

# THE PINE BRANCH

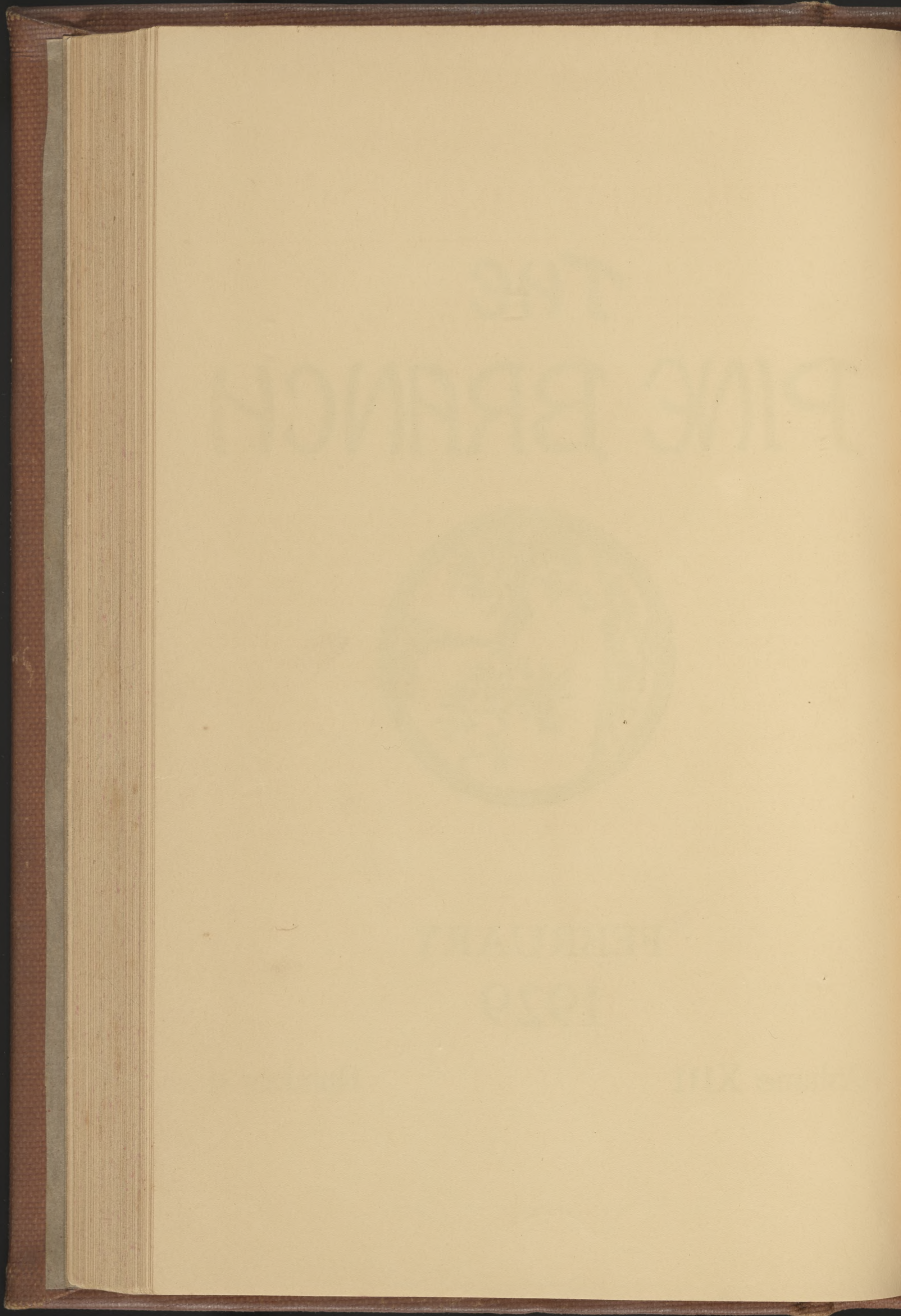


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# THE PINE BRANCH

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## AFTER TWILIGHT

The voices hush and still,  
At close of day—  
The dark is hushed and still,  
You must away.  
The peacock's cry is shrill  
Like voice of pride—  
The whistling wind was shrill  
When daylight died.  
The firelight leaps in play  
Where shadows sighed—  
And sweethearts kiss in play  
Who loved and lied.  
The whispering camphors say:  
"Your heart is tied"  
"You know not what you say."  
The wind replied.  
"I wander where I will  
By night or day;  
I wander where I will,  
No one may stay."  
Yet though I know you lied,  
My hands are still—  
Yet though I know you lied,  
You have your will.

HAZEL DONAHUE.



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### RAIN

Felicia sat at the right of her father at the great table. The remainder of the household and guests sat all of the way down both sides of the long table and across the end of it. This had been the feted day; the time for the banquet had come. Alvarado Herrera, knight of the crusade, and lord of the manor, held high his burnished wine cup and made welcome all of his guests. "Friends," he said, and the word reverberated and moved on dark ripples of sound to the great stone walls—there was not one who did not listen, "You are welcome, this is the gala day; it is the day of my daughter's birth. Seventeen springs have trailed their sweetness across her path; seventeen warm Junes have curled her hair; seventeen winters have piled a snowy whiteness on her neck, and yet she looks at her plate and will not smile." His dark glance travelled swiftly around the table and then it forced open Felicia's eyes. Then he took, from between some folds of black velvet, pearls whose home had been in warm salt waters. When the pearls lay upon the whiteness of her neck, Herrera drank his daughter's health.

Behind the great casks of wine brought out for special occasions, Donello and Chicita sat with linked arms. Donello fed the horses each day; Chicita was her young mistress' constant companion. It was a far corner where they sat, and the light of the burning tapers scarcely reached them.

"Chicita, would you not like to be the daughter of a rich man who owned acres of land?"

"I do not know, Donello, I have thought so—But I could not covet her; she is so kind."

"Yes, she has been kind; she has shared her books with us. But I have been so changed since then."

"Since when, Donello?"

"Since I read her books, and since she told us what her teacher said. Do you see that hill-crest over there where the orange trees are blooming? For some reason that makes me dissatisfied."

"The winds of spring have brought the orange blooms in white profusion. They are like flashes of fragrant snow drifted over the orange trees. That should not make you unhappy."

"Not exactly unhappy, but because I know what is beyond the hill, I want to go. But Chicita, I do not want to go alone."

"I have not such a bold heart as you, I am so happy here—I could not go now."

"Someday then, because I want you with me."

"Look, Donello, is not Felicia beautiful?"



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"Yes, I saw her tonight as she came down stairs. She is so straight and slim that she reminds me of the little tree in the court-yard, the one that is like a small ——"

"She reminds me of a princess; her hair is so black that it casts a blue shadow on her ivory satin dress. She is like a slim princess."

"I cannot understand why she is so downcast."

"Nor can I. Lately she acts strange and prays unusually long to the virgin. I think she has a lover."

"Is he in danger?"

"I cannot tell. Once she asked me of all the things I had which was the most dear to me. When I told her that you were, Donello, she sighed."

"Ah, Chicita, my Dove, perhaps she too knows."

"Perhaps so—Once she had a yellow butterfly; it had just come out of its cocoon in her room, and she had caught it. She was holding it by its little green velvet body with thumb and finger and she said to me, 'Chicita, have you ever caught a butterfly?' She said, 'Its little body quivers so.' Then I took it, and I could feel the life in it; it gave me a queer sensation. Then she asked if I had ever felt like the quiver of the butterfly. What a strange thing to ask, that was. Then she said that it was a pity that we could not keep it, that the wind would blow it about so and batter its wings—'But it must find a mate,' she said, and so we let it out."

"She has not always talked so."

"That is true, she hasn't—There is the signal and now I must go. Meet me at the door when I have poured the wine."

Chicita filled the cup of Velado the baker, and left an amber drop on the polished grain of the table. She poured wine for Bernado who molded candles for those who could afford to have some one mold them. She did not fill his cup quite full as he caught her hand. Chicita continued around the long table. It seemed to her that bright yellow cheer emanated from the table and travelled in crisp waves to the dark beams over head. When she had finished, Donello was waiting for her at the aperture; it had begun to rain. The day had been hot and the rain blew a warm breath in the door, smelling like freshly turned earth. Donello's smooth voice mingled with the sound of the rain.

"Chicita, I like rain, I like the sound of it."

"Felicia likes it too. She says that rain is not sad at all."

"Warm rain could never be sad."

"Felicia talks about the rain. I think it reminds her of her lover. 'If it would only stop whispering to me,' she says, and then she puts her hand over her ears."



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"Why does she not want to be reminded? Love is like rain, without it we would die."

"You forget that she is like a slim princess who had spent all of her life in a high tower. The prince always takes the princess away, and there may be dragons—"

"That does not explain why you won't go with me. We could see the bull fights, and there would be gay crowds of people."

"I am so young."

"No younger than she."

"You cannot understand Donello—Now I must go. Felicia has gone up to her room and I can see that the master has slumped in his chair. I must go to my mistress."

"Good night, cherry-lips!"

"Good night, Donello, but do not call me 'cherry-lips,' you may be mistaken."

"No, I am not; they are very sweet."

\* \* \* \* \*

Morning came and hid the blackness of the night with a fresh blue mantle. It was yet very early and the edge of the mantle had been dipped in something pink. Donello stood outside the wall. The white rising mists dampened his black hair which fell over his forehead. He was polishing boots. Suddenly Chicita of the red mouth came flying out of the gate. Now her cheeks were red too; she was excited. She clung to his waist-coat and managed to get a few words out on short breaths.

"Donello, she is not in her bed, she has gone."

"Felicia?"

"Yes, and it is my fault; I should have warned her. What we were saying is true; no one knows but myself."

"Give me your hands and tell me about it; surely you are mistaken."

"No, no, I might have known last night. I went to her; you remember it was raining—and she seemed restless and undecided about something. We stood by the long narrow window that opens over the orange trees. The light of our candle showed us the rain in swift grey lines, and Felicia began to talk. 'Chicita,' she said, 'The sound of rain keeps reminding me, and I can have no peace. Do you not hear the subtle tattoo it beats upon the leaves? It drones so endlessly that I have no other thought. Chicita, it always seems on the verge of beating faster. I suspect that it is restrained' she said, 'because it dances on eager tip-toe over the orange trees.' She said, Donello, that her very pulse kept time with the beatings of the rain, and that she could never get away from it even as she could never



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get away from the desire it prompted. Then she sank in front of the prie dieu and calmed her fluttering white hands before the blessed virgin's smile. I might have known what it was that came with the rain. This morning the covers were still warm and there was a note pinned there. He was waiting for her as the sun rose."

"I can hardly believe what you say, but I am glad."

"Glad! how can you be glad? What will the master say? Oh, Donello, I cannot stay here now that she has gone——. Donello, I believe that I like rain too. Look at the sunshine out there, it is proud and forceful; and it hangs bright spangles on the orange tree. But rain is so soothing, it fondles the dark green leaves with a cool touch. It is subtly persuasive. It could almost persuade me. I really believe that it could, Donello——"

M. K. BURROWS.



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"PITY MELTS THE MIND TO LOVE"

If I were God upon the throne of thrones  
Watching the world floating in space below,  
Smelling the sweat of those that toil to sow  
And reap not, in fields made bare by stones;  
Seeing the wrack of war, the mounds of bones,  
Feeling the damp of tears shed long ago  
For unfulfilled desire and endless woe,  
By those whose joys are but as bitter loans,  
I'd take the world in pitying hands and say,  
"Ended your joys and your griefs shall be,  
Closed is the book and finished is the day"—  
I'd blot the world past any memory,  
Then turn and listen to the harps that play.

HAZEL DONAHUE.

LILITH TO EVE

You dine with silver plated spoons  
And eat a human woman's fare;  
What tho' I fall to husks of swine,  
I breathe Olympian air.

You know the warmth of hearth and home,  
You have the rest a husband lends;  
I toss this bitter truth to you,  
Love always ends!

HAZEL DONAHUE.



## COURAGE MOUNTS WITH OCCASION

"Even though people are always low-rating the present younger generation, there's one thing about us I'm proud of!"

I had tired of tennis, and relinquishing my racket to Alice, who had just come up, I had seated myself at a small umbrella-shaded table in a secluded nook not far from the court. My remark was addressed to Col. Atherton who had seated himself across the table from me. He is the delightful old bachelor who spends a great deal of time playing golf at the Country Club. Col. Atherton has always been a great favorite with young people, probably because they're favorites with him. He is very tolerant and understanding, even though he is separated from them by two generations.

He smiled at me. "There are so many things about your most interesting generation to be proud of, that you might enlighten me as to what particular virtue you have reference to."

"Well, it may not be exactly a virtue—yes, it is a virtue, too—it's just that we're so darn courageous. Just take a look at people of a generation or two ago. Afraid to defy styles, afraid to advance an idea, afraid of people, afraid of themselves!" And then, suddenly realizing that even though Col. Atherton is a good sport, and is loved by all the young crowd, he doesn't exactly belong to the present generation, I amended: "That is, the women. Of course men have always been lords of creation, and done exactly as they pleased, but it's only now that women have shown any signs of being downright courageous."

A glance at Col. Atherton's face revealed that he was still in the dark as to what had called forth my observations. But at least he was agreeable.

"Yes, the young folks of this day have been lauded to the skies for their undaunted courage by most forward-looking people. And they cite the modern day working girl, who, armed with her typewriter, has gone out and conquered the business world. And there's not one of us but has taken off his hat to Lindberg for his courageous act."

"Yes, that's courageous, but I had in mind another kind of courage. I was thinking of Eleanor. You know she and Tom have always been in love—ever since they made mud-pies together, but about a year ago she and Tom had a quarrel, and Tom refused to make up. Instead of pining away like the maidens of old she took matters into her own hands, and to bring Tom to her feet, she married Harry. And then having achieved what she wanted, she divorced Harry—and, of course, you know she and Tom are to be married



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today. Personally, I don't think it was exactly honorable to sacrifice Harry into the bargain, and in this mid-Victorian community everybody thinks divorce is atrocious—but nevertheless the fact remains that she did a courageous thing. It certainly took spunk to bring Tom around in the manner she did."

Col. Atherton said nothing for awhile, and then, slowly, "I wonder if you knew—oh, of course, you couldn't know—I'm sure I'm the only one who knows—about Eleanor's grand-mother?"

The interest that I usually affect in other people's monologues was genuine—and I'm sure he knew it.

"Of course you have heard of her. The write-up of Eleanor's wedding mentioned Eleanor's grandmother—'one of the most beautiful women of her day.' Her hair was what attracted the most attention. Red, it was—not the glaring kind, but you always had to look at it a second time—and then, you never wanted to take your eyes from it.

"Peg was a spirited, fiery girl, entirely unlike her parents. The name of Mrs. Comstock always sent a feeling of chill which settled around my heart. She was as cold and austere as the house in which she lived and ruled. Beauty was from her a thing apart; I've often thought nothing beautiful—nothing except Peg—could exist where she passed. There was ever an air of conflict in that aristocratic household, conflict between the mother and daughter who were so unlike.

"Peg was never allowed to do the things other girls did. When the time came for the other girls to go to boarding school, Peg made her plans to go too. Though she discussed her plans with the other girls in her mother's presence, she never talked directly to her mother concerning her desire to go to school. Just before Peg was ready to go, Mrs. Comstock summoned Peg to her. She found her mother in the drawing room, seated in her straight-backed, carved rosewood chair. Peg faced her mother across the fragile china and heavy silver of the tea-table.

" 'Margaret, I have made arrangements for a tutor—your tutor—to come and be with us. She will arrive tomorrow.'

" 'But, Mother—'

" 'Margaret, you may go now'

"That was all! Weeks of tears and pleadings followed, but an adamant wall cannot be plead with.

"Later, Peg met a young man who had come to be in town for several months. He loved Peg—everyone did, from the son of the town's wealthiest man, to Al, the village ne'er-do-well—and she loved him. How Peg ever slipped out from under her mother's eagle eye,



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I do not know, but she managed to meet the young man from time to time; and once, because love is capable of everything, he had the temerity to scale the stone wall which isolated the house, and spend an hour—a wonderful hour—with Peg in the old-fashioned flower garden.

"Finally, however, the time came for him to go away, and she was going to meet him and go away with him! She had laughed, confidently.

" 'You know I love you. To prove it, if I don't come tonight to meet you and go away with you, you'll know that I have decided that it has all been a mistake.'

"When Peg started out that night, with her bag under her arm, and her cloak buttoned up to her little tilted nose, her mother loomed suddenly before her. Peg was incapable of speech, so paralyzed with fear was she. She had thought, before, that if this should happen, she would have courage—courage to defy anything! But the habits of a lifetime cannot be broken. Neither of them spoke. Peg turned slowly and went back to her room. If she had had any plans of escaping later on, they were of no avail.

"The eagle eye took on the characteristics of that of a hawk. She was constantly guarded, constantly watched. After several months the vigil ceased. Mrs. Comstock thought all danger had passed,—such an iron will as hers could not be crossed or defied.

"One day Peg appeared before her mother. With her was Al. Al was a likely enough fellow, good-looking, cheerful, but he was never known to do a bit of work in his life. He was the village ne'er-do-well, the type of person most frowned upon, most ignored, by the thin-lipped Mrs. Comstock.

" 'Mother,' said Peg—green eyes flashing, lips curled in a derisive smile, 'This is your son-in-law.'

"Mrs. Comstock half rose in her chair, then fell back, beaten.

"Peg and her husband left the house. Peg had accomplished her design. Her will had dominated. She had planned, after delivering her blow, to leave Al—She had no more use for her tool. But Al—he loved her. Was that the way one did things? Take a human life, use it, then discard it? The Mrs. Comstock in Peg dominated. Having made this bargain, she would not, could not, be a quitter.

"Disillusionments, disappointments followed for Peg. The red-gold hair seemed to lose its oliveness. The magnolia-petal skin lost its loveliness. The hands, once the objects of praise of all who saw them, became rough and coarse with toil.—I can't tell you all that happened. She was too proud to tell people of her troubles. But people can see; I could see.



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"The young man came back after several years, came back and found that, in spite of his heart-break, he still loved her. He offered to take her with him, but she still abided by her bargain. He always loved her"—here a twisted smile—"and he never married."

"Heart break, disillusionment, toil! But after all Peg emerged the victor. Somehow she made a man of Al. She brought her children up, giving to them all that she had, her ideals, her love of beauty, her undaunted spirit,—above all, her courage. They have all been successes. I know that she was happy in that she had courage to do what was right."

"And," he added, with a sly look at me, "She was of two generations ago."

My mind went back to Eleanor. Courageous, yes, but is courage exemplified more in a single act, or in living by an ideal through the years?

CAROLINE PARRISH.



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“THAT’S MY WEAKNESS NOW”

Marion Walker had gone to summer school at a co-ed school, looking for what she termed “excitement,” but Fate, in the person of Jimmie Franklin, had dogged her footsteps.

Jimmie was her home-town beau, and wanted to be her summer school beau, but he did not fit in with her present mood at all. True, Jimmie was a likable chap, tall and blonde, a Sigma Tau, one of the most attractive boys on the campus; but to Marion he was hopelessly old-fashioned. He was good-naturedly willing to take her anywhere she wanted to go, but as Marion told the girls at the house, “Jimmie’s the kind of boy that would make even a road-house seem respectable!” Jimmie was really her most serious problem. She liked him too much to consider losing him—but he was so unexciting.

One Saturday night after an especially calm and peaceful evening spent at the movies, Jimmie and Marion were making their way back to her boarding-house, she—hopelessly bored, he—disgustingly pleased with the world at large, when suddenly they heard a terrific banging and rattling. In another minute a cut-down Ford of exceedingly old and decrepit appearance came bouncing around the corner, overflowing with a riotous crowd of Kappa Thetas. On seeing the couple on the side-walk, the driver came to such a sudden stop that the hangers-on were almost thrown to the pavement, but no one seemed to notice. The jolt was merely an aid in their hasty disembarking. All talking and shouting at once, they surrounded Jimmie and his date, insisting that they should go with them to a dance at the Kappa Theta house which was to begin immediately. “You gotta go, old boy. We gotta have you, and we gotta have that l’il girl you’re monopolizing sho. You just gotta go. We gotta orchestra from out the lake pavilion, and they’re hot! I mean! Come on, lesh go!”

Finally Jimmie managed to get rid of them by promising that he and Marion would go out later. The K. T.’s piled into their heirlloom which they had left in the middle of the street car tracks, and bounced off, shouting and singing—“That’s My Weakness Now.” There was no need for an explanation as to just what that “weakness” was.

As soon as they were out of sight, Jimmie proceeded to express his disapproval of the behavior of the K. T.’s, but Marion had considered the whole procedure quite thrilling, especially the prospects of a dance at a frat house. It sounded as if it might be exciting! She imagined all sorts of things that might happen, but there was Jimmie, interrupting her thoughts, “Marion, you don’t want to go



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to that dance, do you?" in a tone that seemed to imply that her answer would certainly be "no."

Well, she'd show him! "Jimmie, I do want to go. It's just eleven o'clock."

Jimmie was horrified. "Why, Marion, you know you don't want to go to that dance. Why, everybody will be lit, and there won't be a chaperone, and besides it will soon be twelve, and this is Saturday night. The police will stop it! You know they will. The Kappa Theta house isn't any place for you, anyway. Please be reasonable!"

"Oh, Jimmie, you're so old-fashioned. There's not a thing wrong with this dance, and everybody'll be there!"

Jimmie looked at her, and weakened. "Well, if you must go, I'll take you, but I'm supposed to meet a boy up-town at eleven-thirty to get some money he owes me—but if you've got to go, I'll take you."

But Marion had had an idea. "All right, hateful, if that's the way you feel about it—I won't go! I didn't want to go to the old dance anyway." And with that, she rushed into the house leaving the bewildered Jimmie gazing at the spot where she had been a few minutes before. Then he turned, and walked down the steps shaking his head, remarking on the incomprehensibility of women in general—Marion, in particular.

Scarcely had the sound of his footsteps died away when Marion who had been waiting just inside the door came dancing out, singing, "He's got curly hair, so that's my weakness now!" She opened her fat little compact, powdered her small white nose, applied fresh lipstick to her already reddened lips, ran a small comb through her short brown curls, and then held the compact mirror farther off to view the general effect. She caught a glimpse of her dark eyes in the tiny mirror—they were sparkling with excitement. "I look lots better when I'm excited," she thought complacently. "This dress will be all right, I guess. It's pink, and pink's certainly my most becoming color. I wonder why some one doesn't come?" She settled her small self in a convenient chair, smoothed out her beruffled pink dress, and waited for something to happen, humming, "He got eyes of blue; I never cared for eyes of blue, but he's got eyes of blue—so that's my weakness now!" And strange to say, Jimmie's eyes were as brown as her own!

None of the girls seemed to be coming in, evidently every one had gone to the dance. Marion kept time with her foot—restlessly—as she hummed, "He drives a Ford coupe—I never cared for—Darn Jimmie Franklin, I could murder him! Here I am with nothing to



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do—stranded—and he could have taken me to that dance just as easy. The old goody-goody!—I wish I had a date with Frank Bailey. He's so cute. ——— Here comes Ellen with Harry—and Frank's with them! Now, if he'll just ask me to go to the dance! I've been wanting a date with him ever since I met him, but Jimmie's been so faithful I haven't had a chance to even look at any one else. Jimmie's home in bed by now. If Frank will just ask me!"

As Ellen and the two boys came up the steps, Marion greeted them with what she considered to be her most charming smile, directing most of its force at Frank, but her effort was unnecessary. She was the object of their search. "Say, Marion, don't you want to go to the dance? Ellen's going with Harry. Gee! I'm glad you're alone. I saw Jimmie up town, so we hurried on out here. How did you manage to get rid of him? I've never had a chance to ask you for a date before. Please say you'll go!"

Only a few minutes were necessary to get underway in Frank's new Ford coupe. All the way to the K. T. house, Marion concentrated her attentions on Frank with satisfying results. It seemed that Frank had wanted a date with her for a long time. The affair was progressing nicely when they reached the house.

In spite of the fact that the town clock was striking twelve when they arrived, they were among the first comers. The wide veranda was deserted; from within came laughter and the "Hey-Hey!" of several masculine voices as the orchestra began its first number, "That's My Weakness Now." They walked up the steps and across the porch—slowly—Marion's laughing face turned up eagerly to Frank's interested gaze. In fact, so charmed were they with each other that they walked unseeingly past Marion's faithful Jimmie, who was standing just inside the door! Suddenly Marion found herself talking to empty space—Frank had evaporated into thin air. She looked around, then—she understood—there stood Jimmie, a picture of unbelieving amazement.

For one endless minute she could say nothing—thoughts chased each other round and round in her bewildered mind. She felt trapped—tricked—then, an idea—perhaps she could bluff it out, such things had been done before. "Jimmie Franklin, what are you doing here? I thought you weren't coming. This is a fine way to treat me—leave me sitting at home, and then come out here to the dance! I like that!"

Jimmie stiffened. "Marion, you know perfectly well I didn't come out here because I wanted to. My room mate asked me to come out here, and see if his girl was here—said he'd never speak to her again if she was," he paused dramatically, "and then, you



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come out here—with another boy! and Frank Bailey too—you know what a wild rep he has. Marion, why do you do such things?" Then, taking her hand, "I'm going, and you're going with me—right now."

But Marion had decided to stay—Jimmie or no Jimmie—she craved excitement, and this dance looked promising. She stamped her foot. "I'm not going. I came out here to dance, and I'm going to dance! You can't treat me like a baby, and you might as well stop trying."

Then, remembering the times on which she had won him over to her side on previous occasions, she changed her tune, perhaps she could do it again, "Aw, Jimmie, don't get mad—come on—let's dance. I'll go in a little while if you want me to—honest!" She looked up at him, pleadingly, trying to look repentant. As usual, she had her way.

The music was good, even Jimmie had to admit the fact, as he tried to dance into an inconspicuous corner where they would not be noticed, but he was destined not to succeed. Scarcely had he reached the corner when Frank broke, and danced off with her, holding her unnecessarily close—Jimmie thought—their curly heads close together. "Guess he's whispering sweet nothings to her like he does to all the other girls," muttered Jimmie, "darn him!"

Frank's "sweet nothings," however, concerned his desertion, "Gosh, Marion, I'm sorry things happened like this, but I knew I'd better fade out when I saw Jimmie. He sho' looked mad."

"I don't care," said Marion—then another boy broke—then another, and another—in rapid succession. Jimmie tagging her desperately one time after another, tried vainly to tell her that the police were on their way out to stop the dance. The neighbors had called the house, and demanded that the dance should be stopped, but their efforts to quell the gaiety had failed—now, they had called on the police to come out, and do away with this rude disturbance of their Sunday morning slumbers. It was of no use, "The police," he would begin, only to be broken in upon by Frank, or some one else. Finally he walked angrily off down the steps, "Let her stay there if she wants to. If she likes that drunk crowd—it's all right with me. Let the police get her—I don't care!"

Marion was enjoying the dance immensely. She had never been in the K. T. house before. It was an ideal place for dancing—a large hall, parlor, living room, and dining room—all connected with sliding doors, but now the place had a rather wild appearance. All the furniture and rugs had been dragged out to clear the floor for dancing, leaving the rooms empty and bare. The mantels were lined with empty and half-filled bottles, and dirty glasses. Cigarette stubs



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were strewn about. There was certainly nothing conventional about the place,—or the dance. As Jimmie had predicted—there were no chaperones. Marion noted Jimmie's sudden departure, but it did not affect her high spirits in the least. It merely served to heighten her pleasure. She wanted excitement!

Jimmie had been right—the police were on their way to the Kappa Theta house, and they were not long in getting there. The orchestra were crashing down on their jazziest number; Frank and Marion were whirling dizzily in the darkened dining room, when some one snapped off the lights. There was a sound of breaking glass, running feet, and some one shouting, "The Police!"

Marion was almost knocked down in the rush. The room was in pitch-black darkness. Frank had deserted her again. She started to scream, then she heard some one pounding on the front door. She stood still, and tried to collect her thoughts. "They had been in the dining room—it must open into the kitchen." She felt along the wall. Finally she felt a swinging door give at her touch. She slipped through it into the kitchen—still darkness. She found another door, stepped through it, and too late to save herself—felt herself falling. Down the steps she rolled, with a fearful noise! She heard some one run through the house, shouting, "Hey-there!"—the police!

She knew she was hurt; she knew her dress must be ruined, but she did not stop for such trifles—she jumped up frantically, and ran blindly—straight ahead. Then suddenly her progress was blocked by a high board fence. She had to get over it. Without a moment's hesitation, she began to scramble over it—breaking finger nails, ripping her chiffon hose, tearing the ruffles from her frail pink dress,—but she paid not the slightest heed to anything. She dropped heavily to the side-walk—recognizing the street on which her boarding-house was—then, sobbing hysterically ran madly down the street.

As she reached the front gate, her tear-filled eyes failed to see a tall, blonde young man who was standing directly in her path-way. She ran straight into him. "Oh!" she gasped, and started to draw back, but a pair of arms held her fast. She looked up—it was Jimmie! She began sobbing anew. "Ji-i-mmie, can you-you-you ever forgive me?"

Jimmie looked down at the bedraggled, unhappy little figure. His heart melted, "Honey, don't—I'm the one that ought to be asking forgiveness—for leaving you at that place—will you forgive me?" Then burying his face in her moist, warm curls—"Honey, you remember that song they played tonight? Well—You're 'My Weakness Now'!"

LUCILE COLE NIX.



THE PINE BRANCH

TWO SONGS FOR A MATRON

1.

Singing, I mend your socks and shirts—  
You shall never know  
What it is within my heart  
That makes me sing so.  
He is gone past memory,  
Past the spell of years,  
Past the thought of laughter,  
Past recall of tears.

2.

I meant to run away tonight  
From you and breakfast dishes—  
But a wife must never pay  
Tribute to her wishes.  
Who would find your shirts for you  
If I went away?  
Who would pet you when you're tired?  
I shall have to stay.

HAZEL DONAHUE.



VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

THE EXTRA PLATE

"We, the Student Government Committee, have agreed that Jane's restriction, which has lasted for only one week, may hereby be removed, because Jane's conduct has been approved during the last week. She, however, is deprived of the privilege of visiting between buildings after seven o'clock."

Jane had listened intently to the words, and with her head erect she was considering, "Well, I'll think about that last statement. Only time will tell." But with a respectful "Thank you," she quickly left the room. The Committee hesitated, for each member was watching Jane who left without looking back, without even protesting against the remaining restriction. Gone! The Committee had failed. It had wanted to get Jane to stop and to think, but Jane—as usual—was not worried in the least. The Committee wondered if Jane would obey the rules now. But how could they tell when it was doubtful if even Jane herself knew? Jane had left them again thinking that the circumstances of time would continue to rule for her.

Betty! Where was Betty? She would have to tell her all about it.

"Oh, there you are! I . . . ."

But Betty interrupted, "Mary has just told me and I'm thrilled to death about it. Roommate's out tonight, and you know what that means for you at ten. Ten to eleven—we'll spread it on."

Betty tempting her that way! Well, surely Betty had not understood, or she wouldn't be asking her to come.

"Ah, well! . . . I . . . . Let me see, if time . . . ." stammered Jane.

"Oh no! Now, don't say any such. You and your time worry me. You know you'll come, for if you don't I'll surely play dead. You'll come?"

It was evident that Betty had not heard the last statement. Well—she wouldn't tell her, for then Betty would beg her not to come. She was one of those girls who insisted on obeying the rules when they were very serious.

Would she go or would she not? Yes, of course, she would for Betty had asked her to come, and she would do anything to be with Betty. If she could only get there! That was the whole trouble. Betty lived in the other building on fourth floor. Of course, Jane didn't mind that if she could only keep the monitors from seeing her. She couldn't tell unless she tried it. Yes, she had fully decided, and she gave Betty her answer by saying that she would be there by ten o'clock unless—well, unless some one should stop her, and to



## THE PINE BRANCH

herself she added unless the circumstances of time should rule her otherwise.

During the first two hours of study hall that night, Jane tried to finish her four hours' work. She couldn't concentrate for, now and then, there inevitably appeared on the printed page before her, Betty's room in which she always felt at home. Anyway, she was hungry. She continually wished for ten o'clock, and all fears of being caught were lost in watching the time. Finally, she looked at her watch, and it was two minutes till ten—two minutes till the last study period. Visiting between buildings was strictly forbidden her, and the punishment—oh, well—she wanted to go and she would try! What of it?

She walked bravely down the hall and to the steps—those horrid steps everyone of which squealed when she stepped. They sounded louder and louder to her. After almost rolling down on a pencil that was lost to every one but her, she took it more slowly and carefully placed each foot on the step below. Not another sound was to be heard except the low, continuous sound of the pianos. Then suddenly the ten o'clock bell rang. Why did she simply run down the remaining steps? She knew the bell was going to ring. Was she frightened? Well—she wouldn't admit it. But thanks to the noisy bell! It had kept any one from hearing. Now, to get to the other building! When half-way, she heard some one coming, she stepped behind the brick column, and held her breath while the dean of women passed by. The thought of Betty made her resume her courage. In fact, she even felt safer now. It wasn't long, however, for soon she was walking toward a monitor on first floor. Jane coughed and put her hand to her throat. Surely, she was going to the infirmary.

She reached the elevator and calmly said, "Fourth." What luck! A council member was in the elevator, but perhaps she wouldn't notice her, for she was looking at a book. Jane soon coughed and said, "This terrible sore throat,"—all for the benefit of the council member who had looked at her doubtfully. But the infirmary was on fifth floor. She couldn't stop at fourth. She got off at fifth floor and so did the council member. Jane could have choked her for walking down the hall and sympathizing with her for having a sore throat—as if she really did. Jane stopped at the door when the council member walked on. Then it didn't take Jane long to get back down the flight of stairs. There was Betty's room, and she walked in without knocking as she read: "Busy, Do not enter."

The food was already prepared on a table in the middle of the room. Jane was late and they had no time to lose. Betty didn't



## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

ask why, because Jane and her time were always making her say a few useless words. They sat down, looked at the feast, laughed about their busy sign, and Jane told about her sore throat, but only in a joking way so that Betty did not understand. They were just ready to eat when they heard a low knock at the door. Jane jumped into the closet behind some quilts. She thought of the extra plate. Betty's roommate was out for the night. It was all right to have a feast, for study hall was over by now. It was all right to have food in the room—but the guest for that extra plate! Where was she? They were supposed to have permission. Yes, Jane knew she was caught at her own game, and time had left her only a picture of the feast with its real odors. But let the intruder look in and find her. She would laugh back. Then she heard the knock again. This second knock told her clearly who it was, told her that it was one who could ask who the visitor was or was to be, told her that it was one who, if she wasn't promptly answered, would certainly look in the closet for the hidden guest, told her that it was the only person who had the right of walking over a busy sign.

She wondered what was passing through Betty's mind, for she knew Betty would not understand why she had jumped into the closet. Without a doubt, even though Betty thought Jane had permission from her monitor to see her, perhaps on important business, she would know that something was seriously wrong, especially since she had hidden. What would she say and what could she do for Jane? Would she have to tell where she was? Then Jane heard her saying: "My dear! You are one minute too early. I was just going for you. But you won't ever let me surprise you like you did me last week. Well—sit down over there."

And the president of the Council Committee sat down while saying: "Gee whiz! What a surprise! I am simply overcome. Are you sure you meant the extra plate for me? How sweet of you!"

Jane under the quilts could hear Betty and the president talking. So the president had believed Betty! They were eating and perhaps would be eating until the light bell. Then she wouldn't have time to get to her room before the monitor would find her gone. If she could escape this one time, she knew she would be ready to obey, what Betty called, those serious rules. But she knew she would be found—even after Betty's successful beginning with Betty not knowing all the facts. Those six weeks of restriction—six times as long as the one just ended! After all she would be caught. At length she decided to come out and enjoy the feast too—and then six weeks' restriction for a dessert with a sore throat, too, from getting so hot under the quilts.



## THE PINE BRANCH

As she moved her foot to come out, she sank back almost laughing, for she heard Betty's voice: "I meant to get my glass pitcher from your room when I went for you, I wanted to put some water in it—you know, some good cold water from the dining room."

"Oh, you make me so thirsty. Let's do get some and right now, too," and out the two walked together down the hall.

Jane filled her pockets with food and scribbled the following note before leaving the room:

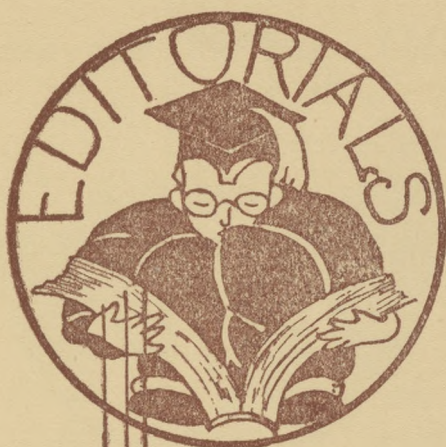
"Will feast in my own room. You're a clever hostess. Enjoyed the conversation, except I had to be dumb; but, you know, it was because—of my terrible sore throat."

Ah, Jane was free! But would she obey the rules? Then she thought again. "Only time will tell."

DOROTHY HARPER.



## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA



**T**HE CHAPEL! What memories these two small words bring to the average college students and graduates as they recount the pleasant experiences of their college days. How proudly they recall the dignity and the beauty of their chapel. But to the students at G. S. W. C. these words have no meaning, for G. S. W. C. has no chapel building.

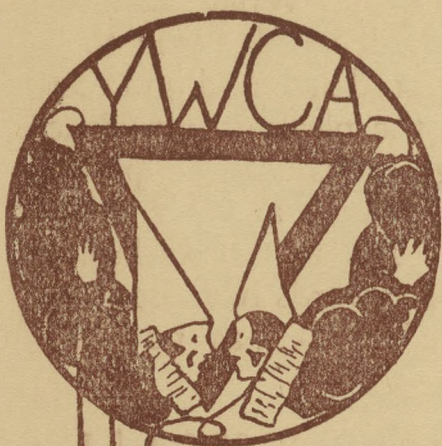
This lack of a chapel or an auditorium is a most keenly felt need. A chapel is usually considered one of the first essentials in establishing a college. But we at G. S. W. C. must seek a substitute for our chapel. A church must be borrowed for the baccalaureate sermon. The commencement exercises have to be held in the theatre. An auditorium must be rented for the class plays. Although Valdosta has been most kind in helping us by offering her churches and theatres for our use, we at G. S. W. C. want an auditorium of our own.

The adequate appropriations of the last legislature have made possible some improvements, but did not include a chapel. The library has been enlarged and improved by the addition of another room and many books and magazines. The laboratories have been improved and further equipped. More shrubs and palms have added to the beauty of the grounds. All these and other improvements have been seen by an appreciative student body although they feel the great and fundamental need of a chapel.

This lack of a chapel has been met cheerfully by the administration in various ways. Through the cordiality of Valdosta an auditorium has been supplied for use in the commencement and baccalaureate exercises. The daily chapel exercises are held in the Rotunda, as well as the boost meetings and various club programs. But the need is still present and at every session of the legislature an appropriation is asked for to supply this much needed chapel. The legislators have not yet seen fit to grant this request, but G. S. W. C. still has faith in them and her patient hoping may yet be rewarded.



## THE PINE BRANCH



LIVE CHRIST, and all thy life  
shall be

A sweet uplifting memory,  
A sowing of the fair white seeds  
That fruit through all eternity!

—John Oxenham.

\* \* \*

Our vesper services for this month have included three "off campus" speakers: Mr. Sanders, of Emory Junior, who spoke on the subject of "Thrills"; Mrs. Peeples, who talked about "The Mirror of Life"; and Mr. Cleveland, who is one of our best-loved speakers.

\* \* \*

Several members of the Freshman class gave a pageant at one of the Thursday evening services. The title was, "A Word to the Y's."

\* \* \*

The Student Volunteer group is still one of the lively organizations of the campus. A volunteer from Emory Junior has joined us and the meetings are held on Sunday afternoon. We are to have delegates to the conference at Brenau College this month.

\* \* \*

During this month the Cabinet submitted to the students a plan for the vesper services for the rest of the year. This plan was enthusiastically approved by the students and most of them pledged themselves to take part in the programs.

\* \* \*

Just now, we are having a series of programs on "Belong to the Great Human Family (A College Girl and Her Relationships)." Miss Breen talked to us on "Relations to Her Family." The last Sunday evening program was on "Relations With Her Girl Friends." Cora Burghard and Ruth Norman gave short talks on different phases of this subject which is so important to all college girls.



## PHI KAPPA NEWS



Among the athletic competitions that we always enjoy are our ladder tournaments. The first event of this type that we've had this year was the basket ball goal tournament. Although the Lambdas won the association points by having the highest shooting average, the tournament ended with four Kappas on

top. These four girls shot for the first three places and they won places as follows: Elizabeth Hays, first; Virginia Clark, second; Elsie Quarterman, third.

Basket ball and speed ball season opened immediately after Christmas holidays. Both squads are hard at work and expect to put out good teams.

At the beginning of our athletic year when the Lambdas had won the membership drive and seemed about to win the volley ball series, the Phi Kappas began to feel that they were being left behind, but the "Kappa spirit is never dead"—slowly and surely we are gaining on them and with the assistance of our good ball players and the enthusiastic cheers of our grandstands we are confident that the Phi Kappas are "gonna rise again."

## PHI LAMBDA NEWS

Hurrah! exams. are over! Now, come on, let's turn our attention to speed ball and basket ball! We want some real "peppy" games, and that's what we've got to have. Much enthusiasm has been manifested in both speed ball and basket ball, and Lambdas, we must keep this up, for we have only a very short season for these two sports. It has been such a pleasure to play on our new courts this year, that in order to show our appreciation of them, we will have to back our teams with the best that we have. From the "snappy" practice we've had, the match games that are to be played soon tend to be better than ever before.

The Phi Lambda Athletic Association sponsored a tea in the Rotunda on Wednesday afternoon, from four until six o'clock. It was enjoyed by everyone. Miss Hazel Sawyer, president of the Association, presided at the tea table.



## SOCIETY NEWS

### ARGONIAN—SORORIAN

One of the most interesting and educational programs of the year was presented at a joint meeting of the Argonian and Sororian Literary Societies on December fifteenth.

Miss Roselle Hatcher was leader for the program which pertained to modern tendencies in Russian Art, Music, Literature, and Dancing.

Miss Bernice Jones rendered two beautiful Russian piano solos, "Orientale-Cui" and "The Music Box."

A brief discussion of the tendencies in Russian music was given by Miss Mary Eva Fambrough.

Miss Cora Burghard discussed very interestingly modern Russian Art.

A poem, "The Old Bell Ringers," was read by Miss Mary Hodges, followed by a discussion by Ann Talbert on Russian Literature including many of the Russian poets and writers.

A very charming Russian dance was given by Miss Elizabeth McRee.

As the Christmas season was approaching, Miss Virginia Fraser gave an interesting discussion on the Christmas customs in other lands, including Russia, Japan, Germany, Spain and China.

\* \* \*

The Sororian and Argonian Literary Societies met together Saturday, January 26th, for a program meeting.

Miss Margaret Dasher gave a very interesting discussion on modern Russian drama.

Following this discussion, "The Boor," a one-act play by Vaton Tchekoff, was presented under the direction of Miss Louise Sawyer. The cast of characters was as follows:

Griyer Luha, Lillian Exum.

Helen Ivanovagorji Steponovitch Smirnov, Kathryn Sawyer.

Popov, Roselle Hatcher.

This play afforded much amusement.



## ALUMNAE NEWS

Dorothy Larsen, of the class of '25, now Mrs. J. J. Parker, is living in Indian Town, Florida.

\* \* \*

Zackie Carmack, of the class of '27, is teaching the sixth grade at Stokes, North Carolina.

\* \* \*

Mary Small, A. B. '27, is attending Columbia University. Her address is Whittier Hall, Columbia University.

\* \* \*

Evelyn McArthur, of the class of '25, is teaching in Dublin, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Ruth Carrin, A. B. '25, is teaching chemistry, physics, and biology in the high school in Hendersonville, North Carolina.

\* \* \*

Maggie Lou Cook, of the class of '22, is teaching at Clinton, North Carolina.

\* \* \*

Rebecca Cook, of the class of '25, is teaching in Richland, North Carolina.

\* \* \*

Murette Williams, Mrs. R. M. Doyle, of the class of '18, is living at 4420 Park Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri.

\* \* \*

Annie Ruth Sawyer, of the class of '26, is teaching the fifth grade at Brunswick, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Carrie Hart, of the class of '27, is teaching mathematics at her home at Barwick, Georgia. Teaching with her are Anna Dean Knapp, of the class of '27, and Myrtice Wade, of the class of '28.

\* \* \*

Johanna Voigt, of the class of '24, writes from her home in Black-shear: "I'm not teaching school now. I am with Uncle Sam these days doling out postage stamps, cards, money orders, and everything in general. I like it too."



## THE PINE BRANCH

Marjorie Seals, of the class of '26, was married in December to Mr. J. C. Tillman, of Waycross, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Matile Powell, of the class of '28, who has been teaching in the Morven school, was married on December the twenty-eighth to Mr. Harry Pike, of Morven.

\* \* \*

Corinne Studstill, of the class of '23, has a position as Critic Teacher in the University of Ohio, Athens, Ohio.

\* \* \*

Margaret Shields, of the class of '25, Mrs. A. M. Mann, of Richmond, Virginia, announces the birth of a daughter on Wednesday, January the thirtieth.

\* \* \*

Gladys Butler, of the class of '28, who is now teaching in Nahunta, Georgia, was a visitor to the college during December.

\* \* \*

Stella Mathis, of the class of '18, Mrs. L. S. Shearman, announces the birth of a son on December the twenty-fourth.

\* \* \*

Luda Zeigler, of the '17 class, Mrs. Sidney L. Sellars, is the mother of a young daughter, Marion Elizabeth, whose birthday was December the twenty-fourth. Her address is Haddonville Road and Mailton Pike, Merchantville, New Jersey.

\* \* \*

Neva Mathis, of the class of '25, was married on the fifth of February to Young Tillman, of Valdosta, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Catherine Bruce, of the class of '27, was married in November to Mr. Harry Lee Howell, of Valdosta.

\* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Brown, of Newell, Georgia, announce the birth of a daughter, Carnie Jane. Mrs. Brown is our Mildred Littlefield, of the class of '26.



## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

# LOCALS

Exams—sink or swim, live or die, flunk or pass! Now they are over! And what could have been a better celebration of this event than the Thug Dance sponsored by the Juniors. The costumes and decorations added much to the spirit of the occasion. With the music furnished by Mrs. Horne's Orchestra, one could have expected only a perfect manifestation of "pep." The high spirit of the group was moderated a bit during the intermission. At this time Anita Oliver gave a "Tap Dance" and Miss Mary Martha Kytle from the V. H. S. gave two readings.

\* \* \*

The Sock and Buskin Club held its regular meeting Tuesday night, January 15th. The meeting was given over to a lesson in stage make-up which proved interesting as well as helpful to the members.

\* \* \*

The faculty and students enjoyed a very delightful tea given by the Home Economics Club in the Rotunda on Wednesday afternoon, January 23rd.

Mrs. White, Head of the Home Economics Department, as hostess, served tea to the guests; she was assisted by Miss Margaret Lawson, President of the club, Miss Betty Clegg, Miss Margaret Littlefield, Miss Carden Bell, and Miss Mary Stokes.

\* \* \*

The Philharmonic Club held its regular program meeting January 14th. The following program was given:

Life of Chopin—Alice Hicks.

Nocturne G Major (Chopin)—Helen Ryon.

Origin of Polonaise—Jeannette Hall.

Polonaise C Minor (Chopin)—Mary Eva Fambrough.

\* \* \*

Miss E. Camm Campbell, Superintendent of the Training School, has leave of absence to study at Columbia University during the spring and summer quarters. She is completing her Master of Arts degree in Education.

\* \* \*

At the chapel exercises on January 25, Mrs. Effie P. Stabler, who is Superintendent of the Training School for the second semester, spoke to the student body. Due to her extensive work in the field



### THE PINE BRANCH

of education, and due to her extensive travel, much of which she brought into her talk, Mrs. Stabler won the attention of the group at once and held it throughout her talk.

\* \* \*

The International Relations Club held its regular meeting on Friday night, January 25.

Miss Marguerite Ford, President of the club, presided. After the minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted, Miss Ruth Ransome was elected secretary for the rest of the year.

The meeting was then turned over to Miss Nannie Pope, chairman of the Program Committee. The program was very interesting. Haiti was discussed by Mildred Larsen, Mexico by Hazel Taylor and Mary Elizabeth Boyd, and Porto Rico by Iva Chandler.

Just before the club adjourned Miss Ford urged that as many members as possible plan to go to the State Conference on International Relations.

\* \* \*

Dr. R. H. Powell, President of the College, spent the week-end in Atlanta, where he concluded at the annual meeting his year of service as president of the Association of Georgia Colleges.



VALDOSTA, GEORGIA



Gypsy: I tella your fortune, Mister.

Freshman: How much?

Gypsy: Twenty-five cents.

Freshman: Correct. Howdija guess it?.

\* \* \*

College is just like a washing machine; you get out of it just what you put in, but you'd never recognize it.

\* \* \*

Here's the one about the Scotchman who died and left a million dollars to the mother of the unknown soldier.

\* \* \*

It is rumored that a certain faculty member took out his watch, smelt it, and looked at the rose.

\* \* \*

Macbeth: Make haste, ole women, make haste.

The three witches: All right, Mac, all right; we'll be wick'a in a minute.

\* \* \*

Did you hear about the Scotch athlete who hated to loosen up his muscles?

\* \* \*

Father: When George Washington was your age he was a surveyor.

Son: When he was your age he was president of the United States.

\* \* \*

These coon skin coats surely are the white man's burden.



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