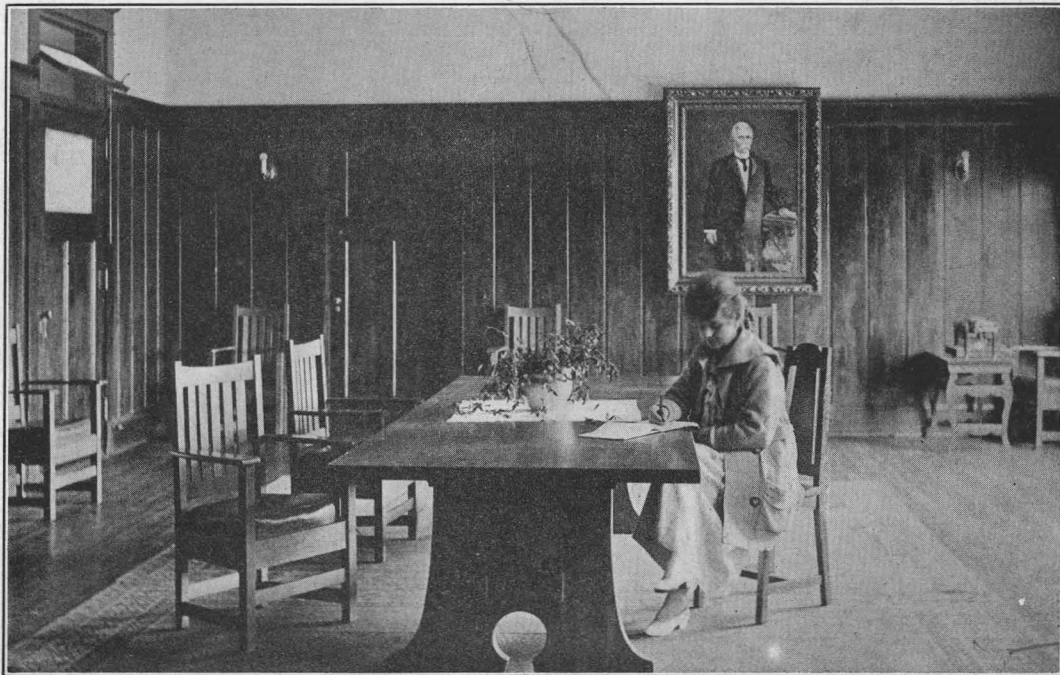


Vol. 1

No. 5

The
PINE BRANCH

APRIL, 1918



MAIN OFFICE



PUBLISHED BY
The Writer's Club, South Georgia State Normal College
Valdosta, Georgia

Entered at postoffice at Valdosta, Georgia, as second-class matter

THE PINE BRANCH

A STUDENT PUBLICATION

Issued monthly by the Writer's Club of the South Georgia State Normal College
at Valdosta, Georgia

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Terms

Subscription — At College, 75 cents the year
By Mail, 50 cents the year
In Clubs of 10 or more, 25 cents the year



INTRODUCING OURSELVES
THE STAFF OF THE PINE BRANCH

EDITORIAL

OUR NEW NEGRO PROBLEM

At this time when the whole world is wrapped in war, and the air is filled with smoke and the sound of cannon, it seems that we ought not to have a vital internal problem to solve. But we have all heard it said, "When it rains, it pours."

Now, in the age of confusion and destruction, caused by the greatest war that history has ever had any record of, we are brought face to face with a negro problem that is as grave, as broad, as far reaching, and as perplexing in its complexity as was the familiar negro problem of the sixties and seventies. As we all know, the dispute about slavery was the extra fuel that was heaped upon the coals of secession then ready to burst into flame; and that the final outcome was the terrible "War between the States," which was instrumental in hardening the heart and embittering the soul of the North against the South and the South against the North.

Immediately after the war the slaves were turned loose to take care of themselves. Not long after that they were made citizens and the third and last step gave them the right to vote. Thus they were on an equal political footing with their white masters. It is needless for me to try to describe the terror, the distress and corruption that marked the reconstruction period.

Is history going to repeat itself? Are we to suffer a civil war between black and white at the polls when this war is over? Let us hope not! But the recent action of the House of Representatives in passing the resolution submitting to the States the so called Woman's Suffrage Amendment, seems to have only the vote of the Senate and the action of a number of State legislatures between us and such conditions.

It is not in the soul of the black man to attain the cultural, intellectual, moral, and religious heights reached by his white brother. And so even though the negro had been in America nearly three hundred years, when they were freed, they were completely unprepared to shoulder the responsibility of their freedom. For some one has said, "Responsibility increases in

direct proportion to the increase of liberties." They do not have the right kind of initiative to strike ahead in the right way. So it was a long, slow process that excluded the undesirable vote of the negro man.

We have an almost parallel situation; but in the time of our grand parents, woman suffrage was a thing so far distant that their solution of the negro problem may not prove to be a sufficient solution for ours. Now that we seem about to have woman suffrage, how are we to exclude the undesirable vote of the negro woman? Because of their utter shiftlessness some of the men were excluded from the polls on a purely educational ground; but would this do in the case of the woman? Scarcely; for she has in most cases superior mentality to the man; and then, too, a stringent educational test would exclude some of the more desirable votes of the white woman. The negro woman is more business like in every way than the man. She is also always on the alert to everything out of which she may gain. She is far more ambitious than the man by nature, and more apt to prove insistent in her affairs than is the man.

So, to control the situation with women voting, it will take something much more carefully constructed than our present grand-father laws.

If we do not exclude the undesirable negro woman voter but allow all to have the suffrage, we might as well allow all the men to vote too, because their influence will be felt in the way she casts her vote.

The "Grand-father Clause," is too specific, too definite to accomplish the desired purpose, and to do any good it would have to be taken very, very broadly.

What are we going to do about the negro woman if suffrage is extended to her by the same hand that extends it to the white woman? Are we going to eliminate the undesirable vote or are we going to allow our politics to become as corrupt as they became during the reconstruction period? This is a question far-reaching, of enough importance to command the attention of the public; and pressing enough to require immediate action.

“WHAT’S IN A NAME”

Helen Mizell

It was Saturday afternoon, and the streets and stores of the little Southern village were crowded with negroes who were enjoying to the fullest extent their half-holiday. In the midst of the square the town-crier was auctioning off the household possessions of a fat old soul who stood by, and as each article was handed to the highest bidder she would heave a long sigh, and gently dry her eyes on the corner of her soiled apron.

Carl Wilhert, with a look of sympathy playing over his rather handsome face, had stood for some minutes looking on this unpleasant scene, when, glancing over the crowd he caught sight of Annie Grey who at that time was passing on the other side of the street. He pushed his way good-naturedly through the crowd, and gaining her side, fell into step with her with the confidence of one sure of his welcome. Annie lived just across the river, and they were busily engaged talking as they crossed the railroad bridge, the only crossing for about a mile. But when Carl was returning, alone, the bridge was bereft of all its pleasure and as he gazed on the raging, churning river so far below he became giddy. He was soon overcome with a dizziness, and was compelled to sit down. As he sat there in the twilight awaiting until he might feel better, the lamp-lighter came along lighting his lamps. Carl was a little disturbed at being found alone, sitting thus at dark on the trestle, and he unconsciously pulled his cap further down over his eyes. The lamp-lighter passed on, and after a little Carl got up and walked on home.

On reaching his room he found an invitation to the Annual Ball given in honor of the old Confederate Veterans, which was by far the most important event that ever happened each year in Wrightsville. He went straight to the phone to ask Annie to accompany him to the dance. During the conversation he told her of his little sickness at the crossing, and of how he had never overcome his childhood dread of height.

That night while he slept, dreaming of days of happiness with Annie Grey as his wife, the great north-bound express thundered its way across the fields and onto the high trestle over the river. It rushed on near the middle of the bridge and then, the spikes having been pulled from the rails, they parted, and it plunged head long into the roaring stream, carrying to a most awful death the engineer and fireman.

The railroad offices were busy places next morning, each employ being privately questioned about the calamity of the night before. Information having been sought of all the upper employees, someone suggested that they call the old lamp-lighter.

He promptly told of having passed over the trestle just at dark, and of seeing that little fellow “whose daddy was a German” sitting alone very quietly in the middle of the trestle and who,

when he came up, had pulled his cap down over his face. So the next morning on his way to work, Carl Wilhert was roughly collared by the police.

When questioned in court, Carl firmly declared his innocence. He explained all the circumstances, how he was crossing the bridge, returning from Annie Grey’s, how he was overcome by dizziness in gazing through the crossties, and how he had been compelled to stop for fear of falling. When asked about why he had pulled his cap down over his eyes, he turned pale. The whole trial had been most painful, and now it did seem that he could hold his own no longer. He admitted that things looked against him. He did not know why he had done so foolish a thing, though he had hoped that the lamp-lighter would not recognize him, his being a German, and everybody naturally being suspicious of him. However he had been here with them for several years, and had proved himself a straight, honorable young man — surely they could not now accuse him of such a crime. He even told them of telling Annie Grey about his dizziness at the trestle, and on being questioned she confirmed his statement.

His case was dismissed for lack of evidence, but Carl somehow had the feeling that the incident would not be wholly forgotten, especially since he happened to be one of the “barbarous Germans” and capable of just such acts.

As he left the court house a bunch of his pals were waiting for him and they walked down the street together, Carl explaining all about the affair. He said that of course now with all the atrocities of the Germans abroad, it was quite natural that they should be suspicious of a German-American boy; and as for the cap part — well, they believed him until he told them of that, but if he had not some evil purpose why had it entered his mind to conceal his identity? If everything about him was open and above board, why had he done such a thing? Of course they all believed him innocent. It just looked queer.

The following week was a busy one for Carl, and he was so engrossed in his work that he had thought little about the incident, and he supposed that other people, too, had ceased to think of it, no one had mentioned it to him. But one night while he was waiting in the little post office for the mail to be put up, he overheard a conversation between two of his friends. It was about a picnic they were going to have, and they were discussing whether they should invite him. They were both very fond of him; he had always been a jolly good sport, but had they not been a little too friendly with this young German? Had not they better call a halt before anything more happened?

Carl walked on up town without his mail. He went in the drug store and over to the table where Annie Grey was seated with several other girls. All the girls save Annie excused them-

selves and he asked if he might walk home with her. He felt comforted at merely being with her—someone who would not doubt him. Yet, as they walked along, Carl suddenly realized that he was doing most of the talking. Annie was answering him almost entirely in monosyllables. He could not understand the cause of this coolness and reserve, which was so new to her. He asked her what was the trouble, for he saw that trouble of some kind there surely was. She hesitated to answer his question, until as they stood at the gate and he continued to insist that she tell him, she stammered brokenly, "Won't you please excuse me from the engagement to accompany you to the Annual Ball? The recent incident does not in the least affect my attitude toward you. I know you are innocent! But before then my people insisted that I should be less intimate with a 'German'—and now—Carl don't you think we had better be just friends?"

Carl stared at her for a while as though he could not believe his ears. She did not look at

him, but kept her eyes toward the ground. Poor fellow, he did not realize how some dear little hearts can be wrenched from their deepest moorings by the idle gossips of irresponsible people. After a while he said slowly, that of course he would release her—he had been blinded by love or he would have seen it before. He did not stay longer, but turned sadly and walked down the long, empty lane, and Annie stared blankly after him, her heart burning with sorrow. "Oh, why did I let them persuade me to say such things to him?"

The next morning, for the first time in the whole three years that he had worked there, Carl Wilhert did not show up for work, and the manager of the business was unable to get in touch with him. The sleepy ticket agent did vaguely remember his buying a ticket for some place, but could not remember just where.

In a few years he was forgotten by all save one who may still occasionally be seen at twilight sitting on the trestle asking herself, "What's in a name, that would make him deserve this treatment?"

THE JUNIOR-SENIOR RECEPTION

One of the prettiest and most enjoyable events of the school year was the Junior-Senior Reception, at which the Junior Class of the South Georgia State Normal College was hostess to the Senior Class, the faculty and young men friends of the young ladies, Saturday evening, March the thirtieth.

West Hall was beautifully decorated in green and white, and flags carrying out the Senior Class colors and the patriotic spirit.

The guests were met at the door by two girls from the Freshman Class who were prettily dressed in white carnation costumes, representing the Senior Class flower, and afterwards escorted to the Board Room where they were introduced to the receiving line. Misses Lena May and Ida Groover, presidents of the Junior and Senior Classes, President and Mrs. Powell, Professor and Mrs. Wood, Miss Goodlett and Miss Gallaher received the guests.

Everyone then formed in line near the central part of the lower corridor, and were presented with little flags ready for the grand march, which was lead by Miss Pratz and Miss Young. The procession marched up the vine-walled stairway, separated in front of the library and

marched right and left, down the upper corridor to the end stairs down to the first floor, and back to the central corridor. Here the beautiful old colonial cross-sword figures was formed by half of the procession while the others marched beneath. The grand march ended with the confusing and fun-provoking serpentine figure. Following this two very beautiful solos, vocal and piano, by Miss Young and Miss Millegan; a clever reading by Miss Majette, and a sextette from the Junior Class. The next forty-five minutes was given to "proms."

Refreshments were served in the Sewing Room up stairs, which was exquisitely decorated in white roses and smilax. The guests were entertained during the refreshments, first with a minuet by two girls in colonial costume, and second by two graceful spring dancers. Between the dances music was furnished by an orchestra. The color scheme was carried out in the green and white cream, mints and cake. Punch was served throughout the evening.

At the close of the evening every one met in the central corridor and bade each other good night by singing the Class and College Songs.

AUNT SALLY ANN'S FIRST RAILWAY TRIP

A Comedy in Three Scenes

Marion Groover

Personages of the Play

Aunt Sally Ann Hoppinchopper.
Hezekiah Hoppinchopper (Aunt
Sally Ann's Husband).
Messenger Boy.
Ticket Agent.

Conductor.
Mrs. Blaire and Baby.
Gentleman across the aisle.
News Butcher.

Scene I.

Aunt Sally Ann's living room. Seated by fire knitting. A knock is heard at door. Aunt Sally Ann hobbles to door.

Aunt Sally Ann — Wal, for the Lord's sake, child, what on earth hev you got there? Shorely it ain't one of them there telegrams? (**Taking it and opening**). These here telegrams allus do frustrate me so I don't git over hit fer a week. (**Fumbling in pocket**). Now, whar on earth be my specks?

Messenger Boy — There yer specks be Miss on top of yer head.

Aunt Sally Ann (**Reaching for spectacles**) — Why, to-be-shore; to-be-shore. (**Puts on spectacles and reads**). "Liza Jane and all ten chillen sick with measles. Come on next train. Bob." Wal, glory be that hit hain't no wusser! Soon as ever I git thar and make a tea outen sassafras root, onion juice, red pepper, red oak bark and ginger and they take a few cups of hit I guarantee they'll break out thicker'n hairs on a dog's back. I never knowed my receipt to fail.

Exit Messenger Boy.

Aunt Sally Ann. (**Going to mantel and placing telegram on it**). Wal, I reckon I'll hev to miss the 'sociation, but I be real glad that my grip be packed. I'll jest put on my bonnet an' git my coat an' be ready to leave fer the deppo when Hezekiah comes in.

Enter Hezekiah.

Hezekiah. (**hat full of eggs**). — Wal Sally Ann, I found a big nest of eggs under ole Brindle's trough. Thirteen in all. (**Seeing Sally Ann putting on hat**). For the Lord's sake Sally Ann! What's the matter? Whar yer goin'? Shorely it don't be time to leave fer the meetin'-house.

Aunt Sally Ann — No Hezekiah, I jist got one of them thar telegrams from Bob sayin' Liza Jane an' all the chillen wus sick, and fer me to come at onct. You go and hitch up ole Mag an' carry me to the deppo.

Hezekiah (**going out**) — All right ole woman, I'll hev the cart at the door in little of no time.

Curtain

Scene II.— Inside Depot

Enter Aunt Sally Ann and Hezekiah. They go to the ticket window.

Uncle Hezekiah — Mister, I wants a ticket to Savanna.

Ticket Agent — Well, well, Uncle Hezekiah, so you're going to take a trip clear to Savannah are you?

Uncle Hezekiah — Wal now, sir, it don't be me that's goin'! My wife here got a telegram from our boy Bob this mornin' sayin' that his wife an' all the chillen wus sick, an' ter come at onct.

Aunt Sally Ann — Yes sir, all ten of 'em is got the measles. But soon as ever I give 'em a few swallows of a tea I make outen sassafras, onion juice, red pepper, red oak bark an' ginger, they'll break out thicker'n hair on a dog's back. That tea is my own make up an' I never knowed hit to fail yit. Yes sir, if yer ever hev the measles jest try hit.

Agent (**handing ticket to Uncle Hezekiah, who gives him a ten dolar bill**) — Thank, you ma'am, for the recipe. I shall certainly recommend it to the first person that I find suffering with measles.

(**Uncle Hezekiah hands ticket to Aunt Sally Ann**. Whistle of train is heard. **Aunt Sally Ann and Uncle Hezekiah hurry out**. **Aunt Sally Ann** (**boarding the train**). — Now, Hezekiah, dont fergit ter hunt the eggs and feed the chickens, an' be shore ter take good keer of that speckled hen with the three biddies.

Curtain

Scene III.

Interior railway coach. Passenger in every seat. **Enter Aunt Sally Ann**.

Aunt Sally Ann — Lord Presarve us if ever seat in this here cyar don't be took. Wal now, I done gone an' paid that ten dollars what I made offen my little collard patch to buy me a seat an' I intends to set down. (**Stopping by seat occupied by a woman and baby**). Ma'am, can I set down side of you.

Lady. (**Moving to one side**) — Yes.

Aunt Sally Ann. (**Sitting down**). — This is fine weather, ma'am. (**Silence**). Don't you think so, ma'am?

Lady. (**Coldly**). — Very nice indeed.

Aunt Sally Ann — Where mought you be travelin' to, ma'am?

Lady. (**More coldly**). To Savannah.

Aunt Sally Ann. — Yer don't say so! Why, that

be where I'm goin'. I'm goin' to see my son Bob. P'raps you know Bob? Bob, he runs a hack.

Lady — I haven't the honor.

Conductor. (Passing through coach).—Tickets, tickets. **(Stopping beside Aunt Sally Ann).** Tickets please! **(Aunt Sally Ann pays no attention whatever).**

Conductor — Madam, will you do me the kindness to hand me your ticket?

Aunt Sally Ann — No siree, sir. I paid ten dollars what I made offen my collard patch fer this here ticket an' I expects to keep it. No sir, I don't calkerate to give this here ticket to nobody.

Conductor — But madam —

Aunt Sally Ann. (To lady) — Say, ma'am, do you like collards.

Lady — I've never eaten any.

Conductor — Madam, I insist —

Aunt Sally Ann — Say, ma'am! You jest oughter try some. They're good cooked with hog head and onions. **(People on train laugh).**

Conductor. (Losing patience).—Now, lady, see here, if you don't give me that ticket I'll put you off the train.

Aunt Sally Ann — Law sakes then, take it. **(Handing ticket to him).** Bob's wife and chillen all got the measles an' he sent a telegram to me to come at onct. Say mister, did your folks ever hev the measles? **(Conductor hastens angrily on).** Wal, now, do tell! I reckon his folks must er done had 'em fer he didn't even wait fer me ter tell him my receipt what I is never knowed to fail.

Gentlemen across the aisle—What is your remedy, madam?

Aunt Sally Ann — Wal, Sir, its like this. You make a tea outen sassafras roots, onion juice, red pepper, red oak bark and ginger; an' you take a

swallow every onct and a while 'till you begin ter break out. I tell you, sir, it never fails to bring 'em out thicker'n hair on a dog's back.

Gentleman — I should think not!

Aunt Sally Ann. (To lady).— My name is Sally Ann Hoppinchopper; what mought be yourn?

Lady — Mrs. Blaire.

News Butcher (Passing through calling his wares). Apples! Oranges! Candy! Tutti Fruitti Chewing Gum!

Aunt Sally Ann — How do yer sell that candy?

News Butcher — Ten cents a stick.

Aunt Sally Ann — Wal, I'll take a stick. **(Handing him money and taking candy. To Mrs. Blaire)** — Wont yer hev a piece, Mrs. Blaire? Now, do give the baby a piece.

Mrs. Blaire — No thank you.

Aunt Sally Ann — What occupation does yore ole man follow?

Mrs. Blaire — He is a banker.

News Butcher—Savannah Morning News! Atlanta Journal! Macon Daily Telegraph!

Aunt Sally Ann — Hev you got any thing in that Savanna paper about Bob's chillen and wife? They mought a heerd since I did.

News Butcher — I'm not sure ma'am, as I haven't had time to read it. I dare say that there is if the reporter only heard about it. Wont you buy one?

Aunt Polly Ann — No, I believe not. I'll get there afore long.

Conductor — Savannah, next stop. All off for Savannah!

Aunt Sally Ann — Wal, I'm real glad we've got here. Now Mrs. Blaire, come to see us. I'm shore Bob and Liza Jane will be proud to see you any time; an' I'll cook you a pot of collards if I can find any in this here city.

Curtain

THE SCIENCE CLUB

Marion Groover

The Science Club was organized in responce to a need and expressed desire on the part of some students for knowledge along scientific lines that could not be given in the regular College courses.

One Saturday evening in October a small group of students met in the science department of the College to organize a club for the purpose of studying some phase of scientific work.

The officers of the Club are:

Miss Lena May, President,

Miss Ruth Chapman, Vice President,

Miss Mamie Patrick, Secretary and Treas.

The Club is very fortunate in having as faculty advisors, Misses Craig and Johnson.

After discussion it was decided that the study of some subject not offered in the College course would be most profitable as it would provide opportunity for broader development.

All present were very interested in what was

going on in the heavens and decided that this was an excellent opportunity for learning more along this line.

Each program is planned by a program committee and consists of reports and round table discussions of the various planets and constellations. The actual location of these in the heavens forms a very interesting part of the work.

Each member of the Club is an active member and has a place on the program of each meeting. There is no effort on the part of the faculty members to teach, but the Club is conducted on the basis of mutual study and investigation.

The work done is proving intensely interesting, enthusiasm is spreading among the student body and there is no doubt but that the Science Club will soon become one of the most popular as well as the most profitable of the Clubs.

LOCALS

February the twenty-second will always be a "red letter day" in the life of the college girls. On that date the Shriners met in Valdosta for their Second Annual Ceremonial. The college girls were their guests from 11 o'clock A. M. until 5 o'clock P. M. The auto rides were delightful, the dinner which was served in Brookwood Park was delicious and the many tricks of the Shriners were amusing and entertaining. A special feature of amusement during the afternoon was the ridiculous fashion in which the candidates for initiation were dressed.

The Y. W. C. A. of this College has a unique method of increasing the library. Each year a book party is given to which the girls are invited to come dressed in costumes that represent some book. All who will are asked to bring a book on this occasion to be given to the Y.W.C.A. library. This party for 1917-1918 was a combination Valentine and Book Party given February the twenty-third. Some forms of amusement were: guessing the titles of books represented by various girls, shooting with Cupid's bow and arrow to determine one's future life — married or "old maid,"—and writing and reading Valentine verses to one's partner. Miss Edith Arnold won the honor of guessing correctly the most titles of books represented. She was presented a beautiful vase of red carnations. Quite a number of good books were added to the library.

All, students and faculty members alike, were grieved to learn that Miss Rule, who is Superintendent of the Training School, teacher of Methods Classes and a prominent member of the advisory Board of the Y. W. C. A., could not be with us the remainder of the year. Her departure was in compliance with the instructions of her physician. It is hoped by all that she will regain her health soon and be with us again next fall.

Mr. Gwinn gave the college girls a very interesting talk recently about the Thrift Stamps. As a result of his talk, "Thrift Societies" are being organized among the students. He urged that the girls of this College save — not only money, but everything that the soldiers need.

Sergeant Vernon Marshall talked to the college girls recently on "Why we are at War and What our Duty is." Having been in the Red Cross service in France before the United States entered the War, his talk was unusually interesting and instructive, as well as effective.

"IT IS TO LAUGH"

Katherine: "Mr. Bradley, I've noticed a good many pieces lately, written by a Mr. Anon. Can you tell me something about him?"

Miss Young: (In chorus practice) "Hold the 'a' longer, girls; don't be in such a hurry to get to the men, and you will get along better, has has been my experience."

Miss Johnson: "Miss Harper, give me a definition for science."

Miss Harper: "Science is a study of everything in the world and everything that is not in it."

L'ENVOI, JUNIOR CLASS

When the last long lesson is ended,
And reports are made out and mailed,
When every one's heart is heavy
And every one knows she has failed,
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it!
Lie down for a month or two,
Till the coming again of September
Shall set us to work anew.

And those that passed shall be happy,
They shall sit in a Senior's chair.
They may stay in their rooms and study,
With kimonas and tousled hair.
They shall have teaching for practice,
Down in the lower hall.
They shall teach for hours at a sitting
And never grow tired at all.

And only Miss Rule shall praise us,
And only Miss Rule shall blame,
And no one shall work for money,
But all shall work for fame.
And each for the joy of teaching,
And each in her own little class,
Shall teach forever — with memories
of S. G. S. N. C.

— Bess Cobb.



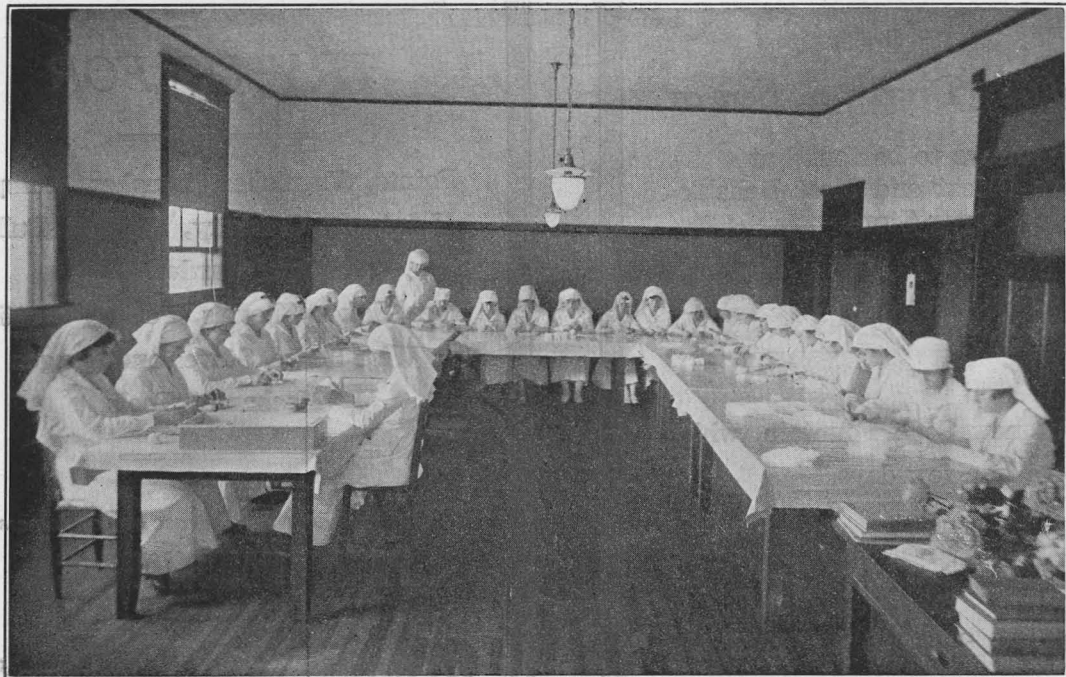
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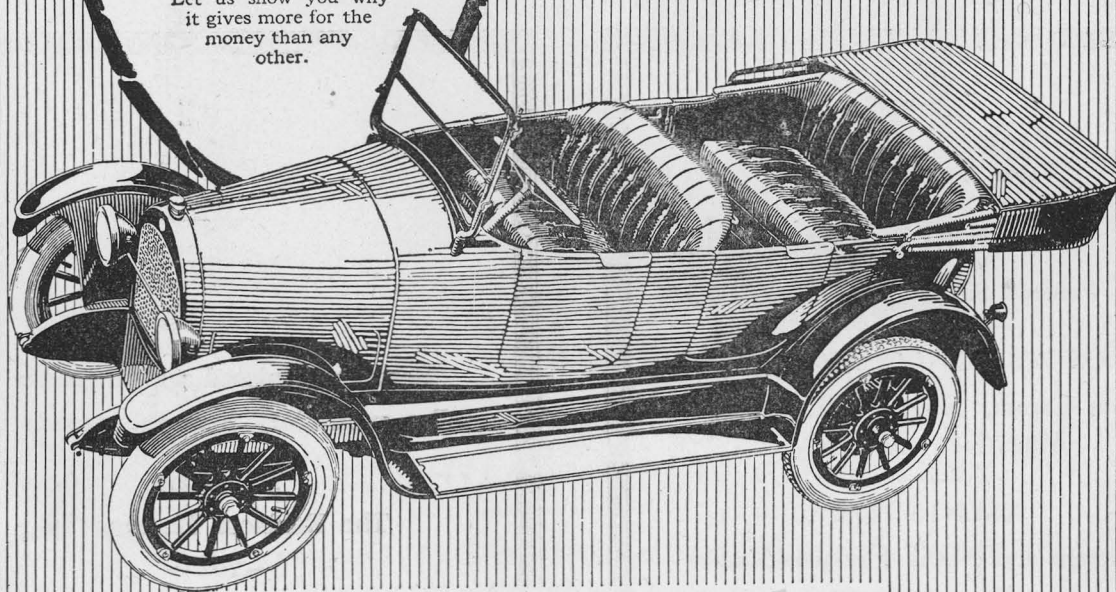
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