

Blanche Johnson

THE PINE BRANCH

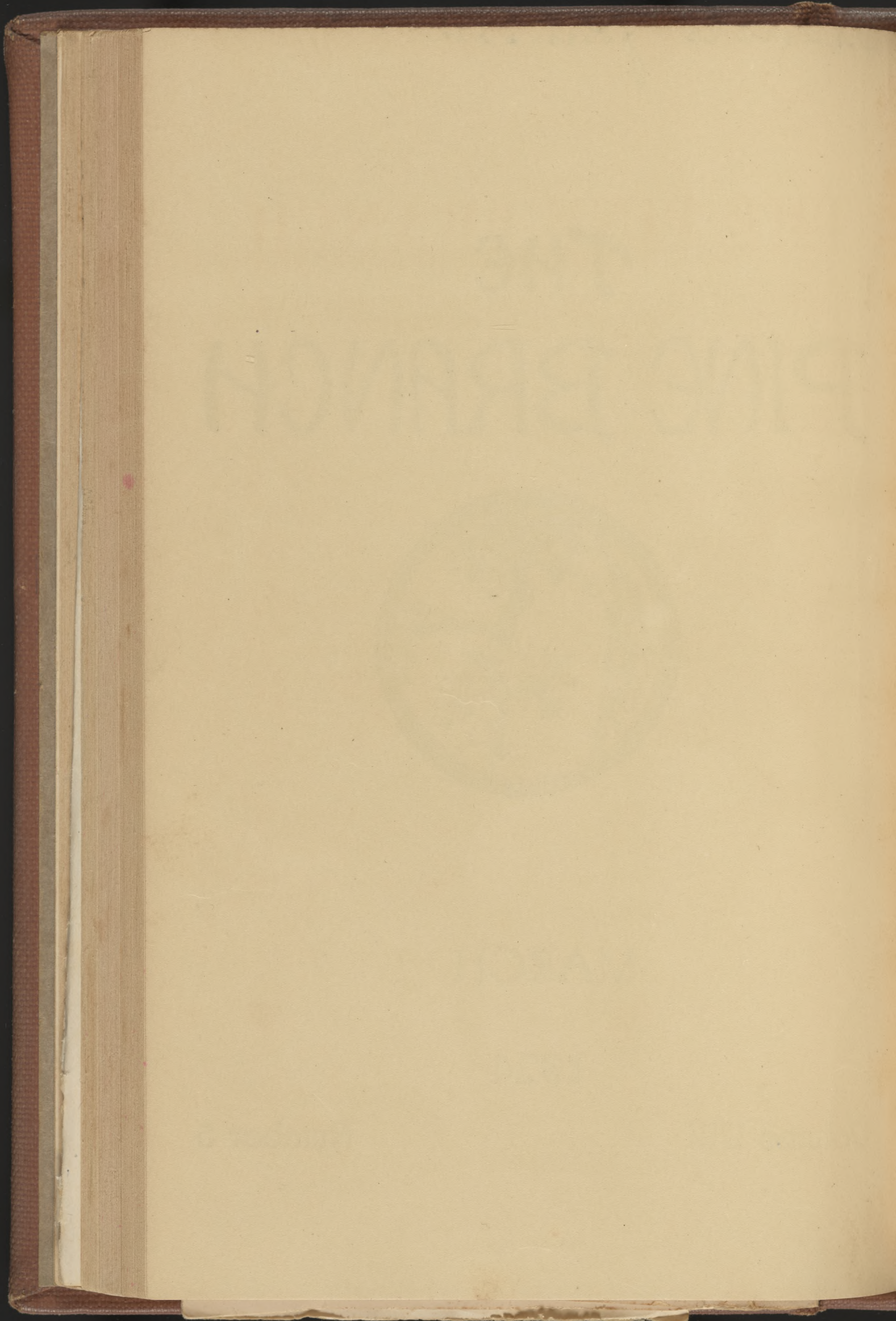


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To Bob or Not To Bob

It was all on account of her hair! Mary Ellen realized afterward that if she hadn't cut it the adventure would never have come to her, but at the time—

Mary Ellen stood in front of her mirror and wept shamelessly. On the dresser in front of her lay two long, fat braids of hair, not as such hair should be, attached to the head of its original owner, but severed irrevocably from it. The girl in the mirror wept as shamelessly as did Mary Ellen at the spectacle which greeted her—two eyes already red from tears, a small nose whose slight tilt gave promise of being most attractive at some time, but which now, like the eyes, showed signs of tearful grief; and then the cause of it all, the short hair, which, seemingly unmindful of all the wretchedness which it had caused, curled softly and childishly about the tear swollen little face.

"Oh, oh, why did I do it!" moaned the original of the reflected face over and over again to the girl in the mirror. "Why didn't I let well enough alone? Bobbed hair is so common now, and it doesn't suit my face at all. It makes me look just like I did in my kid days when Jimmie and I played tom-boy games together before he went away."

The face in the mirror brightened just a tiny bit.

"Maybe Jimmie would like it better this way!" it murmured, then even the shadows of brightness vanished as Mary Ellen said almost woefully,

"No, he wouldn't like it, and anyway, he's gone now. Even if he were here I'd never know him, he left so long ago. I'd probably not even like him now; it was only a form of hero-worship anyway. Why, I was only about eight when he left to go away to school. He thought so little of me that he didn't even write but one or two cards, and those sounded like he was writing to a baby sister."

"How terrible," murmured the girl in the mirror sympathetically, then, with eyes brimming again, "and Lucy's cousin, Arthur Thornwall, is going to be at the party tonight!"

"Don't I know that!" wailed Mary Ellen again, "and Lucy says that he's so good looking! And sophisticated! but of course he'd be! Who wouldn't after he had traveled for years in Europe? Why, he won't even drive his own car now, but has a man to drive it for him! Of course he won't

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be silly enough to look at me wearing that foolish little white dress that always makes me look like a baby anyway, and with my hair looking so infantile. Who on earth would be silly enough to even suppose that any one would look at me when Alice will be all dressed up in her very best clothes; she's so very sophisticated anyway—if it were not too late to phone Bill now, I'd surely not go! This hair—” but her doleful thoughts overcame her completely, and she threw herself down across the bed to weep long and loud.

After the worst of her grief had flowed from her full heart in the deluge of tears, Mary Ellen, feeling somewhat better, got up from the bed and proceeded to array herself in the despised white dress, after erasing to the best of her ability with cold water and powder the marks of her recent outburst.

Then, with a final glance into her mirror, she hurried down stairs from whence there had already come urgent calls that Bill was there waiting, and that it was time for her to be gone.

“Gee, Mary Ellen, you surely do look cute!” Bill exclaimed in honest admiration as she came down the stairs. “Why, cutting your hair took ten years off your age! You look about ten years old. I don't as a general rule approve of bobbed hairs, but yours is—”

“Thank you, Bill,” said Mary Ellen, forcing a smile, even while her heart sank lower and lower, “‘cute,’ ‘ten years off your age,’ ‘about ten years old,’” rang in funeral tones in her brain, and to hide the tears which sprang to her eyes she hurried to the door, calling back to her mother, “I won't be late, mother, but you needn't wait up for me.”

In spite of Bill's fervently expressed admiration during the drive over to the home of Lucy Parks where the party was to be given in honor of her visiting cousin, Mary Ellen's self-consciousness became greater and greater, and her dread of meeting the sophisticated stranger grew and grew.

When at last they reached their destination, she was glad to find that the promming had already begun and that her hostess was sitting in the cool, unlighted porch, enjoying its quiet after the laughing confusion inside.

After Mary Ellen had greeted her hostess and had made her excuses for her tardiness, Mrs. Parks said,

“The first prom has already started, Mary Ellen. You

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and Bill may just sit this one out, and when all the couples get in, come back and meet Arthur. I'm so anxious for you to meet him. He's such a nice young man. I'm sure you'll like him."

"As if that were the question!" thought Mary Ellen. "Gracious, who wouldn't like anybody that was even half so wonderful as Lucy said he was! The question is how could anybody who has traveled around and seen all those girls in Europe even look for a minute at me—with my hair cut like this—"

As the different couples slowly gathered about the steps after the prom was over, Mary Ellen was soon the center of a laughing, chattering group of girls who looked with friendly envy at the hair curling caressingly about her face, and of boys who teased or flattered her according to their inclinations.

"Have you met Lucy's cousin?" asked one of the girls in the group.

"No, I haven't seen him yet; where is he? How do you like him?" asked Mary Ellen with pretended eagerness.

"Oh, he's gone off somewhere with Alice, of course! We all knew that we wouldn't have any chance with you and—why, there he is now, inside there by the piano. Alice is just starting to play for him. See, his back is turned now, but isn't he a wonderful size, and look at his hair!"

Mary Ellen looked quickly. Indeed he was a "wonderful size," and she always had loved black hair, that coal black, patent-leather hair that all girls dream of in their ideals. Although she couldn't see his face, she could imagine the black eyes and the commanding, aristocratic expression that must necessarily accompany such a wonderful height and such glorious hair! How adoringly he was bending over Alice, and how coquettishly she was looking up at him, how very grown up and how like an experienced woman of the world in her black dress with her hair combed in that modish way that was so becoming to her!

"The flirt!" thought Mary Ellen savagely, and then more generously, "but you'd do that too, if you had a chance. Oh, won't Alice crow over you tomorrow! Not in words, of course, or in any way that you can answer back, not even in insinuations, just—well, just some way all right! You'll see!"

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"Oh, and, Mary Ellen, have you seen Mr. Cornwall's friend, Mr.—she must not have heard me!" for Mary Ellen, seeing Alice smile a little more entrancingly than ever before, felt that she could endure no more, and seizing Bill's arm, hurried down the steps, calling back, "Time for second prom, isn't it?"

"Oh, Bill," she said as they reached the walk in front of the house, "I have a terrible headache! Will you please take me home? Run in and make my excuses to Lucy and her mother. I feel too bad to do it."

"Certainly, Mary Ellen, if you want to go, but I wish you'd stay. The fun hasn't begun yet, and you haven't met Lucy's cousin either. You'd better stay. All the girls are raving about him."

"No, I'm sorry, Bill, but my head aches too badly. Please hurry."

"All right," answered Bill, as he hurried away.

After what seemed endless waiting to Mary Ellen alone in the dark, she heard Alice's voice raised above ordinary conversational tones, call out,

"Bill! Please come here a minute. We want to have some music. Mr. Cornwall sings tenor, and you have the best bass voice around here. Do come on."

Mary Ellen smiled to herself. Of course Bill would refuse, and then the fascinating stranger would see that she was quite attractive enough to draw some one away even from Alice, and he'd be very anxious to meet her, but she would—but down went her air castles with as great a crash as air castles can make, for Bill's voice answered Alice's,

"Well, Mary Ellen's waiting for me, but if you'll hurry I'll sing just one before I leave."

"Oh!" breathed Mary Ellen in hurt, disappointed surprise, then added angrily, "Well, Mr. William Thomas, if you won't come carry me home, your car will. I'll not wait upon any man's whims!"

All of which, however, was easier to say than to accomplish, for Mary Ellen had never tried to drive a car except with some one beside her to direct her every move. Therefore she fingered the various buttons and switches, which controlled the engine, uncertainly. Which one did Bill turn or press when he wanted to start the car? And which way did the gears shift?

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So great was her absorption that she did not notice the figure which left the house and walked slowly and aimlessly out into the moonlight until it approached the car where Mary Ellen was so fruitlessly endeavoring to accomplish the seemingly impossible. Suddenly she was interrupted by a slight cough, and looked up to see a stranger standing beside the car.

"Can I be of any assistance?" he asked smilingly. "What seems to be wrong?"

Mary Ellen suppressed a gasp of surprise and managed to smile slightly, just enough, as she thought, neither warmly enough to make him think that she was some wall flower who would be grateful for his attention, nor coolly enough to drive him away. Lucy was right, he was handsome. His hair was just as she had imagined it would be, and his eyes, how large and blue they were! But why had he left the crowd and come out by himself? Had he grown weary of Alice's super-sophisticated manner and come out by himself for a minute's rest?

"Why, no, nothing is wrong," she answered. "I was only waiting for my escort to come back out to drive me home, as I've a slight headache."

"Ah, too bad," exclaimed the stranger sympathetically, "but may I profit by his delinquency and sit in the car by you until he comes back?"

"Surely," Mary Ellen answered as she moved aside to make room for him beside her, "But why did you leave the music? I thought I heard some one say that you were going to sing."

"I sing? Oh, no!" said the stranger with a laugh, "I much prefer listening to others. They do sing rather well, don't they?"

"Beautifully," said Mary Ellen whole heartedly, "I like to sit out here and listen to them."

"And I too," answered the stranger with a look which implied "In such pleasant company!"

"Oh, Mary Ellen!" Bill called from the porch, "does your head feel any better? Come on in, we're just singing some of the new songs that Mr. Cornwall brought with him."

"Oh, go ahead and sing," Mary Ellen called back indifferently, "my head feels some better; I'll probably feel all right in a little while."

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"Well," agreed Bill slowly, and went back into the house where he was soon singing lustily.

The longer Mary Ellen talked with the stranger, the more infatuated she became. It seemed to her that her every dream of him was realized, that he fulfilled every expectation.

When she told him, laughingly, of Lucy's descriptions of her "wonderful cousin" and of all the girls' glow of expectancy when they heard at last that they might meet him, he looked at her rather queerly for a moment, then laughed with her, and changed the subject abruptly.

After a time, the music stopped and Mary Ellen said quietly,

"But, Mr. Cornwall, we must go in. I've been too selfish keeping you out here. The others will feel like murdering me."

"Mr. Cornwall?" asked the stranger, looking at her again in that queer manner, "Did you think that I—" but he was interrupted by a rush of the girls and boys from the house out to the car, with Alice and another stranger leading them.

"Oh, Mary Ellen," said Alice as she reached the car, "I don't believe that you have met Mr. Cornwall yet," and placing her hand lightly, but in a proprietary manner upon the arm of the tall, handsome man by her side, she introduced him as Arthur Cornwall, Lucy's cousin.

Even as Mary Ellen smilingly acknowledged the introduction she looked in a puzzled manner at the man to whom she had been talking, who was now standing beside the car smiling at her quizzically. If this man at Alice's side was Arthur Cornwall, to whom had she been talking? Could it have been the chauffeur? But hardly not! for no mere chauffeur could have talked so intellectually and entertainingly as this man!

Alice's stranger bowed to Mary Ellen politely, but so indifferently that a few minutes before she would have been deeply hurt, and her vanity deeply wounded, but at that moment she was so puzzled that she hardly noticed.

Alice smiled and bowed to the stranger by Mary Ellen's side, and then turning to Mary Ellen, said,

"I see you've already met Mr. McCloud!"

"Why, Mary Ellen and I have been friends for years,"

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answered Mary Ellen's companion of a few moments before. She and I played together before any of you knew either of us. I taught her to swim and ride horseback 'way back yonder when she was only a tiny tot—not that she's much larger now, or much older-looking either with her hair bobbed just as it was then. I recognized her as soon as I saw her, although it has been years since I left here."

"Jimmie!" thought Mary Ellen, astonished.

She noticed gratefully that he did not mention her mistake in regard to his identity, and wondered, sub-consciously, why her heart did not ache at the sight of Alice with Arthur Cornwall, quite as handsome as he had been pictured, standing beside her, so obviously devoted.

"I say," said Jimmie to Bill as the rest of the young people went back to the house, "since it has been such a long time since I've seen Mary Ellen, and since I have such a short time here, would you be so kind as to let me take her home tonight? I'd appreciate it more than I can tell you, you know."

"Oh, surely," said Bill with the readiness of one who although a friend, is only a friend, "I'll see you later, Mary, Ellen. How about Sunday night?"

"All right," said Mary Ellen, "Good-night."

"Good-night," answered Bill as he saw them walk slowly away through the cool, friendly moonlight, and then added as he walked back toward the house,

"Well, I'll be!"

* * *

Mary Ellen rushed upstairs to her room, then stopped before her mirror, and leaning over, kissed the girl in the mirror impetuously.

"Oh, I had such a wonderful time! He's wonderful!"

The girl in the mirror looked back at her, her eyes starry bright, and a tender smile curving her lips. As Mary Ellen had expected, she did not have to ask who He was, but understood instantly.

"He remembered me and recognized me as soon as he saw me! He says my hair looks just like it did when he knew me years ago, and he's coming over tomorrow night to see me, and—oh, I'm so happy. Yes, Arthur Cornwall is nice looking, but he'd never suit me. His eyes are black, and I much prefer blue eyes. His are—" then she blushed and finished her sentence quite irrelevantly, "Oh, I adore bobbed hair!" and the girl in the mirror nodded in agreement.

Woodrow Wilson College

Come, fair youth, where goest thou
In search of gold or fame?
If 'tis for gold, you seek in vain.
But look, o'er yon green covered vales
The domes of a shrine immortal rise
Above the stately pines
In all their splendor murmuring
Of truth and brotherhood.
Renowned is he for whom this shrine is named;
One heart had he, but it
He gave that we in peace might henceforth live.
Go, breathe that spirit of self-sacrifice
And fame shall ever be thy heritage.

R. Carrin.

The Southern Moon

I rise in cloud-swarthed glory as evening wanes into night,
My robes, pink-tinted and golden, imperceptibly drift into
white

And enshroud my marble shoulders with luminous frosty
light.

I rule the fragrant jeweled night as I on my pathway go,
I fade into petty glory the stars with their diamond glow
And list to the wind in the pine trees, inconstant as mortals
below.

I swing like a silver censor thru' encircling mists, and peep
At silver sands and silver seas and silly worlds asleep
Except for wise young lovers and silver top'd waves aleap.

When I've sailed o'er my destined orbit, I sink on my west-
ern bed

And draw the blue coverlet of morning 'round my dew-
sprinkled head

And dream of the secrets of lovers and of silver beauty fled.

Evelyn Brown.

A Fantasy

The music ended in a wild exulting and the girl turned swiftly from the piano. On her face was a smile, a dreamer who had not yet turned from her beloved muse—but her eyes saw other things. The lamplight casting a soft, rose glow over the room, the breeze stirring the curtains, but her eyes followed straight past all these to a small ivory, oval picture on the lesk. The girl took the picture abruptly and carried it to the light. Dark hair clipped close, large dark eyes that looked straight out at you, a proud lift of the shoulders, a firm mouth and a high white forehead—an extremely youthful face, but the mouth hinted of tragedy in the curving of its lines. With a sudden gesture the girl buried her head in her arms.

“Don! So proud, so serenely unconscious of the things that you’ve passed by—myself, for instance,” and she gave her mouth a humorous little twist that tended more to the pathetic than the humorous. “Oh, boy, I wonder if you’re as completely satisfied as you look.” Carefully replacing the picture she swung out of the French windows, landing lightly on the porch. The moon cast a silvery-green tinge over everything and the leaves and branches of the trees wrought curious patterns on the floor. Two high white columns supported the entrance and at the base Sheila sat, placing her arms around the columns and interlacing her fingers.

“On such a night,” she whispered to herself and became lost in a host of memories. Three summers ago! She had lived three eternities since then. As if it had been only the night before she saw the tall, handsome figure of Donald Wald standing before her and heard him say in that delicious drawl of his, “On such a night as this—all the lovers of past years walked beneath the moon and pledged their troths. Even could not stand the witchery of moonlight—are you afraid?” And she heard herself answer back,

“Afraid? Surely not moonlight can harm me—surely not a mortal like you!”

And they had raced forth hand in hand curiously expectant. Fairies had been abroad that night he had told her, he had shown her fairy rings and had placed one on her finger that would enchant her. He had called forth all the

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dryads for her sake—Pan had piped as never before. Flowers had changed to creatures of infinite loveliness for his sake—nothing was proof against his charms. And then beneath the beech tree, all shimmering of green, he had told her of a beautiful mortal who had dared defy a god, and how she fell in love with him in the end, only to be mocked by the fact that he disappeared at break o' day. He had told the tale well, she had not waked from the spell when he had taken her back immediately. And like the god in the myth he had gone away the following day—and she had never seen him again.

Her hostess, a lifelong friend, had kindly supplied the picture and Sheila had built a lovely fantasy about the man and believed herself to be in love with him.

For three years she had waited for him, always believing he would come back eventually. Others had wooed, but all in vain. She had held herself quite aloof with a queer sense of loyalty to the man whom she had enshrined in her heart.

Tonight was to be the last night she told herself—if he did not come, she would bury her love in her heart forever.

She opened her eyes; and as she always dreamed she would, she saw his tall figure standing beside her—the same, yet infinitely older and graver, and with a mocking note in his voice.

“On such a night as this,” he invited, just as he had done three years before, and as before she had lifted the glory of the heavens into her face and followed him. Down along the path they went—he so tall and proud and grave, she a dancing, laughing lass who followed as in a dream.

“Whom shall I call forth tonight?”

“Pan—Pan,”—whispered the girl, “call back our dreams and hopes, call back our better selves. Can you?”

The man smiled gravely. He stood up, blew three silver notes on her fingers and bade her close her eyes.

“They are here,” he said quietly. “Our dreams. Mine was a dream of a man who would some day win the world with his song, who would feel the pulse of humanity and interpret it in words. And on the brightest, maddest day in April he would go a-seeking his true love—he would go through all the world till he found her, the fairest among all the fair, and then using all the magic and charm of his personality he would woo her and make her his own.”

A FANTASY

"And mine," tremulously.

"It was a dream of love. Somewhere in the world there were people who needed you, whose hearts cried out for the joy of your presence and the benison of your laughter. There was need for a song—you gave the glory of your voice. There was need for happiness, for restored hope, for a friend—God made you."

The girl sat curiously erect, her eyes shining.

"Where do lost dreams go?"

"They go to the land of No Hope. Once in the beautiful days there was a virgin who loved a priest, and because there was a sanctity in their love and sacrifice the gods made her ruler of the land of Lost Dreams. And at the end of the day, when we are all asleep, our lost dreams go floating to her. And with magic needle and thread she patches them and they are as good as new. Some come back to earth—others never return. There was one dream went there three summers ago—"

"Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

"Mull was astern, Rum was on port,
Egg on the starboard bow;
Glory of youth glowed in his soul:
Where is that glory now?

"Give me again all that was there,
Give me the sun that shone!
Give me the eyes, give me the soul,
Give me the lad that's gone!

"Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

"Billows and breeze, islands and seas,
Mountains of rain and sun,
All that was good, all that was fair,
All that was is gone."

"Isn't there, couldn't there be a hope?"

"No," said the man in a dull gray tone.

"The better self, the self she knew and loved was only

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one of many selves—and," his voice dropped lower, "the lesser self. Calls that you have never heard he follows—"

"For the sake of adventure," she interposed.

The man laughed rawly.

"Little believer if I might believe that—but please, please, don't, not even for the sake of his other self—for it's not true. He follows for the sake of himself—everywhere."

"There was never yet life without hope. Pan, Pan, call back Hope."

"I'm afraid," he said in a light voice that tragically broke on the air, "that I can't."

"Then I shall. Haven't I a fairy ring?"

And with face upstretched to the moon and arms stretched skyward she breathed a prayer into the night. Only the stars and moon saw, the man's head was buried in his arms. Minutes passed. The girl was praying he might raise his head, and at length he did—but on his face there was no hope.

"Hope died long ago! But"—and even as he spoke his tone changed, "there is still adventure 'over the hills and far away' for me. The mortals who've lost their dreams must go wandering over the whole world, poor ghosts. Your dream of love and service lived—today there is happiness, and love and peace—shining peace in the world, because you gave the gift of yourself."

"There was," said the girl quite low, "one other dream—one other hope."

"And," said the man, choosing his words carefully and speaking quite, quite slow, "it was found that on coming to earth it became mixed up with another dream—a baser one, that hurt it somehow—but quite unintentionally. So it went back to the Land of Lost Dreams and the virgin found she had another dream for this mortal, a far more beautiful one—the other one couldn't even be patched. And now I must be going -good-bye."

Lemuel Jay.

The Club House----a Prophecy

About thirty years after I had graduated from G. S. W. C. I had occasion to pay a visit to my Alma Mater. It was, as I considered it, a very rare treat, for there is always a certain amount of joy connected with a visit to the school of one's youth, especially when thirty years have elapsed since graduation.

Upon entering the school my joy was gradually diminished. There were very few things that had even the slightest trace of familiarity. Furthermore, no one took any notice of me. This was unusually humiliating, because I had anticipated a reception similar to that of the prodigal son.

Had I not been a Senior in the last two year class that was called Senior? Had I not been in the Senior class again for my Bachelor's degree—twice a Senior? Had I not—what had I not?

Everywhere was a general commotion. Something was in the air, but it seemed impossible to find out exactly what was about to take place. Finally, I summoned up courage enough to ask one of the girls the cause of the excitement. She looked me over rather critically and then, being apparently amused at my ignorance of the matter, said with a surprised air: "I can't imagine where you are from that you haven't heard about this affair. It is a memorial service, celebrating the thirtieth anniversary of"—Just then some one called her, and evidently glad of a chance to leave, she quickly turned away.

My! The suspense that I was having to undergo! Thirty years before I had been a student here, and what could it be that they were celebrating the thirtieth anniversary of? In vain I searched my brain. I thought of many things that we had been proud of, but what could have been started in 1924 that the school still held so dear?

Immediately everybody began to move in one direction. Being unable to satisfy my curiosity by other means, I followed the crowd. Having been so completely ignored, I realized that no one would question my presence.

The crowd moved on until it came to a most magnificent building. As we entered, I was even more impressed with its beauty. Large white columns, elaborate furniture—everything that one could desire. Most outstanding of all

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was the work of art that it portrayed. It seemed that the principles of art had been kept in mind from the very beginning of its construction.

Soon someone began speaking. At last, thought I, the nature of the meeting will be revealed.

The following words reached my ears:

"It is with the greatest pleasure that we have come together to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of this beautiful building."

My thoughts were more puzzled than ever. I leaned my head forward while the speaker continued:

"Where is there a school that can boast of such as this? Certainly not in the United States."

There was loud applause, in which I did not take part. I was too busy thinking.

The speaker went on:

"I would that it were possible for some one to speak to us who was here thirty years ago, and saw the very beginning of this club house."

My heart seemed to stop beating, and my breath left me completely when I heard the last word.

"Club house," I thought. "It can't be—yet it must be—"

I tried to rise, but failed; finally I succeeded in getting on my feet, but no one took any notice of me. My voice was scarcely above a whisper, but while I was trying to collect my thoughts I mumbled something about sacks, tacks, paint, sand paper, beaver board, money, work, etc.

No one noticed me except the few who sat near me. They, with a look of amusement, mingled with pity, said something about "poor old soul," and turned their attention again to the speaker who was still delivering his eloquent discourse.

It wasn't long before the crowd began to leave. However, I sat motionless in my seat—I wanted to be alone to think.

Eppie Roberson.

After Reading Ode On A Grecian Urn

I look upon a Grecian urn—
“Unravished bride of quietness.”
I gaze and gaze and then I turn,
But in its endless peacefulness
What compensations do I find?
Are unheard melodies more sweet
Or unwon kisses more sincere?
Oh no, ye pipers, pipe aloud,
And you, ye loved, win your kiss;
For silent music is not sweet,
And unwon kisses are not bliss.
But why should this great difference be
Between my thoughts and those of Keats?
I’m a philosopher, you see,
And he a poet of defeats.

Miriam McNair.

Among Those Present

On a serene Monday morning in early May, Tomtown presented a placid front to the casual eye. Vagrant breezes stirred the emerald green leaves of the lofty sycamores; dusky pickaninnies gamboled in the cool earth beneath them, peacefully content in their broad shade. From the straggling row of two-room cabins which lined the street came the hum of intermittent conversation, mingled with the usual Monday morning bustle and punctured now and again with loud laughs. Several enterprising women were already bending industriously over the wash tubs, scrubbing rhymentically and crooning to themselves. On the steps of one of the cabins, a woman was putting her baby to sleep, singing in a deep contralto:

“David killed Goliah
Wid er stone,
An’ praise de Lawd I’m er comin’ home
Hum-um-m
Ef’n you git thar
Befo’ I do
Den tell de Lawd I’m er comin’ too,
Hum-um-m.”

Suddenly, a strident voice burst upon the calm and peaceful air, followed by a smooth and creamy, caressing tone:

“Niggar, I ain’ know whut in dis worl’ I eber ma’ied you fur. You is ’bout fifty years older’n whut I is, an’ you is also grey-headed an’ skinny an’ invalidish. The onlies’ thing which I eber did lak ’bout you wuz yo motor-car an’ yo credick an’ them hansome gol’ teef ob your’n. An’ now you is done gone an’ disgraced me—”

“Now honey—wait a minute, Ma’y Jane—”

Ma’y Jane? Doan’ you dare Ma’y Jane me, niggar! I is name Mrs. Onyx Sims, I wants you ter understan’!”

“Unix honey, I fergits yo new name whut you done went an’ named yoself. Honey I ain knowingly s’graced you.”

“You is too, you ol black debbil! Front er all my frens! Got arristed on Main street Sat’d day! Fur behavin’ scandalous! What my friens gwine say ’bouten me bein’ so disgraced on Main street? Ev’body tell me not ter make ma’iage wid er ol’ fool lak you. And dat good-lookin’ Gawge Mell couldn’t hardly wait ter run erway wid me.

AMONG THOSE PRESENT

I—”

“Lissen, Unix honey, I’s jes got ter go to de cote-house. Come on an’ go wid me. I is er heap shamer’n whut you is. Why, I ain’ been ’rested since de Yankees shut me up in de smoke house cazen I wouldn’t tell ’em where at wuz de silber an’ de mules. When youn’ Marse come home frum de war he gimme one ob dem mules cazen I’s faithful an’ dat’s how come I gits mah start in de stove-fixin’ bizness—”
—“You is off ergin. Whut I care ’bout yo’ ole mule er de ol’ war—”

“Come on go wid me, Unix chile. I ain’ mean s’grace you!”

“Nawsuh. I’s shame ter hab my frens see me wid you, ef’n you is got er old Ford an’ five gol’ teef. How come me eber ma’iy you, wid dat noble Gawge—”

“Unix, ef’n I doan go mah white folks git mad at me—”

“You thinks mo ob dem white folks ’n you does ob me. They is gwine do mo’n git mad at you—they is gwine hang you.”

“Now you knows dat ain’ so. Goo-by.”

The door opened and attentive Tomtown watched with sympathetic eyes while a tall, thin negro man, affectionately known as “ol’ Unker Day Sims,” gray-haired because of many winters, stooped because of hard work and many days of “de mis’ry,” ambled jerkily out into his little front yard to his justly famous motor car; here he began to patiently wind her up. Unker Day Sims’ stove-repairing business had grown with the town until he had been forced to abandon his old brown mule and rickerty wagon in favor of the horseless carriage. This ancient automobile, one of the first of its kind, had come to him from one of his “white folks,” old Dr. Allen. Rumor had it that Dr. Allen had become its original owner through a soap wrapper deal by means of a premium catalogue. However exaggerated rumor may be, the fact remains that the motor car was pretty nearly on its last tires; but Unker Day Sims treasured it highly. He finally managed to start the engine, and, climbing painfully to the front cushions, rolled precariously down the street, leaving Mary Jane Onyx Sims, bride of two months, wrathfully watching a diminishing cloud of dust. Then, favoring her neighbors with a haughty stare, she marched into the cabin and slammed the door.

THE PINE BRANCH

"Blam! Look 'ere, Sis Mirandy," called one of the laundresses to the singing woman on the steps," ain't dat er mean 'oman? Wuz I Unker Day Sims, I'd git me er devoce fum dat spitfire."

"Ain't it de trufe, Mis' Bandoline? Only he need er hickory switch worse'n er devoce. I ain't got any use a tall fur dese here yaller gals whut claims dey is edjicated. She 'bout de beatenist I is eber seen, wid 'er white folks cloes an' 'er kinky hair which she is i'oned out an' bobbed off."

"Dem air meaningful words, Sis Mirandy. She cotched herself er fat ol' rooster when she catched Unker Day. Bein' 'er member ob all dese lodges, he gwine hab er noble fun'rel one ob dese days."

Miss Victrola White, Mary Jane's erstwhile rival, strolled over to ostentatiously borrow a stick of wood of Miss Bandoline Barns; she entered livelily into the conversation.

"Sho. He gwine hab dat very thing. But do she 'pre-sheate her 'vantages? Naw'm. Common ol' Ma'y Jane callin' herself Unix!"

At this instant Mrs. Onyx Sims' door opened violently, revealing the dusky maiden in all the glory of her wedding suit, valise in one hand and an oblong envelope tightly clutched in the other.

"Here you, Alexander Stevens Lincoln!" she shouted to one of the pickaninnies, "does you crave er dime? Den take dis here letter ter Mister Gawge Mell right now, down at de Youno pool room."

Mrs. Onyx Sims then slammed the door; minced daintily down the steps. Without one backward glance toward the curious neighbors, haughtily conscious of her bridal finery, she walked in the direction of Davis avenue and the one street car which the town boasted. Clutched in a death-like grip was the suit case, in which her nimble fingers had deposited everything of value in the little cabin.

"Lawd God, Mis Victrola, whut you reckon dat air 'oman up ter? Reckon she gwine lope wid dat good-fur-nuffin' Gawge Mell?"

"Her? Now'um; she gwine straight ez she kin ter de cote-house, she dat cur'us ter see whut gwine happen. Ef'n I ain' jest got ter git dis washin' back ter Mis Morgan Wens'day, I'd be at dat trial mah own self. Unker Day is

AMONG THOSE PRESENT

got er heap er friens wid de white folks."

"Dat is de trufe. Runnin' de motor car fas' ain' bad's somebody. Dey only gib my Bill—ain' he handsome-looking?—six months for knifing Lafe."

Unker Dey Sims' motor car rattled up to the curbing facing the court house; shuddered convulsively; wheezed out a consumptive cough and halted drunkenly between a luxuriously appointed Packard and a high powered Cadillac sedan.

For a few moments the occupant of the still quivering car gazed speculatively around him, then clambered painfully from his high seat, rusty black coat tails flapping about his rheumatic old legs, clutching firmly his battered silk hat.

Bowing urbanely on every hand, yet quivering with apprehension, he proceeded to the recorder's court, half audibly giving thanks to whatever gods there be that: "I'se pow'ful glad I'se too ol' ter wuk on de chain-gang."

Almost immediately behind him came the comely Mrs. Onyx Sims, accompanied by the tall, superbly clothed George Mell, who chivalrously assisted her to an inconspicuous seat in the rear of the court room.

Behind a huge desk Judge Daly settled his spectacles, expectorated and rapped for order; a naturally stern administrator of the nation's wisdom, he had passed a particularly restless night, owing to his spinster neighbor's fondness for cats. Looking over the assembled offenders, he scowled, expectorated again and opened the proceedings.

First, the wealthy and distinguished Mr. Ainsley, testifying on behalf of his son and heir, declared that "due to a burst of childish exuberance," he had raced the widow Culverton's second daughter out Ainsley boulevard at the rate of sixty-five miles per hour."

"Thirty-five dollars and costs. Next."

"Mrs. Bilnap had feared to miss her weekly game of bridge at the country club," averred the prominent Mr. Bilnap. So, being a trifle late, she lightly pressed the accelerator and narrowly missed a child crossing the street.

"Bridge? Fifty dollars! Next."

Leon Fuller, slightly intoxicated, had ex—

"Twenty-five dollars. Next."

Mary Ellen Gaddis, late and fearful of the teacher's

THE PINE BRANCH

wrath, had speeded "just a little bit."

"You should get up in the morning. First offense? Ten dollars. Next."

Uncle Day Sims had watched and listened with a certain growing satisfaction. Now he arose slowly, proudly, drawing himself up to his full height.

"Old man, what did you mean by speedin' up right after Officer Rantly held up his hand?"

"Law, Cap'n suh, I been knowin' Mr. Rantly all he life an' w'en he wave at me, why I jes' waves right back an' hollar 'Howdy, Mr. Rantly.' Den he yell 'Stop niggas!' an' w'en I goes ter put mah foot on de stopper I puts it on de goer an' dat ol' ca'iage jes' run erway. Dat's howcome I doan stop."

"You were exceedin' twenty miles right through the middle of Main street—"

"Cap'n suh, dat ca'iage sound lak she goin' er heap faster'n whut she is. She rattle lak twenty mile w'en she ain't er ridin' mo'n five."

"Five dollars and seventy-five cents; and be careful with that car."

The old man bowed gravely, stepped forward to the desk and carefully counted out the five dollars and seventy-five cents; then, turning with a grand and comprehensive gesture to the court group, he continued:

"Cap'n Daly, suh, I wishes ter 'spress mah pr'foun' 'preciations o' de oner er bein' cluded in dis d'stinguished company. Suh, I thanks you."

He bowed again, and amid the uproarious applause of the court company, strode toward the door. In the rear of the room, a shrill voice cried:

"Git outen my way, you low-down George Mell! I aims ter go home wid my extinguished husband."

Evelyn Kendrick Brown.

Y. W. C. A.

We were extremely fortunate in having with us recently Dr. Aiken Smart, who gave a series of lectures on "Christian Fundamentals." Dr. Smart is a distinguished professor of theology at Emory University, and is a speaker of some note throughout the state. His annual visit to the college is always anticipated with a great deal of pleasure by both the student body and the faculty, and is a source of inspiration to those who hear him.

Y. W. C. A. Party.

A very unique entertainment and one of the most enjoyable of the year was sponsored by the Y. W. C. A. on the evening of March 17. The college orchestra furnished music throughout the evening for the benefit of those who enjoyed the dancing, which was the main feature of the program.

Society News

Program for Sororian Literary Society.

The Sororian Literary Society held its regular program meeting on the evening of March the first. A most delightful as well as instructive program was rendered on the Lee Memorial at Stone Mountain. The program was as follows:

"The Blue and the Gray" (Finch)-----Myrtle Jennings

"Dixie" (Pike) Martha Youngblood, Edna Cockfield, Mildred Hicks, Olin Bland.

"King Coming" (H. C. Work)-----Carabel Williams

Miss Willie Mae Matthews then gave a most helpful talk on the memorial, telling something of the work being done there now, and also giving an idea of how the memorial will look when completed.

Program for Sororian Literary Society.

The Sororian Literary Society held its regular program meeting on the evening of March the fifteenth. The program as follows:

Debate: Resolved that the bonus bill as it now stands should be passed.

Affirmative—Edith Bulloch, Carolyn Ashley.

Negative—Daisy Gieger, Catherine Turner.

The debate proved most worth while and enjoyable to all present. Both sides are to be commended for their splendid arguments and delivery. However, the judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

Argonian Literary Society.

The regular program meeting of the Argonian Society was held on Saturday evening, March 1st. After the roll call and reading of the minutes the following program was enjoyed:

Talk on Parliamentary Law-----Mr. Greene

Violin Solo-----Caroline Cubbedge

Reading -----Grace Smith

The second part of the program was an improvised farce debate, the subject of which was: "Resolved that a young, handsome poor husband would be better than an old, ugly

SOCIETY NEWS

rich one." The affirmative was supported by Eppie Roberson and Marguerite Langdale, and the negative by Deborah Patterson and Athena Church.

The judges, being perfectly normal girls, rendered their decision in favor of the affirmative.

After a report from the critic, Louise McLendon, the meeting adjourned.

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Alumnae Notes

Again we have news items of interest dating back to the class of '14, for Angie Mae Miller, Mrs. Earl Taylor, of Columbus, Georgia, in response to a request, tells something of herself, a bit of which I will share with you. Angie Mae owns the oldest college grandchild! Elizabeth is more than six years of age and is having her first school experience. Mary, a second little blonde, and Earle, Jr., complete the first alumnae family. To quote her own words will best represent our Angie Mae: "The picture in the Pine Branch was the first I had seen since the new buildings were erected and they are beautiful! I think of the good times we had there and realize more every day how much a practical education means to a girl. I shall always love Mr. Powell and everyone I knew there and would be delighted to see them."

From the '17 class we have news of Clyde Purcell, Mrs. Lawson Patten, of Milltown, Georgia, has a little daughter, Martha Nell, who claims March tenth for her birthday.

Our ever-loyal Ina Askew, Mrs. P. W. Hancock, 387 Jonesboro Road, Atlanta, Georgia, used the extra day in February to fill out a check to the Alumnae Association and to write a newsy, though a short letter. Imagine twelve alumnae members in our Capital City and an alumnae meeting of recent date! "I hope to be with you at commencement and see all of the girls." What a joyful ending, and the postscript was also of much importance. "How much is the Pine Branch? Will send check, as I want to get it."

Sadie Culbreth writes from North Carolina: "I am liking Raeford just fine." (Raeford is her teaching location.) "I am anxious to go to commencement this year, but my school closes about the same time, so I can't even think about planning to go." Conflicting engagements—how convenient they sometimes are and how very inconvenient at other times!

Hallie Jordan, of Hartsville, South Carolina, is also playing librarian in the school in which she is teaching. She comes for a lesson in the classification of books and great times we had in giving it by mail.

Lois O'Quinn is teaching in the primary department at Screven, Georgia.

A telephone call from her father that he would meet

ALUMNAE NOTES.

Estelle at the college on Saturday morning was at first a bit puzzling. A few minutes later Estelle Patten appeared. On being asked for something about herself she said: "I'm teaching the second and the third grades at Arlington, Georgia, and am the same little old girl that can't grow any more."

Ruth Wolcott is teaching in Marietta, North Carolina. She is planning to attend summer school in Asheville and if this does not interfere, a visit to G. S. W. C. for commencement.

Lenox, Georgia, is the address of Anna Rizer. She teaches the third and the fourth grades.

Jimmie Carmack spent the week-end of February 23-25 in the college home. A busy person she is, but she comes over rather frequently from Tifton, Georgia.

Mary Cobb is teaching history and English at Springfield, Georgia.

Somehow Mattie Stipe can't get so far away that she can't send messages frequently. "I received the Pine Branch last week and read it from cover to the last ad. Yes, I even looked to see which stores were backing our magazine. I have a heart big enough to love all of you and every building and pine on that campus."

Irene Archer is the second member of the '23 class to get married and she changed her name to Moore, which was far from her intention when last we saw her. We last located her at Brunswick, Georgia, care Oglethorpe Hotel.

Maude Myrick is found after so long a time. She is happily situated at Fairforest, South Carolina, teaching first grade children.

In a recent letter from Mary Pearl Patterson, Mrs. William Holder, of Waycross, Georgia, she says: "I am looking forward to being with all of you in May. Even though I am not so closely associated with the college, I still have its every interest at heart and like to know what all is being done. I have one girl for you next year. She is just our kind of a girl and I am looking for more like her."

A delightful letter comes from Mary Young. "I like Jesup fine. I am going to attend summer school at the University of Georgia and I wish some of my college mates would go with me. I believe that the forty-two of us will be present at commencement!"

THE PINE BRANCH

The annual dinner party of the local alumnae was given on the evening of February the sixteenth in the private dining room of the Patterson Hotel. This occasion has grown in attendance and in interest with each succeeding year. Present at the party were the out-of-town members: Ruth Wilson of Thomasville, Hattie McMillan Sharpe of Moultrie, and Ilene Adams of Tifton, Georgia. Local members present were: Lottie Jarrell Stump, Arlie Gaskins Fezell, Gertrude Jones Roberts, Natalie Sirmans Williams, Frances Kaylor Barker, Lena May, Chloe Ivey, Henrilu Ivey, Frances Dekle, Rebecca Hill, Katie Herrin, Mildred Price, Verna Scarborough, Willie Mae Mathews, Kathleen Moore, Ruth Carrin, Jewell Carmack, Gussie Bell Rentz, and Edith Patterson. Guests of the alumnae were President and Mrs. R. H. Powell and Miss Annie Hopper, dean of women.

The following program was carried out, Lottie Jarrell presiding as President of the Alumnae Association:

Toast to Alma Mater—Lottie Jarrell Stump.

Toast to President—Arlie Gaskins Fezell.

Toast to President's President—Edith Patterson.

Toast to Deans of Women—Gussie Belle Rentz.

Vocal Solo—Ruth Wilson.

Episode of Silver—Katie Herrin.

The Club House—Mildred Price.

Social Life of Dining Hall—Verna Scarborough.

Vocal Solo—Ruth Wilson.

Looking Forward Ten Years—President R. H. Powell.

Let's Do It—Willie Mae Mathews.

Locals

The long looked for spring holidays have come and gone. The girls who went away returned well-rested and with much vigor to pick up their duties where they left them. The girls who remained at the college reported a marvellous time—such a marvellous time that they would be quite willing to have several spring holidays!

Field Day

On March 19, the Field Day exercises were enjoyed by quite a number of enthusiastic spectators. The exercises proved to be a brilliant success. The students presented a very spectacular appearance as they marched in various formations in their white gymnasium suits, carrying G. S. W. C. banners. The events of the day were as follows:

PART I.

1. Grand March—Entire School.
2. Wand Drill—High School.
3. Dumb-bell Drill—Freshman Class.
4. Dance—Swedish Schottische. High School.
5. Zuave Drill—Sophomore Class.
6. Dance—Irish Washerwoman. College.

PART II.

1. High Jump.
2. Broad Jump.
3. Dash.
4. Costume Race.
5. Crab Relay.
6. Basket Ball Relay.

PART III.

1. Grand Finale—G. S. W. C. Entire College.
2. Announcement of Results.
3. Presentation of Monograms.

The Grand Finale consisted of the entire college forming the letters G. S. W. C., while the last strains of the college song, "The Pine Branch," was played. After the Grand Finale, President Powell announced the High School as winners of the banner, and he also presented monograms to individual students who had shown their unusual ability as brilliant athletes.

THE PINE BRANCH

Glee Club Concert

On February 27, the G. S. W. C. Glee Club gave its annual performance at the Strand Theater. The club presented "The Feast of the Little Lanterns," an operetta by Paul Bliss. The concert this year was unusually attractive and entertaining, and was enjoyed by all who heard it. The appearance of the College Glee Club is one of the most enjoyable events of the year, and since this one was so delightful, the one for next year will be anticipated with great pleasure.

A Delightful Treat.

The student body spent a most pleasurable hour listening to a few piano selections rendered by Mrs. Plowden, a former teacher at the college. Mrs. Plowden is a very talented musician and we were indeed fortunate in having her with us again.

Sarah Mandeville.

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Consider the Fiddler

Time and time again we hear the phrase "The dancer must pay the fiddler." In its usual application, we always think of the dancer alone. If, however, we stop to consider the fiddler, we find that he is not always paid by the dancer.

The first picture that the phrase brings to our mind is that of a group of people dancing gaily. They are so entirely wrapped up in their own pleasure that they forget everything else for the time being. They are conscious of the fact that they are being supplied with music, because without it there could be no dancing; but their concern goes little further than that. Why should it matter to them? As long as someone is playing, there is no further need of thought.

Then we have a picture of the worn and haggard fiddler. Without ceasing, he has labored for hours, his sole purpose being to please the dancers. On him the success of the whole affair depends, and he is ever conscious of his responsibility. During the pause between the dances he finds no rest, because this time is spent in re-tuning his instrument and taking other precautions in order to prevent any

THE PINE BRANCH

flaw in the music. His arms grow weary, but the dancers dance on.

At the end of the dance there is still no thought given to the fiddler. Perhaps he is paid a small sum, but certainly not in proportion to the amount of pleasure received from the dancing, nor to the patient toil of the fiddler.

This, of course, seems very inconsiderate, but are there not many of us here in school who dance without paying the fiddler?

It seems that this is first shown by our attitude toward the various college organizations. The purpose of each organization is to benefit the girls. In everything that is done, the highest aim is to please the group. If the Y. W. gives a party, there are days of toil and anxiety spent in the preparation. When the time arrives, most of us go for the purpose of being amused. If everything doesn't measure up to our expectation, then the party is pronounced "bum," and no thought is given to those who have worried and put forth every effort to make the affair a success. In fact, we often criticize them for not doing better.

The student government has always at heart the welfare of the girls. It endeavors constantly to give the girls as many liberties as possible, and at the same time protect them from various evils. Yet, many of us look upon the court and council as bodies whose chief delight is to catch us breaking a rule, and then to deal out the punishment.

We find this spirit shown again by our attitude toward the faculty. Each member of the faculty is ever working to find better means and methods of teaching, in order that we may learn more easily the subject matter that we have

Thirty-one

EDITORIAL

to deal with. Nothing pleases one of the faculty more than to realize that his efforts have not been in vain, and that some pupil has been benefited by his teaching. Yet the majority of us think that if we can get by we're doing well, and if we are able to bluff a little, then we've put one over on the teacher.

Another typical example of the unpaid fiddler is our home people. It seldom occurs to us that if it were not for them, we would probably be out working instead of in school. We usually appreciate their checks, but we take them as a matter of course, never thinking that perhaps each one has meant some kind of sacrifice. Some go even further than that, and grumble if their check isn't as large as it might have been, or if it doesn't come on the day it was expected. We grow careless concerning the type of work we do, forgetting that our parents' highest hope is that we will make a success of our work.

Last, but not least, we find our own state to be a fiddler. For every advantage that we enjoy, here, we are indebted to the state. Large sums of money are spent on each of us with the hope that when we have completed our education we may become leaders, and in that way be of great benefit to the state. Yet many of us fail to recognize the state as being responsible for our educational advantages, and never feel under any obligation to repay the state for the sums of money she spends on us yearly.

After thinking of these instances, and many more which we might name, we realize that all of us are representative of the dancer who fails to pay the fiddler. E. R.

Jokes

May Lillie: "Does that watch tell time?"

Lillian: "No, you have to look at it."

Elsie (in Oral English Debate): "What we want is reform—labor reform, religious reform, social reform—"

Lois Mann: "What you want is chloroform."

Marie: "We had 'Six Days' here last week."

Visitor: "That's nothing, we had seven."

Visitor: "What does zero hour mean?"

Vernice: "That's the period when the teachers read our grade."

Mr. Poston: "Let's sing the last verse over. I hear several back there who were not singing."

Ruth McK.: "This book will do half your work."

Rebecca C.: "Gimme two—quick."

Miss Craig (in Chemistry): "Why can't silver be exposed to the air?"

Sarah M.: "Because it would be stolen."

R. C.: "Do you use Carter's fountain pen ink?"

M. T.: "No, I don't room with her now."

Senior: "Have you lost your maners?"

Junior: "Yes, if you find them use 'em."

Dorothy "You looked so absent-minded when I spoke to you this morning."

Lucie: "I was probably all wrapped up in thought."

Dorothy: "It's a wonder you didn't take cold."

"Onward, onward, oh time in thy flight,
Make the bell ring before I recite."

Aliene B. (after discussing chemistry): "I got off the subject because I got on another one."

Elizabeth C.: "Did you ever take chloroform?"

Inez W.: "No, who teaches it?"

Agnes (pitching book on bed): "Well, Babe, I believe I flunked in that make-up test."

Babe: "Yeh, your face shows it."

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