

THE PINE BRANCH



JANUARY
1919

VOLUME 2 : NUMBER 3



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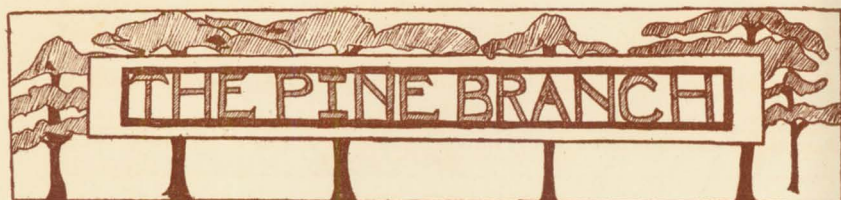
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JANUARY, 1919.

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New Year's Eve in Spooky Town

Spooky night in spooky town.
Shiv'ring ghost and wand'ring clown,
Faces dead bob up and down,
In spooky town.

One-eyed cats arch backs and growl.
Tail-less lonely dog doth howl.
Flopping bats, and lean wolves prowl,
In spooky town.

Owlets hoot, so eerie shrill,
Will o'-wisp o'er swamps so still,
Gleams on man who meant to kill,
But lost his nerve.

Witches dance, and raven croaks.
As the fire 'bout witch-pot smokes.
Night all deeds of horror cloaks.
In spooky town.

Down thru thorn tree, in a drift,
Shafts of moonlight gently sift,
Silver white, and dark doth lift,
In spooky town.

Moon peeps thru, all consternate,
'Till she recollects the date
New year in and old year late,
In spooky town.

— Helen Allen, '21.

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THE WHITE HOUSE

Washington

31 July, 1918.

My dear Mr. Secretary:

I am pleased to know that despite the unusual burdens imposed upon our people by the war they have maintained their schools and other agencies of education so nearly at their normal efficiency. That this should be continued throughout the war and that, in so far as the draft law will permit, there should be no falling off in attendance in elementary schools, high schools or colleges is a matter of the very greatest importance, affecting both our strength in war and our national welfare and efficiency when the war is over. So long as the war continues there will be constant need of very large numbers of men and women of the highest and most thorough training for war service in many lines. After the war there will be urgent need not only for trained leadership in all lines of industrial, commercial, social and civil life, but for a very high average of intelligence and preparation on the part of all the people. I would therefore urge that the people continue to give generous support to their schools of all grades and that the schools adjust themselves as wisely as possible to the new conditions to the end that no boy or girl shall have less opportunity for education because of the war and that the Nation may be strengthened as it can only through the right education of all its people. I approve most heartily your plans for making through the Bureau of Education a comprehensive campaign for the support of the schools and for the maintenance of attendance upon them, and trust that you may have the cooperation in this work of the American Council of Defence.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

WOODROW WILSON,

Hon. Franklin K. Lane,
Secretary of the Interior.

Life Sketches



REE THROW," called the referee, and the noise subsided as the forward took her place. Some small boys near the back stop yelled, "Put her in," as she stooped to sight the goal. There was a determined look on her face, and the muscles of her arms and legs grew strong and rigid. The ball swung up, then down, for a good start; then it was gone. The crowd was held tense with excitement; every eye was fixed on the ball. Would it go in, or not? It rolled slowly and falteringly around the ring, faltered, and dropped through. The crowd seemed held by the prevailing, breathless silence, until the referee's whistle brought the shout that echoed through the big "gym."



HE children sat in the midst of a sea of toys. They were building houses. Both little girls reached for the same block. Polly grabbed it first, and drew it towards her. Anne's hand dropped back disappointedly, and a tiny sigh escaped her. Polly looked up with a light of mischievous triumph dancing in her eyes. Instantly they softened with a look of tenderness; she saw Anne's disappointment. Quickly and impulsively she held out the block.

"Oo tin have it, Anne."

"No, Powy, I don wantit. Oo teep it, an bill yo house. Please!"

She looked up with her face pleading love and self-denial. A sweet little smile lurked in the corners of her mouth. Polly's hand stole over and clasped Anne's. They smiled.

"Anne, oo tin have em all. Tause ouse is se putttest. Now, oo tate em."

"Un-uh, un-uh, un-uh!" And she shook her curls vigorously.

"I know, Powy! Les bof o' us do it to once!" And Polly moved closer with her blocks. They played on, building their stronghold of happiness.

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SUE was foremost among the runners; hair flying, head forward, chest out, and fists clinched. Just in front of her was the goal, just behind her little puffs of dust rose, as her feet touched the ground. On she came. At last, calling out the last ounce of strength, she spurted forward across the tape. She glanced around in a dazed fashion and sank exhaustedly to the ground. With a great sigh she stretched at length, threw one arm over her face, and flung the other out as far as she could. Slowly the twitching and pulling of her muscles relaxed. The great quivering gasps which shook her frame changed into more regular breathing, and she lay still. Across the campus came the yell, "Sue! Sue! Sue!" A happy smile came over her tired face.



THE baby cried, and the little darky rocked. They creaked back and forth in the broken-down chair. The little darky coaxed, he cooed, he sang, he patted, he bounced, but the harder he worked the louder his little brother cried. While he held the baby on one knee, he had a hog bladder resting on the other. He looked at it lovingly, but there was no chance for play with the baby to tend. He made a face at the baby and slapped it, then he turned, with a wistful smile and stroked the bladder gently. The baby squealed louder and louder. He jabbed his fists successfully into first his mouth, then his eyes. He kicked violently with his little black feet. At last the little darky had a thought; his eyes rolled with delight, and his head bobbed knowingly. With the baby over one arm, and the bladder firmly grasped in the other hand, he made for the kitchen. He returned with an inspiration, a dirty medicine bottle filled with milk. A quill, wrapped with a soggy rag, served for a nipple. The milk soothed the baby and he soon fell asleep. The little fellow was happy, he sat on the steps grinning from ear to ear, a mischievous twinkle in his eyes. He was content just to sit, and squeeze squeak after squeak from the bladder.

LIFE SKETCHES



HER black eyes were fairly popping out. The muscles of her shiny face were twitching. Her old black-grey head was bobbing back and forth. Her fists were clinched, and the muscles of her black arms stood out like knotted cords. Her clumsy, flat feet were placed far apart, and her toes were wiggling in the dust. She would stamp one foot, then the other. Her whole frame quivered. With her cheeks puffed up like balloons, her voice came like a clap of thunder,

"I'se gwine ter kill dat black nigger what took my money. You jes't wait un see!"



HE old negro was sleepy and tired. He had been waiting in that melancholy little waiting room since before day. Not even the excitement of going to Atlanta proved enough to keep him awake long. He shuffled down into a more comfortable position, with his feet far out and his head drooping forward. A fly lit on his bald head, and, as he struck at it, the force of his own blow brought him to his senses. He could hear nothing new. He slumped back into his old position. The telegraph instrument in the next room kept up its regular "click, click." The flies droned incessantly as they flew 'round in never ending circles. The flowers in the window-boxes were dull, reddish brown zenias, just the color of the musty, speckled woodwork. The endless line of Liberty Bond pictures were of no interest now. Again the old negro's mouth fell open, and his eyes rolled as his lids closed over them. His snores fell in with the steady beat of the clock, and the ceaseless buzz of the flies. The old negro unconsciously waited.

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Lelya Freison

AS THE launch rounded the point the crowd gave vent to a low-voiced "Ah!" There, before their eyes, spread a seemingly deserted village. Near the dock an old fishing vessel lay at anchor. In the background was an old, ruined fort; in the foreground was a small stone building, on the front of which was printed, "Gen'l Merchandise." As they steamed up to the dock, they caught sight of an old man, hobbling towards the dock as fast as his game old leg would carry him.

The party on board consisted of Mr. Lawton, his two children, Bob and Natalie, and Miss Lora Payton. They were visiting many of the quaint old villages along the southern coast. This one, however, promised to be more interesting than any of the others. The little group listened eagerly, as Mr. Lawton walked up to the man on the dock, and began questioning him.

"This is a quaint little place you have here. What is it called?" began Mr. Lawton.

"Yes, that it is," answered the old storekeeper. "Some 'low as how it used to be called Fort Sumners, but we all hereabouts calls it Sunset Village."

"Fort Sumners!" exclaimed Lora, "Where have I heard that name before?"

"Probably Fort Sumter that you're thinking of," said Bob.

"I suppose that must be it," answered Lora, though she did not feel quite satisfied with this explanation.

The three young people wandered over towards the fort; and Mr. Lawton and the old villager followed. The old man was entertaining Mr. Lawton with some bits of local history.

"I reckon now that you never heerd of Lelya Freison, eh?"

"Why no, I can't say that I have," answered Mr. Lawton.

"Wal now, that's a story worth tellin', and every word true, too! Yes sir!" and he rubbed his rough chin with his

LELYA FREISON

old gnarled hand. " 'Twas during the time when they was fithtin' the Spanish and the Indians. Sunset Village, or Fort Sumners, as they called it then, was a pretty safe place. This old fort was one of the strongest here 'bouts. 'Twas built so that a little stream, from a spring back of the fort there, ran through the court. 'Cause o' this we could al'ays get water without going out of the fort. Wal, one time, they had been expectin' an Indian attack for some days, and everyone was in the fort, loaded for them redskins. The looked for attack came 'long about two in the morning. They kep' at it all that day, and on into the dark. The first thing in the morning the folks in the fort found that their water supply had been cut off. Them red devils (beggin' the ladies' pardon) had turned the course of the stream from its regular channel. Mad? I don't ever want to see as mad a bunch of men as they say them folks was. There was only a handful of them left, and they was kept busy at their posts. They fought all day without water. By dusk they felt that water was the only thing they wanted, and they wanted it bad. Just about dusk, when it had been decided that someone must go for water, a war whoop came from the rear of the fort. A sentinel climbed up to see what the trouble was. " 'It's Lelya Freison with some water,' he he shouted, ' the Indians ' — "

" Oh, I remember, I remember! " This came from Lora. During the old man's story she had crept nearer and nearer, until she had her hands resting on his crumpled sleeve. Her figure was tense with excitement. Mr. Lawton looked with amazement at her white face and blazing eyes. It was as though he looked, not at the kind, gentle girl he knew so well, but at some heroic woman of a distant age, who had passed through such hardships and dangers as those of which the man was telling. Flinging out her arms as though to command their attention, she continued,

" I had just persuaded the women folks to let me go for water. I was to fill two pails at the spring, and then make a dash for the gate. The women would be waiting there to open it. We had waited until dark to escape detection, as much as possible." Her voice sank to a stealthy whisper. " I took the pails and crawled through the opening we had

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made, where the stream used to come through. Then I crept along the former bed of the stream. I reached the spring in safety, and had filled one pail when a wild whoop warned me that I had been discovered. Quickly filling my other pail, I started on a race for life." Her voice was shaking with excitement, as she lived over those few tense moments. "The yells of the Indians, as well as the flying arrows, served to increase my speed. At last, only a few yards remained between the gate and me, — it opened slowly. Holding my two precious pails before me I dashed through. The gates were slammed in the faces of the thwarted Indians. They were forced to retire before the heavy fire our men poured into them. And what that water meant to those famished fellows, could hardly be described!"

Breathing, as one physically exhausted, she looked around at the tense, astonished group. On their faces were depicted concern, amazement, and fear.

"B-be you a spirit, er-er what?" faltered the old man.

"No, indeed," answered Lora, "Why do you ask?"

"Beca'se," in a shaking voice, "This 'ere happened a hundred and twenty-five years ago, — and, er-er, wal, that's jest the way the thing was." Brightening a little he asked, "Hed ye read it, now?"

"Why no, I was there. I'm Lelya Freison. I remember getting the water. It seems to me, — yes I know it was I." Lora stood facing them, with an almost defiant look on her face.

"Wal, now, I've read about these here folks that come back to life again." He continued musingly, "Now do you supposin' — wal, you sure be a queer un though, 'case that thing happened a hundred and twenty-five years ago."

As they walked down to the boat, Bob said to his sister in a most disgusted tone:

"Huh, she must a been reading some of that reincarnation dope."

— Ruth Browne, '21.

"A Psalm of Life"

(Apologies to Longfellow)

Tell me not in mournful accents,
"True, today we have exams."
For my heart turns lead at message,
And my stream of joy it dams.

Prove that theorem? Draw square circle?
Ah! a zero is my goal.
Sinks my courage, nor returnest,
When I answer to the roll.

Dies enjoyment, newborn sorrow,
Is the destined end and way.
And, from "A" every tomorrow,
Finds me further than today.

Lecture long, and study fleeting.
And, my reputation brave,
Breaks the record, as it beats it's
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the school's broad field of learning,
In the bivouac of life,
We are like dumb driven cattle,
And few heroes in the strife.

Trust the future. Oh, how pleasant!
When dead past buries dead!
But the crisis of the Present,
Exams held, and empty head!

Lives of great men all remind us
We are lagging rear-ward, and
When departing, we won't leave on
Time, a **toe-mark** in the sand.

Give me pencil, then, and paper.
I have heart for any fate.
But, alas! for certain "x'es"
I will patiently await.

— Helen Allen, '21.

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Ghost Land

IT WAS a cold night in Northern Virginia. The wind was howling and whistling as though possessed of seven devils. The moon shone dimly. Familiar objects became both unfamiliar and mysterious in the faint half-light. The big living room offered a cheerful contrast to the out-door world. Before a big open fire sat Betty and her mother, waiting for her father to come home. Betty was telling her mother all her thrilling adventures of that night, for Betty had been "ghosting."

"Oh, Betty!" exclaimed her mother suddenly, "I must run over to Mrs. Brown's for a few minutes. You will be safe here, for I will be away just a little while."

"All right, mother," answered Betty, although, to tell the truth, she did not feel quite all right about it.

As soon as the door closed after her mother, the house seemed to come to life. Weird noises came from all around her. Oh, what was that? Surely those were chains rattling! No. It was only a wind elf shrieking wickedly around the corner of the house. She breathed a sigh of relief — Had the door opened? Perhaps it was only her imagination. Yes that was it. She fell back in the big arm chair with a nervous laugh.

Why, why, why didn't she stop falling? She went on through the chair, the floor, and the ground! At last she landed with a thump. Ah, but this was worse than being alone. Where on earth was she? There were ghosts everywhere. Tall ones, small ones; fat ones, skinny ones; pretty ones, ugly ones; — ghosts of every kind and description. What queer houses! She sat up and looked around her. Surely not, but yes. They were all made of coffin lids and gravestones! She noticed that all the ghosts seemed to be moving in one direction. As nothing awful had happened to her so far, she decided to follow the ghosts up the queer, white streets.

Betty was over her first fright, though still nervous, so she began to look around curiously. Looking down the street

GHOST LAND

she saw that it, too, was made of gravestones. The one on which she had fallen, bore the inscription, "Rest in Peace."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "Look at that cute little ghost baby!" Sure enough, there was an old ghost, with a ghost baby in her arms, and another clinging to her skirts.

What a queer noise! It sounded like an automobile engine. Looking back down the street she saw a pure white ghost of an automobile coming toward her, honking a ghost of a horn. She could see straight through it to a house at the end of the street. This automobile stopped in front of a great ghost palace. The palace was surrounded by a double fence of clanging chains. All of the ghosts seemed to be going in here, so Betty decided to follow. Tall, thin ghosts, dressed in livery with pearl buttons, stood on guard at either side of the door. They bowed the guests into a long, white hall, along the sides of which were white seats, made of coffins.

Listening to the fragments of the conversation around her, Betty heard a cunning little ghost say to a handsome young ghost,

"I wonder where she is?"

"I am certain that I do not know," he assured her. Betty could see that it was the little "she" by his side of whom he was thinking.

Just then one old ghost remarked to another,

"King Mephistocles is well worthy to rule over such a great people as we are."

"Yes, indeed, well worthy," remarked the other.

From these, and other like remarks, Betty gathered that she was in the palace of King Mephistocles, ruler of ghost-land. It seemed that his daughter Sulphuria was to be married to Phosphorous, a ghost of high degree. Everyone present agreed that it would be a splendid match.

Betty was very anxious to witness the ghost wedding so she slipped into a large room, into which the guest-ghosts were going. Such a sight as met her eyes! There sat a huge ghost, on a huge white throne, with heavy clanging chains around his head and waist — truly an awe-inspiring sight.

Just then a ghost began to play on a ghost of a harp, and the ghost of "Lohengrins' Wedding March" came to her

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ear. Betty saw the prettiest ghostess she had ever seen, walking slowly down the aisle. By her side was a handsome young ghost, whom she decided was Prince Phosphorous. They moved slowly down the aisle, and stopped before the throne. The king of ghosts arose, and began in a grave voice,

"Do you, Sulphuria, and you, Phosphorous, promise to use every conceivable means within your power to frighten children, especially in the dark and on Hallowe'en? Do you promise faithfully to haunt the persons to whom you are assigned?"

"We do."

Betty did not linger; she was thoroughly frightened by this time. With a smothered scream, she darted towards the door, when someone seized her shoulder, and began shaking her.

"Betty, Betty," it was her mother, "Wake up, dear. Daddy is home and it is way past your bedtime."

— Frances Bitzer, Sub A.

In France Today

There's a little bit of "pep"

In France today.

There's a fellow with a "rep"

In France today.

He is forcing back the "Hun,"

He's the man behind the gun,

Greatest strength beneath the sun,

In France today.

Uncle Sam is fighting now,

In France today.

He's the winner! Ask him how!

The U. S. A.

First, he wins because he's right,

Then he wins by force of might,

And he puts the "Huns" to flight,

In France today.

— Helen Allen, '21.

Speakin' of Rain

The night is cut by rain — a flood
That speaks of cold and slush and mud.
And most folks lie awake, hearts torn,
To face discomfort of the morn.

The farmer growls because his crop
Will be delayed, because the slop
Prevents his working. And the man
Who takes the mail with slow old Dan,

Awakes, and cannot coax a snore,
But keeps a-thinkin', more and more,
Of how he'll wet be, to the skin,
A-takin' out and puttin' in.

And mistress Loaf, who meant to take
The children out for "mother's sake,"
To dine with her and spend the day.
She's angry, for they now must stay.

At home, for Willie, what a sin!
Has had the flu, and must stay in.
The flu — a bother anyway,
Why can't it leave, and ever stay?

But somewhere 'long about the dawn,
The college girls awake and yawn,
And rub the sleep out of their eyes,
Till one looks out, and gently cries,

"Oh, girls! Oh, look! Who said 'Let's pray?'
The rain, oh joy! No drill today."
And, forthwith, back again to bed,
One more half hour to all things dead.

— Helen Allen, '21.

Editorials

Rouge, Powder and Earrings

(A Little Heart to Heart for the Few Who Don't Catch on)

Speaking of uniforms, I know one that isn't as widely known as the Y. W. C. A., the Marine, the Salvation Army, or that of "our boys." However, this uniform, in its sphere, stands for just as much as the ones just enumerated do in theirs. It consists of a dark blue, tailored hat, and a dark blue serge coat-suit; a simple and attractive uniform. How do you like that for a working basis? Now, you know one's costume has a tendency to determine somewhat one's disposition. When we get into our "little blue uniforms" we seem stirred with the spirit of loyalty, which makes us want to do our utmost to uphold the standards of the uniform. Then too, the wearing of the uniform adds a certain dignity to the wearer.

Is it not, then, a "breach of uniform" to use powder and rouge in any desired quantity or quality, or to adorn oneself with striking beads, bracelets, or grotesque earrings? For some reason these adornments do not exactly harmonize with the uniform, and much less with the spirit of womanliness for which the uniform stands. Hand-made complexions do not look as well with the simple blue uniform as a healthy natural color. Moreover the costume is too peaceful to encourage such a warlike display of beads, and trinkets as we sometimes are greeted with.

'Tis true, some say that earrings are the "latest thing" in personal adornment. Yes, earrings have been the "latest thing" with a certain class of people for many years. These jewels may be purchased in any size, shape, color, or design; in fact, even the most eccentric taste can be suited. Isn't it sad to think how dreadful camouflaged some very good tastes are? There is a certain type of earrings, the large ball that swings gaily by a golden chain, that reminds me of the balloons of yesterday, that had to be anchored by suspended sand bags. So we see that earrings do not seem to blend with the spirit of sensible, practical blue serge. Let's strive to live up to the true spirit of our uniform, instead of cheapening it with gaudy adornment.

Alumnae

Since this letter was written, Lottie Alexander, our Alumnae Editor, has fallen victim of the epidemic that has passed over our country. Miss Alexander was a girl well-beloved in our college. She was also a girl of high standing in scholarship. The staff, in behalf of the school, wishes to extend deepest sympathy to the members of her family. The letter which follows, stands just as she wrote it, and it shows her loyalty to her college.

"The Tie That Binds"

Lottie Alexander, Alumnae Editor

Have you ever noticed the impress left upon a packet of letters by the cord with which it is tied? Those nearest the top and bottom are most deeply indented, are they not? The impression, however, grows dimmer upon the letters in the middle of the packet. That is, those that are farthest away from the cord lose the stamp of impression.

It seems to me that a very similar experience happens to the graduates of a college. They are tied together with the cord of of their alma mater in much the same way that a packet of letters is tied together. And, similarly, just as those letters that remain nearest the cord are most deeply indented, so it is that those alumnae who remain nearest their alma mater, — (Not necessarily nearest in the sense of mere physical proximity, but nearest in spirit, interest and love for all things pertaining to the good and development of their alma mater),—show of course clearly the impression of the ideals and standards of their college. Whereas, the "middlemen," so to speak, those who are farthest away in spirit, interest and love show most dimly the stamp of the college from whence they came.

The point we wish to make is: Those alumnae of S. G. S. N. C. who are nearest their alma mater are those who love it, work for it and keep in touch with it, (and this is not only the privilege but, in truth, the very duty of every member or the Alumnae Association). They are those who will

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be its best advertising material, for they will represent in its truest sense the "finished product" of the Factory of Education at S. G. S. N. C. Now, it behooves us who are already Alumnae, as well as those who, sometime in the future aspire to reach this most "august" and "exalted" rung in the ladder of Education, to bear in mind the simple fact that we want no half-hearted, "middlemen" alumnae, (and indeed we firmly believe that we as yet have no such person in our Association). All of us must be true, zealous patriots who love and revere our college. In other words, we must needs remain near the cord of our alma mater so that its impress will become indelibly fixed upon us — her children.

Why? Simply because we have a life-long debt of gratitude to pay our college mother for the many lessons, — "physical, mental, moral and spiritual" — which she instilled in us. Most of us are now in truth embarked upon the Sea of Life. Our little canoes at first seem unsteady. But, when we had time to look around us, we found that we had an excellent paddle, (a practical education from a practical college), which would enable us to guide with a more steady hand our tiny canoes through the varied and oftentimes turbulent experiences of life. Realizing this, how could we feel otherwise than grateful because of the fact that we have a use for it.

We are indeed glad that we have this truly wonderful opportunity of keeping in touch with the activities of college life, and above all, the girls of S. G. S. N. C., our sisters to be, remembering always,

" Our hearts are with the Red and Black,
And may we never sever
The ties that bind our hearts to thee,
S. G. S. N. C., forever! !"

Humorous

A Brilliant Senior.

Found in a Senior's not book — Excavate: to hollow out.
Sentence made to illustrate: The boy excavated when he saw that he was about to drown.

Experience Helps.

"The next assignment in composition will be a description of love," said Miss Wilson.

Junior: "Oh, Miss Wilson, what are we going to do if we haven't had any experience?"

At the Patriotic Rally.

Speaker: "Americans as you are, don't you think that you would be awed by the presence of a king?"

Voice from the crowd: "Not if I had an ace."

This to a Senior.

Helen Mizell: "Your reports should be written so that the most ignorant could understand it."

Katherine: "Well Helen, what part is it that you do not understand?"

Different People Have Different Motives.

Miss Johnson: "Miss Chastian, and what kind of motives are carrying these brave boys to camps?"

Miss Chastian: "Locomotives."

Was It?

Miss Craig, in Chemistry: "Fools can ask questions that wise men can't answer."

Lavinia: "That is the reason we always flunk on exams."

Some Have Eyes, And See Not.

In Physics: "Miss Brown, can you work the next problem?"

Miss Brown: "No Ma'am. J just can read it."

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Who Pays the Bill?

Teacher: "Why is the ocean warmer in some places than in others?"

Sub.: "Because it is steam heated in some places."

The Folly of Correction.

Mr. Bradley: "Miss Bitzer, what is The Hague Tribunal?"

Frances: "The Hague Tribunal ar —"

Mr. Bradley: "— Do not say The Hague Tribunal are. Say is."

Frances: "The Hague Tribunal isbitrates all national controversies."

A Misleading Statement.

Miss Morris:, in training school: "Children, tell Miss Barrett that I would like to see her as soon as she comes in."

Little Girl: "Oh, I just saw her coming in through the window."

Live and Learn.

New girl, waking up and finding light on: "Good gracious, I'll be tardy for setting-up drill."

Dresses hurriedly. Room mate comes in.

"Good night, Susie. What are your putting on your 'gym' clothes between winks for?"

Just a Sophomore.

Miss Hatcher: "What happens when a man's temperature goes as far as it can go?"

Dorothy: "He has cold feet."

How Could She Tell?

Student: "Miss Johnson, let me put a pledge on my paper."

Miss Johnson: "Never mind; I can see by your paper that you have neither given nor received help."

A New Type.

Miss Hollis: "How many kinds of poetry are there?"

Stella: "Lyric, Dramatic and Epidemic."

HUMOROUS

The Cruel Truth.

Teacher: "What is the tense of 'I am beautiful'?"

Pupil: "Remote past."

A Wit Among Us.

Miss Hollis: "What kind of schools did we have in the Dark Ages?"

Julia: "Knight schools, of course."

In Pays to Advertise

I gladly take my pen in hand,
To write you just a line.

Pa lost a daughter, yester morn,
And I, that name of mine.
You doubtless guess the truth by now,
So late it came to me.

To all who wait, comes everything,
Oh, John, he came for me!

An advertisement caused it all,
Dear husband read the ad.
Van Dering, dearest name that man
E'er in this world has had.
Romantic, is the world, my dear,
To suit. Ah, a surprise?
I'll close, but hope to see you soon.
Sal, guess that you surmise,
E'er you have read this missive through,
It pays to advertise.

— Helen Allen, '21.

J. L. Harris

S. A. Chitty



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FLOWER SEEDS AND BULBS
GARDEN AND FIELD SEED
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Opposite Court House.

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LADIES' DEPARTMENT STORE

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There is no better advertising medium in South
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Now ready for prompt shipment

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Offer

Special Prices on All Goods

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EVERYTHING CLEAN, MODERN and SANITARY
EVERYTHING THAT'S GOOD TO EAT
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There is one shade, one weight, and one texture of face powder which suits your complexion better than any other.

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AS STRONG AS ITS MEN
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