

# THE PINE BRANCH



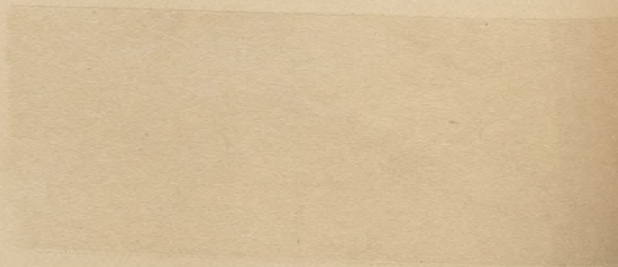
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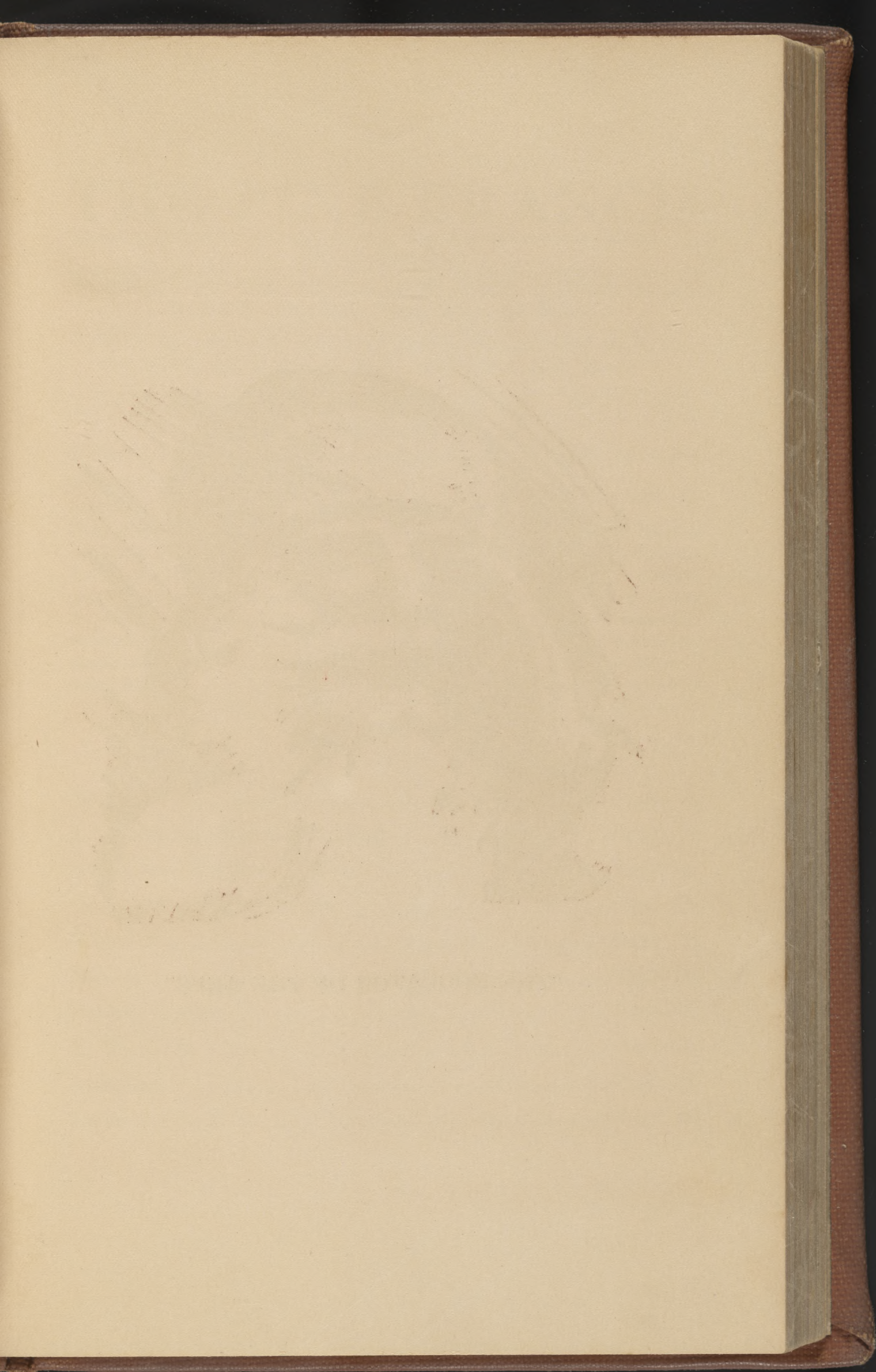
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“THE EDUCATOR OF THE AGES”

# THE PINE BRANCH

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## “OH, KEN!”



“Now remember, Pris, just one week at home, and then one grand and glorious week with me. In the whole two years we’ve been room-mates, you’ve never been to see me, and I’m wild with delight that you’re coming now. The whole year at school I’ve looked forward to this Christmas vacation, because of your visit. Now, dear, write me on what train you’re coming, and Ken will meet you. Bye-bye. Be good and write! Nan.”

Priscilla re-read the letter for the third time. “Write me. . . and Ken will meet you.” She pondered over those words. So, Ken would meet her! What would Nan’s brother be like? Nancy was tall and fair, with blue eyes, and was rather pretty. Would Kenneth’s eyes be blue or brown? Or perhaps grey? Priscilla wondered; and then, suddenly, she fell to thinking of something Nancy had told her long ago concerning him.

“Ken is awfully good-looking,” she had said, “and all the girls around home fall for him. He makes love to them all.”

“Well, he’s badly mistaken if he thinks I’m going to fall for his charms,” said Priscilla to herself; and she resolved then and there to treat him very coolly and indifferently, and to show him that she was one girl whose heart he couldn’t break.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Nan returned home from college, Kenneth, who arrived the day before, was at the train to meet her. How much of the joy in life one misses who has never had a brother for a chum! It would have made anyone happy to see Kenneth’s eyes, how they shone with delight at seeing his sister, and to hear how Nan’s voice rang with joy as she greeted him!

“Goodness! How nice the boy looks!” and she kissed him affectionately. “How’s Mummy and Dad and Billy-boy?” Billy-boy was the younger brother, fifteen years old, and in high school.

“Everybody’s fine. Gee! But it’s good to see you, Sis,” and Kenneth led the way to his roadster.

The Allens owned a large colonial home on the outskirts of Hillsboro, a small town in South Georgia. When the car stopped before the house, Nan caught sight of her mother waiting for her. There is no other feeling that is exactly

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like the one a college girl experiences when she comes home to find her mother's outstretched arms welcoming her. It would have been hard to decide which looked the happier, mother or daughter, as, arm-in-arm, they went into the house.

That night at dinner she told them that Priscilla had consented to come and stay the last week with her, and would arrive sometime on Christmas-eve day.

"Priscilla!" said Ken. "That name sound familiar! Is she the girl you rave so much about in all your letters?"

"Yes," said his sister, "and, Ken, you must help entertain her while she's here. She is a very attractive girl, and quite accustomed to have the boys be attentive to her."

"What does she look like?" asked Billy-boy, who was just recently becoming interested in girls' looks.

"Priscilla is a Puritan name," said Kenneth, "and of course she will live up to it. I can see her now, wearing a prim grey silk dress, her hands folded demurely, and her eyes looking up at you so innocently—What are you laughing at?" for Nan was bent over double.

"Oh!" she told him when she could stop laughing, "you just wait until you see her!"

Nancy's principal interests that week were buying her Christmas gifts, and making her plans for a masquerade ball to be give on Christmas night. On Thursday, which was the day before Christmas, she decided that she, too, would meet Priscilla. Her chum had written that she would come on the three o'clock train, so after lunch Nan called her brother, and reminded him of his promise.

For some unknown reason Ken did not want to go, and made all kind of excuses to get out of it, even declaring he had an appointment with the dentist.

"Dentist, nothing!" said his sister. "You needn't put up an alibi. I heard you tell Ed Raymond you'd see him at three, but you promised me first, and I think you're real mean, so there!"

"Aw, gee whiz, Sis, if you take it that hard I'll go! Anything to keep peace in the family. Ed and I were going to see about our costumes for the ball, but I guess we can do it later. It's 2:30 now and the train is due at 3:15. Go powder your nose!" and Kenneth betook himself off to telephone to Ed Raymond.

The train was ten minutes late, and at exactly 3:25 a

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slender, stylish slip of a girl got off and was greeted joyously by her room-mate. When Nan finally released her, and while she was performing the necessary introductions, Kenneth found himself looking into a pair of coquettish dark brown eyes. His own eyes were quick to note the rosy flush upon her cheeks, and the soft curves of her throat. How pretty she was!

Priscilla held out her hand, and said in a cool voice, "Mr. Allen, you'll certainly have to be good to live up to the reputation your sister has given you. She has told me all about you."

"What has Nan been telling?" said Ken lightly, and then: "After having heard Sis speak of you so much you're not going to make me say 'Miss Grant,' are you? Let's not be so formal. May I call you Priscilla, and will you call me Kenneth?"

Nobody could resist such a friendly smile; at least, Priscilla couldn't. "You may and I will," she said, and her words had lost that impersonal tone. "I don't like to be formal, either."

The hostess at the colonial home was a sweet, motherly woman, and Priscilla found it easy to love her. Billy-boy fell desperately in love with the guest at first sight, and as soon as he could get her off in a corner, asked her to save him a dance for the night of the ball.

As for Kenneth, he was both dazzled and baffled. In spite of the name he had looked for a demure and bashful school-girl, who would expect him to show her a good time. That was what most of his sister's friends seemed to expect of him, and, for Nan's sake, he had resolved to be kind to her.

Kenneth had finished his pre-medical course two years before and was now on the eve of finishing his course in medicine. He and Nan had always been good pals, but, as he was five years older than she, he naturally felt superior to the girls of her set. Of course he flirted with them, but he told himself that when he got ready to settle down, he would pick a girl of his own age, who would be better capable of understanding him.

But Priscilla—well, she puzzled him, and, at the same time, aroused his interest. She was very polite to him, but she treated him nonchalantly, as if to let him know that he wasn't at all necessary to her having a good time. She certainly was extraordinarily pretty. Ken found him-



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self wondering about her, and the knowledge of this made him wonder still more.

The next morning, Christmas morning, after the excitement caused by the exchange of gifts had subsided, Kenneth, Nan, Priscilla and Billy-boy all piled into the car to go after holly and mistletoe, which was needed to complete the decorations for the ball.

They had no trouble in finding it, and, on arriving home, Nan took Billy to help her with the holly, and directed Ken and Priscilla to hang the mistletoe.

Kenneth was delighted with this arrangement, but Billy-boy was indignant. "Aw, that ain't fair, Sis!" he exclaimed. "You oughter give Priscilla the right to say who she'd rather have. Maybe she'd rather have me!"

Nan laughed. "All right," she said. "Which do you choose, Pris, Ken or Billy-boy?"

Priscilla considered. She looked gravely at Kenneth, and then at Billy-boy.

"I believe," she said, "I believe I choose Billy-boy."

The chosen one emitted a loud whoop, but Kenneth looked straight into Priscilla's eyes.

"You're afraid to hang the mistletoe with me," he accused her, "but you just wait until tonight. I'll get even with you."

\* \* \* \* \*

There were all kinds of costumes there that night. Nan, being hostess, was the only one not masked. Both Kenneth and Priscilla had kept it a secret what they were going to wear, and each felt a secret curiosity to know how the other would be disguised. When the dancing began, Kenneth looked everywhere for Priscilla, but he could discover her nowhere. He had expected her to be dressed as queen of hearts, or a gypsy, or dryad, or something of the sort. Most girls did. But then, he suddenly thought, she was different from most girls. He couldn't tell just how she was different, but the difference was there. "Where in the dickens is that girl, anyway?" Ken thought, as he wandered around looking for her.

While Kenneth was dancing with other girls, and trying to persuade himself that he wasn't really looking for Priscilla, but was having a good time, Priscilla was enjoying herself immensely. She danced with everybody, it seemed to her, everybody except Kenneth. She wondered if he would rec-

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ognize her. She was sure that she would recognize him. Probably he hadn't even given her a thought. She became more cordial to the Sultan she was dancing with. Priscilla had danced several times before with this same Sultan, and she had found him very amusing. When he suggested that they go find a convenient spot to rest, she readily consented. They found a little conservatory, and sat down to talk.

Finally, when they rose to go back where the others were, the Sultan had a sudden inspiration. She was standing underneath the mistletoe, and wholly unconscious of the fact! He stepped closer and, before Priscilla knew it, the Sultan had claimed the right that a spray of mistletoe bestows.

She jerked herself away from him. "I hate you! Oh! I hate you!" she said, and turned and ran out of the door.

It was not until they unmasked that Kenneth found Priscilla, and, when he did, he was angry with himself for being in such an eyeless rage. Why hadn't he thought of that before? She was dressed as Priscilla Alden, and, yes, she wore an old-fashioned dress of grey silk! As soon as he could, he went over to her, and, not noticing her look of surprise, said, "You certainly fooled me, Priscilla. I've spent the whole blessed night looking for you, and I'll have to admit that you certainly put one over on me."

Suddenly, he noticed that she wasn't paying any attention to what he said. Her face turned red, and then white. "You" she said, and then, "Oh! I hate you!" and turned away and left him. Kenneth was startled. What had he done? He sought out Nan and told her what had happened, but she knew no more than he.

The remainder of Priscilla's visit was a complete failure. Oh, Priscilla was gay enough when she was with some one other than Kenneth. She flirted with Ed Raymond, rode with Nan and her friends, went to parties, and played golf with Billy-boy. When she was around Kenneth, she was very polite and formal, but she quite openly turned her back upon all his advances.

Nan stood it awhile, and then, putting aside her pride, she went to Priscilla. "Pris, dear," she said, "why do you treat Ken so coldly? Has he been naughty? If he has, he didn't mean it, for he told me so himself. Won't you tell me what is the matter?"

Priscilla had turned to the mirror, and began re-arranging her hair. When Nan finished talking, she turned around

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and faced her chum. "Nan," she said, "if you love me, you'll never mention this again. What shall you wear to Mary Hyden's party?"

Thus the visit came to an end; with understandings and misunderstandings. Priscilla went away with a feeling of mingled pleasure and regret. Mr. and Mrs. Allen were both charmed with their daughter's friend, and, all unconscious of the unfortunate episode, they told her good-bye with many warm pleadings to come again. Kenneth had left the day before, so he was not there for the farewell. Their departure was made merry by Billy-boy's presence, and he would not leave until he had loaded them down with magazines and candy.

The friendship of Nan and Priscilla was not the same the second semester. They still roomed together, it was true, and, judging by appearances, they were as friendly as ever. Both realized, however, that something had come between them, and both knew that that something was Kenneth. In April, Nan received a letter from him, in which he wrote: "Sis, is Priscilla still the same? I wonder why she feels as she does toward me. I know one fact, she'll be different some day."

And now, June had come, and with it, graduation. Priscilla's parents were unable to come, but Mr. and Mrs. Allen and Billy-boy were coming. Kenneth had received his degree the day before, and didn't think he could get there in time. Priscilla tried to make herself believe that she felt relieved at this news, but, in her heart, she knew that she wanted him to come.

When the members of the graduating class took their seats on the stage, preparatory to receiving their diplomas, Priscilla sat next to Nan. While the president of the college was talking, she looked out into the audience, and straight into a pair of brown eyes, like her own—Kenneth's eyes! He had come, after all! The remainder of the exercise was a dream to Priscilla. When she walked up to receive her diploma, she was conscious that Kenneth was looking at her.

After it was all over, Nan took Priscilla by the hand and fairly dragged her out to where her family was waiting. When she had spoken to Mr. and Mrs. Allen and Billy-boy, (she never remembered what she said to them) Priscilla found herself facing Kenneth, and her hand in his. How it

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got there she never knew; but she did know that she forgot to snub him, forgot everything except that he was standing by her side. When he could get her off to herself, Kenneth asked her what caused her to act as she had.

Priscilla turned red and stammered, "Why, Ken, you—you know I couldn't help it after y-you—"

"After I—what!" said Ken, but not with quite the same

"You're making me tell you, Ken. After you—you—k-kissed me, Christmas night!"

"After I—hat!" said Ken, but not with quite the same emphasis as before. Then light began to dawn on him. "Did that idiot of an Ed Raymond really do that?" he said, and then, "Why, Priscilla, you darling, that wasn't I. Ed Raymond and I changed costumes just before we unmasked. I was in dominoes until then, and spent the entire evening looking for you. And to think, you thought that was I!"

"I—I didn't think it, Ken, but after you unmasked, I—I just had to believe it. And I remembered that Nan once told me you were a flirt, and—and made love to every girl you met."

"Did Nan say that? Well, we'll get even by informing her she'll have you for a sister-in-law."

"Oh, Ken!"

Evelyn McArthur.

STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE ARE REQUESTED TO BUY  
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## A Christmas Eve Changeling

"Annice, I hear Gene is leaving for the West after Christmas. Won't you feel that ambition is all you have left then?" queried Florence.

Florence and Annice had been what their parents considered the closest of friends, what their high school friends considered pals. They had been college room-mates, and were now apartment neighbors, each pursuing her life work, so she thought. Annice, particularly, had no fault to find with her life. How could she find fault? Was she not doing just what she had been preparing to do?

"Miss him," and her thought carried her farther than a train of cars, "why, I suppose there will be a difference, but I'm going to be very busy after Christmas. The Ervings have a marvelous painting by Rembrandt. There is quite a history concerning this painting. While traveling in Holland, Mr. Erving was forced, because of an accident, to spend the night in a peasant home, and there he found the painting. Oh, the usual thing you know, an heirloom passed down from a one-time wealthy family. I can hardly wait to get to work on the living-room. The painting is quite characteristic of Rembrandt—those varied browns and touches of orange."

"Well, I hope you don't intend to spend all your life blending colors and draperies, and selecting rugs and pictures for other peoples' homes and never have one of your own to decorate, do you?" questioned Florence.

"Why not? It is an interesting task and my fingers fairly ache to be at work with such things," returned Annice.

"Still, I insist that there is something more in life than just thinking of happiness for one's self. I cannot believe that even you with your work for which you are so thoroughly prepared, your perfect health, your independent position, and your bachelor apartments, have any right to be so satisfied with life as you are, even though you are earning the largest salary of any member of our class," with which tirade Florence left the room.

Annice sat thoughtfully gazing into the fire for some moments. Why was Florence always upbraiding her for being so self-satisfied? Could it be possible that she really was a selfish, self-centered, self-satisfied person?

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The next morning as Annice was going to her office she passed a row of small shops, and on the corner was the "Little Gift Shop." It was in the window of this little establishment that Annice found Felicia smiling out on the passers-by, yet the smile was one of—what was it? So vague yet so evident. Could it be her fancy or was there really a pleading, wistful droop to the doll's mouth? She was just eighteen inches, with russet curls and blue eyes. Beautiful eyes they were, with long, sweeping lashes. Eyes with a far-away look. They were eyes that seemed to be asking for something—something which at first Annice could not understand—then she did. Even though she was a very beautiful doll and had a most attractive place there in the window, she was not happy for she was lonely. Being beautiful and having a beautiful place in which to live wasn't everything in life. All this the doll told Annice and Annice thought; her mind raced back over the years to the Christmas she received her first large doll. Oh, how she had screamed with delight, jumping up and down and clapping her hands. Wouldn't it be glorious just to forget for awhile that one was a mature, independent young woman and to turn back to childhood, to play dolls once more, to dress them, to talk to them and—to love them?

"Truly, this is folly," murmured Annice, "I must be going."

Yet she didn't go. She was helpless. That inner force which she had crushed so many, many times in the past refused to be crushed now. It was crying out for comfort just as that doll was seeking for something.

"Should I? No, I shouldn't." Thus argued Annice with herself, but all to no avail.

"No," murmured Annice, "I won't be so childish."

Her friends, what would they say? It would never do! To them she was the thoroughly efficient and independent Annice. And yet—because she was independent she was going to have that doll. A decision once made with Annice was executed, and she returned to her apartment in a wild ecstasy of delight, with her precious burden.

Florence, coming in late that afternoon, found her friend with bright eyes and flushed face, feverishly sewing. Felicia was magnificent in turquoise blue taffeta. Florence quickly recognized a great resemblance between this stylish gown and an evening dress of Annice's. She found the remains

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of the dress on the floor by Annice.

"Well!" ejaculated Florence, "what new hobby is this?"

"Oh, Florence, isn't she a dream in that blue dress?" cried Annice.

"Yes, but where in the wide world did you get that doll and what has come over you? Can it be possible that you are up to some new financial scheme?"

"Oh, goodness, there you go. Always accusing me of being mercenary so that I may be independent," laughingly remonstrated Annice. "Nothing has come over me. I saw Felicia and decided I wanted her. I bought her, paying fifteen whole dollars, brought her home, dressed her for evening and I'm going to take her to your Christmas dinner Tuesday night," returned Annice, quite out of breath.

"To my Christmas dinner," cried Florence in amazement. "But Gene, our friends, what will they say?"

"Do you think I care what they say?" answered Annice with a toss of her head.

"Oh, that reminds me," exclaimed Florence, deciding the least said of the doll would be the better, "I was talking with Gene this afternoon, and he is leaving Christmas night, just after my dinner."

Annice, who had been intent on fastening a bit of silver lace, now left her work and came to the fire.

"Annice, dear, are you sure you don't want Gene to stay?" asked Florence softly.

Still no answer from Annice. She was not so sure as she had once been. Certainly not so sure as when she had talked with Gene last. How she had argued that her work was the all-important element in her life, but he had left her with that same old understanding twinkle in his eyes. With that same confident air which so enraged her and made her more determined than ever.

After a few moments Florence, deciding she was not going to get an answer from Annice, asked:

"Annice, what are you going to do for the needy this Christmas?"

"I've hardly had time to think of them, Florence, but I must get busy. Do tell me something I can contribute that will bring joy to some one who needs it," replied Annice.

"What are you going to do with Felicia? I am sure there is some little girl who would enjoy having her more than you would," answered Florence.

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"Good! Flo, you're a whiz at suggestions. I'll give Felicia."

"My dear," said Annice, turning to the doll, "you are going to make some little girl happy."

On Christmas eve Annice set out on her adventure. In one arm she carried Felicia, still radiant in her turquoise blue with a wrap of black velvet. In her pocket Annice carried the addresses given her by the Social Service Committee of two families where there were little girls.

At last Annice found the first address. She was met on the steps of the tenement house by a small girl whose face bespoke the Christmas spirit. The child, seeing something in Annice's hands, immediately took her for a social service worker and cried out with joy,

"You needn't bring us any more things to eat. The lady what come this morning brought us just heaps and heaps of good things."

"But I'm not bringing you anything to eat. I'm trying to help Santa Claus find out what little girls love to have for Christmas," answered Annice.

"But I thought Santa Claus always knows what little girls want for Christmas. The other lady said he did; and oh, she said Santa Claus was coming to see me and bring me a baby doll that cries. I just love baby dolls, 'cause they don't have old hair that gets tangled and has to be combed," returned the child.

Wanted a baby doll because they had no "old hair" to be combed. Ugh! and Felicia's beautiful curls.

Annice turned away with a sensation of mingled disgust and loneliness.

"I couldn't have given Felicia to them, now could I?" Annice asked herself.

"They would have smeared her all up—and they wouldn't have combed her beautiful hair; and her clothes would have been all torn—and they had too much, any way. They wouldn't have appreciated her. But it's nine o'clock and I must be going!"

After diligently searching and questioning, Annice found the second address; she knocked and was admitted by a matronly-looking woman in a crisp starched gingham dress and a white apron. For a second the woman looked at Annice questioningly, then smilingly asked her to come in. Annice entered, wondering the while what she was going



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to say, but on entering the room she decided it was useless for her to say anything. What Annice saw was a basket piled high with fruit, a dressed fowl, and other provisions. Around the stove were seated three little girls, eating fruit and enthusiastically discussing the coming of Santa Claus and what they expected him to bring. They were wholly unconscious of a visitor. Annice found some difficulty in making known to the mother her mission, but at last she succeeded.

For a few moments the mother said nothing; she drew Annice into an adjoining room, pulled a box from its hiding place and displayed her treasures. These consisted of three dolls, not to be compared with Felicia, but pretty, nevertheless, three soft dark capes, and three stockings filled to the brim with candy, fruit and nuts.

"You see," said the mother, "my little girls have been provided for. Perhaps you don't consider it so much, but they are very proud of the prospect of a doll and cape and having their stockings filled, and to have me here with them. We thank you very much, but your doll is far too pretty for my little girls. There are others, though, who would be very happy to have her. Haven't you some one at home to do things for? Why are you out on a night like this, Christmas eve, of all nights, trying to do something for us? We have been provided for."

"Yes," returned Annice unhesitatingly, "I have friends and loved ones, but they are well provided for, and besides, I don't want to be so selfish. I want to bring others the spirit of Christmas through my love and through Felicia's."

"Love, did you say? Why, my dear child, you've never had the chance yet to experience what you're talking about. Why, even me, at the head of my household, trying to get food and shelter for my little ones, found out that living only amounts to something when we have our own to do for. My dear, charity begins at home."

Turning from the narrow, dingy street into a public thoroughfare, Annice saw her dreams of bringing the Christmas spirit to the needy, and her complete mode of living, vanish. She had planned to give, and she had received.

Turning her thoughts and her footsteps homeward, Annice clung to Felicia more tightly than ever; for had she not been the means of bringing that great realization?

It was half-past one by her own little ivory clock on her

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own book-shelf.

She sat Felicia on the dresser and, glancing from the doll to her own image in the mirror, was struck by the great resemblance.

"Goodness, Felicia, but in that old dress of mine you look just as I looked when I talked with Gene last. I wonder what he would think if I should give you to him tomorrow night just as you are? Would he understand? Yes, he would, or else why that understanding look in his eyes when he went away?"

Gene did understand and as Kipling once said, "the rest isn't worth telling."

Edna Cockfield.

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## Herod and his Kin

Herod, lord of hosts, in purple and ermine dressed,  
Cowered on a jeweled throne. Moody, depressed  
By ghosts of children, shrieks and cries borne  
    On the wing  
    Of the storm.

Herod, frightened by the ailing of the wind,  
Called his dancing girls together, called together all his kin,  
Bade his slaves prepare a feast and loudly make  
    The cymbals ring,  
    Defying the storm.

Herod, King of Judea, with his princes went to dine,  
To forget the ghosts of babies, he drugged his soul with  
    wine;  
Still to him came moans of children borne  
    On the wing  
    Of the storm.

Herod's jealous spirit is alive today,  
Innocents still the price must pay,  
Babies shiver in the cold  
That Herod may dress in cloth of gold.  
Herod's table is always spread  
While starving babies beg for bread.

The selfish kin of Herod would have us take no heed  
Of sorrowing mothers whose lean hearts bleed  
O'er starving babies and dread ghosts which come  
    In the dead  
    Of the night.

Though if we be not of Herod's jealous kin  
The little hungry ghosts may wander in  
Whispering "To us you can give no aid; help our living  
    sisters

    Else they join us  
    In the night."

Evelyn Brown.

## The Moment Before Dawn

The night in pain draws in one quivering breath,  
And all the flower folk in stillness wait.  
The flying creatures stir as if from death,  
They slow revive; all nature feels the fate  
Of anguished night. The morning stars drift slow  
Across a pain-racked bed of midnight hue.  
The little breezes wafting perfume low  
Across the cheek of night begin anew  
To sing still songs. The timorous morning breaks  
In dawning forms of pink and gold and lo!  
Forgotten is the thought of night.

Lemuel Jay.



## Christmas an Advertisement

In a recent editorial, Dr. Frank Crane discusses Christmas from the viewpoint of an advertisement. In this age of advertising, when all of us are saturated with the feeling that it pays to advertise, we are not surprised to find an advertising scheme attached to practically everything about us. However, some of us, no doubt, had never before thought of Christmas as an advertisement.

Dr. Crane says that Christmas is an advertisement of the Great Wisdom and of Common Sense. For instance, he says: "Christmas advertises the Great Wisdom that love is better than hate, that forgiveness is better than grudges, and that cheerfulness is better than gloom."

He shows further how we leave the spirit of love out of our every-day life, thinking it well enough for Sunday Schools and nurseries. "We love to contend with one another, to compete, and combat," forgetting that "it is co-operation and not competition that promotes civilization, that accumulates wealth, and that brings about peace and prosperity in general."

Thus Christmas rolls around once a year to advertise "the Great Wisdom to the world, the wisdom of love, of brother-

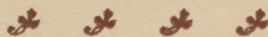
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liness, of helpfulness, and of co-operation."

There is another sense, however, in which our student body has thought of Christmas as an advertisement. Since our recent boosters' meeting, and possibly before, we have all resolved to make the Christmas holidays mean an advertisement for our college. The college is a gift of the State to its daughters—a beautiful gift worthy of our great State, the giver, and of its daughters to whom it is given. We realize that by summer, when we are home again, most of the high school graduates will have decided which college they wish to attend. When we have shown to others our appreciation, love, and loyalty for our school, and made them interested enough to investigate for themselves the exceptional advantages here in this, possibly the State's most modern and effective institution for women, then we will not only have used Christmas as an advertisement for our school, but will have made it mean the advertisement of the Great Wisdom as well.

E. R.



### Of Truth and Truth

Truth crushed to earth will rise again,—  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,  
And dies among his worshippers.

William Cullen Bryant.

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"It were better to have no opinion of God at all than such an opinion as unworthy of Him," said Sir Francis Bacon, "for the one is unbelief, the other, contumely." Yet for one who has been reared in a conventional home, a worthy, unbiased opinion of God, as of any other profound matter, is

## EDITORIAL

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hard to acquire. The beliefs of such a one are founded upon tradition, upon the belief of his parents, whose belief in turn is founded on that of their parents; and a feeling of loyalty to parents prevents his acceptance of newly discovered truths.

All the people of the earth might be divided roughly into three classes: those indifferent to truth; those afraid of the truth; and those who seek open-mindedly after truth. Of the first it is not necessary to speak, for indeed they are unworthy of mention; of the second, they mistake tradition and mere prejudice for loyalty to belief and even to God; of the third, they are the true believers, for they ever seek for truth verily, not fearful of submitting their belief to any test, but secure in the knowledge that truth will stand.

I once knew a man of orthodox belief who refused to send his son to school because there the students were taught scientific truths which he believed to be wholly inimical to his religious belief. He feared the relative power of the truths which he proposed to believe, and of the scientific truths which his son would learn. Rare indeed is that person who loves truth better than his own prejudices. He who believes that in stubbornly setting himself against new truth he is being loyal to truth deceives himself; for even in the so doing he proves his lack of faith in that which he professes. True loyalty to one's belief necessitates open-mindedness.

Scientific and religious truth are not incompatible when rightly interpreted and understood; and it is for man to strive to understand each the better supplemented by the other, rather than for him to stubbornly disregard either. "Man should search for truth as truth, in the faith there is a power in the universe wise enough to make truth seeking safe, and good enough to make truth telling useful."

Martha Youngblood.



“How doth the little, busy bee  
Improve each shining hour!”

That busy little bee has nothing on the student group. Everyone is busy, busy gathering in the loose ends of work to be completed before the holidays, busy amidst preparations for the Christmas Festival, and all the while extremely busy planning in anticipation for the holidays themselves.

Looking back to former Christmas festivals, we remember with pleasure that for every girl there was a part—no matter how small—to play, and looking forward to the coming Christmas Festival, we are all determined to play our small part in such a way that the whole feast will be a success as a whole. College traditions and customs cling to festivities around holiday times. We love these traditions, we are happy “to do and say the same old things in the same old way.”



## SOCIETY NOTES

### SORORIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Sororian Literary Society held its regular program meeting on the evening of December the first. The program was most enjoyable and interesting, especially to lovers of music, since it was a dramatization of Schubert's Love Story. The cast was as follows:

Spirit of Music	Leo Prime
Schubert	Martha Youngblood
Caroline	Grace Cochran
Messenger	Gladys Butler

The prologue as read by Miss Jewell Mitchell.

The first act was a scene in Schubert's studio in which he was giving Caroline, the daughter of Count Esterhazy, a music lesson. Schubert had fallen greatly in love with this charming young lady, but was so very timid he could never find courage to tell her. However, he did express it through the music she asked him to play, but when accused of this, denied it.

In the second scene, a messenger comes to Schubert bringing the news of Caroline's departure on the next day. He must let his love be known in some way. So he finally decides to go to the garden of Count Esterhazy and serenade her. Thus the bashful lover is seen under the window of Caroline, rendering most beautiful love songs. Caroline then returns his love message by throwing him a rose.

### ARGONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

A most interesting meeting of the Argonian Literary Society was held on Saturday evening, December the first. After the roll call and reading of minutes the following delightful program was rendered:

Reading	Louise Howell
Piano Solo	Althea Mae Strickland
Old English Folk Songs	Chorus
Illustrated Talk on Brittainy	Mr. Poston
Vocal Solo	Sallie Lou Powell

Especially was Mr. Poston's talk enjoyed by the society. He pictured to us in most vivid terms the beautiful and historic little country of Brittainy.

Miss Thelma O'Quinn, a former student of our college, acted as critic, and after her report the meeting adjourned.

## Y. W. C. A.

The World's Week of Prayer, Nov. 12 through the 17th, was observed by the students in a very sincere and earnest manner. The meetings were made very impressive and inspirational by the speakers, each giving a message of deep emotional appeal and spiritual meaning to those present. The theme for the week, "The Service of Power," was the underlying note of each address. The following is the calendar for the week:

Tuesday evening: Miss Gertrude Anderson, "Lowliness of Heart."

Wednesday evening: Miss Lemuel Jay, "Bearing the Yoke."

Thursday evening: Miss Edith Patterson, "Sharing the Yoke."

Friday evening: Mrs. Green, "Whose Service Is Perfect Freedom."

Saturday evening: Miss Annie P. Hopper, "Ye Shall Find Rest."

### THANKSGIVING DAY

Thanksgiving Day may be safely called the most eventful and the most enjoyable day of all the year.

After breakfast, the Thanksgiving service was held in the Y. W. C. A. room. It was a very impressive service and many were the things the girls expressed their thanks for.

The biggest and most exciting event of all was the carnival, which was staged on the college campus Thanksgiving night, under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A.

As one entered the grounds, it was impossible not to catch the carnival spirit, for everywhere were seen clowns, peanut, popcorn, balloon and lollypop venders, all lustily shouting their wares, and the inevitable "hot-dog" stand was of no little consequence.

Then there were the shows, each advertised with its glowing posters and convincing "speiler," proclaiming his show to be the biggest and best of all. There were the midgets, the fat woman, the snake charmer, marionettes, fortune tellers, Mutt and Jeff, Maggie and Jiggs, the negro minstrels, and still other things, almost innumerable.

The proceeds from the carnival will be used by the Y. W. C. A. as a contribution to the Blue Ridge Conference Fund.



# ALUMNAE



For sixteen months, yes sixteen by actual count, I have been vainly trying to get the new name of a member of the class of '17! At last my efforts are rewarded and now I shall not have to send my next communication to Miss Minnie T. Harrell in care of her mother, with the request: please forward. Just for the fun of doing it properly one time, I shall send a reply to her lengthy Thanksgiving letter to Mrs. Willard M. Bacon, Jr., 3 Elmwood Court, Winthrop, Massachusetts. A new Pine Branch subscription we must get, for in that way only can I attempt to satisfy her inquiry: "Can you tell me any news of the girls? I scarcely know where any of them are." Good wishes to the student body and faculty came with the personal letter and this part, too, I will share with you: "I have occasion very often to look back and see what the college did for me."

Another letter, though somewhat briefer, came from Alice Feltham, Mrs. W. J. Ham, of Cartersville, Ga. Alice was also of the '17 class. An invitation to the Thanksgiving Carnival and Japanese Bazaar was the occasion for this letter "reminiscing" our first bazaar "years ago," as she was inclined to place it. Truly the suggested "little gift with a bit of yourself" came with this as with a number of others and we did not have to wait until the "eleventh hour" to hurriedly display them, as did Alice, Clyde and I in the ancient days recalled by Alice.

Mrs. Roy Hutchinson, of Adel, Ga., is associated in the public school there as one of the teachers in the primary department. We know her as Thelma Wilkes, of the '17 class.

A new college grandson we learned about! Baby Houston is five months of age, Mrs. Aca Day, of Adel, Ga., is his mother, our Lois May, of the '19 class.

Helen Palmer, also of the '19 class, is at Goldsboro, N. C. Fourth grade work is at present her specialty. Her splendid progress is a delight to us, though we sometimes can't tell all we know.

Remelle Ingram's teaching address is Jakin, Ga. Nothing

## THE PINE BRANCH

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more do we know, except that her heart was with us at the Thanksgiving season.

By chance, Lillian Etheridge and the Alumnae-searcher-after-news had a trip into the city. A short visit on the trolley revealed several things of interest. Lillian is growing younger! Fellow alumnae, do you possess such happy faculty? Lillian has congenial co-workers, a good boarding home, and frequent visits to Valdosta, her home town. First grade boys and girls of the school at Milltown, Ga., claim her attention.

And now to alumnae of more recent times we come: Gladys Faircloth made the college such a hasty call we learned not from whence she came nor whither she went, at least nothing definite. Now, what do you think of that? We hear only that she resides in an aunt's home in Florida. Alumnae, please leave a note about yourselves if you are too hurried to see in person the editor of the alumnae page. She is sometimes left to begin the page with an imaginary outlook.

One full sheet of note paper from a classmate of Gladys' brought many things to us from Mattie Stipe, of the '22 class. Lithia Springs is her teaching address. How inspiring, how joyful is this passage: "I shall send check in a few days for Pine Branch and alumnae dues, as I am getting hungry for all the college news." A helpful state would exist should we all show our feelings in such a helpful way! Judging from expressions here and there, we know she spoke her thoughts and indicated her intentions. "I wish so much I could attend the carnival. I am sure it will be great." Mattie was correct, for indeed the carnival was great. A great fall of rain came to the great disappointment of a would-have-been-great audience to have witnessed a great assemblage of college girls in the greatest show that ever came to the campus! The fun was greatly incomplete, though the greatness of our girls was shown in their ability to be sports amidst obstacles. They accepted the showers as a Thanksgiving blessing. (They were needed) and pitched their tents in the spacious dining hall; and the frolic went on to the amusement of a good audience.

Alma Lee Day, also of the '22 class, is in North Carolina. Seaboard is her postoffice and that is all we know about Alma.

From Titusville, Fla., a message comes from Lucy Flem-

## ALUMNAE

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ing. "I am going home for Christmas. I do wish I could get to the college before the girls leave, for I am afraid I can't get to be there for commencement." Now that absenting of yourselves from commencement is the very thing we want you to avoid. Begin now, alumnae, to make your plans to be here on May 25-29, 1924.

Thanksgiving holidays brought us visits from Thelma O'Quinn and Joyce Sikes, both of the '23 class. Thelma was the guest of Mary Jones and Joyce, of Martha Youngblood.

We located Edna Robinson at Dawson, Ga. Left to our imagination, we presume she is teaching.

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# JOKES

Margaret C. in geography, giving a report on New Orleans): "New Orleans is noted for its grand elevations, which are fourteen in number."

Miss Hopper: "Margaret, do you not mean 'grain elevators?'"

Mr. Wood (in Psychology): "Give a practical example of deductive reasoning."

Annie Loyd: "All Psychology pupils have a hard time. I am a psychology pupil; therefore I have a hard time."

Freshman (in sight singing class): "Mr. Poston, where did Cain get his wife?"

Mr. Poston: "I don't know, but what is worrying me is, where am I going to get mine?"

Mr. Stokes (giving a lecture to girls about not speaking to each other): "In boys' schools they always speak, whether they know each other or not."

Marie Clark: "Well, I do that too."

Lillian (putting up pictures): "I can't find a single pin. Where do they all go anyway?"

M. C.: "It's hard to tell, because they're pointed in one direction and headed in another."

## JOKES

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The girls in the room were talking about the approaching carnival. Suddenly a bright idea flashed into May Lillie's mind. "Let's cut paper into thin strips," she cried, "and use it at the carnival as spaghetti."

Katie H.: "Have you any aspirin tablets?"

Eppie R.: "No, but I have some theme paper."

Hester B.: "I learned to play the piano when I was eight years old."

Gertrude DeLay: "How old were you when you forgot how?"

Agnes A.: "What are you doing, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth L.: "Thinking."

Agnes: "Don't waste your time."

Professor (to Biology class): "Now these bacteria are largely very small, though a small number of them sometimes grow to be very large for their size."

The geography class was discussing the eastern coast of North America.

Miss Hopper: "Florence, what is the line that separates the Piedmont plateau from the coastal plain?"

Florence Godbee: "Atlantic Coast Line."

Elsie G.: "Annie Maude, why do blushes creep over girls' faces?"

Annie M. Torbert (after studying her psychology lesson on instincts): "Because it is an instinct, I suppose."

Elsie: "No, it is because if they ran they would kick up too much dust."

Annie Loyd: "Eva, what is a synonym?"

Eva Boyd: "It's a word you use in place of another when you cannot spell the other."

Louise F. (declaiming in oral English): "Allow me, before I close, to repeat the words of the immortal Webster."

Sallie Lou, to M. C.: "Land sakes! let's get out of here, she's going to start in on the dictionary."

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AND

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