

THE PINE BRANCH



OCTOBER—NOVEMBER

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NUMBER 2

Beauty of Lines *and* Correct Build

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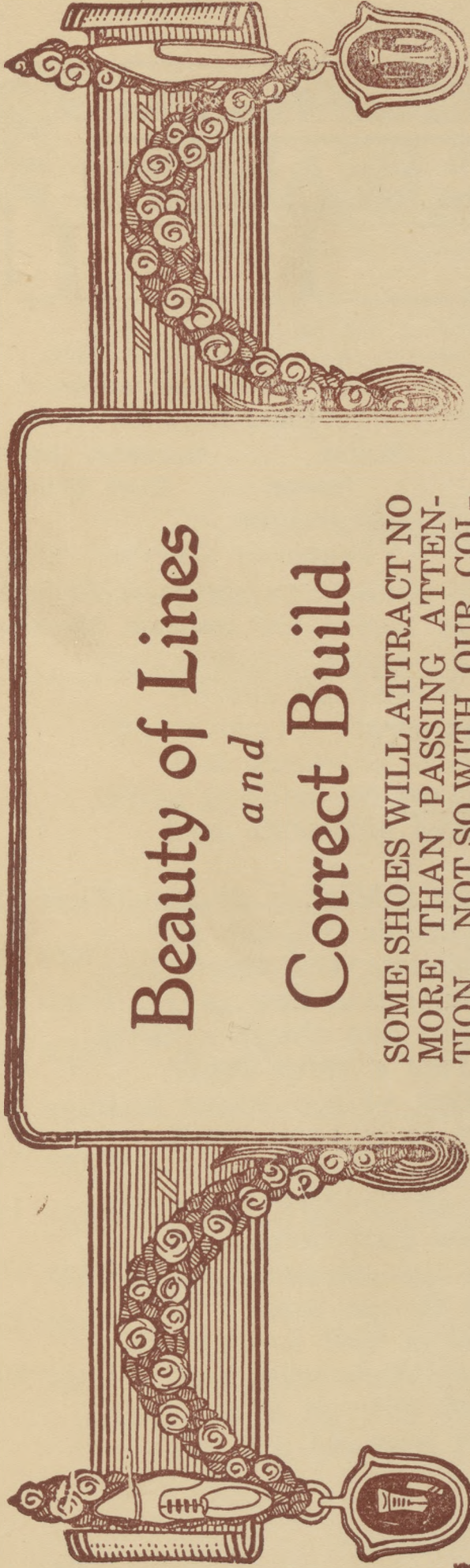
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The Pine Branch

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Hallowe'en

Great jagged wounds of lightening rip
 Across the breast of night,
And thunder demons dance and skip
 Within its baleful light.
The wings of winds bring shrieks of cats
 And scents of burning hair,
While gnarled old women borne by bats
 Flop fiend-like here and there.

The earth is padded with a pall
 So dead, so densely black,
And vipers leer and lizards crawl
 O'er wall and chimney stack.
Strange sights and sounds are everywhere
 There cries a tortured child,
And voices coarse, mix strangely hoarse
 With screams of beasts gone wild.

The moon with all its silver sheen
 Has smothered been quite dead
Because forsooth, its Halloe'en
 The stars are all a-bed.
The force of fear is free to work,
 The underworld is loose,
And woe is he who dares to shirk,
 He ties his own neck's noose.
 Helen Allen, '21

Greater Love Hath No Man

He was just a common cur; from the tip of his inquisitive black nose to the end of his expressive yellow tail there was not one single redeeming line or patch of color to give the lie to his mongrel ancestry. When you first looked at him your impulse was to hold your skirts carefully and walk by; your next, if you caught his responsive dog eyes, was to pat his head, thus setting his ever responsive tail in motion. His one consuming passion in life was a deathless love and loyalty to the man he followed—the man who had caught sight of those appealing dog eyes the day before, and had given his last dime to save the dog, which he had christened "Rags", from the mercy of the dog-killer.

Men had called Dick Brannon a cur too, and he gave the same impression as did a first glimpse of the dog, who now claimed all the affection of which his heart was capable of holding. One's first impression in both cases was the same; unless one got a glimpse of Dick Brannon's eyes which so seldom looked squarely into those of another. Then the next impression—after one glance at the hurt look behind the shifting of those eyes, was to offer help. Yet, following close on the heels of the second, if one cared to look a third time, came the decision that Dick Brannon was not exactly the kind of man that another would offer to help.

His face was young; the once firm mouth told, plainer than any words, of the dissolute life which he had lived. His bearing, slumped and careless, gave no hint of former respectability; but his hands, finely formed, were ill cared for and seemed as incongruous as the broad forehead and finely chisled nose.

His was the same old story—young, far away from home, fell in wild associates. Every week as he went from bad to worse, marked a resolution easily made and easily broken. But there was one—just one too many, and the deed was done.

Greater Love Hath No Man

Now, Dick Brannon, a social outcast, sat on the steps of a large warehouse; head in hands, with not one thing or person in the world to call him friend save the little yellow dog who sat at his feet. His pleading eyes rested on the man who for him had suffered the agony of whiskey-craving since he paid his last prospect of a drink for the dog only twenty-four hours ago.

Great racking coughs shook the thin frame of the man; coughs which six months of sleeping in cellars had only made worse.

Hours they sat there, the man and the dog; the lights of the city flashed out, one by one, like fireflies in the dusk. The man sat, coughed and thought; the dog sat, looked and worshipped. As a paroxysm of coughing overcame the vagabond, the watchman, lantern in hand, turned the corner of the warehouse. Spying the dim figure in the dusk he came closer, then reaching the steps he said:

"I'm 'fraid you'll have to move on. 'Gainst the law you know to allow loafing 'round the warehouse. Sorry, but you'll have to go.

Then as Brannon coughed again, he added,

"Bad cough you've got."

Something in the kind voice made Brannon raise his head. At the same time the watchman lifted his lantern to get a better look at the man, and then—he got a close glimpse into the eyes of the man on the steps; eyes into which no man had looked, or cared to look, for many a day. Somehow those eyes reminded him of the eyes of his boy Terence; Terence, who was then fighting in France to make the world safe for such men as this, and a great wave of anger surged over Thomas Carlton. The man coughed again; the dog, as if sensing some antagonistic presence, placed a limp forepaw upon the knee of the man and a wave of pity completely crowded out the wave of anger in Thomas Carlton's heart. He turned to go but his conscience kept warning.

"And suppose someone should turn Terence out. The man can't last much longer and he must have some good in him to make even a dog love him. Besides there's snow in the air, and—"

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Turning back to the man he addressed him in a rough but kindly voice,

"I say, you seem to have a pretty bad cough, think you'd better turn in."

"No place to go", muttered the man.

"Thought as much from the first. I've seen many of 'em in the same fix, but they didn't have your eyes", thought the watchman but he refrained from saying so. His next statement came abruptly:

"Well, I live in that house over there, fourth floor up. Son's wife and little Allie (she's my little grand-daughter, and a cuter, smarter little trick I never saw) are staying with mother and me since Terence went over there, so we're pretty crowded. But tell you what, there's a little shack out here that the carpenters use for a toolhouse, if you want to spend the night there I'll get you some blankets—you'll at least be warm and dry. Here comes Searles now. I get off 'till ten, back on then 'till four. Come on."

Brannon rose and went; the dog followed with a "whither thou goest I will go" expression in his eyes. The watchman led the way to the shed, then while Brannon and the dog waited he went to get the blankets.

Presently he reappeared carrying in one hand a pitcher which gave forth a fragrant steam, a couple of warm blankets on his arm and in the other hand something wrapped up in a coarse but clean napkin.

"Mother sent this, said the coffee 'ud warm you up and the buns 'ud keep you going 'till morning. Then you're to come up and she'll fix you some breakfast, and I'll see if I can get you a job 'round here. Good night."

The watchman stopped to pat the dog on the head, and thus to receive the three-fold reward of his rare dog smile, brown, human eyes and rapidly wagging tail; then he departed leaving behind a happy man and dog.

Brannon drank the steaming coffee, divided the buns with the dog then gratefully ate his share which some thoughtful hand had prepared. Cold and sleepy he rolled up in the blankets and went to sleep, the dog curled up close to the only man in the world, at least as far as HE was concerned.

Greater Love Hath No Man

"Fire! Fire!" the shrill cry rang out thru the still night air, cutting it like a knife.

Brannon, roused from his slumber, sat up; Rags, one battle-scarred ear cocked alertly, sat up too.

For two beats the man's heart stopped. As the long tongues of flame licked hungrily through the smoky windows of the first and second stories, his first thought was "and the old man said he lived on the fourth floor. Wonder—" Here he was interrupted by the piercing screams of a woman.

"My God, they've left little Allie in that back bedroom. O, why doesn't someone save my baby!"

Allie—where had he heard that name before? Then again came the old watchman's talk "little Allie, she's my granddaughter and a—". The screams rang out again.

"Let me go. I say, no one has tried the side hall stairway—."

Quicker than thought Brannon decided. It was a gamble, sure, but no one cared anyway. He ran to a nearby faucet and saturated his worn clothing, then dashed into the belching smoke that issued from the side door, the dog following close at his heels.

And now he was inside the burning building, he found the staircase; it had not yet caught fire. On he went and up, each step seemed a mile. Already the walls of the first and second story rooms were quaking perilously from the raging inferno within. On, up, he fought, he gasped for breath, finally he reached the fourth floor.

The smoke was so thick that he was almost blinded, he felt his way from room to room until he reached the screaming, frightened child. He seized a blanket and wrapped it around her, then called to the dog,

"Stay here Rags, be back in a minute," intending to leave the child near a window while he found another blanket to assure her safety.

Just then, somewhere in that furnace beneath, a wall crashed in; there was no time to lose, it was only a gamble with life and death. He drew a deep breath and started down; hours to him it seemed; he struggled, his face was blistered, his clothing burned. After an eternity of agony he reached the open air and, a second later the stairway

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crashed in. Brannon without a word fell forward on his face.

And though he never knew it, from the top of the staircase two appealing dog eyes had watched him go, had watched him in his struggle for life until the stairway fell and with it all hope of escape. With a boom and a crash the entire building collapsed and with it the little dog who was told to stay and he stayed.

Dorothy Race '21

The Journey

Brown and drab and thin and sere,
The leaves are drifting down;
Flutt'ring, hopeless, thru the air,
Only drifting, sifting there,
Like the falling of a tear.

Farther down where aisles are gay,
The leaves a-frolic fly;
Dancing daringly agleam,
Gaudy colored as a dream,
Happy ending of their day.

So my life, when comes the end,
Must float away as called;
Wondering, fearing, will it be?
Joyous going will it be?
Death alone may knowledge send.

—Helen Allen '21

Ginny Mag's Dame School

The corridors were full of the noise of shuffling feet and laughing voices. Classes were over for the afternoon and there were two good hours before supper, two hours in which to do as they pleased, not studying, not under the stern eye of learned professors and WITHOUT "Ginny Mag". In class and before her face "Ginny Mag" was known as Miss Virginia Margaret Crane, Latin teacher and assistant matron; behind her back and out of class generally spoken of as "Ginny Mag Scar'em". This afternoon it was widely known that she was going to the dentist, and therefore—happiness reigned!

Mary, Alice and Jane, three Freshies and inseparable companions were going down the hall, arms entwined, and keeping step to the low toned chant,

"Oh where, oh where is Ginny Mag Scar'em,
Ginny Mag Scar'em, Ginny Mag Scar'em,
Oh where, oh where is Ginny Mag Scar'em
Gone to the Promised Land.

She went up on Latin verbs
Latin verbs, Latin verbs,
She went up on Latin verbs
Went to the Promised Land

"If she gets up there at all, I reckon that's how, unless its by a daily reminder to erring students that clasping arms is unladylike," added Alice under her breath. An assenting laugh came from the other two.

"Hello", some one called. It was Susie McCall, who was standing in the door of one of the rooms, with her back to the hall. "You knew that Ginny Mag had gone to the dentist, didn't you?" she called over her shoulder.

"Well, it sounded like it, didn't it?" was the response from the trio as they went on down the hall.

"You know," Jane remarked, "Susie has the same build as Ginny Mag; though I say it not with reference to axiom I."

Ginny Mag's Dame School

"Things equal to the same thing, equal to each other," interrupted Mary, "proceed with the proof."

"But honestly," Jane continued, "whereas Ginny Mag is long, skinny and mean; and Susie is tall, slender and sweet, they are of the same build from the back."

Returning an hour afterwards from a refreshing walk (apples and candy included) the three girls passed down the hall again.

"Well, if there isn't Susie in that door again—or yet" exclaimed Alice, peering thru the dimly lighted hall. Then softly, under her breath she added: "I believe I'll blow up this candy bag and pop it on her back!"

"Do!" urged Jane. "It'll be too funny!"

The bag was promptly blown up and Alicec rept silently up behind her. Pop! The bag burst and Alice's laughter rang out gaily. Slowly Susie turned around—but Susie? Horrors, no! Ginny Mag!!

"May I ask who did that?" she demanded in stentorian tones.

No answer.

"Who was that?" she cried.

"Oh—Yes'm, it was me," came in shaking tones from Alice's corner.

"Well, who is that?"

"Alice Inman, ma'am."

"And please what was the meaning of that unearthly blow?" she demanded. "You will please write out for me the irregular verbs, ferre, possum, do, and pro, for tomorrow."

She turned on her heel, her thin nose in the air, but deigned to turn and say:

"You should not say, 'it was me' but 'I'!"

Frances Bitzer '23

Much Ado About Nothing

The Montjoy home was a whirling center of excitement.. Everybody was busy. There was scarcely time to talk, even to the frequent callers. The maids in their neat black dresses and crisp white aprons ran hither and thither, stopping only at intervals to talk of matters of great importance. The very air seemed charged with the feeling that something great was to happen. Indeed it was! Elizabeth Montjoy was to be married very soon. This wedding had long been discussed and was welcomed by her friends as one of the most brilliant affairs of the season. She was a very fascinating debutante and her father was immensely wealthy; therefore the situation was of interest to jaded novelty seekers and followers of Dame Gossip.

As the day drew nearer the scene became one of ever-increasing preparation. The elaborate trousseau was almost completed, though there were always several lovely dresses scattered over chairs in the sewing room. Elizabeth, tired and happy, directed the packing, criticized the sewing and all preparations. She was also constantly busy answering the telephone and entertaining inquisitive callers..

Then one morning the unexpected happened. After sleeping very restlessly one night Elizabeth awoke to find her valuable pearl necklace gone—stolen supposedly. A hurried search revealed the fact that several pieces of clothing were gone also. The household was paralyzed with the shock and wonder of it. Then, as the reaction set in a thorough search was made; but not a trace of the missing articles could be found. There was no disarrangement of drawers or chest, no disturbance of any kind to betray the fact that a burglar had raided the rooms. The entire family was upset. By her father's advice Elizabeth did nothing desperate but simply awaited further developments.

On the following morning, however, she found that several other pieces of her precious trousseau had vanished

Much Ado About Nothing

in the same mysterious way. She then put the case in the hands -of the detectives. Plain-clothes men watched the house. No one was allowed to enter or leave during the night. Every entrance was guarded. Yet the following morning still other valuables were missing. The affair seemed to have taken rather a serious turn. It was evident that if a thief found it so easy to gain access to the house he might do graver damage. Therefore, on the third night the watchmen were deadly vigilant. The young detective in charge requested that everyone go to bed as usual and remain in their rooms. It was evident to Mr. Montjoy that the young man suspected someone of the group. He asked that he might be allowed to sit up with him. As they seated themselves on the top step to await the coming the burglar, the great millionaire smiled to himself to remember that to be just this, a detective, had once been his highest ambition. As the minutes passed he recalled the things he was to have done. Such work as this was not to have his—he was to capture spies, unearth great murder plots, protect the President. They were great plans and this was as near as he had come to carrying them out. He smiled, this time sleepily. He was glad he had not been a detective, they must live beastly unpleasant lives. He was so sleepy now that not even his boyhood dreams could keep him awake. It was really stupid sitting here when there seemed to be no burglar. He glanced over at the detective. Something must have escaped him for that young man was leaning forward eagerly and listening intently.

Evidently there was a burglar. Someone was moving around in Elizabeth's room. He had not wasted time after all. They involuntarily crouched back into the shadows of the wall. Elizabeth's door opened and a figure stepped out with arms piled high with clothing. Something of the old time thrill came back to the great man. Cautiously they followed the silently moving figure. They were led down the length of the hall up a third flight of stairs and through an unused door. Of course, the thief had been coming in thru the attic windows. No, he paused in the attic and going to an old chest carefully placed

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the clothes in it and closed it. The apparition, burglar, thief, ghost, was evidently unafraid; he turned and walked directly past them. The two men stared aghast. The once-would-be detective stood stupified for a moment and then whispered to the detective that it would make a good dinner sory.

And he waited until dinner the next day to tell Elizabeth, now bewailing the loss of her wedding veil, that she, walking in her sleep, had played burglar and stolen her own things.

Mabel I. Powell '22.

Twigs

Blowing Bubbles

They were seated flat on the floor, a little blue bowl of soapy mixture between them. Rompers, bare feet and soap bubbles. What more could one desire for complete happiness?

"Look Margery, see how high mine floats!" Tilted far back in gleeful pride was the little head with hair piled old-woman like on top for coolness.

"U-u-umph!" Margery was frantically attempting to conserve enough breath to finish the newest rainbow globule she was blowing—"O-h-h, yours can't beat mine" she boasted.

Just then there came a cry of grief from her companion, "Margie, Margie! mine's busted, and it was so beautiful!"

"Don't matter, you can blow another," consoled Margery, with a deeper knowledge than she realized.

The Way of Youth

"Anne, I don't like no more girls here but you, and you've been good to me. I ain't gonna fergit either Anne, not even when I'm a grown man."

"B—But Joe." Anne was thinking of the many times he had helped her. Now he was going back to the orphanage to stay.

"Who'll help me with that old 'rithmetic? You wont stay always will you?"

"When I'm a big grown man I'll come back, but I ain't but fifteen now. Please don't fergit me Anne."

Just then a voice called impatiently from the house, "Joe, hurry on with that milk, ye hear?"

Joe turned and with a wistful look picked up the pail. "'Bye Anne," he called back and started toward the house.

Anne was a gay little girl of twelve who lived next door to Joe. They had played together and Joe had helped her get her lessons. Now he was going.

"Oh well," she thought, as she passed on down the lane, "he'll come back. If he doesn't I can have a nice time with James."

L. B.

He That Is Wise

A group of small schoolboys slipped out of the dormitory, past the night watchman, down to the railroad tracks. It was evident that they were up to some mischief; their faces were blacked and they wore slouched hats and dirty overalls. They seemed well enough disguised, nobody would recognize them.

They followed along the main track for some distance and then finding the desired place, set to work greasing the rails for several hundred feet. During the operation one poor little fellow who had almost "backed out" expressed his secret thoughts.

"What would 'Prof' say if he were to find this out?" he quavered.

"'Fraid are you? Better go back home and go to bed in your ma's arms, little fraid cat."

"You're right," put in a third, "We ain't got time for babies."

"I'm not 'fraid" answered the first and he went thru with his part.

Their work finished the boys slipped back in and to bed.

Number three came speeding along and as the boys expected skidded and could not pass over the spot they had greased. With a muttered curse at the delay the engineer backed his train and went around on a sidetrack. At the station they gave in the report and search was made for the mischief makers.

Again that night the boys passed down the tracks, queerly costumed and strangely silent. This time they were accompanied by a policeman and two professors.

"Wish I was at home asleep in ma's arms," shivered the boy who had nearly lost courage.

"You're a wise guy," remarked the boy who had made fun.

L. H.

The Question

It was just a letter, tender, yearning, hopeful; a note hopefully triumphant, daringly longing. It was a thing to burn into the heart of any true maiden. But was she true? Was she sensitive to the real soul of the man? Could she in her coldness appreciate the worm love of the true man or was she so untouched by love that this wholesome possession passed her by? Ah! for the moment, as she read it, the great tenderness overpowered her and almost she was persuaded. To the note of longing her very being thrilled. Could he—could he be the one? Dare she take the risk? Would she find this wrong? Was he the same as all? Doubt assailed her.

Then did she answer it? Can you tell? I can't.

The Fated Hour

My hour had come! Slowly but surely those unrelenting hands pushed me forward. Horror froze the frantic prayer on my lips. My heart stood still. Before me lay that dark and dreadful inquisition chamber, and behind those callous hands. There was no choice; I must go forward. Even now I felt the frightful fiend behind goading me on. One step forward I advanced into that chamber of horrors. What fate awaited me there I already knew. Somewhere from out that overpowering darkness someone would thrust and then! My blood ran cold! There was a movement! Where would it strike me? Would it cleave my head or pierce my heart? Would my death be

lingering or would—Oh! what would death mean? Cold drops of fear poured over me. Something desperately clutched my arm. I screamed! I struggled! Mon dieu! How I fought. I was held in a grip of iron. I was overpowered. I ceased to struggle; my fate was sealed; the thing had me. The cold blade was passed down my arm whetting it into readiness. Then the point was tested on my soft skin. How could they wait? Let me die or let the agony cease. Quickly they whetted the blade again! And now—now, a last desperate prayer and its over! When would the serum take effect?

—Apologies to Dr. Mashburn and the typhoid vaccination.



What and Why

Owing to scarcity of literary workers and printers, you see, the editors of "The Literary Digest" are not the only ones who have troubles. We have been forced to combine the November and October issues of the Pine Branch. The December issue will, however, come out as usual and will be more attractive than usual. We hope our supporters will not lose faith in us for we are working under difficulties.

Our School Girl Ideals

Ideals—just what are they to a school girl? The unbeliever may say of them that they are only irrational dreams meaning nothing. Possibly he would maintain that they tend toward making one an idler, a dreamer, rather than a practical and dependable worker in this very material world. Rather, let us say, an ideal is the center and very heart of a personality around which character is built. It is a part of the soul rather than of the body. It takes a goodly measure of the idealism to raise this stale world of things onto a livable plane.

Every girl, then, must have predominant thoughts even though unorganized and possibly not concisely recognized as ideals, around which everything centers. The girl may not know where she got these guiding principles. She very likely does not realize that they have grown up with her since babyhood; or have been a constant part of

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her environment for sometime past; or possibly some one thing, which she has likely forgotten, has changed her whole attitude and view of life. These influences may not always be good; just as ideals are of two classes, good and bad.

It might seem that a girl having little sense of the things that make a true woman has no ideal. This is not necessarily true. Her apparent desire may be to attract as much attention as possible by bold actions, paint, and flashy clothes. Is that, then, her ideal? It may be and in a few instances no doubt is; but one believing that mankind is inherently good can scarcely believe it of all girls of the type. Such a girl may be led entirely by her ambitions.

It is natural for these ideals to be formed in childhood even sometimes in infancy; for that is when we are most greatly influenced by the wiser, older people with whom we come in contact. If however these principles have not become fundamentally a part of us; it is not too late, as school girls to form and follow them. Remember that we are forming our character now and are making it just as true and high as possible. This means to choose with care the way in which we wish to go and follow that unflinchingly. It is the same with our ideals; we must take the highest and noblest principles and thoughts that we can conceive, and keep them shining bright and clear before us. Sometimes in this later development, ideals are fostered in silence and adverse conditions, but they are there and it is this which saves girls from doing many things that would not harmonize with their ideals of a beautiful life.

We believe, then, that none of us are without ideals but we do not bring them out and use them; that's what they are for, our guidance and use. We have these beautiful thoughts and now as school girls we have our best chance to show just what they mean to us.



Good Resolutions

The first day of a new year is the usual time to make resolutions, but it is not necessary to wait until that time before making new resolutions, and giving up bad habits already formed. Why is it not appropriate for all students upon entering a new school career to make good resolutions and keep them during the year? Certainly it is just as proper for us to make good resolutions at the beginning of our year as it is for business to make them at the beginning of a new calendar year. Believing that good resolutions are wise decisions and helpful to all students, we suggest these resolves:

1. I will be happy.
2. I will adjust myself.
3. I will have a program.
4. I will improve my mind.
5. I will take care of my body.
6. I will keep my conscience clear.
7. I will be loyal to my college.
8. I will be agreeable to my fellow students.
9. I will not be a college slacker.
10. I will not be a confirmed kicker.

—Exchange

The college magazine is a great invention,
The college gets all the fame,
The printer gets the money,
And the staff gets all the blame.

—Exchange

LOCALS

Y. W. C. A. Surprise

What? Stunt party of the counties. By whom? The Y. W. C. A. Social Committee.

Promptly at eight-thirty o'clock on Saturday night, October 11th, S. G. S. N. C. assembled on the lawn with much enthusiasm. Every one brought a tiny parcel securely tied up and a merry half hour of "swapping" ensued. Then came the stunts! Every one was the best one—from that county. After the president gave the decision of the judges and the guests had had refreshments the party broke up, all declaring this the very best party ever.

On Hallow'en

At seven o'clock ghosts, witches, spooks and other grotesque hobgoblins, all masked, filed silently down the stairs and into the dining room where a very amusing dumb supper was held. The party then proceeded to the lawn and formed a ring around a sparkling fire over which a huge black witch's pot of "pease porridge hot, pease porridge cold" was hung. All next formed in line and the ghost walk which followed led the procession to West Hall, the central habitat of all weird individuals. On entering the door each one was handed a small paper bag containing pop-corn and a loly-pop. Visits were then made to the Queen of Spooks, Blue Beard's room and the fortune teller. The second story was truly the Land of Terror where one heard very gruesome tales. Having descended the stairs the spirits bobbed for apples in a basin of water and then after being served with cane juice in tin cups the ghosts reluctantly abandoned these spectre-like scenes of merriment.

Seniors—To the Subs and Sophs

On Saturday evening, September the twentieth, the Seniors entertained in honor of the Sub-Freshmen and Sophomores. The Subs were dressed in a way that emphasized the dignity they, as school teachers had assumed.

The Sophs went wearing fool's caps and carrying their wisdom. The Seniors were there dressed as they did long years ago in their childhood days. After playing some childish games an impromptu program was carried out—each one taking part illustrating with speech or song, and dress, the thing for which she stood. Refreshments were served and the guests left promising to come and play again with the Seniors.

The "A. A."

Just watch what the Athletic Association is doing. By spring we will defy anybody to say that there is a more "fit" group of girls anywhere.

Board Meeting

We were very glad to have with us several members of the Board on September the third. Several interesting talks were given in chapel by visiting members, among whom were: Judge C. A. Ward, Jr., of Douglas, Senator H. H. Elders, of Reidsville, Hon. John D. Pope, of Albany and Hon. Dudley M. Hughes, of Danville.

The Senior is wise, and the Freshie is green,
Sophs are a gay, happy medium between.

"The Twig of Thorn"

The Dramatic Club will present the beautiful little Irish play "The Twig of Thorn" just after Thanksgiving. No one should miss this as it will be especially well played. Those playing the leading parts are: Ruth Thomas as Oonah; Ona Zula Toole as Aengus; Rannie Griffin as Nessa; Eva Floyd as Aileel.

Teaching Days

Into our faces comes the sun's
bright rays
Awake said they, for now is the
time
For Seniors to don their teaching
ways
Come and get in line
For you're to teach today Seniors,
You're to teach today.

At six o'clock we surprised
the school
By dressing ourselves with unusual
care
We dress and redress our unruly
hair
For we're to teach today Seniors,
We're to teach today.

The bell peals; nothing can hold
us now
As martyrs to their doom, we
silently go
Into the room to begin, but how
Oh my plans! I miss them so.
Now we're to teach today Seniors
We're to teach today.

Now we begin, what shall we do next?
The minutes drag slowly by
And born of blank despair
Comes a happy thought
Why not resort to the age-old way, the text?
The lesson ends and we realize
That we've our first lesson taught
Now we've taught today Seniors
Now we've taught today.

A. Brown and A. C. Robinson '20



How Remarkable!

Frances Dekle (in laboratory picking up very small vessel containing a pound of mercury) "Oh! Miss Craig, does'nt a pound of mercury weigh a lot!"

Miss Craig: "Yes, Miss Dekle, it weighs a pound!"

Plainly Mistaken

Mr. Bradley: "Miss Spier, what is 'investiture'?"

Emma: "Well—ah—er, its when a lord dies—"

Mr Bradley: "No Miss Spier, that's death!"

Where Ignorance is Bliss

New Girl: (during thunderstorm) "Oh! What's that noise?"

Another New Girl: "Why that's the rain blowing down the "wind" pipes!"

Sophomore Wisdom

J. Brown: "We certainly did have chaos at breakfast this morning."

J. Powell: "Why, I thought it was hash!"

It Is Queer

Alma Kicklighter: "No one in my family has red hair; can't see why I have it."

M. Powell: "Well that's nothing. Nobody in my family is lightheaded, but I am."

In Need of Science?

Miss Groover: "Get a thermometer out of the cabinet."

Susan Ansley: (getting one) "This isn't a thermometer. It has "Science Department" on it."

Senior Knowledge

Mr Wood: "What do you mean by personality?"

Annie Clem: "Its something you have that nobody else has."

As to Weddings

Margaret B.: "I'll not send invitations if—"

Hattie Lou R.: "Nor me either. Mine is private."

Who? Satan?

Miss Gallaher: "Why have you not gotten around to tell about your sins sooner? Was old Satan behind you?"

Nannie Mann: "Er-er-no'm, Miss Gallaher, I didn't mean you were."

Some Hot

Miss Craig: "Miss Stockton, what is boiling point?"

Ruth Stockton: "Why its when the water boils."

A New Light on Mercury

Freshman: "Miss Craig, what do you burn in this alcohol lamp, mercury?"

Beware All Ye Seniors

Luke McLuke says that the easiest things to slip on are dignity and ice.

“Courting”

My knees began to tremble,
My hands began to shake,
For there the court assembled
And my rep was at the stake.

My head was high,
My hand was clenched,
My time was nigh
At the judgement bench.

“One Who Knows” '21



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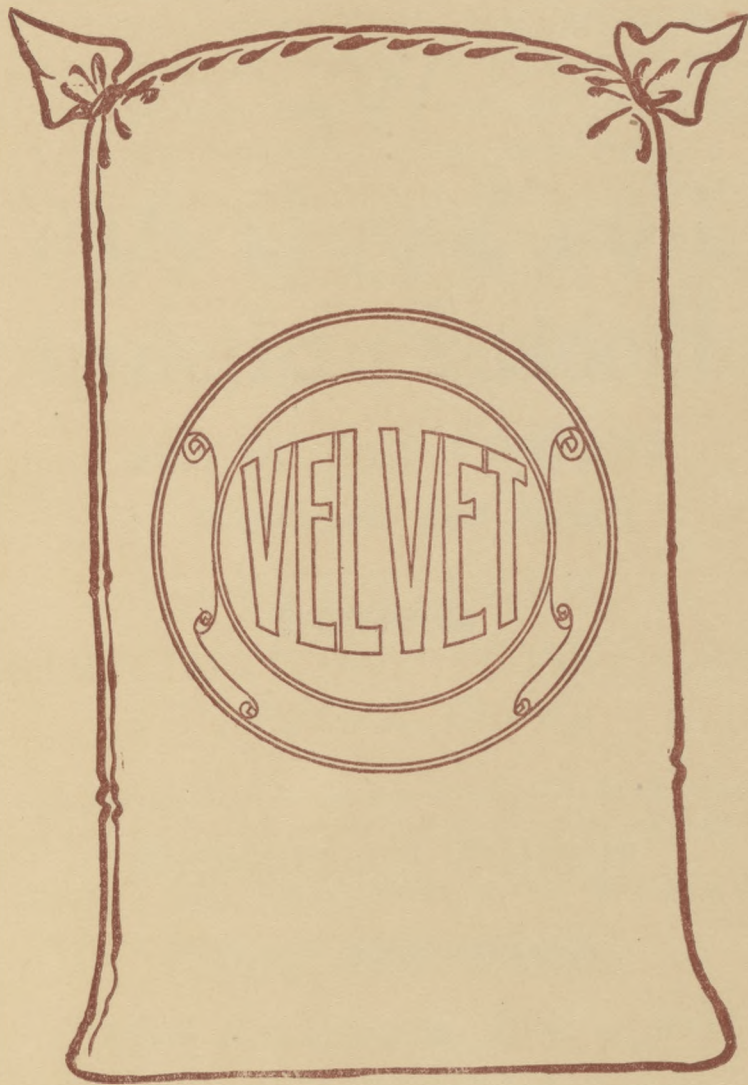
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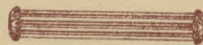
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Some of the road attractions now under contract are: "The Kiss Burglar"; "My Honolulu Girls"; "The Naughty Bride"; "Bringing Up Father"; "Vogel's Minstrels"; Edna Goodrich in "Sleeping Partners"; and Flo Flo.

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