

THE  
PINE BRANCH



1927  
MARCH

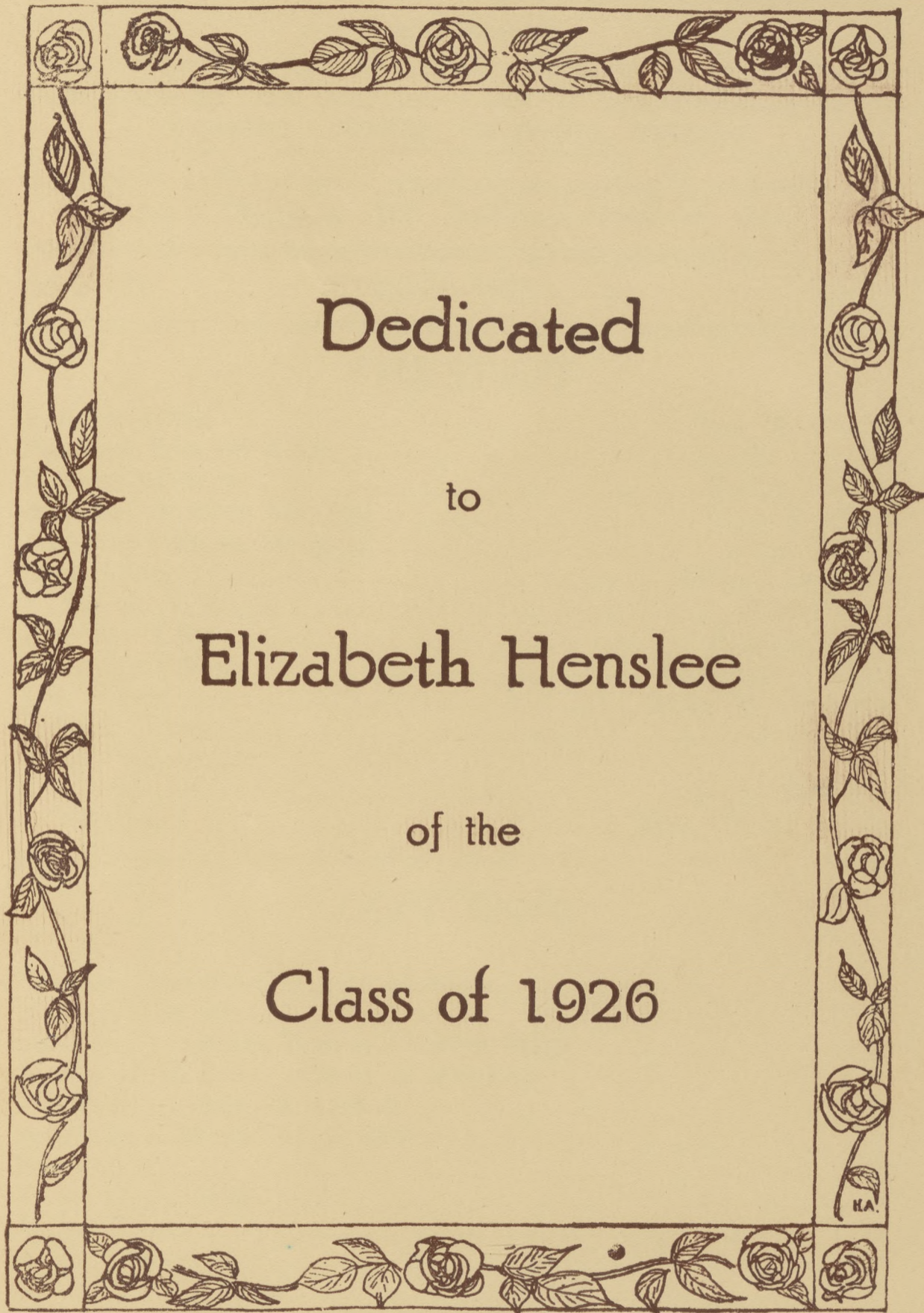
Volume XI

Number 5



THE  
PINE BRANCH  
SCHOOL  
HORAN  
1880





Dedicated  
to  
Elizabeth Henslee  
of the  
Class of 1926

H.A.



# THE PINE BRANCH

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITOR, CARE OF THE PINE BRANCH

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Issued Monthly

PUBLISHED BY THE WRITERS CLUB OF THE GEORGIA STATE  
WOMANS COLLEGE, VALDOSTA, GEORGIA.

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MARCH, 1927

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# THE FINE ARTS

CHAPTER I

It was a fine day, and the sun shone brightly through the trees. She walked to the window and looked out into the distance. The birds were twittering in the sky.

She felt a sense of peace and joy. The world seemed so beautiful and full of life. She smiled and looked back at the garden.

And so it was that she found a new world.



## WRITER'S INFERNO

Catherine Sargeant sat on the edge of her bed running her hands through her hair and thinking, but only for a moment; then she began to pace the floor in utter dejection. She must and yet she couldn't! What would she do? She walked to the window and looked out into the darkness. One lone star was twinkling feebly in the far west. My kingdom for an inspiration, she thought. Oh, if there is such a thing why doesn't it come to me? But if I should get only a beginning, I suppose it would end as all the others.

Why had she even taken that composition course anyway? But what a foolish question.

Of course, it was required of all Seniors majoring in English. Yet she hadn't minded so much at first, in fact it had been rather interesting, especially the short sketches and campus twigs the class had worked on. Catherine had not experienced such great difficulty until she came to writing stories. But even with them she had managed somehow; she had wondered a thousand times since exactly how to write a complication story. But she had long ago decided that she simply could not write another story even though it was required to pass the course.

Just so carefully as the beginning of seven stories had been wrought by the sweat of the brow, so had the seven stories all come to a tragic ending, torn to bits in a waste paper basket. Each time that one poor story met its doom, it brought with it more keenly than ever the appalling fact that a story had to be written.

Catherine glanced suddenly at her watch. "Heavens, eight o'clock, and a story by tomorrow at noon. Yes, tomorrow is Wednesday and one week from tomorrow is .....", she felt of the class ring on her finger. "No, I don't think it'll be for me. But I must, I must. I'll just have to do it somehow."

She almost fell into the chair at her table, jerked open a drawer, and snatched out her note book and pen. "What can I write about? What can I write about?" A nervous pen thumped away on a very white sheet of note book paper. "Maybe I could have a girl dive off a springboard and break her neck with her lover standing by. No I couldn't have that, I'd never be able to work out the poetic justice. I might have a young man in a desperately embarrassing situation because of a Christmas present he had bought his sweet-



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heart. But that would be another complication story. There might be an old mountaineer who suddenly became rich and decided to go on a visit to the White House to see the president. He might strike a gold mine. That ought to be pretty good."

Catherine wrote frantically for a few moments and came to a sudden halt. "Of course, not that I am, trying to write about mountaineers and I have never seen one in my life, much less gone on a trip to the White House. What on earth could I have the old man do?" Another beginning had found its end in the waste paper basket. Again a very nervous pen thumped, this time almost frantically, on another white sheet of paper.

"A little boy might fall in love with his mother and visualize her as his little sweetheart. But that's so silly. A little girl could bring her father and mother together as they were about to get a divorce. Divorce, divorce—that is so common."

An almost clean sheet of note book paper, marred by a few strange black lines and marks found its way to the paper basket. An excited chair underneath the table became violently agitated and bumped up and down a number of times, but finally became quiet again.

"Oh, what can I write? What can I write?" The chair went back with a start, and Catherine found herself at the window again. The lone star was still twinkling very feebly. She glanced down a second time at her watch, but her eyes fell this time on another ring—a beautiful diamond set in platinum. A pale face peered out into the darkness.

"Oh, Joe, I'll never be able to do it. I can't do it. Won't you come and get me Joe, and take me out of the embarrassment?"

In the dense blackness of a thin veil covered her eyes. A small winged degree was slowly receding into the heavier darkness.

Catherine turned suddenly, walked back to the table and began to write frantically, but another kind of story on another kind of paper. When she had finished she turned back to the first to reread what she had written, but the paper fell slowly from her hands. "I can't do it, I can't do it! Joe wouldn't have any respect for me being a quitter at this late hour. He'd never understand. What can I do?"

The waste paper basket smiled as it received another lodger. Catherine Sargeant went hastily from the room, banged the door be-



## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

hind her and rapidly disappeared down the hall, but very soon she gave the door a vigorous bang and sat down dejectedly at her table.

"Why did Frances go out when I need her, oh, so dreadfully now; I know I can never write a story. She walked over to the book case, took down a pile of magazines, picked out a not well-known one, turned through its contents rapidly and went back to the table with a determined look on her face. Hastily she seated herself, snatched up her pen and began to copy.

Long she labored, and the copying was almost finished when Catherine suddenly stopped, her hand poised in mid-air. "No, I cannot. That would be plagiarism. The waste paper basket smiled again, very broadly. But there is nothing left for me to do, nothing. I have failed completely.

She walked over to her medicine chest, fingered many bottles and finally selected a small one containing a brown fluid. Its contents were quickly poured into a glass, and almost as quickly the glass was replaced on the shelf and a shaking, sobbing figure staggered to the bed and fell heavily onto it. Sob after sob shook the tortured girl so violently that she might have been torn to pieces. After a time the sobbing ceased and even the bed became very still.

Catherine Sargeant went on a strange journey and into a strange land. She herself did not know how she came to be on this journey, nor where it was that she was going, but all the time she felt a curious urge, or was it a call, that drew her on. Finally after days and days of wandering through dangerous and unfamiliar country she came to a small gate in a large, imposing stone wall above which she read the inscription, "The Land of Non-entity." Catherine passed through this gate very slowly and immediately she was on the inside; it snapped to with a bang. The atmosphere of the place was stifling. A dull, dense haze seemed to cover everything. One could not see distinctly at first, and she wondered if she were only in empty space, yet she felt keenly the presence of something. In fact she was quite sure that everywhere there was an unreal, an intangible something like nothing she had ever come into contact with before. Becoming more accustomed to the denseness after a time, Catherine was able to discern that in all directions were strange, unusual and odd-looking figures.

Walking very slowly, through what seemed to her more like a forest than anything else she could imagine it to be, she stopped very often to examine the queer objects.

Some of the ones she imagined to be trees were gnarled and twisted and oddly out of shape and proportion. One tree, which



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should have been a pine spread its branches out like a huge oak, with only one tall branch lifted towards the clouds. A small cypress tree was lending its shade to vast acres of land. A spreading oak lifted its top far into the air. Brambled hedges blossomed forth with the most fragrant and beautiful flowers. Interesting animals, or she supposed them to be, were prancing and playing about among the grasses. Some animal which could not be distinguished, for it was possessed of a huge cottony tail, was frisking about among the trees. Winged creatures which looked like bats were singing mocking bird songs. At last she was understanding, those were the things she had created in her last stories.

Farther and farther into the place she went and soon she came to what appeared a more orderly array, at least that was her first impression, but when she saw the sign—"Misplaced Modifiers" she passed on hurriedly.

Across a narrow by-path was, to all appearances, a mere hodge-podge of crooked spears, broken lances, curved bows, and cannon balls. Certainly it seemed to Catherine that a terrible battle must have taken place here. But on closer examination she discovered that they were only marks of punctuation, which in their desperate struggle to place themselves properly had all been practically destroyed. Only a few figures remained standing on the battle ground.

On down the crooked byways she went, wandering hither and thither. Finally a most uncommon sight caught her eyes and she hurried over to see what it could be. Curious looking creatures, some of them apparently having many joints, and most of them having wings, were flying around rather aimlessly in the air. Most of them were linked together in varying numbers and proportions, and a few of the groups seemed to be struggling furiously to free themselves of each other. A close examination of the surroundings of the place disclosed many queer figures who might have been mistaken for Gods or poets lying prostrate on the ground and breathing out strange creatures.

"Suddenly she beheld several queer forms scurrying along under huge umbrellas, while at the same instant there began a veritable deluge of flowers of every size, shape, and color. As she walked on, skirting the edges of flower puddles, she saw swimming contentedly near the border of a small glassy lake, several long white swan-like necks."

After viewing these wonders for a long time Catherine suddenly became aware of unusually peculiar creatures and figures like none of the things she had seen before. Some of them have a faint resemblance



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to human beings, but some had queer distorted bodies and oddly shaped heads. Many of them were indescribable. As she passed about from one group to another of these queer objects, she felt as if she had made a desperate effort to escape them. For with each group she had the feeling that when they first beheld her they each gave a sudden start as if to go after her and then decided not to, after all.

Finally she came to a group of these creatures which though in some ways looked more familiar than any of the others, in fact than anything she had seen in this strange country, yet they were on the whole the most distorted looking group of all. She stopped quite still and gazed at them for a moment. All of them had odd and peculiar shaped bodies; that is, if they had any bodies at all. In a far distant corner was an unusual looking something which she finally recognized to be a pair of blue eyes and a mass of golden ringlets. That must be her little Jenny, for that was as far as she had ever gone in creating her. Next to her was a tall gaunt object, not a man, for it had no features. Its only attributes were tallness and gauntness. Close by was a pair of old-looking eyes weeping bitterly. A great pool had been formed underneath these weeping eyes and Catherine imagined they must be the eyes of her old women who had wept so bitterly over the loss of her son. She discovered a fairly decent looking girl extending her arms always upward and clutching at something, evidently it must have been a handsome something, however it was utterly undistinguishable.

Even while she looked, Catherine saw two or three more peculiar shapes float down and join the others. But before she could scarcely realize what was happening a wizard-looking creature covered with what appeared to be miniature mountains and forests approached her, grabbed her arm and began shaking her ferociously.

"You, you are the cause of all this, you little good-for-nothing." And with that he slapped her vigorously on the cheek.

Catherine tried to free herself from the clutches of this terrible thing, but she could not.

"Why, I don't understand what you mean."

"Well, it's about time you understood. Just look at all those freakish objects. You're the cause of them. You created every one of them, or I should say, you tried to. Look good and see what a



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mess you've made of it. You're a fine one anyway, to think you can take liberties with things you know nothing about."

"But I didn't mean to, really I didn't," Catherine managed to protest vigorously.

"Oh, that's what they all say. But we have you now and we'll be sure you don't get another chance to try your skill. Come on characters."

With that every one of those queerly shaped things flew at her, jerked her, pushed her, tore at her, pulled her hair, and Catherine for a moment stood petrified knowing that she was being torn to pieces. Finally she managed to fight them off enough to run, and she ran—this way and that with all this queer host on her heels, many times slapping her, and completely blockading her way.

At last, staggering and breathless, she came to the small gate and pushed hard, but it would not open. She sank down in utter exhaustion and began to plead feebly.

"Oh, please, please. I'll do anything if you'll only let me out of this place."

The old wizard stepped to the front again.

"There is only one condition on which you can get out of this place."

"What is it, quick—What is it?"

"I don't know whether it will do any good to tell you or not. I doubt if you can do it, but I'll risk a try. If you will promise to go back to earth and make all of us over again, recreate us into decent-looking people, we'll let you go; otherwise you are doomed to stay here with us, for if we have to suffer you're going to suffer with us."

"Yes, yes, I'll promise. I'll do it. I'll do anything."

"Well, get up then. You lazy thing. Have you finished your story?"

Catherine, dazed, opened her eyes and looked up into the face of her best friend, Frances Turner.

"It's time for classes, Catherine. Aren't you going?"

"Er—no, Frances. Please tell them I'm sick."

"Well, have you finished your story?"

"No, but I'm going to. I'll have it ready at noon."

With that Frances banged the door behind her and Catherine Sargeant snatched up her pen and paper. She began to write. She



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wrote furiously for three hours and a half, and then across the top of the first page she scribbled her name in large letters.

She hurried over to the Professor's room, thrust the paper into his hands and stood breathless while he read it.

"Well, Miss Sargeant, you have a rather peculiar story, a rather odd plot I should say". Catherine's heart stood still. "But it has some very good qualities. It'll pass you all right." Her heart beat again and she walked out of the room.

\* \* \* \* \*

One week later Catherine Sargeant walked down from the stage with her degree in her hand to meet her beloved Joe.

"Gee! I'm proud of you Catherine. You look good today. Walking across that stage with your degree in your hand you reminded me of a pleasant dream I had the other night."

Catherine smiled faintly. "Let's not talk about dreams now, Joe. But sometimes, perhaps, not now though, I'll tell you about a very strange dream I had once."

CHRISTINE MEADOWS.



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MIST

Mist—

Like trailing draperies from the ghost of a beautiful lady,  
Bearing the elusive fragrance of a faint perfume—  
Soft, caressing.

Mist—

Like fairy cob-webs, mesh upon mesh,  
With lights like foolish insects caught within them—  
Sparkling, scintillating.

Mist—

Like wings of huge grey moths,  
Weird tree branches veining them—  
Gossamer, intangible.

Mist—

Like dreams, obscuring the world,  
Realm of fantastical shapes and shadows—  
Mystical, fleeting.

LUCILE NIX.



## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

### ON THE TIP OF HIS TONGUE

The sun was blazing in the heavens above and the heat sent down by its nearly vertical rays was dancing in blinding myriads on the pavement of a southern city. The street was almost deserted except for the occasional passing of an automobile, or for a black figure moving about among the dirty dwelling houses. The heat of the mid-summer day was so intense that only by necessity did any one venture forth.

Everything was still and calm as it should be except for one portion of the street where the negro houses were interspersed with small stores owned by negroes. There was always plenty of life in the neighborhood. Josephus Riley, aged six and going on seven, saw to that.

The summer heat did not daunt him, in fact, nothing ever daunted Cepheus. Besides, it was very cool in the shade of the hedge which separated his home from the store. But its coolness was the smallest part of the matter. It wasn't secluded enough on this occasion.

There was a small hole in the hedge made for the very purpose for which it was serving. Through this hole, stole a black wooly head. Next, the small shoulders came into view, but the figure halted there to view the battle field. Two large black eyes, set in a skin equally as black, peered forth in search of an obstruction in the path leading to the door which offered safety. At the seeming prospect of reaching undiscovered the near-by threshold, two rows of gleaming white teeth lit up the otherwise dark countenance. The eyes became larger as they twinkled in glee.

As "The" object of obstruction was not visible, the way seemed clear for an open get-away. Two black hands shot forth with the cautious, yet swift and silent movement of a bird of prey. They sank down into the powder-like soil, steadied themselves for the spring which would give their owner a speedy start for the sheltering seclusion of the empty coal house not far away.

The spring was intercepted by a steel-like grip which held fast partly to the overalls and partly to the skin which the overalls failed



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to protect. The entire body came through the hedge with a sudden jerk and landed with a thud on the earth.

"Josephus Riley! You little black divil! You been at hit agin; stealin' them peanuts from dat store front!"

Cepheus, having no proof that he had not been preying on the peanuts, remained quiet and very still on the exact spot where his mother had set him down none too gently. For answer, he only lowered his head and rolled his great eyes around until only the whiter sections were visible.

"Answer me, boy!"

Only silence and a head lowered to avert the expected blow which did not fall.

"Boy, yo' better answer me! I say."

Before Cepheus had time to make a reply, if he had so desired, he was suspended in mid-air with only a brown hand and a weak overall strap between him and the ground several feet below him. With a vigorous shake of his small body, his mother deposited him on the ground with the same brusqueness as before. The shaking pronounced his fate. Scattered in the sand was the tell-tale evidence, peanuts.

"Jes as I knowed, pocket full o' peanuts. Ain't ye 'shamed o' yo' se'f, stealin' peanuts from a pore blind nigger? Boy, I could shake th' life out o' ye!"

She proceeded to make her supposition a reality and after Cepheus had been shaken into wishing "Blind Jim" had the peanuts back again, his mother lifted him to the level of her head.

"Stick out dat tongue, Cepheus!"

A tongue, long since accustomed to obeying this command, was visible for a fleeting glimpse.

"Yas, hit's still thar. Ain't no he'p fo' ye, nigger. Th' witches wuz sho ridin' th' night ye wuz born." With a mournful shake of her head she said, "Ain't no he'p. Long as dat wart is on yo tongue, ye is doomed, Cepheus."

\* \* \* \* \*

On a September morning, several months later, Josephus Riley, now seven and going on eight, walked hesitatingly up to the woman that the children had told him was "teacher."

"Do ye take mean boys in school? My Ma, she says ye don't, but she made me try jes th' same. If ye do, ye don't want me,



VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

'cause I'se mean and gittin' meaner ever' day. Even Ma says so herse'f."

The teacher smiled at this unexpected query and confession from the small boy.

"Yes, we take all boys, good and bad, but are you so bad?"

"Sho' I'se mean. Ma says hit's 'cause I'se got a wart on the end of my tongue, see?"

He produced the evidence and "teacher" saw a large wart on the tip of his tongue.

The negro who had been acclaimed "teacher" by the squirming mass of negro boys on the school yard smiled. It was obvious to her mind, sharpened by previous stories culled from the realms of fancy, that the young urchen was trying to evade the truant officers. Nevertheless, this was a case similar to none she had dealt with before she thought, as she looked down upon the pathetic little figure. He resembled a man branded and scorned by other men with his shoulders slightly drooped under the burden of his "doom" as his mother expressed it.

She made a pledge with her own conscience that she would use all her strength in saving this young boy from his doom which was primarily himself.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was about thirty minutes after the ringing of the morning bell, the children having just settled down for work when the panic broke out. It came in the form of a yell from a boy standing near a window.

"Yonder comes two bulls!"

With this startling announcement the entire room was thrown into an uproar. Thirty-seven kinky, black heads were turned from side to side in trying to see the approaching officers of the law. There was one, however, who did not make any attempt to see them. On the other hand, for the first time in his school career, Cepheus' head was in his book and he was working diligently.

The steady thump, thump, thump, down the hall was coming nearer, bringing with it trouble for some one, and Cepheus knew who that someone was. It seemed an eternity before the thumping finally halted in the door of the school room. It was not until this time that the one studious member of the group raised his eyes. When he could endure the suspense no longer, he raised his eyes,



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but not head, for a fleeting glimpse of the two huge figures filling the doorway. There was a blur of shining buttons, and his heart turned over twice and then lay perfectly still.

"We have orders to examine every boy in this school. Line them up by the wall," came in a thundering tone from the doorway.

"Teacher" gave her command in her high treble, pitched a little higher because of fright.

In a few moments there was a line of black scared faces along the wall. Cepheus didn't know afterwards how he managed it, but he was there in the line with the other boys when the bulls began the examination. There was a row of shining buttons at each end of the line. To prolong the agony, Cepheus was in the exact middle of the line. He didn't know whether he was glad or not. He would have a chance to see what they did to the other boys, but at the same time his turn would be so long in coming that he didn't feel as if his shaking knees would support him that long.

"Stick out your tongues!" ordered the policemen.

Thirty-seven little negroes breathed easier, but Cepheus knew his time had come. He pressed his tongue against his teeth to try to gain one last ray of hope. Alas, it was still there! Cepheus wished he could bite that wart off his tongue because the line was closing in on him and so many eyes seemed glued on him!

He began now to wonder which of the bulls was going to find that wart on his tongue. He hoped that the one on the left would because he wasn't quite so large and hard looking.

After what seemed to him to be several hours his turn came. Both "Terrors" were very near him when the smaller one exclaimed,

"Here's the little scamp! Jo; the mark is right where that cashier said we would find it."

With this bit of information the officer smiled. Cepheus was thankful for that smile, and, though he didn't see anything funny, he grinned.

In a few moments the trio was on a car for town. All the way down Cepheus muttered to himself, cursing the wart on his tongue. His mother had said it would be his doom and he felt certain now, sitting between two "bulls", that she was right. He kept trying to remember what he had done recently, but he couldn't think of



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anything he had done RECENTLY. He hadn't even stole any peanuts from Blind Jim in almost two weeks, not since "Teacher" talked to him last.

"Oh, yes," he thought, "One policeman had said something about a cashier, but what was that any way?" Cepheus couldn't remember ever having heard of THAT before.

Finally it came to him what it was all about, but he hadn't done anything. The men had just asked him to take that piece of paper in "there". He had done what they told him and they had paid him a quarter.

At police court, Cepheus was made to see just what he HAD done. "He had helped some robbers" was what the chief told him.

This was exactly what he had done. One day as he was going to get Mr. Mack's clothes from the boarding house, he had been stopped by two white men. They asked him to take a check in and cash it. They had told the small boy exactly where to go and how to do. He had done as they directed. The men had stolen the check and in the attempt to trace it the cashier had remembered a small negro boy had cashed the check. He told the policemen they could identify him by a wart on the end of his tongue.

The policemen seemed to be satisfied with what Cepheus told about it. Cepheus was more than satisfied when they asked him to help catch the men. "He sure would, and he would get even with them for havin' the bulls after him," he thought.

For days Cepheus wandered around over the city with one and sometimes two policemen, except they didn't have on policemen's suits. They wore just plain suits, and Cepheus was glad because people might wonder why he always walked around with one or two policemen. He had said he would know the robbers if they found them, and he did.

In the court they looked so straight and mad at Cepheus that he would have been afraid if he hadn't been sitting by two policemen who had on their policemen suits then.

After the trial was over and the men were sent to prison, the chief called Cepheus to his desk and asked him if he would take any more papers from strange men.

Cepheus said, "Na—sah."

The man smiled and said, "It was all right this time, but you will get into serious trouble next time. Now, there is a reward for the



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man who caught these robbers. You caught them and you get the money. Three hundred dollars will be put in the bank for you until you are a big boy; though you will get some of it (meaning the interest) all along."

He handed Cepheus the first of it then and asked, "Don't you want to have that wart taken off your tongue now? You know that was why we caught you."

Josephus Riley shifted his weight on his other foot and made his decision.

"Nah—sah. I think I'll let hit stay there fa' good luck."

LORENE TITTLE.



VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

NATURE HOLDS SWAY

After midnight,  
Before the dawn  
Comes the stillness, the silence,  
The harmony of night.

Pale moonlight,  
Glittering starlight,  
Are interwoven  
With intricate shadows of dusky hue.

Gentle breezes blow  
A faint whisper  
Among the tall trees;  
Delicate flowers  
Drink in the dew drops,  
Slender grasses  
Uplift aspiring blades.

Calmness and beauty,  
Loveliness of night-time,  
Mortals rest,  
And nature holds sway.

CHRISTINE MEADOWS.



THE PARISIAN DOLL

The gray light of the morning was beginning to push through the dusty panes of the small closet window. It first reached only to the inside window sill, but gradually slipping inward it slowly revealed to view the contents of the nearly bare little closet. A few worn-out articles laid dejectedly on the floor where they seemed to have been thrown after they had served their useful purpose. Some plow lines, rugged at the ends, draped from the lower shelf to the floor below. They all suggested manual labor—hard, grinding tasks that wears like an acid through fiber and web—all except a bungled form lying near the top shelf and whose placing showed a tender, careful hand. A soft blue misty scarf was wound about it and where the ends had fallen apart a small, tiny, chiseled head was peeping out. It was a doll whose mistress had forgotten her.

\* \* \* \* \*

It had been years ago that the postman's whistle had sent Ruth from the hot kitchen, where she had been assisting her mother, to the front door. The whistle was an unfrequent sound in that yard, and Ruth's hurrying feet tapped a message of expectation. Was it a delayed package from the mail order house, or an advertising seed catalogue to her father? Whatever it would prove to be Ruth was glad of a chance to look into the always twinkling eyes of the jolly man who carried Uncle Sam's mail. He seemed to preserve an especially pleasant smile for the little girl that didn't seem to have such a happy life as the other kiddies he knew.

"Good morning, and how is the little lady?" he said smilingly as Ruth stood timidly in the doorway. She saw that he held a long box. It was just like the box that the flowers came in for Mrs. Simms from her Sunday School class when she was sick. Mrs. Simms lived just across the street and Ruth had looked hard at the box.

"And can you receive this package?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Guess who it is for?"

"Me Pa!"



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"Wrong! It is for the little lady of the house—and I believe you are her!"

"Yes——Sir!"

"Well, somebody has been thinking of you and sent you something which feels like it's mighty nice."

"Yes, Sir."

He placed the box carefully in the little girl's uncertain arms, and patted it in farewell.

"That's all for you today, but that is a lot for one family."

He left with a backward nod. As he swung his bag on his back and moved down the road, he left a little girl looking longingly after him. She was too mortified over her handling of the one social contact that she had had that day to realize that she held a real box addressed to her personally, in a clear, feminine handwriting. The postman was always so kind to her, and all that her dry tongue would form was a clumsy "Yes, Sir." She wanted to chat with him about a pony she had heard he had given his little boy—and if he knew a certain brand of feed that she knew horses just loved.

It was only when her father came around the house that she became conscious of what she held.

"Did you get a letter for me?"

"Yes, Sir——Er——I mean, No, Sir. A box came!"

"A box? And who'll be sending me a box?"

"It's for me! The postman said so."

"For you! Well, well! It must be from your mother's sister. That high hatter who goes in for things art—istic. Open it up. Let's see what she sent."

Ruth bent in the half-opened door, and nervously untied the knots that held the box so securely. They were tied neatly and firmly. She slowly drew the outside brown wrappings off, and exposed a white, long box tied with pink ribbon. She touched the ribbon gently. It was the first piece she had ever had that she could call her own. She patted it, not wanting to crush the pretty bow.

"Open it up child. Open it up. What's a keeping you?"

The bow had to come off, and now she gingerly lifted the lid. Soft tissue paper crackled under her touch, and she saw that a blue mist laid beneath it. A tiny, white card laid on top, and it expressed the message—"A bit of the beautiful to little Ruth—from one to whom the beautiful in this world has always meant so much. Aunt Jane." Ruth scarcely dared to breathe as she removed the last thin layers from her gift. And oh! what a gift! Her arms posed in



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mid-air, her eyes brightly expanded, and her lips slowly parted. Her heart sang "It is a doll! It is a doll! A real, dressed-up doll!" Ruth's throat began to have a dry, tied-up feeling and she couldn't gasp a sound. Not that she wanted to. It was all a dream, and might disappear if a sound was made to break the spell.

Her father was the first to speak. "Well, well, a doll. Real pretty too. Take her out, daughter, and let's see how fussie she is."

He already had his big knife out, and quickly snipped the cords holding her in place. Ruth wished he wouldn't use so much strength around such a frail object—It was like being sacriligious. The doll slipped out of the box, and the sun light played tag through its golden curls and over its silken clothes. They smelled of old lavender, but the cut of the tiny garments reflected clearly the shears of the masters of fashion. They were soft and distinctly feminine.

Ruth's father reached out his hand and fingered the delicate cloth. "Yep, mighty pretty, mighty pretty." He dropped the material and placed his hand back on his hip. "And daughter, by gips, that's the way YOU a' gone to look some of these days. Yes, by gips, you'll be able to look like that if I save our money now."

He cocked his head over to one side and smiled at the wisdom he had just expounded. He knew how to do things, and he knew how to say them.

"And, daughter, better call yo' Ma and let her see what you got. She sholy will be surprised." He left murmuring. "But we got to save now—save now."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Save our money now, that you can act like a real lady some day." These were the words that Ruth could remember had always been impressed upon her since she had been a tiny tot; words that acted as a wall to a pent up soul.

"But pa," she would object, "I want a nickel now."

"Tut, tut. You will need things mo' later, and money ain't to be thrown about by youngon's that don't know nor care the price of things."

She was never given any spending money, and the family's only diversion was a monthly Sunday visit to Ruth's grandmother, but even this brought no change of scenery. They went over country roads three miles out of the town, and when they got to the place it was a small, tiny farm much on the order of Ruth's father's. There were the cows to milk, the chickens to feed, the garden to hoe—the



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daily continuous tasks that always had to go on. Tasks that did not allow for a minute's change. There was one difference—the hired man who assisted her grandmother did not keep things in as careful order as Ruth and her mother, but they worked harder, and their hands were still busy at tasks long after the hired man had called it a day.

"I wish to carrot roots I was a hired man—he at least gets fifty cents a day." "Carrot roots" was an expression that Ruth used only when she was greatly exasperated. Her mother smiled, and as she brushed the dry, brittle hair back from her flushed face she said, "Hon, rest a bit and get a cool drink." "Nope, I can stick it out if you can, but I am ready to quit."

Her father thought it darn foolishness to pay those no-account men—give them your good hard money to piddle around the place all day, and "by gips" they would keep the money in the family." Work was good for a person anyway. He didn't seem to notice that Ruth's mother was beginning to have a set face, hardly ever smiled any more, and that her hands were cruelly cracked and knotted. He was off closing and opening trades most of the day, and couldn't assist in the work as much as he wanted to—"But you got to stay on the ground," he said, "and keep a-talking or they might change their mind."

Ruth had just started her third term at school when one day she faced her father doggedly.

"Pa, I want a costume."

"A which?"

"A costume—a kind of dress that don't look like the kind ma and me wears. Miss Jones said I was to be a Greek girl in chapel next week, and I got to fix a costume."

"How much is it going to be?"

"Oh, it's to be made out of cheese cloth, and that don't cost hardly nothing."

"Cheese cloth, eh?"

"Yes, Sir. You know that stuff that looks like the flour sacks when ma gets through washing them. Miss Jones said to get the white kind—won't take much."

"Yep, but it'll take that much. Look here, you cut up some of those sacks—they'll be fine for the thing—soft and white."

"But Pa! The other girls are going to have cheese cloth and I ain't agoin' to wear no sack dress."

"You ain't? Better not be in it then. Cheese cloth cost, and we



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are not wasting money on such foolishness. Throwing money away like that is not horse sense."

Ruth could not change him with all of her pleadings, and she went to bed that night with a broken heart.

"Horse sense! Who wants any horse sense", she sobbed to her doll. "By carrot roots I'd rather have donkey sense. Flour sacks! No sir, I will stay a country gal 'fore I will be a flour sack Greek!"

She drew the doll to her and suddenly sat up in bed. "No sir, I ain't agoin' to wear no sack. I wear those old shoes that come from the mail order house—so heavy and thick they last a year," she pointed to two dark splotches lying in the middle of the floor, but I ain't no bread flour, and I ain't goin' to get in no sack."

She laid down again quivering and placed her cheek against the doll's ivory one. "You just wait, I am goin' to look just like you some day and be a fine lady. Store bought shoes and store bought dresses—just like yours."

It was a long time before the little girl fell asleep. The moonlight flickered into the room and showed a pair of firmly set little chins—only one of which was the doll's moulded one.

There were several such incidents as the refusal to buy her a costume that finally forced Ruth to stop school. Her sensitive and proud little soul balked at being the laughing stock of the class and she too saw that her mother needed her at home. The farm work was heavy; it broke one down. Perhaps she stopped too late to ease the load off of her mother's shoulders, for a few days after her fourteenth birthday Ruth's mother died and left her the mistress of a household that still had as a watchword, "Save for a future day."

Ruth was too busy now to even seek the stimulating comfort of the doll that had supplied golden hopes and dreams for her soul. So she carefully laid it away where it was thought of less and less, and finally forgotten by a mind that was being stunted by work.

\* \* \* \* \*

The night they brought her father home, Ruth was sorting potato vines which she was planning to stick the next day. He had gone up town in his buggy to deliver some cream, and said he would be back in an hour or two. So when Mr. Sirmons and a stranger brought him up on the porch and knocked, she opened it thinking her father was there.

"Your father had an accident Miss Ruth, but don't get scared.



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I think he is just stunned." But when they had placed him on his bed and called a doctor they knew that he was dead.

"A good man, a good man. And Miss Ruth we don't see why he didn't see that car. He seemed to be figuring so hard in a little book—had his horse drawn under a street light—that he didn't see the car. It blew for him too. Too bad, too bad. Here's the little book we picked up in the street. One he was figuring in, I reckon." He handed it to Ruth and she saw that it was his bank book. So her father had been caring for his money to the last. Queer turn of fate that the thing he loved most had caused his death.

"Thank you, that will be all. You have been very kind. Yes, that is the doctor coming now, I suppose."

When later the will had been read and the sum at the bank had been determined, Ruth had been as surprised as any one at the amount of property that now rested in her name. She knew that her father had made some shrewd trades, but hardly suspected that the amounts that laid so carefully tabulated in her father's bank book would be so much.

"Your father did a good turn by you—left you mighty well off," the kind-hearted neighbors and friends all impressed upon her. Ruth accepting their view wondered. She had wondered a lot since the death of her father left her alone and while she was about the many tasks that always had to be done on the farm. She could not keep a sense of resentment against him from creeping over her at times. She tried to stamp it out, but her mind still wondered. Now that she knew the dollars that he had had, she could not see why he had denied her so many things. "Let's save so you can be a real lady some of these days," he had always told her when she had asked for a special trinket or pleasure. But she now wondered if he had an exaggerated idea of the material goods which go to make up a real lady, or if he wanted to save that money. She wondered!

Furniture was heavy to move, but Ruth now reigned over a torn-up household. Her father had always occupied the "best room", and now she was transferring her meagre furnishings from the back room to the front and larger chamber. Every part of the dwelling was undergoing change. Closets that had been closed for years were being aired and opened. She had cleaned all except a back one, and as she opened the small back closet to complete the house-cleaning, thoughts tugged at her memory. She only realized what



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they were when she spied the end of a blue, misty scarf. Why this was where she had hidden the doll her Aunt Jane had sent her!

After placing a box on the closet floor she tip-toed up, and got the doll down. How natural it felt, although she had not held it in years! Brushing the dust off of its aristocratic nose she took it up to her freshly fixed bed room and sank on the edge of the bed. It was the same beautiful doll, but with dusty and out-of-date garments on its body.

"How glad I am that I found you! You pretty thing." Ruth smothered its curls and straightened a tiny shoe.

"What dreams you used to make me dream—I wonder if you know half of them? I just wonder." The smoothing hand gradually stilled and Ruth's head went down in deep study of the doll. Suddenly she jumped to the floor, nearly upsetting the object of her scrutiny.

"I believe I will do it—I believe I will."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was hours later that the door knob of the darkening bed room turned, and a figure staggered in under several long and square boxes. The boxes were dropped on the floor, and Ruth's face was exposed. She ran over and picked up the doll that had been left alone the whole afternoon.

"Now you sit here and watch me turn into a real dressed-up, store-bought lady—the kind of lady you always made me want to be. I've got everything to do the trick."

She placed the faded doll upright in a stiff chair and folded its tiny hands in its lap. While the doll closely watched her procedure and gave her a perpetual smile she hastily slipped out of the home-made, crude frock and excitedly donned the new dress. She had been too timid to try on the dresses up in the large store where so many people went to and fro. And although the saleswoman had insisted on fitting them, she had only pointed out the ones she liked—those talkative ladies might have giggled at her underclothes. Now she snapped the fasteners, and pulled the dress well down in the front and back. She slipped off her heavy broad shoes and diligently set to work to pull the new ones on. They had felt uncomfortable when the salesman had tugged them on in the store, but she thought perhaps they would feel better in the privacy of home.

"Now, I am almost ready for you to look hard at," she smiled



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at the doll. "And what is your opinion of a lady you have been the cause of?"

As she said the last she walked over to the mirror. The shoes did pinch, home or no home, and the last steps were made in a limp. She grasped the edge of the dresser and playfully shutting her eyes she leaned far over, within a short distance of the mirror.

"Ready! Open!"

Many minutes passed after she opened her eyes before she moved. Then a hand slipped up and she pulled at one of the sleeves. She turned slowly around and tugged at the back of the garment that had been made for an ultra modern type. Tears began to splash down Ruth's cheek, for she realized the truth which the mirror duly reflected.

She limped back to the doll and slowly knelt beside her. She reached a hand up and smoothed one of the golden curls and a damp cheek was laid against an ivory one—just as it had been years before.

"I can't make it honey, I can't make it. You can't turn into one in a day. A little bit of growth every day—that's the only way."

Ruth's eyes rested lovingly on the doll. "Honey, you'll have to be the lady of this house; you are the only one fitted for the job."

Ruth suddenly stood up. Her keen ears had heard disturbing calls from the farm yard—"It's work for me."

The last light of the sun-set was fading from the world; as the rays that had been lingering in a front bed-room crept out they brought into a minute's relief a heap of discarded clothes on the floor and in a chair waiting—a beautiful chiseled figure—A Parisian Doll.

E. McREE



THE PINE BRANCH

A SOUTHERN MOON

As silver, the miser's soul  
It lures the heart of you—  
This Southern moon with its mystical spell  
Pouring its radiance over you.  
Within its power you join a band  
Of fairies that dance in its beams,  
And like a child you follow the glow  
Till you lose yourself in dreams.

M. L. MORAN.



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## EDITORIAL

### WHAT ATHLETICS MEAN TO OUR COLLEGE

What is the "Plaque?" The plaque is the award given the Athletic Association which has the highest number of points at the end of the year. Our plaque does not stand for only the physical attainment of the girls, but it stands for ALL 'ROUND ACHIEVEMENT. Physical skill is merely one of many avenues to a well-rounded American girlhood and womanhood. In order to win this plaque the associations have to begin work in earnest from the very first of the year.

Let us briefly review the four phases of athletics. First, the physical: It is a platitude to dwell on this, for the physical gains made through athletics are perfectly obvious; Second, there is the mental aspect. In order for a girl to be a good player in any competitive game, she has to be the possessor of a clear, quick-thinking mind—lazzards are disqualified. Third, it is needless to linger on the social aspects of athletics. Competitive games are excellent ways to teach the glory-seeking individual to give up for the good of her team. Then there is the give and take received through social contact. And last but not least, is the moral phase. This teaches the girl to play a fair and square game. Good sportsmanship is emphasized. Athletics also teaches the difficult lesson of being a modest winner and a graceful loser. These phases are kept strictly in mind the entire year.

To us Field Day is not just a spectacular event of physical achievement and prowess of a few athletic stars, but it is an opportunity for the mass to participate in various exercises. True that it is a culmination of all athletic sports and competitive events of the entire year. Much wholesome spirit and rivalry is manifested between the two associations. It is also a grand opportunity for the individual to acquire points not only for herself, but for her association. All



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points won on Field Day go toward the plaque. A girl winning an individual competitive event, also wins points for her association; and thus works the collective competitive events.

Field Day is a festive occasion. The colors of both associations hold sway over the entire field. The girls dressed in solid white, with exception of the tie, which is the color representing her association, present a spectacular picture. Field Day offers an ideal opportunity for ALL to take part. We are not after lauding a few stars, but we are trying to interest many girls in the activities of this day. The events for Field Day are roughly divided into:

I. Mass Drills and Folk Dances; in these the girls work together harmoniously. Team work is emphasized.

II. Individual Contests: These contests are between the two associations where a girl may score for her own individual glory, and thereby score for her association.

III. Mass Competition: Competition games between associations which depend not on individual skill but on team work.

As can be readily seen, the four phases of athletics are brought out in our Field Day.

After Field Day comes the tennis tournament. Again we are not after praising to the sky the winners, but we are trying to get the whole group to participate. Each team shall score one point for each match won by one of its members in single tennis tournament. Here, as before, a winner not only helps herself, but benefits her association.

Let us briefly look at some other qualifications concerning the winning of the plaque, for remember that the plaque is not won by a few star athletes, but by the entire student body. The first association having 100 per cent paid membership each semester gets so many points. The attendance at association meetings also counts. Then the association having the fewest court summons scores so much. For every first honor student, second honor student, and third honor student the respective association receives a certain number of points.

Again let us say that what we are striving for is two active athletic associations, and in order to obtain this, each association must contain alert, active, spirited, intelligent members. While the winning of the plaque creates intense, but wholesome and friendly rivalry, it represents to both associations our athletic ideal—the development of well-rounded American girls.



## Y. W. C. A. NOTES

The Thursday evening vesper services for the past month have been devoted to the first of the projects which are being used for the spring semester vespers. The programs of the "Charm School" project were as follows:

"The Charm of Personal Appearance"—Miss Leonora Ivey, Head of Physical Education Department.

"The Charm of Good Manners"—Miss Louise Ramsey, Home Economics Instructor.

"The Charm of Personal Possessions"—Miss Ruth Carpenter, Head of Art Department.

"The Charm of Good Speech"—Miss Annie Maude Ferrell.

\* \* \*

The College had a very interesting and beneficial visitor on February the 23rd and 24th in Miss Anne Wiggin, traveling secretary of the committee on Friendly Relations with Foreign Students. In addition to her personal talks with the girls, she favored the student group with a very worthwhile talk on our relations to the World's Student Christian Association.

On the evening of the 24th the Y. W. cabinet entertained informally at the House in the Woods in honor of Miss Wiggin. Those present very much enjoyed hearing of some of her personal experiences in other countries.



## SOCIETY NEWS

A meeting of the Argonian Literary Society was held February 19, for the purpose of having the preliminary debates for selecting the inter-society debaters. Three faculty members—Miss Gertrude Gilmer, Mr. James Stokes, and Mr. J. W. Patton acted as judges. For the final debate Miss Mildred Lavendar and Miss Louise Benton were selected to represent the Argonian Society.

The subject for the inter-society debate is: Resolved, That the school of thought as typified by Mencken is detrimental to American life.

\* \* \*

The Argonian Literary Society entertained with a Valentine party, on Saturday evening, February 5, in honor of the Sororian Literary Society. The following program was given:

Reading: "The Cook"—Zackie Carmack.  
Vocal Selection—Cora Burghard and Doris Hitchcock.  
Musical Reading—Aline Futch.  
Vocal Solo—Mr. James Dasher.  
Dance: "Coquette"—Nan Smith and Irelle Johnson.

At the close of the program, a social hour was enjoyed and refreshments served by Emma Moore, Sara Mandeville, Cora Burghard, and Mary Fitts. The plates carried out the Valentine idea.

\* \* \*

The preliminary debate for the Sororian Literary Society was held in the rotunda Saturday evening, February 19th. Much enthusiasm was displayed as a number of Sororians participated in these debates. The two chosen to represent the Sororian Society in the inter-society debate were: Miss Estha Freeman, Camilla, Ga., and Miss Norma Middleton, Darien, Ga.



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A joint meeting of the Argonian and Sororian Literary Societies was held in the rotunda on Saturday evening, March 5. The program for the evening was one of the North Carolina plays, presented by the Sororian Literary Society. The play presented was "Fixins".

Ed Robinson—Lois Sharpe.

Lilly Robinson—Mary Small.

Jim Cooper—Estha Freeman.



## ATHLETIC NOTES

The Phi Lambda and Phi Kappa Athletic Associations have met in two basketball games, the first on February 23, the second on March 3. Both games were Phi Kappa victories, with scores of 16-7 and 19-9, respectively. The games were fast, and both teams displayed excellent team-work. A feature of both games was the splendid passwork of the Kappas. The Kappa players were dressed in red bloomers and white jerseys, while the Lambda players were dressed in purple and white bloomers and white middies. At the second game the Lambda cheer leader, Miss Helen Seals, and the Lambda president, Miss Nan Smith, appeared in purple and white clown suits. The presence of so much color greatly added to the enthusiasm of the rooters of both associations who loyally supported their respective teams. The line-up for the game was:

### PHI LAMBDA

Forwards—Pearl Belcher, Sara Hall, Gladys Butler.  
Guards—Katherine Myrick, Hazel Furlong, Matile Powell.  
Centers—Katherine Ulmer, Myrtle Jordan.

### PHI KAPPA

Forwards—Janet Sims, Marian Wiseman, Sara Mandeville.  
Guards—Myrtle Vick, Carrie Hart.  
Centers—Mary Louise Maxwell, Marie Parham.

The two associations are now practicing track for Field Day which is to be held March 23; other preparations are being made for the annual struggle between the two associations. The various classes are practicing drills and marches which are to be features of Field Day.



## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

# LOCALS

The Emory Glee Club, "The South's Sweetest Singers," made its annual appearance in Valdosta Tuesday evening. The G. S. W. C. student body enjoyed it very much.

\* \* \*

On Wednesday evening, February 9, there was a meeting of the Student Government Association. Mr. A. G. Cleveland spoke on "The Discipline Problems of Student Government."

\* \* \*

There were several representatives of G. S. W. C. at the Georgia Students Volunteer Convention held at the University of Georgia, February 11, 12, and 13. Those who represented us were: Verna Scarborough, Susan Bedell, Marian Wiseman, Iva Chandler, Lois Sharpe, Clio Mansfield, and Lucile Mosely.

\* \* \*

A short informal program was presented by college girls at a silver tea given at the Episcopal rectory, on Thursday afternoon, February 17. Helen Ryon, Dorothy Dasher, and Henrietta Armstrong were the musicians who presented the program.

\* \* \*

Miss Gladys Warren, Head of the Music Department, and Mrs. W. A. Pardee, violinist, gave a delightful Sonata program at the Woman's Building on Tuesday evening, March 1. It was much enjoyed by the student body as well as the Valdosta people.

\* \* \*

The College gymnasium was the scene of a jolly Valentine party for college freshmen on Monday evening, February 14th. The Valentine color scheme of red and white was artistically carried out in the decorations. All guests were dressed as "kids." Gladys Butler and Merle Johnson were given first prizes for having the best costumes.

A very entertaining program was given. At the conclusion of the dancing, the old time Valentine box was opened and Valentines were distributed.



ALUMNAE NOTES

Angie Mae Miller, Mrs. Earl Taylor, of the '14 class, is living at 2214 Hamilton Avenue, Columbus, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Louise Cheney, Mrs. R. A. McLendon, of the '15 class, was a recent visitor to the College. She is living in Tignall, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Bessie Mann of the '15 class, is working in the Citizens and Southern Bank, Atlanta, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Carrie Lee Murrah of the '15 class is teaching in the Atlanta City Schools, and may be addressed 47 Pearce Street.

\* \* \*

Lottie Jarrell, Mrs. James Stump, of the class of '16 is teaching in the Valdosta schools, and is living at 311 Webster Street.

\* \* \*

Gertrude Jones Roberts of the '16 class is teaching in Encinitas, California, and is principal of that district.

\* \* \*

Mary Knight, Mrs. A. MacFarlane, of the '16 class announces the birth of a daughter, Cassie Mary, on February 13th. She is living at 1616 Quindara, Kansas City, Kansas.

\* \* \*

Maggie Mae Smith, Mrs. W. J. Turner, of the '16 class is living in Greeley, Alabama.

\* \* \*

Amanda Alexander, Mrs. R. O. DeLoache, of the '17 class writes us a very delightful letter from her home at Glennville, Georgia.



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Clyde Purcell, Mrs. L. L. Patton, of the '17 class is living in Lakeland, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Alma Smith, Mrs. Otis Wilkes, of the '17 class lives in Kissimmee, Florida.

\* \* \*

Stella Mathis of the '18 class was married in Washington, D. C., on Saturday, the 19th of February, to Lawrence Schoolcraft Shearman. They will live in New York City.

\* \* \*

Edith Smith, Mrs. George Bell, of the '18 class lives in Tignall, Georgia.

\* \* \*

One of the most enjoyable social events of February was the Alumnae Valentine party at the home of Natalie Sirmans, Mrs. John Williams, of the '19 class, at 304 W. Hill Avenue, Natalie, Lena May of the '19 class, now Mrs. Frank Smith, and Emma Sue Morris of the '17 class, now Mrs. L. J. King, being joint hostesses. The evening will long be remembered as one of the most delightful that the Valdosta Club has spent. Lena lives at Smithland Place, and Emma Sue at 306 N. Briggs Street.

\* \* \*

Mae Crum, Mrs. W. K. Giddens, of the '22 class is living near Ray City, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Mary Crum, Mrs. Julian Robinson, of the '22 class is living in Lakeland, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Waver Hodges, Mrs. Wm. O. Hildebrand, of the '22 class is living at 627 South Lawrence Street, Montgomery, Alabama.

\* \* \*

Eunice McArthur of the '24 class is doing Primary work at Reidsville, Georgia.



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Louise Bradley of the '25 class is teaching the first grade in Andersonville, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Bernice Brewton of the '25 class is teaching in Reidsville, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Hester Bruce of the '25 class is teaching third grade and Music at Harleyville, South Carolina.

\* \* \*

Athena Church of the '25 class is teaching at Leesburg, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Ruble Chambless of the '26 class is teaching fourth grade at Pleasant Hill, near Dawson, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Aline Spivey of the '26 class is teaching in a consolidated school near Blakely, Georgia.



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JOKES

TOMORROW IS?

Dot Dasher: "I just love Tuesdays."

Helen Ryan: "Why."

Dot: "Then I can tell myself that day after tomorrow I can say day after tomorrow will be Saturday."

\* \* \*

FOURTH GRADE REASONING

First boy: "Would you rather be Shakespeare or Edison?"

Second boy: "Edison!"

First boy: "Why?"

Second boy: "'Cause, one reason, he ain't dead."

\* \* \*

SENIOR REASONING

Nan Smith: "What's the date today?"

Lucille Dowling: "I don't know—why don't you look at that newspaper on the table?"

Nan: "That won't do any good—It's yesterday's paper."

\* \* \*

A FUNNY FEELING

Annie May Brower: "Get up, you're sitting on the jokes I just cut out."

Evelyn Calhoun: "Well, I thought I felt something funny."

\* \* \*

ONE OR MANY

Ruth Nowell: "I want a bag of pop corn."

Vender: "Five or ten?"

Ruth: "No, just one."



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### WANTED—ADVICE!

F. Breen: "Nell, what's the best thing to take for kleptomania?"

\* \* \*

### AGREEING TO DISAGREE

Virginia Hightower: "Catherine, you and Ferda argue all the time—why don't you ever agree on something?"

Bruce sisters: "We do agree. We both want to read the same book at the same time."

\* \* \*

### HOW ABOUT IT?

Can the extra money a manicurist gets be called finger tips?

\* \* \*

### PAGE FATHER TIME!

Teacher in Sixth Grade: "How could you tell when winter was near?"

Pupil: It began to get later earlier."



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