

THE PINE BRANCH



APRIL
1919

VOLUME 2 : NUMBER 6

"The Fit is the Thing"

LET'S ANALYZE
OUR LINE OF FOOTWEAR



The styles are right—that is why we serve so many people who value their appearance.

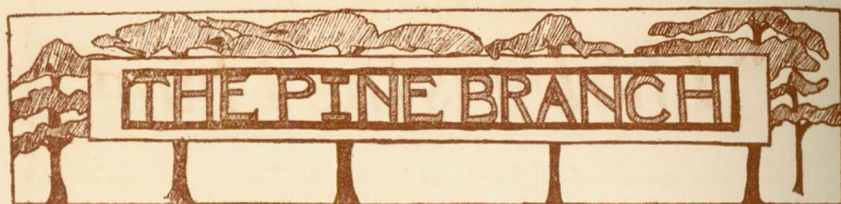
The workmanship is right—that is why we serve so many old customers.

The price is right.

We will let your pocketbook be the judge

Turner Jones Shoe Company

"Valdosta's Only Shoe Store"



Helen Mizell - Editor-in-Chief

Elizabeth Chichester - Associate Editor-in-Chief

Editors,

Ruby Ezzell,
Jonibel Powell,
Julia Bryan,
Helen Allen.

Class Reporters

Senior,	-	-	-	Lois May
Junior,	-			Mattie Campbell
Sophomore,	-			Ruth Browne
Freshman,	-			Mabel Powell
Sub-Freshman,				Frances Bitzer

Lena May - Business Manager

Bessie Proctor - Circulation Manager

Ensel Broadhurst - Assistant Business Manager

CONTENTS

The Little Blue Parasol	Page 2
The Suffragette	Page 3
Easter Dawn	Page 4
Eastering	Page 5
Your Mother's Letter	Page 8
Advent of Georgiana	Page 9
The Promised Land	Page 12
The April Fool	Page 18
Editorials	Page 19
Locals	Page 21
Jokes	Page 22

The Pine Branch

Subscription, 75c

Issued Monthly

Single Copy, 15c

*Published by the Students of South Georgia State Normal College
Valdosta, Ga.*

Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Oct. 3
1917. Authorized Jan. 20, 1919.

Volume II.

APRIL, 1919

Number 6

The Little Blue Parasol

Six steel ribs and a scrap of silk.

Silk? No, a patch of blue sky,
And queer little Chinamen dance o'er the brim;
Pinkest of roses clamber the hem,
Butterfly bow perches high.

Green flower stem, at the end a crook.

Trifle? To the small clutching hands
A treasure that fairyland only could make.
Bluest of eyes, with love for its sake,
Seek its blue top as she stands.

Long, long talk by the man in black.

Hard? Why the pew was of stone!
But sweet were the lilies so white by the stand;
Charmed, she had watched the clock's creeping hand,
Lulled by the preacher-man's drone.

Then at last, on the steps again,

Mother with smile mother-mild,
Says, "Come," and she steps with her gaze intent,
Slips, and 'tis torn! A rib, too, is bent!
Passionate grief of a child.

—Helen Allen, '21.

The Suffragette

HE was swinging along ahead of me on the sidewalk, his militant strides making my ridiculously short steps double up upon themselves, in imminent danger of the tripping qualities of my French heel slippers—the darlings! with the adorable little rhinestone brilliants, above which my silken shod instep curved deliciously—he fairly bristled with aggressiveness. The decided tilt of his hat, the imperious click of his army shoes against the pavement, the very flap-flapping of the tails of his severely plain overcoat proclaimed a challenge thrown in the teeth of the world.

“Who can he be? The leader of a band of socialists—a fervid prohibitionist or—a pious Mormon Elder, fired with the zeal of his religion, and the message he carries to a sinful world?” I thought, as I made a panting effort to quicken my pace. “At any rate, he seems to have thrown down the gauntlet and is ready to get into the thick of the fight,” watching him run an investigating finger around his choker collar, as if it were slightly uncomfortable.

“I am going to pass him. My curiosity will eat me alive if I let this puzzling mystery turn down some side alley and disappear, leaving me no knowledge, whatsoever, of the dominating face beneath that screening derby!” I vowed to myself.

I was steadily gaining now, though my slippers gave a warning lurch and keeled to windward in a way most alarming occasionally.

“I’ll see him, if it means farewell to the last pair of rhinestone-trimmed slippers in the world! And as for these bothersome old heels, they can just subside and keep their own miserable selves company behind, if they want to!”

Three steps more—I could make it. Must I cough, or drop my handkerchief accidentally, blushing demurely as he bent to recover it, or what? Suddenly, my right slipper heel gave a despairing groan. It’s end was certain. At the same moment, just as I was abreast of him, he stopped abruptly, pondered for the space of a heart’s-beat, as if he had forgotten something, and, as I came alongside, turned to retrace his—ye gods! My heel crumpled forlornly and I sank back against a nearby railing in a chaotic conglomeration of amazed bewilderment and anger, with an appall-

ing desire to give vent to a hysterical laugh. I gazed in the eyes—sparkling black eyes, with glints of yellow fire in their depths—"dominating" enough for the most exacting observer—"cold steel" I thought, and let my gaze slip down to his—her chin, resolute, determined, with a black mole upholstering the northeast corner, and surmounted by a mouth which kept watch over it with an "I'll conquer or die" expression. Her upper lip was divided from her nose which aspired skyward, by a delicate fringe of—it almost deserved the cognomen of beard. I explored no further. My eyes sought the lapel of her coat, and rested on the small badge there in a mixture of relief and understanding.

"Humph!" I didn't need to look to see the disapproving eyes focused on my poor, innocent, little maltreated slippers.

"Haven't you got any more sense than to display your weak-mindedness to the gaping crowd by wearing such shoes as them? They date back to the bondage of woman by the man-brute, a hundred years ago! Humph!" Thank goodness, those ugly man-shoes were taking up their disgusting knock on the pavement again. I could only stand and stare stupidly.

"It's just your shallow-brained kind that pull the order down—and—" she pounded out of hearing.

Silently, I leaned down, and gathered up the little slipper heel lovingly and climbed unevenly on the car as the motorman waited.

—Helen Allen, '21.

Easter Dawn

Light softly crept in the violet's dear eyes.

The wild rose started to run,

Drifts of pink petals the crab-tree flung down.

With curtsy deep to the sun.

Chimes of the jasmine the wood-elfins rang.

The hare-bells tinkled unseen.

Rustled the trees, all, a friendly "bon jour,"

All fresh in the glistening green.

Lilies in joyousness shook off their tears

And breathed out gladness new-born,

Birds mad with ecstasy, burst into song,

Christ rose this bright Eastern morn!

—Helen Allen, '21.

Eastering

“**D**EARIE me, the work I have to do this night!” thought Mrs. Rabbit as she hurried through the dusk of the big forest on the eve of Easter. Suddenly she whisked around the corner of an old stump, and down in a corner found a pile of eggs.

“These are fine,” she thought, and held up the brightly colored eggs to examine them in the fading light. Then, putting them in a basket she carried, she hurried on. Suddenly she disappeared in the hollow of a fine old oak. Before her stretched a long, narrow tunnel. Down this she hurried. It was a tight squeeze; her soft fur touched on either side. In the distance a light could be seen. When reached this was seen to be a large ball of phosphorus, hanging by a vine from the ceiling of a tiny room. It shed a soft glow over the busy scene which confronted her. Giant mushrooms standing here and there served as tables. Around them sat many rabbits working industriously. Over in a corner on a bed of moss lay a pile of brightly colored eggs.

Hopping over to one industrious little painted rabbit who seemed to be commander she said,

“Peter, are the eggs all finished? We must start soon, for some of the little people are already asleep.”

“Yes, they’re finished—all but a dozen or so.”

“Well here are a few more I’ve brought you. I found them just now, and they’re so nice I want you to use them.”

“We already have so many I don’t expect we can use them all,” Peter answered anxiously.

“Oh don’t you worry!” Mrs. Rabbit said with a laugh. “You know those little people can eat a lot!”

“Yes, I know!” and Peter laughed too, a big rabbit laugh, and turned away to touch up the last of the eggs with his brush.

Mrs. Rabbit hopped off down the passageway, and stopped at the next door. On all sides of this room, brown, red and green baskets were piled high. Rabbits in big gingham aprons were seated around a long table in the center. They were working away industriously, fitting up the baskets, with moss and hay to look like nests.

Eastering

"Molly," called Mrs. Rabbit to the little nest worker at the head of the table, "Hurry! We're going to start in a few moments." Then she went on down the passageway, hippety-hop.

However, she did not go far. After a few hops she stopped and looked around her. The trunk of the tree rose sheer above her, as far as she could see. She looked anxiously at the dark sky,

"We havn't much time; we must hurry," she murmured, and quickly scampered up the tree. Halfway up she stopped, for here was another room. Here were half-a-dozen rabbits squatting around expectantly, and as she appeared above the floor, they jumped up with cries of:

"Oh, you've been so long!"

"Where have you been?"

"We're all ready and waiting."

"Can we go now?"

These little fellows were the most envied rabbits of all Rabbit-land, for these were they who had hopped farthest, done better at their lessons, and stolen more lettuce from neighboring gardens during the past year than any others. As a result they were to go with Peter, Molly and Mrs. Rabbit "Eastering."

They made such a row that Mrs. Rabbit threw her paws over her ears and exclaimed,

"My Rabbits! Do be quiet! Why, you make as much noise as boys!"

They quieted down quickly enough then, for they knew it was well worth their while to do so.

Soon all was ready and it was time to deliver the Easter eggs to the many boys and girls whose last waking thought had been—"The Rabbit will soon be here!"

One of these anxiously waiting children was little Mary Anne, who lived in a tiny cottage on the outskirts of a big city. That night as she climbed into the bed with the aid of her crutch, she thought,

"Oh, tomorrow's Easter! They said so at the school. I ain't ever heard much about it myself, but they said so, and I guess they know. That rabbit they'ns talkin' about never come to see me. I wisht it would! But my pa says eggs is so scource, nobody'll have none this year—not even that rabbit I don't s'pose. But any how, I do wisht he'd come."

Then she snuggled down under the covers, her thoughts

grew drowsier and drowsier, when—oh! what was that she heard? It wasn't a cat, no, nor a dog, it was too—too hoppy-ty-hop for that. She sat up quickly, that is, as quickly as a little lame girl could. But it was too late! All she could see was a little white tail disappearing around the door. Her eyes filled with tears as she thought that it might have been the rabbit. She couldn't get up quick enough to see, but then her eyes fell on the chair beside the bed. A basket! Eggs, too! And with tears of joy on her cheeks she fell back on the bed and went happily to sleep.

Outside, behind a big bush Mrs. Rabbit sat down beside her pile of baskets and panted.

"My, that was a narrow escape; she 'most caught me!" she thought. "That was the little new girl Molly found out about," she said to Pete as he hopped up. "Trust Molly to hunt out poor little girls. But I'd rather go to them. Somehow, they're always the happiest."

"I had, too," Peter answered. "Well, let's be hopping," and they went on to finish their rounds.

Early in the gray dawn the whole party met in the forest. They were tired, but their work was finished, and they were happy in that they had made others happy.

"Ah! haven't we good news to tell the people. All the little boys and girls will be happy tomorrow for they will have a big basket of pretty eggs." Thus Mrs. Rabbit praised her helpers and with a last look at the bright world strewn with happiness she disappeared with the others into Rabbit Kingdom.

—Frances Bitzer, Sub A.



Your Mother's Letter

When you're feeling awfully lonely
Just the bluest sort of blue.
When your last friend has deserted
And you're homesick through and through,
That is when your mother's letter
Is the thing to make things better,
And I think it's like a sunbeam straight from heaven.
Don't you?

You first read, "My dearest daughter,"
Then comes all the family news.
All the gossip, all the frolic.
Just the thing to chase the blues.
That is why your mother's letter
Seems to make the whole world better.
Wish I'd get a half-a-dozen every day.
Don't you?

When the end is coming nearer,
And the letter's 'bout to close,
Then your voice begins to choking
And you have to blow your nose.
Sweeter, ah, than all the other,
At the end "Your loving mother."
And I think that helps the very most of all,
Don't you?

—Dorothy Race, '21.

Advent of Georgiana

GEORGIANA sat before the old fashioned mahogany dressing table, brushing her hair which had fallen in golden brown disorder about her shoulders. With each stroke of the brush there was a brilliant flash from the ring on her left hand.

"Oh, Georgiana, your ring is lovely!" exclaimed her companion who was seated on a pile of cushions before the cozy fire. "It isn't very old, is it?" she shyly questioned. Really it was uncertain what kind of an answer Georgiana would give for hers was a very sensitive and impulsive nature, one never knew what to expect from her next. However today she was in a favorable mood.

Georgiana glanced mischievously down at the ring. "Yes, 'tis pretty, isn't it?" she answered lightly. Her look softened and she eyed it lovingly, dreamily. Then looking up eagerly and excitedly, she asked in a sudden burst of confidence, "I wonder, Polly dear, if you would like to hear about Jack's courtship, days before we became engaged, and the events which he declared led up to it. It does sound so foolish! That is to other people." She laughed gaily yet a little tenderly.

"Oh please, George, do tell me about it. I should just love to hear." Polly was delighted.

Accordingly Georgiana abandoned the dressing table and took a place at Polly's side on the cushions by the fire. She leaned back with a sigh of contentment and began her story.

"Oh, Polly, he is so wonderful! And it is fun to see the chagrin of the old dames in this town. Only yesterday Miss Peggety swept by me with a kind of snort and as much of a disdainful tilt to her nose as such a hook could manage. It was hard on them you know, for he was so wonderful in his uniform. As you know, Jack was one of the first to volunteer. Oh he's brave all right!" She threw up her head with a proud smile. "He went straight to the front and in a few months was wounded and sent here as a convalescent and stationed in this camp. I think this village has never seen such a good looking man. He certainly caused a great stir. Every female in town from

Advent of Georgiana

fifteen year old children to old Miss Peggety set about to trap him. Oh! such alluring glances and manufactured charms as they did use to capture him. It was amusing to see how Miss Peggety put on airs and made desperate attempts to look young and act coquettish. Poor boy, it was terrible for him! They paraded by him in their very best silks and satins and dressed up within an inch of their lives. They always happened up on Jack in most embarrassing times, catching him unawares and leaving him in a state of perplexity and amusement."

A grunt of disgust from Polly greeted this. Georgiana laughed.

"Oh! yes it's a scream to hear him tell about it. All this time I stayed clear of him purposely I didn't want anybody to think I was chasing him. I heard him discussed frequently and then one night at a gathering of the young people in Colonel Appleton's lovely old home I met him. It was the usual kind of social affair, with dancing at the end. The visitor I thought was attractive, but was not particularly impressed by him. There were so many other things to interest me. But when I danced with him—oh Polly, he dances divinely, just glides along in that wonderful dreamy way, you know. We happened to an accident. His foot got hung in the ruffle of my dress. I hate these old long skirts! And he was tripped to the floor. He was so ridiculous looking! I could scarcely control my laughter—there we were! My dress in a sad state and him scrambling to his knees in great haste to apologize. It was terribly embarrassing, you can imagine, for everybody had stopped to see what had happened. I easily fixed the ruffle and all was well. He however seemed so penitent and was very attentive for the remainder of the evening.

"After that he came here often and I had just heaps of dates with him. The old ladies were so jealous." Georgiana shrugged her shoulders slightly and laughed a little wickedly. "The first visit, though, was most extraordinary.

"He called unexpectedly one afternoon and found me sitting on the porch placidly knitting away. I was dressed in that little old gingham dress and my hair was a perfect fright. I don't think I had fixed it in hours—not to speak of my nose, it didn't have a speck of powder on and shone like a mirror. Oh! I was unspeakably untidy. I was very comfortable, but as he had taken me by surprise I made

the best of it and actually went riding with him in that array. I don't believe he even noticed my annoyance at his finding me in such a plight—for he was even nicer after that and even asked me to wear that dress again. Why when he asked me to marry him he had the audacity to tell me I looked better that day than he had ever seen me and that the gingham dress was the cause of his first falling in love with me. The idea—how absurd—as if an old piece of cloth could lead to such a romance.” Georgiana laughed slyly and confided even further.

“Anyway, we both have a good deal of respect for that ‘gingham gown.’”

“Well I should say you should have! And you don't have to tell me you are happy!”

“Who could help but be happy with a man like Jack and oh, Polly, I do love him so.” Georgiana hid her head on Polly's lap to hide her blushes. “I just can't wait to marry him,” came a delighted but muffled murmur from among the folds of dressing gown in Polly's lap. “But I'll miss you, Polly dear,” she said a little wistfully, as she straightened up again.

“I'm glad, Georgie, you're going to marry Jack. I'll miss you dreadfully, but I'm glad you will be happy,” she said tenderly as she put her arms about her. Together they looked into the fire and saw glowing pictures of the future.

—Mabel Powell '22.



The Promised Land

A H! The Jews were at last on their homeward journey. For many centuries they had looked forward to this return to their native land and now at last their hopes were realized. They traveled in great motley hordes over the hills toward Jerusalem. Rushing and pushing and crowding they came. Some were riding in queer little donkey carts, the fashion of many ages ago. There in their very midst a donkey brayed, kicked up and galloping madly forward, spilled women, old men, children and bundles in the sudden outburst. Others plodded sleepily along, content at their snail pace and not minding in the least the curses and blows of their drivers as they pounded away on their tough hides. There were a few who rode in cars that came crashing and puffing along through the crowd, hardly able to go slow enough to keep from crushing the pedestrians and small vehicles that crowded the way. The travelers rushing forward in these out of place machines were the richer, selfish, hoarding Jews of our modern shops. Quite high above and seemingly very disdainful of the slow, sweating, dusty crowd swung along several ungainly camels. On their backs in stately majesty were the Jews of the higher order, such people as would have been the nobility of the old countries. Quite unmindful of the great crowds of poorer people that scrambled around in the dust of their feet. Tired parents trudged wearily along carrying many bundles and drawing heavily laden carts. Many children clung on to their skirts and sent up pitiful wails of discomfort and fatigue. Mischievous boys ran hither and thither among the crowd tripping, teasing and annoying men and beasts. Through it all throbbed the one great desire, to reach the city which now towered close at hand. As they came closer and closer to Jerusalem and the Damascus gate the reverence and awe they felt for the city of their desire suppressed the wild excitement and the whole body moved forward in tense expectation.

There was a break in the procession and here traveled a group in comparative ease and serenity. Evidently they were a shepherd's family from the hills, an old man, a

child, and a young mother. They rode donkies and the long, flowing clothes they wore hung down and flapped persistently against the little beasts' legs. The young woman was rather silent and pensive for she, like many others of her sex, had lost her husband during the war. The child, a beautiful little boy of about five years, was delighted with his exciting journey. He had never seen a city and the one he was coming to was of great interest to him. He looked about in wide-eyed surprise at the multitude of people riding before him. Neither had he ever ridden so far on a journey before, but he did not tire, for he saw so many new things and heard so much as he sat in his grandfather's lap, and listened to his explanations and tales.

"Why, grandfather, there are so many people! Just look, more than we have sheep!" He looked up incredulously.

The old man's face was wrinkled and thin and his hair was snowy white but the dim old eyes, that shone from beneath the long eyebrows, burned with a great fire of hope as he watched the crowd and gazed tranquilly over the regained hills. When he answered the child it was with a deep eager voice that rang with a strong note of exultance.

"Yes, yes, my son! Many, many people. Ah, how it does my old heart good to see them! But there are not nearly as many as there were when these walls were not rocks, but strong fortifications. Ah, God's chosen people are many!"

The old man threw his head high and gazed out across the hills with eyes shining as if he could see once more the city in all its glory of the past. The child watched him a moment; looked at the rocks along the roadway and questioned—

"And why, grandfather, what was those wocks?"

"Those rocks? Those rocks my child! Aye, they were not rocks then. They were strong walls—walls strong and mighty as were my people—that held back the Assyrian hosts and kept out all invaders. Ah! it was the greatest country of the world then. Nothing could compare with it. The Assyrians and many other armies came in great hosts to capture the Divine city but they battled in vain against those walls. Their great weapons beat upon them continually but they gave not an inch. Ah, such walls as those are God's own work!"

"Well, why aren't they there now, grandfather?"

"Ah child, no wall could withstand the Romans."

So the old man rode along telling the child how the Romans came and burned and destroyed the city. How they took charge and at last drove them into a cold, cruel world. As they talked the donkeys slowed down and at last scarcely moved at all. All others had passed them and entered the city, but the old man did not notice, so engrossed was he in living over the past history of his people. The sun sank over the hills of Bethlehem and darkness came slowly down as the donkeys plodded forward at their own pace. The passive mind of the old man seemed capable only of seeing the things of the past. He saw and described in thrilling accents the wonderful homes, the temples and palaces of the ancient city; their great shops and richly laden caravans that crossed the deserts; their great vineyards and wine shops. Then as the present city loomed up close before them in all its ugliness, he seemed once more to come back to the present.

"And now, now see to what they have reduced our city. Ah! our beautiful city! Made into a thing like this! My Jehovah, did we deserve this?" he cried out in anguish.

The child however was interested in the homes that were burned and the people who were turned out of them.

"Didn't other people let them stay at their houses?"

"No, no indeed! We were beaten and killed and driven out of every country we entered," he answered fiercely.

The child shivered and looked as if he would like to have hidden in the old man's arms, but he was fascinated by his grandfather's intense face and grim figure, for he sat rigid and grim as he lived over in his mind the tortures of his people. He sat thus so long that the child reached up his tiny hands and touched the old face. Instantly it softened and a look of forgiveness and joy supplanted the grimness. The child smiled and asked innocently,

"But its all right, now, grandfather?"

"Yes, it's all right now, but it has been many years since my people have possessed this city."

Then the old man fell silent as they rode slowly forward through the dusk. Over hills and past ruin after ruin they went, the walls of the city towered higher and blacker. The child, too, was silent as he watched the glow from the city illuminate the atmosphere over the top of the black

wall and looking very much like the sun when hidden behind a black cloud, it lights up the edges with its beams.

As they passed around a bit of ruined structure they came suddenly into full close view of the Damascus gate. It was now quite dark and the arch was dim, but the old man knew it. A shiver of pleasure ran through him and clasping the child close he leaned forward in his seat and urged the donkey on faster, faster. His eyes grew bright and eager as he gazed intently at the gate. His whole face was aglow with hungry anticipation.

"Ah! At last, at last! The gate, the gate, see the gate!" he shouted. "There child, there Davie, the gate, the gate through which we will enter into our own. Ah, God is good," he ended reverently.

The very donkeys seemed to enter into the spirit and gamboled on at as great a rate as thy could accomplish. Even this was too slow for the old Jew. He climbed off the donkey into the dusty road, and leading the child beside him, began fervently to urge the beast forward. They were too slow. He ran away ahead and turning, ran back, goaded the donkey and again ran forward. It was of no avail, his and the child's strength was limited, and at last he climbed back onto his seat. Holding the child close to him, as if to share his great vision, he gazed intently at the gate and murmured more to himself than to anyone else of the things to come.

"This old gate will see great wonders in time to come. Its eyes have not grown dim as have mine. For hundreds, yea thousands, of years yet it will see great caravans come in loaded with goods from all parts of the world. Ah, in time it will not even be a gate to Jerusalem, for the city will extend far beyond it. It will cover all these hill sides. Once more the five palaces will be built and the temples restored. People shall come from all parts of the world, even the people who mistreated us, shall come to see the great works of God's chosen people."

The great gate stood out gruesome and awful against the bright light within the city. The child cuddled closer to the old man's breast and stared in innocent amazement. The mother drew closer and looked with trembling awe upon the revered gate. The old man awoke from his mumblings as the shadow of the arch fell on him. Rearing up

The Promised Land

in his saddle he stretched his hands on high and with his face lifted to the skies crying,

"Glory to God! Glory to God in the highest! He has given back His own to His people."

Thus he invoked God's blessing as he passed into the city.

Inside the gate all was bustle and confusion. There was scarce room for the old shepherd and his family. At last a shrewd old Jew bargained with him for a lodging in a nearby stable, close to the gate. The lodging was poor and the price high, but no price was too dear to pay for this privilege of staying in Jerusalem this first night after its restoration. Now that the old shepherd was really inside of the city and all the rejoicing was going on around him, he was awed, even a little reverent and reserved as if the whole city were sacred, holy.

They prepared for the night in silence broken only by the queries of the child, and even these were few, for he, too, seemed to feel the spirit of awe. At last they lay down in the straw to sleep. The old man occupied a corner on one side of the tiny shack and his daughter lay on the other side with her child. All was still, they did not speak though each knew the other to be awake. The spirit of Christ was upon them, but to those outside it was rather a day of open rejoicing than one of silent, earnest praise. They did not thank God for their deliverance so much as they did the great and powerful men of their race and themselves. It was not so with the old man, he gazed long into the night and communed earnestly with his God. At last he slept, with a prayer and thanksgiving to Jehovah for the fulfillment of his promise. The child, too, slept.

Morning broke over the sleepy city at the usual hour, but few were astir. Little David, accustomed to the early morning rise and care of the sheep, awoke with a start and sitting up quickly, glanced around in dismay, but on seeing his grandfather and his mother he was satisfied. He laughed delightedly at finding his mother still asleep. Dropping down by her side he began kissing and fondling her face to awaken her. She pulled him down to her side and they stayed thus, quietly whispering and playing.

Slowly the daughter realized that her father had not arisen. A little frown of puzzlement puckered her brow. Then smiling she leaned over and whispered to David. The child clapped his hands delightedly and ran over to his

grandfather's side. Falling down by him he put forth his hands and grasped his cheeks, to give him a playful rub of noses, but his little hands stiffened and drew back. He looked up in horror.

"Oh mother, mother, he is cold, what is the matter?"

He was indeed still and silent, in the peacefulness of death. The old shepherd had lived to see the hope of his people achieved and was now happy with his God.

—Elizabeth Chichester, '20.



The April Fool

The queer little school house shivered and quivered,
Laughed shingles off in glee,
It felt in its rafters that all its hereafters
Would secondary be.

Its many paned windows twinkled and sparkled
At Johnny and Jane,
The Halloran fighters, "rab-bacco" lighters,
The angel and the zane.

Then all of their voices joined in a clamor
And "spit-balls" filled the air.
But Johnny he choked when Prudence Hope Biggard
Found "chew-gum" in her hair.

The footrule baton waved "sit," but the benches
Were fastened tight no more.
And overall patches, marbles and matches
Together sought the floor.

Tho' truth may be crushed, it rises "sans" failure
As petagogues all know.
He felt quite surprised and frowned consternation,
That chairs to him could grow.

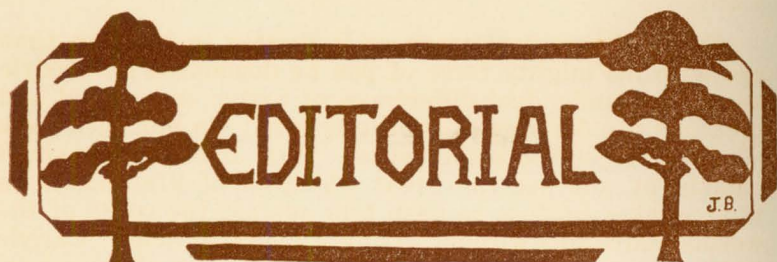
And saddest of all, his evening of courting!
Suzanne would look for him.
His Sunday best pair, no other to wear,—and
The world seemed strangely dim.

His roll it was stiff, with paste on the edges,
There came a squall of pain,
For Joe had descended on a pin well bended.
The teacher grabbed his cane.

Its joints had been cut and now fell in pieces,
In rage he snatched his coat.
Its cuff tho, was basted, manners were wasted.
He sure had been the goat.

His water-lined hat soon cooled his hot feelings,
He smiled, the while he swore,
"Ye gods of misrule, what an old April fool,"
His pupils found the door.

—Helen Allen, '21.



Carlyle and Democracy

DEMOCRACY is a term that makes every true patriot's heart swell with pride. Carlyle is a man respected and read today. We are proud of him. Yet he was as opposed to democracy as the east is to the west. Why this inconsistency? Because Carlyle did not know what democracy was as we see it today. To him democracy was absolute individual freedom, absolute individual equality and power. It was the principle of laissez-faire — every man for himself, by himself. If a man got into trouble it was his own misfortune. He was the equal of every other man so he could get out. Every man prospered in his own affairs with no regard for the help or hindrance caused thereby to every other man's affairs. The aim of every individual was to gain his own selfish desires. Carlyle had lived where such conditions existed until life was almost unbearable. He had seen the working classes reduced to the most pitiable poverty, the classes exalted to the most galling tyranny. He had seen the workers fill the sales houses with the products of their meanly paid labors — products they should have had but could not have because wages were too low, products were too high. Their own backs went bare. He had seen the time when

“Chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,
And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life,”

and the rich lived in idleness and luxuries undeserved. He appreciated the evils of the scorning wealthy classes. He warned the people that these parasitic growths were sapping the very life of the nation.

Carlyle knew democracy as it existed in his own time and with his mighty force of pen he denounced it. Carlyle knew these individual differences of native endowment and preached the doctrine of brotherly love. To him men were all children of the same father, then should they stand blankly by and see the great whirlpool of life snatch up their weaker brother to dash him against the rocks of the world's hardships without lifting a finger to help? Carlyle knew we could not live alone and take care of ourselves. Perhaps we can all get into trouble equally well, but so few of us can get out! Shall the strong help the weak or shall the nations depend on the "survival of the fittest?" Shall the weak have equal freedom, rights, powers with the strong? Carlyle says there are those among us with the native ability and innate instinct for leadership and protectorship. To them should be left the turning of the wheel. There is greatness in recognizing power; there is art in recognizing beauty; there is ability in recognizing able leaders and following them. Carlyle knew it was not always easy to determine just that one but if some way could be devised whereby capable leaders could be put at the front then all would be well.

All this is what Carlyle believed, yet he did not believe in democracy. We love democracy, we admire and respect Carlyle, but this seeming paradox is perfectly harmonious, for it is the Carlyle of yesterday and the democracy of today.





New Staff

The staff wishes to announce the following officers for 1919-20:

Elizabeth Chichester	-----	Editor-in-Chief
Stella Floyd	-----	Associate Editor
Helen Allen	-----	Art Editor
Mabel Powell	-----	News Editor
Lois Byrd	-----	Exchange Editor
Ensel Broadhurst	-----	Business Manager
Lavania Creech	-----	Assistant Business Manager

Training School News.

The first issue of the Training School News has come out and we wish to congratulate the staff and indeed the whole Training School for the splendid work that they have done.

Senior Party.

The Seniors had a most delightful feast in the Y. W. C. A. room. Everything was most attractive and the "eats" were "Oh so good!" Miss Morris, Miss Gallaher, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. McGarrah were guests.

Elections.

The Student Government has selected for its president for 1919-20, Miss Hattie McMillan. The Y. W. C. A. has selected as its president Miss Ethel Ingram.



Ready Information.

Julia: "For goodness sakes, tell me where the river Styx is?"

Beatrice: "In the northern part of Africa, of course."

An Appalling Situation.

Mr. Bradley: "If the president, vice president and cabinet members should die, who would officiate?"

Ruth (thoughtfully): "The undertaker."

New Use for the Farm Implement.

Miss Young: (In sight singing class) "Girls, I'm sorry we can't try this new melody, but I left my pitchfork home."

Precautious Ruth.

"Dorothy: "Why did Ruth Johnson drop History?"

Helen: "She was told that it would broaden her."

A Lesson in Etiquette.

Jane: (before banquet) "How do you eat cocktail?"

Lena: "I'll tell you. I know because I ate cocktail on Lake Erie last summer."

Jane: "Well, with which fork do you eat 'cocktail on Lake Erie?" "

Too Many Feet for Demure Little Jane.

Jane: (in mathematics) "Miss Groover, I don't know what to do with my twenty feet."

Extracts From Junior Composition.

"The young gentleman spoke with a straightforward manner and a new straw hat in his hand."

From a "write-up" of the Glee Club, in which songs and costumes were quite mixed: "These numbers, dressed in white uniforms, were beautifully rendered, and were greatly appreciated by the audience."

We keep on hand at all times the best and most up-to-date Groceries to be found. You will always find the best Fruit and Vegetables that can be had. Fresh and salt water Fish at all times. Come and see for yourself.

Kazanzas Grocery Company

Phone 438 or 439.

J. L. Harris

S. A. Chitty



Telephone 213

219 S. Ashley St.

VALDOSTA, GA.

The Benson Company

CLEANERS AND DYERS

117 West Central

Phone 486

Stump Brothers

LIME - BRICK - CEMENT - PLASTER

PAINTS - OILS - MANTLES

GRATES - TILE

TAKE
HARVEY'S LIVER PILLS

FOR 20 YEARS
A SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT FOR
LIVER TROUBLES

VALDOSTA DRUG COMPANY
VALDOSTA, GA.

GROCERIES

The two Best Grocery Stores in Valdosta. Everything Strictly
Sanitary. We invite your Inspection

WE SELL EVERYTHING GOOD TO EAT

The Girls of this College all trade with us. Ask Them.

CAMPBELL-HUDSON COMPANY

W. M. Oliver & Company

SHOE DEPARTMENT

Ladies Shoes Our Specialty

We are showing over fifty new Spring and Summer styles in Oxfords and Pumps. All leathers, high and low heels.

PRICES FROM \$5.00 TO \$12.50

" It's a Pleasure to Show Our Shoes "

W. M. Oliver & Company

'BRIGGS HARDWARE'

Hardware of Quality

A HUNDRED OR MORE LINES, INCLUDING

American Wire Fencing	Devoes Pure Lead and
Syracuse Plows	Zinc Paints
Clipper Plows	Pratt & Lambert's
John Deere Implements	Varnishes
"Huttig" White Pine Sash	Wire Nails in Carloads
and Doors	Saw Mill and Turpentine
Yale & Towne Builders' Hardware	Supplies
	Jobbers of Plumbing Material

W. H. BRIGGS HARDWARE CO.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Established 1836

Telephones 97 and 893

JONTEEL ROUGE (DARK)

50 Cents

The only rival Nature has. It makes a woman of forty summers look like nineteen springs.

DIPILATORY

60 Cents

Grandma never used it, but the up-to-date girl does.

RIKERS DEODOR

25 Cents

Summer time, in fact, all the time, you can use Deodor. Kills excessive perspiration. Saves from ruin a new gown.

Bergstrom & Newberry
VALDOSTA, GA.

WE CAN SUPPLY
ANY
BOOK PUBLISHED

SOCIETY STATIONERY
ENGRAVED CARDS



Southern Stationery & Printing Co.

209 N. ASHLEY STREET

J. E. & W. P. Roberts Hardware Co.

The Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator

"The Best on the Market."

A large shipment just received. Come and see them and be convinced that they are "the best."

VALDOSTA, GA.

Graduation Gifts

MACKEY JEWELRY COMPANY

Valdosta, Georgia

OUR SPECIALTIES

Diamond Tires Pride of the Wiregrass Flour

CIGARS

Above the Average

Tampa Straights

C. H. S.

Tampa Maid

Red Dots

Tampa Hand Made

THE A. S. PENDLETON CO.

Try Those Delicious

BANANA SPLITS

AT VINSON'S

ANNOUNCEMENT

We are open again at our old stand on Patterson Street, ready to serve the public with the best in our line.

ICE CREAM, SUNDAES AND
SODA WATER
NORRIS' AND WHITMAN'S CANDIES
STATIONERY AND TALLY CARDS

We are agents for, and carry a full line of Magazines
also Agents for Cut Flowers

SERROS BROTHERS

G. C. Serros, Mgr.

122 North Patterson

Phone 32

The cleanest, and only up-to-date place in our city

JUST RECEIVED

A Complete Line of Cutex and Aubry Sisters
Toilet Articles

SMITH DRUG & SEED CO.
"THE BEST OF EVERYTHING"

Phone 1-2-3

Curry Grocery Company

WHOLESALE GROCERS

VALDOSTA, GA.

We Sell Retailers and Make Prompt Shipments

ARE YOU GOING TO COLLEGE NEXT YEAR?

MUCH DEPENDS ON THE SCHOOL YOU
SELECT — CHOOSE WISELY

The South Georgia State Normal College

IS A BRANCH OF THE UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA
FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

AS SUBSTANTIAL AS THE STATE
AS STRONG AS ITS MEN
AS REFINED AS ITS WOMEN
AS TRUE AS THE SPIRIT OF ITS PEOPLE.



THE STATE PAYS THE BILL
STUDENTS PAY ONLY PERSONAL EXPENSES.
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

R. H. POWELL, President
Valdosta, Georgia