Oliver, Nilwon Brown, Evelyn Wimberly, J.

P. Pughaley, Ernest Taylor, Robbie Inman, Mary Frances Woodle, Maude Willson, Gladys Aaron, Louise Brown, Alfred Newton, Tommie Lil Mason, Mary Hunter, Annie Lou Coleman, Josephine Brantley, Josephine Taylor, Georgia Lillian Aaron, Margaret Lynn, Callie Thompson, Clyde Thompson, Thelma Hill, Christine Stewart, C. C. Mosley, Sara Frances Mosley, Dan T. Gibbs.

Skiroquettes.

Louise Brown, Mary Hunter, Alfred Newton, Tommie Lil Mason, Annie Lou Coleman, Nell Willson, Ruby New, Nettie Stewart, Alvin Usher, Dorothy Brown, William Oliver, Josephine Brantley, Josephine Taylor, Margaret Lynn, Thelma Hill and Sara Frances Mosley.

Ciceronian Literary Society

Colors: Gold and Black.

Officers.

President: George Lankford, William Oliver, Annie Lou Coleman.

Vice President: Catharine Clifton, Tommie Lil Mason, J. D. New.

Secretary and Treasurer: Pauline Ivey, Ruby New, Cleo Stanley, William Oliver.

Censor: Tommie Lil Mason.

Members.

Josephine Brantley, Dane Chandler, Annie Lou Coleman, Catharine Clifton, Gladys Galbreath, Pauline Ivey, Crawford Kinard, George Lankford, Tommie Lil Mason, Ruby New, J. D. New, William Oliver, Cleo Stanley, Nettie Stewart, Ernest Taylor, Clarence Winge.

Demosthenian Literary Society

Colors: Pink and Nile Green.

Motto: "Labor Conquers Everything."

Officers.

President: Mary Hunter, Alfred Newton, Glenn Currie.

Vice President: Gladys Aaron, Louise Brown, Maude Willson.

Secretary and Treasurer: Mary Hunter, Evelyn Wimberley, Elizabeth Pharr.

Literary Critic: Mary Hunter, Maude Willson, Evelyn Wimberley, Louise Brown.

Humorous Critic: C. C. Mosley, J. P. Pughaley, Alfred Newton.

Members.

Gladys Aaron, Georgia Lillian Aaron, Dorothy Brown, Louise Brown, Nilwon Brown, Lizzie Kate Coursey, Robert Coursey, Mildred Dent, Dan T. Gibbs, Thelma Hill, Ward Hill, Mary Hunter, Robbie Inman, Elmo Kitchens, Margaret Lynn, Sara

Frances Mosley, C. C. Mosley, Alfred Newton, Elizabeth Newton, Frances Odom, Ioni Odom, J. P. Pughaley, Elizabeth Pharr, Christine Stewart, Josephine Taylor, Calli-Thompson, Clydie Thompson, Alvin Usher, Evelyn Wimberley, Maude Willson, Mar-
Woodie, Nell Willson.

ATHLETICS

Yellow Jackets and Hornets

Yellow Jackets—

Dan T. Gibbs

Albert Woodie

George Lankford

Ernest Odom

Bob Brown

Ward Hill

Wilton Hill

Huland Simons

Robert Coursey

Hornets—

William Oliver

Alvin Usher

C. C. Mosley

Crawford Kinard

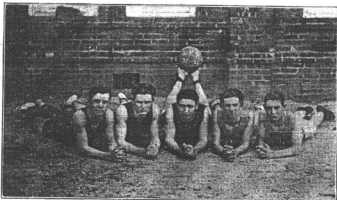
J. P. Pughaley

Dane Chandler

Elmore Usher

Willbur Gibbs

Charles Coleman



LYON LIONS

Lankford, New, Newton, Oliver and Usher.



Inman, Stanley, Wocle, Aaron, Newton, Willson and Wimberley.

Who's Who in Lyons High

Most Popular Teacher—Miss Milholland.

Best Student—Tommie Lil Mason.

Deepest Thinker—Thelma Hill, Louise Brown.

Handsomest Man—Alfred Newton, William Oliver.

Ugliest Boy—Ernest Taylor.

Laziest Boy—Robert Coursey.

Prettiest Girl—Mary Frances Woodle.

Most Attractive Girl—Gladys Aaron.

Most Popular Girl—Maude Willson.

Biggest Flirt—Evelyn Wimberley.

Most Desperate Lover—Alvin Usher.

Kutest Kid—Ward Hill.

Teachers' Pet—Seniors.

Neatest Person—Mary Hunter.

Sweetest Girl—Cleo Stanley.

Coolest Girl—Gladys Aaron, Nilwon Brown.

Freshest Person—Dane Chandler.

Biggest Baby—Pauline Ivey.

Biggest "Lyre"—Annie Lou Coleman.

Kraziest Kid—J. P. Pughley.

Dot's Adventure

The evening shadows were settling over the camp and the log fire sent a cheerful light out into the dusk. Miss Brinson, the chaperone, was busily helping Marjorie prepare the evening meal, while Helen, Edith and Gay made their third trip to the spring which was about half a mile from the camp. Dot was fishing from the edge of the lake nearby.

On the opposite side of the fire Yvonne was poking dreamily at the logs and thinking of by-gone days, which included, mostly, thoughts of Dick Robins, Dot's favorite cousin. Dick and Carl Hammon had been off almost all the summer on a fishing expedition in Canada and were to arrive at Dick's home in one week.

Mr. Robins had given the girls permission to camp on his place and they had had a wonderful time canoeing, swimming, riding and so on. Dot and Yvonne were more adventurous than the others, always wanting excitement.

"Oh, Miss Brinson," called Yvonne, "Dot and I have planned to hike over to Mr. Robins' home tomorrow and borrow his horse again. Does anyone want to go with us?"

"I guess not, Yvonne," answered Miss Brinson, "but you know I always feel uneasy when you girls go over there. He's nice to us and all that, but—well, he looks rather peculiar to me, and—"

"I'll say he does," interrupted Marjorie, lifting the coffee from the fire. "He looks downright sneaking to me. And he's al-

ways casting funny glances at Dot and Yvonne."

"Oh well," said Yvonne, "we'll decide later. Meanwhile if supper is ready I'll go rescue Dot from her fishing."

Five minutes later Gay dashed into camp breathless and excited.

"Why, Gay, what on earth! Where are the others?" This from Miss Brinson.

"They're coming, but—Oh, I'm so scared! While ago two rough looking men crossed my path—I saw them just in time to hide—and I heard them say something about our camp and Dot—and—and that they hoped the little thing didn't pull any wildcat stuff."

"Oh, phaw, Gay, stop raving," said Madge.

"I'm not raving. That's the truth, every word of it."

Finally Miss Brinson succeeded in getting Gay quiet, but kept looking anxiously down the path.

Meanwhile Yvonne was strolling leisurely down to the lake. On reaching her destination, "Dot," she called, "how about joining the gang for supper? You can come back later and dream of love in the silvery moonlight on the water. But folks have to eat to live, you know."

Dot, however, did not answer that call or several others. Yvonne was plainly perplexed for as she looked toward the spot where Dot was supposed to be she saw her rod and bait but no other trace of the fisher. Thinking that Dot was hiding from her

she strolled leisurely about till she came to where they usually kept their canoe. She halted suddenly, for the canoe was gone, and there floating in the water was a broken oar. Yvonne literally flew back to the camp and told the excited group all she knew and imagined.

"Oh, what shall we do?" cried Edith. "Do you suppose those two men Gay saw had anything to do with it?"

"Of course they did," interrupted Marjorie. "Who else could it have been?"

"Oh, what will poor Mrs. Robins do? She just lives for Dot and is so dependent on her for her happiness since Mr. Robins' death.

"Now don't let yourselves get so excited, girls. We will go right over to Dot's uncle's house and tell him all about it."

"Do you know, Yvonne," confided Marjorie as they walked along a short distance behind the others, "Mr. Robins has been very good to Dot since her father's death, but he looks so strangely at Mrs. Robins some times. Haven't you noticed it?"

"Yes, I have. I don't believe he would be half so good to Dot if it wasn't for hers and Dick's cousinly friendship."

When told of what had happened Mr. Robins seemed very much alarmed. Supplied with horses they were soon on their search for the missing girl, the girls working near the camp and Mr. Robins taking the mountain trail. Yvonne and Marjorie however, decided that they too would search on the mountain if they could do so without letting Mr. Robins see them.

The upward trail was rather rough but they were both young and anxious about their companion, so they climbed steadily upward. Presently they spied a bit of white in a clump of bushes and, stopping to examine it, found it to be a handkerchief in the corner of which was a small neatly embroidered D. Dot's handkerchief!

"Clip! clop!" A horse coming down the road! Mr. Robins, probably, having found Dot. Yvonne sat down on a stump and waited patiently. "No luck at all, Miss Yardley," said Mr. Robins, coming to a sudden stop.

"Are you sure you searched everywhere?"

"Yes. The best thing to do now is to return to camp. I think probably some of

the others will have something to report."

Yvonne was perplexed. Somehow she felt that Dot was near and that her uncle had some reason for keeping secret her whereabouts. She said nothing of her thoughts but firmly resolved to solve this problem later.

That night when the camp was fast asleep, Yvonne awoke, looked out into the moonlight, and wrote to her sleeping companions: "I have gone to find Dot. I think I know where she is. Will be back as soon as possible. Don't worry. Yvonne." This she pinned to Marjorie's coat and stole out into the night.

By sun-up Yvonne had almost reached the summit of the mountain. Almost exhausted by the unusual exercise she sat down to rest beneath a large elm. Leaning her head against the trunk of the forest giant before she realized she was sleepy and had slipped off to sleep. An hour later a rough hand brought her suddenly from her land of oblivion, and she found herself looking into the muzzle of a pistol.

"Now little Missy, I just expects you kin listen to my instructions and walk right along in front of me to that little house over thar. I knows you's prowlin' round up here to git that other gal but I'm a tellin' yer that neither one of yer is goin' ter git loose till that little wildcat signs that thar deed of Mr. Robins."

These words came from a man who was evidently a mountaineer. Yvonne could do nothing but obey. Following a path for a few yards they soon came to a small log cabin. Two mountaineers pushed the door open and Yvonne entered. In a chair with her hands and feet tied sat Dot.

"Yvonne! How on earth did you get here?" she gasped.

Tied firmly but finally left alone, Yvonne told all she knew of what had happened. Dot in turn told of the treatment she was receiving at the hands of her uncle. All of the property now enjoyed by Mr. Robins rightfully belonged to Dot. This fact Dot's father had not explained to his wife because he was ashamed for her to know that his brother had forfeited his claim to their father's estate. Then too, Dick would soon be a successful business man himself and would not need assistance. So Dot's

father had permitted his shiftless brother to enjoy a large estate as if it were his own. Now that his brother was dead Mr. Robins did not know just how Dot's mother would feel about such arrangements so he was taking matters into his own hands, taking this method of forcing Dot to sign the deeds. Up to now his plans had failed to work, however.

"Yvonne, how are we going to escape?"

"S-s-s! Not so loud. Have you forgotten that trick I learned last year? I just know we can frighten that old man. I have already been telling him how mean I think he is."

At this point the mountaineer walked in.

"I say there, old man, do you think you can do this and get by with it?" came from the rafters. "Turn around here!"

The old man looked excitedly about him. "The devil! Who is that?"

"Cover him with your pistol," commanded a voice from outside the window. And again, "Get ready! Take aim!" but before the command to fire could be given the old man fled from the cabin as fast as his shaking limbs could carry him. Yvonne and Dot watched this hasty retreat and laughed as they had never laughed before. Then removing their bonds with difficulty, they hurried campward.

About an hour before sunset two tired and dusty girls straggled into the excited bunch of campers. After many questions and answers they all retired to their tents to continue their discussion of all that had happened and to express in private what they thought of it all.

One fact, however, was omitted from the recital of events. This was the real reason for Dot's having been kidnapped. Dot loved her cousin Dick and she did not want him to be embarrassed on account of what his father had done, so she and Yvonne decided that they would pretend that Dot had been lost in the mountain, hoping that the sin of their falsehood would be offset by the pain and mortification they had spared Dick.

"But it has been an exciting and thrilling adventure, hasn't it, Yvonne?" mumbled Dot as she turned her face to the wall of her tent and prepared to sleep the sleep of the tired and weary.

"Um-humph," answered Yvonne from the depths of her blankets.

Soon they were both utterly lost in the snug-fitting folds of sleep, having forgotten the wonderful adventure that had absolutely made their camping trip a success.

—Louise Brown, '24.

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JOKES

Robbie—My dad said he was going to kill the first man that kissed me.

Mary—Well, did he?

* * *

Ruby—Do you know how a rat eats things?

Martha B.—Gnaw.

* * *

Teacher—Why does New England have more manufacturing plants than we do?

Alfred—Because they have rich soil and plenty of rainfall so the little plants grow well.

* * *

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,

Over some unsolved problem I had never seen before.

Suddenly a bilious feeling came gently gently o'er me stealing,

And it was so appealing that soon I fell a-sleeping,

The unsolved problem fell softly down upon the floor—

Only that and nothing more.

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,

When I was called upon to solve it at the board.

Occasionally o'er my shoulder peering long I stood there wondering, fearing,

Filled with strange fantastic terrors never felt before.

And the mark I made hurt me to the very core—

It was merely F and nothing more.

Back to my seat then turning, all my soul within me guessing,

Till my thoughts I found expressing,

"Math," I said, "You thing of evil, How I hate you like the devil!"

Startled at the silence broken by a word so aptly spoken,

With a sigh of humiliation I darted thru the door—

And kept my silence evermore.

—Mary Woodie, '25.

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The trees with beauty come to life again,
Note the scent of a wild growing flow'r,
While the bird with a loud long applause
Makes himself seen on the bough.

—Alvin Usher, '26.

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