

THE PINE BRANCH

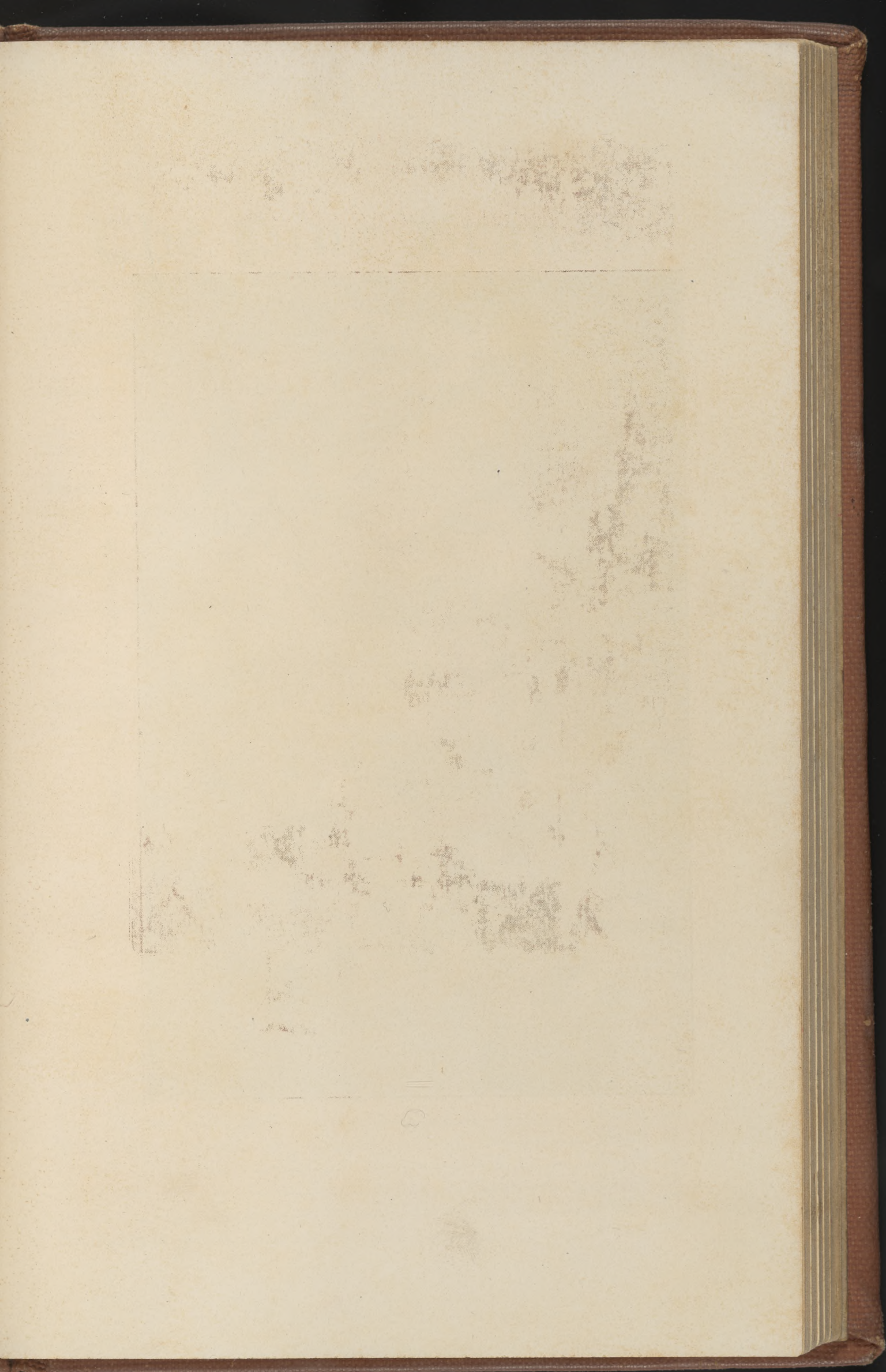


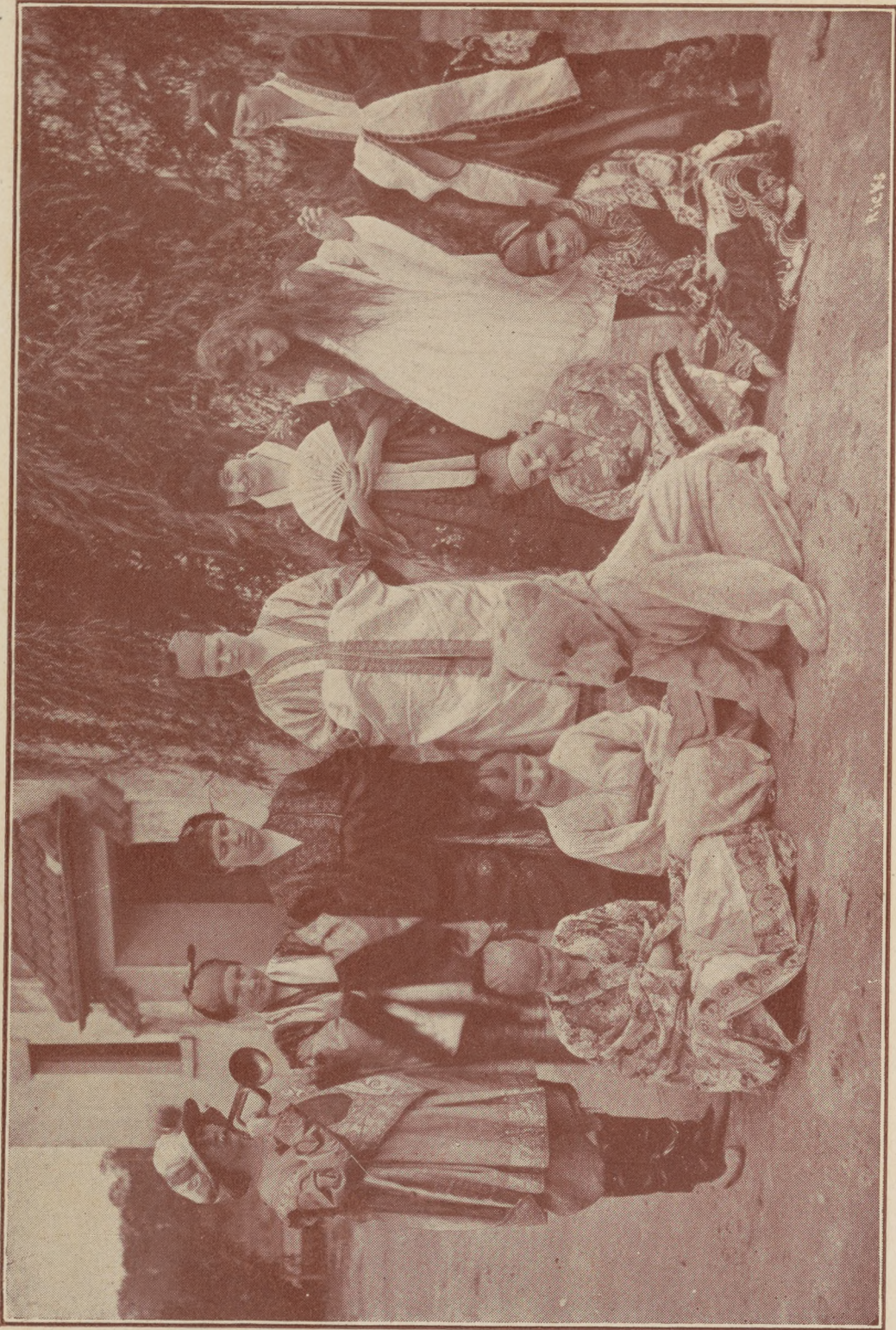
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PRINCESS CHRYSANTHEMUM

The Pine Branch

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JANUARY, 1922

Number 3

Estelle Barker ----- Editor-in-Chief
Mary Poindexter ----- Assistant Editor-in-Chief

EDITORS

Verna Scarboroughs ----- Edna Roberson
Sally Kate Wolfe

CLASS REPORTERS

Senior ----- Birdie VanBrackle Sophomore ----- Leo Prine
Junior ----- Eppie Robertson Freshmen ----- Madeline Culbreth
Business Manager ----- Mary Ethel Moses
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Ye Christmas Festival

Green English lanes, snowy groves, a lordly castle, Christmas time. Down through all the ages we have inherited from our English fathers the love of Christmas; and the century-old custom of worship and song, of feasting and making merry to express our joy in the birth of our Lord. This is the one tradition enshrined above all the rest in the heart of our race. Our college finds the reason and meaning of our annual celebration of Christmas in this fact.

On the evening of the last day before the girls go home for the holidays, Ye Olde English Christymas Festival is kept. The students of the Art Department transform the dining room into a lordly baronial hall. In the center is a dais for the lord and his lady and their guests of honor. Just in front of the dais, and running the length of the hall is a cleared space for "ye entertainers"—the dancers from the Physical Culture Department, the players from the realm of Dramatic Art, and the ballad singers from the Department of Music. The Home Department prepares the feast of the boar's head and plum pudding; the girls from Home Management arrange the tables in "ye good olde English" way, to seat the lords and ladies, the yeomen and the peasants; for on Christymas night must every man be equal.

The Lord of Misrule orders the heralds to sound their trumpets, and the procession begins. The ballad singers, chanting "Adeste Fideles," form a lane through which comes the noble lord of the manor, leading his lady and their honored guests. They mount the dais and stand behind the board.

Into the hall there streams a motley throng; a lady in a silken gown walks with bold Robin Hood; here squire and peasant—there milkmaid and lord. A thousand colors mingle and merge into a growing whole. These feasters proceed to the tables awaiting them, and standing, form a living mosaic that rivals the old masters for beauty and splendor of coloring.

There is a distant sound of singing. It is the mediaeval Boar's Head Song. Breathless quiet reigns in the hall as the butler brings in and presents before the lord a great boar's head, garnished with apples, and decked with bay

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and holly. After the singers finish the song, the lord, standing reverently, asks God's blessing on the feast. The whole merry company break forth into the carol "God rest you, merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay," after which, with great rustling of chairs and dresses, the company seat themselves, and the evening's fun is on.

The Lord of Misrule announces "Ye Dance of Ye Wild Heads." Their strange heads and crazy antics start a storm of merriment among the guests.

A scarlet fool, in cap and bells, darts through the assembly to find a place at the table. A bevy of "Yong Gyrles" of the peasantry sing to the lords and ladies the old carol "Listen Lordlings." Following on their heels comes the "Revels of the Fools" by "Ye Jester Band," to delight the merry crowd.

But hush a second! The Lord of Misrule is announcing that Certayne Maskers will give the play, "St. George and the Dragon." In there stalk a right brave troupe, with a mighty St. George and a wonderful Dragon, which he is in the act of vanquishing in a truly heroic manner, when the play is interrupted. "Bobbing Joe" prances in with his merry Morris Dancers, and the martial act of St. George and the Dragon considerably pauses, to resume its tragic passion when the dance is done.

When the play is over, the note changes. The singers and all the people join in singing the carol, "We Three Kings of Orient Are." But after the singing, with a great courtly bow the Lord of Misrule presents "Certayne Mummers" who enact the ancient Lutterworth Christmas Play, "for the edification of the honorable assembly."

Again the more serious note is caught in the lovely carol, The First Noel, sung by the whole group; but as its last note dies away, in rushes the Fool excitedly calling that the great doctor has come—the great doctor who can make everybody just as he wishes to be. Thereupon follows the side-splitting farce of transforming the fattest woman in the world into the slimmest and the slimmest into the fattest. As the doctor and his well pleased patients withdraw, a bunch of Jack Tars rollick through a jolly hornpipe.

Then follows a beautiful solo with charms—the Babe of Bethlehem. By now the serious note is becoming dom-

YE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL

inant and the spirits of the feasters are growing quieter, but not yet is the vim of merriment worked out. "Countrymen and wimmin, overflowing with spontaneous merriment, dance a rustic reel." This is followed by a "Courtly Dance," graceful and stately, done by "Lords and Ladies" with antique charm and elegance—beautiful in the extreme.

The clownish fun making is forgotten. Each guest lights a tiny taper before her on the table. As the soft candle light suffuses the room the brighter lights are dimmed and then extinguished. Softly the group begins to sing, "Silent Night, Holy Night," The company arises, and each member of the party carrying the tiny light, they pass from the hall singing, and feeling the wonderful old hymns.

Merely to outline the programme, as has been done here, gives the impression, possibly, of a jumble of sacred song and wild carousal. The real effect is far different. There are the two elements, it is true; it would not be Christmas without both. But through all the complex elements of color and action, feast and frolic, and worshipful song there runs the harmonizing thread of artistic unity, working up to an all absorbing climax in the taper lighted singing of the grand old hymns of the nativity. It is a work of art—genuine, spontaneous, sincere, reverent and joyous art. A gay revel, it is true, but with a deeply religious significance; a feast for the whole being that the participant will never forget.

'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Chistmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer,
The poor man's heart thru half the year.

Evelyn Kendrick Brown.



New Years Superstitions

Old Mandy, the cook, was sitting before the kitchen fire, smoking her pipe, when Mrs. Wilson, her mistress, came to give the order for dinner.

"Mandy," she said, "I want the very best dinner you can possibly cook for to-day. Senator and Mrs. Adams are to be our guests, you know."

"Law, Miss Bettie!" exclaimed Mandy, "company on New Year's Day? Don't you know you's gwine to have company dis whole year round?"

"Never mind about that, Mandy," said Mrs. Wilson, who knew the old darky's ideas. "Let's talk about the dinner."

"Yessum, Miss Bettie. I's got de cakes and de pies cooked. What else you want, Miss Bettie? Yessum, and de turkey's already cooking. Can't you smell 'im?"

"Mandy, you must do your best on that turkey, and make your very best stuffing."

"You don't has to tell me dat, Miss Bettie; I fixes de turkey good, alus."

"Yes, Mandy, I know that," said Mrs. Wilson, trying to soothe the old darkey's hurt feelings. "I want you to prepare apple salad and—O, I needn't stand here and tell you. Here's the menu on this paper. Look at it carefully, and see if you understand."

Mandy took the paper, and struggling with the hard words, read haltingly to the end.

"Miss Bettie?" she queried aghast, when she had finished.

"What is it, Mandy?"

"De peas! You's forgot de peas!"

"The peas. Why, what do I want with peas?" asked her amazed mistress.

"Why, don't you know, Miss Bettie," answered Mandy, "if you don't eat peas on New Year's Day, you won't have no money de whole year? An', as many peas as you eat on dat day, Miss Bettie, dat many dollars you's sho gwine to have."

"Dried peas at a dinner. Why, Mandy, you know I can't do that. What makes you believe such things?"

"Believe, Miss Bettie? Why, honey, it's true as de gospel. I's alus cooked, and et peas on New Year's Day, and I's got to cook and eat peas to-day, Miss Bettie."

NEW YEARS SUPERSTITIONS

"O, pshaw! Mandy, you know you don't believe that,—but go ahead; to please you, you may cook some peas." And Mrs. Wilson left the kitchen much amused at Mandy's credulity.

At dinner Mrs. Adams remarked delightedly, "Oh, Mrs. Wilson, I see you have peas for dinner. I'm so glad, for who wants to forget the good old superstitions?—As many peas as one eats on New Year's Day, so many dollars one will have during the year."

Georgia Warren, '23.

New Year Resolutions

"Law-dee! Here's New Year nearly ober, and I ain't made narry res'lution yit!" exclaimed Mose as he sat warming himself by the fireside. "What if I'd done gone and forgot 'bout it till it was too late? I'd jis a bin ruint, dat's what I would; caze dey ain't nuthin what helps a feller to be better n' his New Year res'lutions. I b'lieve dey is de rale reason fer me bein' good as I is to-day.

"Now, lem'me see! What I gwine put firs? Lem'me see. I knows! Shore! Here it is: Number one. I ain't never gwine be cross to Mandy no more. I'm gwine bring in all de wood and water fer her, and be powerful kind to her all de time. Dat's number one.

"Lawd! She won't know what's come over her old man. I kin jes see her stretch her eyes when I offers to help and speaks to her. She's a good old woman. She is, dat's a fac.

"Well, now, what'll come next? I b'lieve fer de second res'lution I'll say I ain't never gwine loaf around de house no more durin' de day time, but keep a-working at sumthin' all de time. It's jes a wastin' time to sleep and laze around de house, when all dat time a feller kin be 'arnin' money fer to 'sport his family. N' dat's de secon' res'lution.

"Now, number free. I ain't gwine steal nuthin else no more. I'll jis turn out dem chickens in a few minutes what

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I got shet up in de coop. Dey'd taste mighty good fer supper, but dey ain't nuthin like livin' up to your New Year res'lutions after youse made 'em. Dem chickens good as out right now.

"Now, for number fo."

Mose paused with profound satisfaction as he mused on his deep virtue, and was really at loss for the next resolution. So perfectly was he approving himself that there really seemed little else to be resolved. He yawned repeatedly, and leaned back in his chair, luxuriating in the warmth of the fire and his self-satisfaction. Soon he was snoring deeply.

Enter Mandy.

"Can't you hear nuthin?" she shouted. "I'se been a callin' and a hollering fer you to come and git me some wood. You'se de laziest piece o' trash I'se ever seen!"

Mose, very angry at being awakened, sat upright, "You good fer nuthin' black nigger, if you don't git out o' here pretty quick, I'll git some wood fer you! Ain't you know better'n to wake me up when I'se asleep?"

Mandy, getting frightened, started out meekly. Upon reaching the door she called back, "Well, youse better come out and tell me which o' dem chickens to ketch. How I knows de one you wants?"

"Jes ketch any of 'em you wants to—dey's all in de coop; and be shore you fry 'em good 'n brown."

Then Mose leaned back in his chair and was soon fast asleep once more.

Eppie Robinson.?



An Unusual Christmas Gift

"I always did think Christmas festivals are such a nuisance; they cause so much trouble, and especially at college when a fellow is leaving for home early the morning after, and his grip is yet to pack." So I was grumbling.

Still I was determined to try to have a nice time just because poor little Clara, my room-mate, who was too sick to attend the festival, had urged so much that I should, saying that I could pack before the rising bell rang the next morning, or after the frolic.

Clara was such a dear girl, but so dreadfully poor. When I asked her what she would like for a Christmas present she began crying and replied, "Please don't! I can't give you one."

It was twelve o'clock when we returned from the festival. I hurried to my room to get my grip packed. Clara was so still that I crept over to her bed. She was sound asleep, but her little face was red and hot with fever. I turned to my own bed, and to my surprise there upon it was my grip neatly packed. On the very top was a Christmas card, and in tiny letters across it was printed, "Merry Christmas. Clara."

I am still wondering if Clara didn't enjoy the frolic more, and if I wasn't the sicker girl.

Thelma O'Quinn.

New Year Resolutions

It was a jolly crowd that gathered at our home to ring in the glad New Year.

Mother had planned so many interesting games for us. But we were always being interrupted by Jack, my little five-year-old brother, and his little dog Dan. It was Jack's delight to torture his dog, although he claimed he loved him.

At last we were making our New Year resolutions. Jim resolved to carry Kate's book to school the remainder of the term, providing she accepted him for her desk-mate. In return Kate agreed to accept Jim's offer. Sarah resolved to spend her drug store money for Red Cross seals, and Joe resolved to drop his slang.

At this point other resolutions were interrupted by a low murmuring in the next room. I quietly crossed the hall, and on a long rug before the fire I found Jack, with Dan clasped tightly in his arms. They were both almost asleep. I startled Jack by asking why he was not in bed. He replied in a sleepy voice, "Oh! sister hush, I'se 'solving to never pull Dan's tail no more."

Thelma O'Quinn.

The House Warming

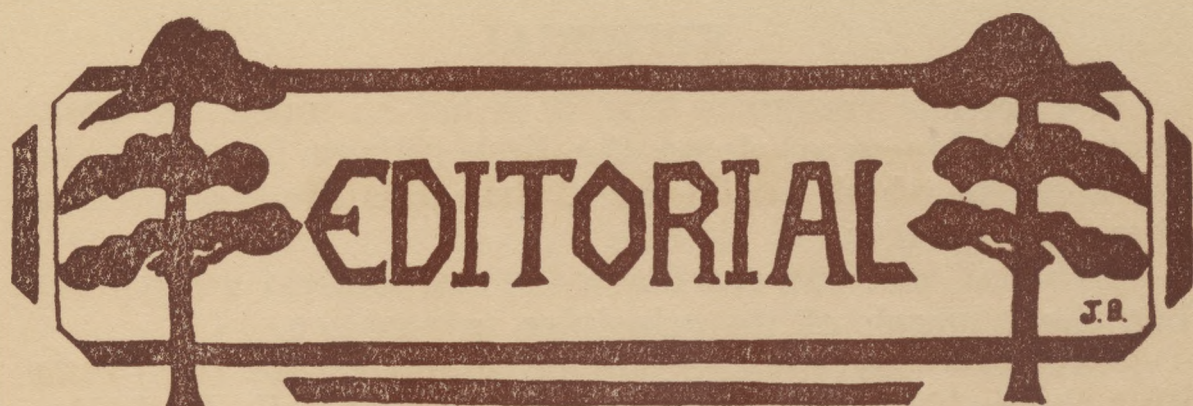
Unfortunately, the December number of the Pine Branch had to go to the press too early to tell of the delightful house warming which celebrated our final moving into our new dormitory on Thanksgiving eve. The social festivities of the occasion were befitting to the profound importance of the event—the opening of a new college home, where a hundred of Georgia's daughters may live while availing themselves of the higher education the State so generously and so well provides here.

The occasion divided itself into two parts. The first part consisted of the Thanksgiving dinner—a home dinner in which the students and the faculty came together in a kind of union Thanksgiving for the new comfort, the new enlargement, the new opportunity. The dining room and tables were beautifully decorated in autumn leaves, and the spirit of the happy throng was that of a spontaneous thanksgiving in itself. The dinner was excellent, and everyone enjoyed the songs and merriment which lasted throughout the meal.

The second part was a reception to the public. From eight to ten o'clock the whole house was open, and an informal reception was extended to the people of Valdosta and also of other towns. Great throngs of interested and admiring friends called to view the building and to express their congratulations and good wishes. Among the visitors—possibly the most delighted among them—was a large number of the alumnae. It was a great pleasure for us to have the many people see our new house, for we are very proud of having what is no doubt the most modern and perfect college home in the South.

The refreshments were delicious, and beautifully served. Music was provided throughout the evening.

All in all it was a beautiful and very happy occasion.



Essence of Student Self Government

How often in the daily routine of life do we hear the question raised: Do we have a democracy after all? And this is in America, the very home of democracy and democratic government. This question is not restricted to national life, but is equally pertinent to college life.

Before a girl sends in her application blank to a school she thinks a great deal about the kind of discipline maintained there. Of course she wants student government; we all do; and we who through the enjoyment of its privileges have come to a fuller appreciation of its value, know from experience that it is the highest type of control.

But when we first land into that much looked forward to stage of life, "college days," we are often disappointed. We are apt to expect to go on doing just as we have been doing, or just as we please, and are often amazed at the number of regulations already established for our own direction and control. We must hark back to the fundamental principles of democracy for our answer; and learn that we govern ourselves and are governed by that deeper sub-consciousness of the group which we term student morale.

Our present life in school, just as elsewhere in the wide world, is very much colored with the experiences and outcome of the past.

School rules, like the laws of the land, are our agreements of yesterday to do certain things certain ways. But how about to-day; and how about the new comers' wishes? Of course the hope of progress lies just in this new wish, new thought; but it is the essence of democratic rule that the new thought enact itself into law by definite recognition as law.

EDITORIAL

We need to recognize that it is not so much the greatness or littleness of doing the little things in school, but the spirit in which we do them, that puts the stamp of our character upon it.

After all, nothing can make for real student government but the triumph of its principles in practice.

“He that obeyeth the law becometh master of the intent thereof.”
E. B., '22.

The Celebration of New Year's

New Year's, the first day of the year, has been celebrated in almost all countries from the earliest times by some sort of festival. In most countries where celebrations have been held on New Year's day, these have consisted largely in feasting and in the interchange of presents.

While the South is richer than any other country or section in the old traditions and customs, if we only look about to find them, the New Year traditions and customs are singularly lacking. At Christmas tide we find the delightful institution of exchanging gifts, which has survived since remotest antiquity. On this day, in the South, more even than on the Fourth of July, small boys may be seen shooting firecrackers; indeed the small boy seems to have the intuitive conviction that this celebration is older than the Declaration of Independence, and insists on acting accordingly.

On Harvest Home Day in old England, it was the custom for everyone to go into the woods and hold a great feast. When our staunch old Puritan forefathers came over to this country they tried to break away from the old pagan celebration and institute Thanksgiving as a day of worship; but even they went to the wilds turkey hunting the day before. We people of the South, it seems, have never got the distinction quite clear in our heads; and Thanksgiving and Harvest Home procedure still get mixed to the extent that the hunting fields are apt to be fuller of men on that day than the churches!

We find many old customs and superstitions prevailing; why not the New Year customs? Other countries observe

Twelve

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New Year's in strikingly interesting manners. But of what does the New Year's celebration in the South consist? It is true we have the ancient custom of keeping watch on New Year's eve and ushering in the New Year with bells—or more likely, with the less beautiful but more characteristic steam whistle. But is it really enjoyed? The parties are usually a plain bore. There is nothing to do by way of amusement, and one is really glad when the bells finally ring or the whistles scream, and one can say good-night and go to bed.

The old customs are really delightful—they could make the dull New Year's eve very bright—and should not be allowed to die. Already many of them are extinct; but they could easily be revived.

A few years ago the beautiful Christmas carols were practically unknown in our immediate section. The schools of the country have, by deliberate intent, revived this delightful old custom of singing carols, and now the children know a great deal more about the true Christmas spirit than their parents did. Would it not be well for the schools and colleges to take hold of the celebration of New Year's and revive its significance?

Corinne Studstill, '23.

A New Years Thought

This is the glad New Year,
Begin it with a smile,
And a jolly laugh to cheer
The heart all the while.

Verna Scarborough.



The Toy Party.

On Saturday evening, December the tenth, our stately and dignified administration building seemed to be transformed into a veritable Santa Claus shop. Our Y. W. C. A. girls have the spirit of Christmas, and it shone forth in a beautiful way as they were gathered in small groups throughout the building making toys for little orphans and crippled children. As doll dresses, picture books, wagons and pieces of furniture were being manufactured, snatches of songs were caught up and wafted from group to group. Many a story was told because "this reminds me." The merry chatter well signified the joy that came from being one of the Santa Claus helpers.

Into this happy throng came a traveling group of minstrels to display their art in entertaining. The different characters were funny to behold, but their performance caused shouts of laughter to ring through the halls.

Then there was the refreshing cup of hot cocoa, with crackers, which added new pleasures to the evening.

When the closing time came, the display of the toys was astonishing, as there were so many, and all made so nicely. The wish of the girls is that the children will enjoy the toys as much as they did making them.

Dr. Gladys Cooper Yectured.

We were very happy to have with us during the third week in December, Dr. Gladys Cooper, who is sent out from New York by the Y. W. C. A. to give health talks in schools and colleges. Her series of talks were not only intensely interesting, but very beneficial, and we hope to put into practice all of the principles which we have learned from her.

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Vesper Services.

Everyone looked forward with great pleasure to our vesper services on Sunday evening, December the eleventh, and practically every girl was present when the time came. Of course there was a reason—Miss Pearl Todd, a missionary living here in Valdosta, came out to talk to us. Perhaps the part about her that was most interesting, was that she is to leave for China in January, and, naturally, we were anxious to hear of her future plans from her point of view. Her talk received the greatest attention all the way through, and it will be long remembered by every college girl.

Program Argonian Literary Society, Dec. 10th.

The members of the Argonian Literary Society with a unifying force are pulling together and progressing in their activities. Plans are now being made for a debate which will be held early in the spring between the two societies of the school. Of course, the Argonians are striving to pull their side over the top. The programs throughout the year have proved an interesting feature of the society. The program of December 10, 1921, was as follows:

Christmas Songs	-----	Society Quartet
The Spirit of Christmas	-----	Lucy Fleming
Dear Santa	-----	Ruth Carrin
The First Christmas	-----	Irma Barco
Dance	-----	Katie Herrin, Pauline Culbreth

The Program of the Sororian Literary Society, Dec. 10th. Musical Orchestra.

Director	-----	Rebecca Kidd
Pianist	-----	Mary Cobb
Violinist	-----	Jewell Meeks
Guitarist	-----	Ila Watts
Mandolinist	-----	Alma Williams

Play—Hannah's Decision.

Characters

Hannah	-----	Waver Hodges
Miss Julia	-----	Clyde Palmer
Isabel	-----	Evelyn Williams
Sally	-----	Alice Neal Prosser

Dance

Annie Swilley, Leo Prine.



ALUMNAE

Several of the alumnae availed themselves of the occasion of the house warming to visit Alma Mater. Among those present were Mrs. Jim Stump, of the class of '16; Mrs. Barker, Frances Kaylor, of the class of '18; Miss Helen Palmer, of the class of '19; Misses Lois O'Quinn and Virginia Peeples, of the class of '21, and Mrs. L. L. Patten, Clyde Purcell, of the class of '17. The pleasure was mutual.

We realized more than ever that we are welcomed to visit Alma Mater. Let us remember always to drop in when we are near.

Marriage among the alumnae is in order now. On November 30, Lois May of Adel, a member of the class of '19, was married to Mr. Asa Day of Douglas.

On December 15, Miss Dorothy Fidler was married to Mr. Claud Chilton Powell, both of Thomasville.

On December 20, Miss Thelma Wilks of the class of '17, was married to Dr. Roy Hutchinson. Both were of Adel.

We regret to say that Miss Morgan MaJette, who has been so efficiently holding the position of teacher of vocal expression, has been forced to resign because of the need of an operation. She will be succeeded by Miss Beryl Van Natta of Lambertville, N. J.

Hallie Jordan.



Sounds "Buggy."

While practicing the Christmas play—

Katie. "Alma, do you know your cues?"

Alma: "Yes, I come in right after Belzz-Bug!" "Beelzebub).

No Early Bird.

Miss Craig: Alma Lee, why are you late to class?"

Alma Lee: "'Cause you called the roll before I got here."

Time Is Plentiful With Some Seniors.

A third grade boy left his seat and took his place at the blackboard.

Julia Harrell (practice teacher): "C. L. Leave the board this minute and go to your seat. I will give you five minutes to get there."

Holy, Holy, Holy.

Miss Campbell: "Ethel, why did you laugh?"

Ethel: "Miss Campbell, I didn't mean to laugh out. I laughed up my sleeve, and it's—it's got a hole in it."

Absorbed.

Katie: "Jimmie, please tell me what I can do to get an emblem for my sweater."

Jimmie (teacher of third grade health): "Well—um, just eat plenty of carbohydrates, fats, and that sure will bring you up to normal weight."

Woodland Sprite.

Miss Robertson: "Aroline, what other forms of fungi do we have to contend with in the home?"

Aroline: "Toadstools and——"



EXCHANGE

Reciprocal Feeling.

Father—"I only punish you to show my love for you, my boy."

Tommy—"If I was bigger I'd return your love, dad!"—
Normal Herald.

Soliloquy.

I know I ain't no shining star,
I know how ugly my face are,
But I don't mind it, I stays behind it,
Folks out in front, they get the jar!

—Technique.

Very Obliging.

Stakely (at Silverman's)—"Do you serve lobsters here?"

Waiter—"Sure, we serve anybody; sit down."—
Technique.

Some Loud Chewer.

Senior (reading passage on the board about the lack of refinement in chewing gum in public)—"I'm so glad they wrote that. Some one chewed gum behind me so loud at the picture the other night, that I couldn't hear the picture at all."—Normal Light.

A WORD TO HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF

THE SOUTH GEORGIA STATE NORMAL COLLEGE

WITH THE NEW YEAR HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS ARE SELECTING A FUTURE COLLEGE. THE GREATEST TEACHER HAS GIVEN THE BEST RULE FOR CHOOSING—

“BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM.”

THIS COLLEGE IS AN INSTITUTION WHERE STUDENTS ARE TRAINED TO DO THINGS—TO DO REAL THINGS, THINGS THAT COUNT—AND TO DO THEM DISTINCTIVELY. THE COLLEGE THEREFORE DELIGHTS TO BE JUDGED BY THE WORK OF ITS STUDENTS—BY THIS MAGAZINE, FOR INSTANCE, AND IT TAKES PRIDE IN CALLING SPECIAL ATTENTION TO IT IN THIS CONNECTION.

NOT TO SPEAK OF THE PHYSICAL FORM AND THE LITERARY QUALITY—BOTH REFLECTING THE STANDARD OF STUDENT TASTE AND TECHNIQUE, PLEASE NOTE THE CONTENT AND SPIRIT AS INDICATIVE OF STUDENT INTERESTS AND FEELING HERE.

THE EDITORIAL ON STUDENT GOVERNMENT IS CHARACTERISTIC BOTH IN SUBJECT AND TREATMENT. IT IS A NATURAL THING FOR A STUDENT HERE TO DISCUSS THE GOVERNMENT OF THE COLLEGE HELPFULLY AND CONSTRUCTIVELY, FOR THE COLLEGE IS GOVERNED BY LAW, AND STUDENT SELF-GOVERNMENT HERE DEVELOPS RESPECT FOR LAW AND AUTHORITY, FOR IT IS GENUINE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT—THAT GOVERNS.

AND THE CHRISTMAS FEAST—TO MENTION ONLY ONE MORE ARTICLE—STUDENTS WHO CAN CONSTRUCT SUCH A WORK OF ART ARE RESOURCEFUL — VERY RESOURCEFUL — AND FILLED WITH CREATIVE JOY IN THEIR ABILITY TO DO THINGS. (AND, BY THE WAY, THE MAY DAY FESTIVAL IS QUITE AS ORIGINAL AND BEAUTIFUL, AND THE FIELD DAY IS EQUALLY AS ORIGINAL AND EFFECTIVE IN AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT WAY.) THESE STUDENTS CAN PLAY IN SUCH A BEAUTIFUL AND INSPIRING WAY BECAUSE THEY HAVE WORKED WELL AND HAPPILY AND HAVE LEARNED THE GREAT LESSON OF WORKING TOGETHER.

OTHER ARTICLES MIGHT BE CITED, BUT THE WHOLE ENTERPRISE, LIKE ANY OF OUR STUDENT “WORKS”, SHOWS THAT STUDENTS HERE LIVE POSITIVELY. IN THEIR SOCIAL LIFE, THEIR CLASS WORK, THEIR RELIGIOUS ACTIVITIES, IN ALL WAYS THEY ARE ENCOURAGED TO TAKE THE INITIATIVE AND TO DO THINGS—DO THEM RIGHT AND IN A WAY BEFITTING SELF RESPECTING AND HIGH MINDED DAUGHTERS OF GEORGIA.

IN THIS COLLEGE EVERY STUDENT IS KNOWN PERSONALLY AS HERSELF — NOT MERELY AS ONE OF THE CROWD. STANDING FOR INDIVIDUALITY AND DISTINCTIVENESS IN ITS STUDENTS, THE COLLEGE IS ITSELF A COLLEGE OF INDIVIDUALITY AND DISTINCTIVE SERVICE.

WE INVITE CORRESPONDENCE, VISITS AND COMPARISON.

THE COLLEGE IS STATE SUPPORTED—STUDENTS PAY ONLY PERSONAL EXPENSES.

R. H. POWELL. PRESIDENT,

Beauty

Is 1-4 Nature and 3-4 Care

DO YOU PROPERLY ASSIST NATURE TO RETAIN
AND INCREASE YOUR NATURALLY GOOD
COMPLEXION AND BEAUTIFUL HAIR?

DO YOU USE CARE IN YOUR CHOICE OF COM-
PLEXION AIDS AND SHAMPOOS?

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