

THE PINE BRANCH



January-February
1921

Volume 4

Number 4

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The Pine Branch

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A Valentine

St. Valentine once lost his heart;
And Cupid, scamp, he found it.
He stuck an arrow through it straight,
And tied a ribbon 'round it;
Then took it to the Saint's elect
And in her bosom bound it.

This great mishap, the world all knows,
Unto Saint Val. was lucky.
He long had loved, but kept it still,
For not all saints are plucky;
But now through Cupid's knavish prank,
Of course he caught his Ducky.

So, on this day now ev'ry year,
There's lost by ev'ry "steady"
A heart; and Cupid picks it up
And takes it to the lady.
Here's mine again he brings to you—
Whose is it? You've guessed already.

A. H.



Little Miss George Washington

"Well, Auntie, that's all right; be glad there's a poor-house for us to go to. This is the most wonderful story I ever read, so please be quiet just a little minute."

"Geraldine, if you would only listen to reason this would all end. Mr. Westbrook is a fine young man, and has plenty of—"

"Yes, but how far does that go? A mighty little way in ———, but let's don't speak of it, Auntie, that man is absolutely repulsive to me," and Geraldine turned back to her book.

Just at that moment the bell rang.

"Miss Jeny, a young man to see you, ma'am, announced the black maid.

"There he is again. I'm going to speak my sentiments some day, and maybe I won't be bothered again."

Walking across the hall into the living-room, she exclaimed, "Oh, John, I'm so glad to see you. This is such a hot afternoon. A ride around West Lake would be glorious."

"Sorry, Jeny, my car's in the shop, and I came in the Elizabeth."

"That's all right. Ford's are what make the world go 'round, and what do we care what we're in—we ain't proud a bit."

"Auntie, John Westbrook is a fine young man! Yes, he is! He took me to ride in the most awful rattle-trap I ever saw," Jeny said at dinner.

"Well, didn't you say you didn't mind, and wanted to go?"

"Miss Jeny, you're wanted at the telephone," interrupted the maid.

"Why, sure, I'm just wild to see that picture," said Jeny over the 'phone.

Then she ran upstairs and soon returned, dressed to go to the show. She came in the sitting room where her auntie was knitting.

"Auntie, the girls called me to go to the show. I wanted

LITTLE MISS GEORGE WASHINGTON

to finish my story and do so many things, but I hated to tell the girls that."

"Geraldine, I heard your conversation, you told the girls you wanted to go so badly, then hung up the receiver and immediately said, 'Oh, I don't want to do that.' Did you ever stop to think how deceitful you were? Yesterday afternoon you were talking so slightingly of Mr. Westbrook, but when he came you greeted him cordially, only to speak more severely about him after he had gone. I am ashamed of you."

"Well, dear, that was only polite."

"Young girls were not deceitful to be nice when I was young — and I'm sure there's no need now. Why, only yesterday you told Alma you were overjoyed at receiving the invitation to go to her reception, and you have been planning an excuse ever since. I doubt very seriously if you could tell the truth once if you tried real hard."

"Oh, maybe I could, angel-face, but see, dear, I couldn't hurt the little old girl by being so very frank, now, could I?"

"Well, there's no use in your telling falsehoods, and acting as deceitful as you do."

"Well, I tell you, Auntie, just for you, I'll promise to tell the truth, nothing but the truth, and every bit of the truth for one whole day."

"It would certainly be a good thing for you to try, and still better if you would keep it up."

"Well, I'll give it a fair trial, and if I like it all right I'll keep it up, but if it's for worse, I'm going to go back and be the same Jeny and be just as 'deceitful' as you call it, as ever."

The next morning as Geraldine was dressing she thought to herself, "One whole day of truth — wow! By night everyone will be mad with me."

When she went in to breakfast "Old Jane," the cook who had been in the family for years, and who always tried to please "Miss Jeny," came in with a bowl of fresh peaches.

"Miss Jeny, I went clean over to the orchard for you some peaches, and they certainly is some fine ones."

"Well, thank you, Jane, but I don't want any this morning. You may serve them for Auntie's breakfast."

Jane, very much embarrassed and disappointed because

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Miss Jeny refused the peaches, walked slowly out of the dining room. Miss Jeny was usually so proud of anything she had for her.

Just after breakfast an old friend of Jeny's aunt came over for Jeny to inspect her new dress.

"And how do you like it, Jeny?"

"Why, Miss Lightfoot, I think it's tacky, and the material is awfully ugly. I don't see why you got that."

At this Miss Lightfoot flew out of the house, declaring she had never seen such an impertinent girl, and one she had thought so much of, too.

When she had gone, Miss Pandora stood dumbfounded for a minute, then she turned to Jeny severely, "Geraldine, I have never seen you so wicked; I am shocked beyond words."

"Well, Auntie, that's what I promised to do, ain't it?" and with this she went out into the flower-garden.

Some girls and boys passed and asked her to go to ride.

"I can't, I haven't time. I've something else I had rather do."

"Well, Geraldine Fair, this is the last time you'll have a chance to go, thank you!"

Alma called her up in a few minutes and asked her if she was coming to the reception.

"No, I'm awfully sorry I can't come, but I never have liked receptions and don't think I'm going to—"

"Bang!" went the receiver, and Geraldine sank in a chair.

"Well, I guess there's another friend gone, but nothing but the truth is to pass my lips today."

Her aunt came into the room and informed her that her friend, Professor Glass, was going to dine with them that evening.

"Auntie, how on earth can you put up with that old foggy? He never ceases to talk about bugs, frogs and snakes. My soul, it makes me sick!"

"Why, Geraldine, how can you speak so of such a notable character as Professor Glass? It is because he is so deeply interested in science that he does speak of it quite often."

That evening at dinner everything was running smoothly, with Miss Pandora blushing with pride, and poor Mr. Glass

LITTLE MISS GEORGE WASHINGTON

struggling to keep up a conversation. In a few minutes, when it seemed conversation had languished entirely, Professor Glass seized an opportunity to deliberate on his favorite topic of conversation.

"Oh, Mr. Glass," screamed Geraldine, "please don't speak of snakes now; if you'll leave them off this time, you may have them every meal after you two are married," and she fled out of the room.

Of course, the couple was embarrassed very much just then, but afterward Mr. Glass declared that it helped him so much, and opened a new field of conversation. He assured Geraldine that it was worth all the hardships she went through.

But Geraldine said she didn't think she would try another day of nothing but the truth; that she had to do and say some things to be polite and nice, even if it was not just exactly the sentiment she would like to express. But as she told her aunt, "I don't think it's exactly deceitful, for it's making some one else happy, and that's really what I want to do."

Annie Mae Powell, '22.

The Reason Why

"Come on, Rose," said Pearl, throwing her books carelessly on her bed. "Let's go to 'Country Store.' I'm as hungry as a bear." Rose looked up from the book she was studying with a twinkle in her eye. One never could tell what Rose was going to do.

"You needn't be thinking about refusing again, miss," said the laughing Pearl. "You haven't been to 'Country Store' or to town either since we came back. Don't tell me you've made a New Year's resolution to that effect."

Rose was thinking hard although she looked indifferent and—yes, somewhat sarcastic. That was her mask to cover a heart of gold. Pearl was such a beautiful, sweet thing, and she had refused her so many times. Should she refuse again? She valued her friendship very much and of course she could never tell why. That never even occurred to her. Some things one doesn't like to tell one's best friend even, not because they are such big secrets and shouldn't be known, but—well, just because.

"Pearl, I can't," she said laughing, and that firm little air all her own was enough to convince Pearl that she meant it. Pearl did not understand that Rose did not always do the things she most wanted to. Rose did want to go to "Country Store" this afternoon. She was hungry, but that wasn't the reason. It was because of her friend that she wanted to go.

Pearl frowned. "Rose Bartelle you are the worst yet!—hopeless case. What's getting into you?" Then she laughed teasingly, hoping against hope to win Rose yet. "I've got it! You're going to be an old maid school teacher, and you're beginning now."

"Exactly so!" Rose drew her laughing face up in a long, domineering manner and looked over her reading glasses. "Like this: Now children sit up straight in your seats, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but straight at me, please—"

"Aw, cut it," cried the disgusted Pearl. "That's enough of your foolishness. If you won't go I guess I'll—"

THE REASON WHY

A knock interrupted her.

"Come," invited the two girls. The door opened and in walked Mrs. Marsh, the head matron. Both girls were frightened, for it was very seldom that this important person came to pay a visit—and generally it was not a very pleasant visit. Her face wore a troubled, uneasy look.

"Have a seat," said Rose, finding her voice, while Pearl stood as she afterward expressed it 'like a plumb dummy.'

"Thank you," said Mrs. Marsh, accepting. "I—er want to talk to you, Rose, about er—er—rather a complication. I don't understand it. Surely there must be a mistake somewhere. It couldn't really have been as they thought and yet I don't know what we're going to do about it."

"About what, Mrs. Marsh?" asked Rose.

"Why er—the child, of course."

"What child?" asked the puzzled Rose.

"Ah—ah, I do beg your pardon." The matron's voice grew steadier. "A little French orphan is downstairs. This is the tag that was pinned on her." Rose took the tag.

"Frances Ribot
National Orphan Asylum, New York,
to
Miss Rose Bartelle,
Greensboro, S. C."

Rose's face turned white and then slowly crimsoned.

"There's certainly a mistake, Mrs. Marsh," she said, "I've been sending money to support an orphan, but I never volunteered to take one."

There was another knock and a second matron entered. She was decidedly flurried.

"Mrs. Marsh, we just had a telegram from New York saying they put the wrong address on the tag; to keep the child until further arrangement could be made."

"I see," said Mrs. Marsh as calmly as possible. "I knew it was a mistake. Come on girls and see her."

The little French girl sat in the office on a straight chair, swinging her legs back and forth and looking at everything in the room. As soon as Mrs. Marsh entered with Rose and Pearl she jumped up, almost automatically, made a little court'sy and said "Bon soir."

"Poor little thing," said Pearl in a whisper to Rose. "She's

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been knocked about so much I guess she's used to it. Isn't she pretty, though?"

The orphan was a little red-cheeked, black-haired girl about ten years old.

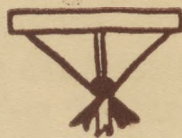
It was decided to put Frances in Rose's room to be treated as her guest until further arrangement could be made. Rose took her tiny newspaper bundle of clothes and she and the queerly dressed child went up stairs to her room. Frances was very talkative and in her broken English she told Rose how happy she was that she had come to live with her. It made Rose's cheeks burn for her to express her appreciation for something that could not be, so she said nothing.

It was almost time for supper, so Rose busied herself with arranging Frances' toilet. While she was curling her hair, Pearl, whom they had not seen since they came up stairs, burst into the room.

"Oh Rose," she cried, and showed a lap full of money. "For Frances. The girls contributed. I couldn't bear the thought of giving her up. We can help her, and oh, let's do!"

Rose's face shone. "Oh, Pearl," was all her grateful voice could say. Frances did not understand what they were talking about, but she looked on and smiled happily.

"I see now," said Pearl, laughing a big tear away, "why you did not go to 'Country Store.'"



Morning

A cool gray stillness on the land,
The twitt'ring cry of waking birds,
The whirr and rustle of their wings;
The breathing earth, a fresh'ning breeze;
A purple sky and mistiness,
A star burned out and fading fast,
And pale and worn, above the pines
A glimm'ring crescent of a moon.

A pregnant silence, hushed lipped,
A dim half-light, the shadows thick
And, age-old herald of the Dawn,
The silv'ry crowing of a cock.
The waking East, and rosy clouds
Against a sky of pearl and mauve.
The star goes out. A haunting scent
Of dew-drenched flowers sprays the air.

Then fast the long white mists unwind,
The East is painted thick in gold.
The tall trees reach to catch the light.
In fragrant depths of peach-pink boughs
A bird is warbling, surging-low—
And, suddenly, He's up; He springs
In place, the sun-god, blessing all, the while
He takes the morning to his heart.

Helen Allen, '21.

The Travellers Experience

With all of its August intensity, the sun beat down upon the machine following the twists and curves of the seeming lanes that served as highways. The occupants of the car were tired, travel-stained and anxious to reach a place where they could spend the night, and were taking little notice of the landscape as they rushed by. Indeed, there was little to notice, for all that met their eyes was stretch after stretch of pines, alternating with cypress swamps and waste lands.

There was seemingly no life to be seen, but once in a while a lean long-horned cow would be seen skulking in the shadows, having with her, perhaps, an equally lean and bony calf. They made no noise; the only disturbance noticeable was that made by the automobile. As the sun mounted to its zenith, the air grew more stifling; not a breeze could bestir itself and not a bird was to be seen. Still, they had come to no city or town; once or twice a cross-roads village had been passed, and there were even few huts along the road. Miles would pass without a sign of human habitation. Merely the endless waste of swamps and pines, so much of which had never been seen before.

"I say, Dad, we're going to stay at the first place with a hotel, aren't we?" came in tired accents from the rear seat.

"We are!" rejoined the driver grimly and emphatically, for the roads had been particularly bad that day.

This seemed to be the extent of the conversation, and silence followed, heavy and oppressive. About the middle of the afternoon, when the heat waves seemed to radiate from every object with a maddening intensity, and the sun's glare seemed most unfeeling, suddenly a gust of wind stirred the dried vegetation, a cloud overcast the radiancy of the sun, and growing in volume, soon the day was darkened, and from afar came the ominous mutter of thunder. Lightning cut great rifts through the storm cloud, to be followed by crash after crash of the drums of heaven; the pines moaned and swayed with the increased intensity of the wind, and the wail of the frightened bird was heard.

THE TRAVELLERS' EXPERIENCE

The travellers were struggling desperately with the last curtains, when the rain came down in all its fury. Great sheets of water cut off the scope of vision, and there was nothing to do but stay huddled in the car, damp, uncomfortable, and wincing at every flash of forked flame.

But the worst of the fury soon spent itself, and the dim outlines of the road could be seen, though it was practically covered with water. The engine responded to the starter, but no amount of power could move it from its track; it was disgustingly and abominably stuck. The driver wearily crawled out to seek a man and team, if possible, while the others had to wait with the patience born of endurance.

At last after hours of waiting, a flicker of light was seen approaching, but as the form with it drew nearer, it was decidedly unfamiliar. Surely it was some one who would do some mischief, for he certainly was disreputable looking.

"Give me your money, and jewelry, too, girls, and we'll see that he doesn't get a thing," said the mother decidedly. "I don't know what I'll do with it unless I drop it on the floor and push it under the seat," and she immediately suited the action to the word.

The figure had been all this time approaching, and soon called out,

"Be you-all the folks what wanted help? I tho't I'd come on and tell ye that yer husband has got a man and his team, and will be here purty soon. Hope ye get out all right." And with that he plodded on, leaving the women decidedly relieved.

With the stout team and their driver, short work was made of getting out of the rut. The man was paid for his services, and the driver thought everything settled, but he had new difficulties to face.

"J. L., I put our valuables on the floor, and I can't find them anywhere! Do you s'pose they dropped out when you opened the door?"

J. L. groaned, took up the flashlight and started back to the place of mishap. Disgust was a mild word for his mental state, and his thoughts were very probably of the unprintable nature, but such relief as was pictured, when his wife called, saying—

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"I found them, and they were far back under the seat all the time, so you can give up."

Everyone was glad to start on again and superlatively happy when the next place was reached, for it afforded a good hotel and all that looks good to tired travelers.

M. M. Price, '21.

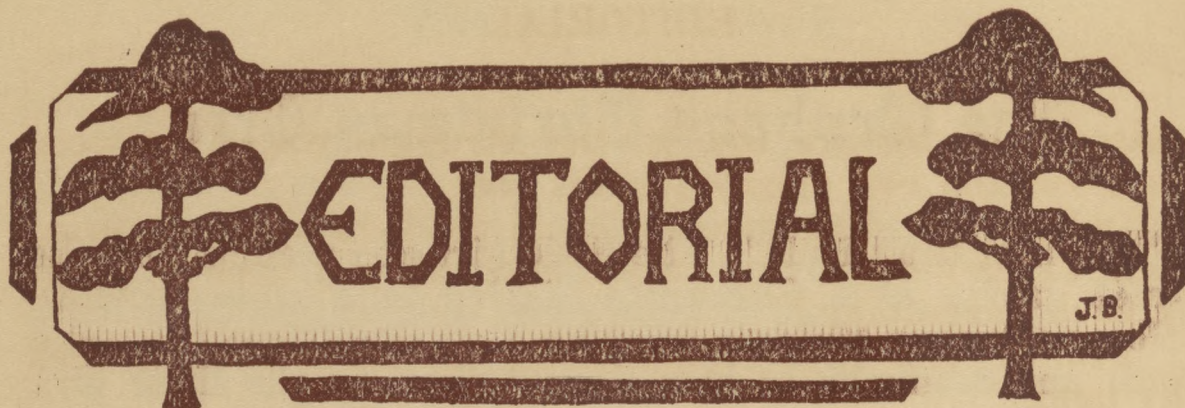
The Orphans Christmas Tree

"Oh, how beautiful!" The little girl was standing on the street gazing at a Christmas display in a store window. "How happy the children are who have Christmas trees and dolls, and mammas to kiss them," thought the little girl. She was an inmate of an orphan asylum, and she knew no one else realized just what such a life was. Of course they were treated kindly, but just the same there was that lack of warm, loving joy so common to the usual boy or girl who lives in a real home. The child turned reluctantly away and went homeward.

Christmas day dawned chill and bright on the orphan asylum. The children dressed as usual, did their respective little jobs or chores and, when the breakfast bell rang, marched as usual to the dining room. But the door was closed, the children were crowded up around the door wondering what was happening on the inside. Then the door flew open—but what a sight for these homeless little folk. Before them was a gorgeous Christmas tree all shining and bright. Soon the matron began calling out names, and there was a gift for every child. Oh, how happy they were! The little girl who gazed in the window got a doll that was dressed so beautifully.

"Children," the matron was speaking, "somewhere there is a girls' college where they spent one whole evening making all the beautiful gifts. You see some one loves us very much. Let's raise a cheer for them."

Strong it rose from one hundred little throats—"Three cheers for S. G. S. N. C."



The New Year

"New lamps for old, new lamps for old!" The crier comes swinging down the street. Across his shoulder a basket is slung, and bright and shining the new lamps glisten where the light catches their coppery surfaces.

"An incense burner and a virgin taper, who'll buy, who'll buy? Change old lamps for new."

Up and down the streets the heads push out. The doorways fill and all the window spaces. Into faces void of hope and into eyes that long have ceased to laugh, a little tiny glimmering awakes. And yet they can't believe. Their shoulders shrug and hands thrust out in the little gesture that speaks of incredulity.

But nothing daunted, the vender swaggers on, and shifts his burden the better to get the light. He smiles into the eyes of his customers and chants his invitation again and again.

They hesitate, and one can read in part their thoughts. A little dried-up hag, with hair a-mat and skin as crinkled as a shriveled apple, sets bony claws upon the crowding shoulders and pushes her way into the murky street.

"Old lamps for new?" she shrilly cries. "Why art thou crazy, man? These lamps that shine and give such wondrous light — those lamps so clean for ours all bent and black with soot?"

"Aye, even so, thou ancient dame. But go — get thee thy lamp and I will prove me true."

She gazes a moment at him, arms akimbo, half doubting, half canny, yet all desire. But as she pauses another one comes close; a man whose every gesture speaks of hours

EDITORIAL

wasted — of torture too, in the struggle waged between the good and evil spirits for his soul.

"Old lamps? But queerest of all peddlers who have cried their wares a-down this street, how can you hope to profit by such bargaining?"

"Profit? Ask thou no questions, but haste away to seek thy lamp."

The hours passed aand finally the vender slings up his pack again and comes on down the street, offering his wares to all — passing me last in line.

I look into his pack and see — a miracle. For where the evil-smelling sooty lamps that never could have hoped to flame again have been, I see new lamps as pure for light as those I saw when first he came all joyous down the street.

Suddenly, his radiant face and vibrant voice are dimmed and hushed before my eyes, and when I look again a change has come on everything.

The old dame sits so strangely sweetly clean, content to feel the sun. Her thin cheeks flush; her calm lips move in prayer.

A young girl's eyes whose lonely fear had gripped my heart are filled with simple faith and child-like trust again.

A dozen years have fallen from the man whose face once seemed so desolate. He holds himself all straight and strong, as if some hidden fire had burned him clean.

Even the street seems freshly washed and swept.

A coaxing lilting voice comes drifting back to me,

"New lamps for old, new lives, new dreams—"

I realize now. It is the spirit of the New Year.



A Message From Japan

Dr. Paul Kanamori was with us on January 3, 1921. He gave us a splendid talk on the "Conditions of Japan." Dr. Kanamori is a wonderful Christian worker and has done much in sending Christianity to his people.

The Y. W. C. A. Entertains

The faculty and student body enjoyed a book party given by the Y. W. C. A. on January twenty-third. Many very striking characters from familiar books were present. The Y. W. C. A. library was also benefited by the party, having about twenty-six books added, besides giving the student body and faculty a very enjoyable evening.

Marshmallow Toast

The Athletic Association entertained its members very delightfully at a marshmallow toast in the pines on January thirtieth. Miss Julia Daniels, president of the association, acted as hostess for the evening.

Society News

The members of the Expression Class have organized a Dramatic Club for the purpose of studying modern plays. The following officers have been elected: Miss Lina Flynt, president; Miss Annie Mae Powell, vice president, and Miss C. B. Sharpe, secretary and treasurer.

The societies continue to do splendid work, and show all signs of attaining "nation-wide" fame before many years.

The Argonian Society elected new officers for the coming semester. They are: Miss Lina Flynt, president; Miss Lovie Mae Gaskins, vice president; Miss Deborah Patterson, treasurer, and Miss Minnie Lee Ward, secretary. The Soronian Society will retain its same efficient officers.

Jokes

A Natural Conclusion

Mr. Martin: "Miss Barker, who else was Miss Wilmot, besides being George's sweetheart?"

Edith Barker: "Well, she was—er—Mr. Wilmot's daughter."

Maybe They Don't Know the Alphabet

Mr. Shanks, dictating from paper: "C, social improvement."

Prep II: "We haven't got 'd' yet!"

Mr. Shanks: "Well, 'c' comes before 'd,' doesn't it?"

Could It Have Been Conceit?

Miss Campbell, in English class: "Give the parts of a hyphenated word."

Madeleine Culbreth, innocently: "My-self."

Force of Habit

Agnes Ingram: "You know, I'd like to vote. Wish I'd signed up."

How Amazingly Convenient

The committee was trying to cast parts for the play. Finally, C. B. Sharpe joyfully exclaimed: "Well, Kathleen can be a couple of attendants."

What Church Is That?

Louise DuBose: "What denomination is Rev. Daken?"

E. Livingston, positively: "Why, he's a Canadian!"

Wouldn't That Slay You?

Miss Campbell: "Do you know what a tragedy is?"
"O yes! it is to kill somebody."

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Heard at Breakfast

Ruth Wolcott: "I'm ashamed of you, Ruth, coming down with a torn waist!"

Ruth Harrell, lost in contemplation of breakfast: "Well, give me a knife and fork, and I'll fix it!"

Heard in Advanced Physics.

Lois O'Quinn: "Benjamin Franklin was taken as appendix to a printer."

Ruth Harrell: "Yes'm," when Miss Craig called on Edna Sasser.

E. Sasser: "I can't see any difference, only it's opposite."

How Peculiar

Miss Craig: "The surface of the moon is hilly."

Edna Sasser, eagerly: "Yes, Miss Craig, and it has valleys, too."

In Philosophy

E. Powell: "Why, it's so plain you just can't see it, Mr. Wood!"

Queer Oranges

Mattie Stipe: "Oranges contain iron, vitamins, and—"

Ruth Wolcott (thinking of what contained vitamins): "Tomatoes."

Methods of Study

Marion Chauncey: "Let's review some of this."

Minnie Lee Ward: "Well, to begin with, acids, bases and salts are electric lights."

We've Heard of Leap Year, But—

Evelyn Powell: "They had three working shifts for the week; one worked three days and the next one three days and the third one three days."

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Baltimore
?

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AS FREE AS THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS
STUDENTS PAY ONLY PERSONAL
EXPENSES

IT HAS GROWN ONE THOUSAND PER CENT.
IN SIX AND A HALF YEARS

::: THERE IS A REASON :::