

THE PINE BRANCH

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THE SACRIFICE

Evelyn Brown.

At the age of twelve, Amelita Whipple lived, with her father and mother and younger sister, Florence, "across the railroad tracks," in the southern part of Middleton. The phrase "across the railroad tracks" is enclosed in quotations advisedly, for there lies a wealth of meaning to the initiated—those beings, who, like myself, have grown to maturity in a small southern town. The phrase only goes to show how far Amelita had traveled by her twenty-fifth birthday, via Papa Whipple's use of native shrewdness and business sagacity.

At twenty-five, she lived in a huge semi-Colonial house on aristocratic North Aimsbury Drive. The thirteen years in between were crowded with memories—the kind Amelita chose to ignore and almost succeeded in so doing—almost; yet, ever and anon, some chance associate would prod those dormant memories; then Amelita would have vivid pictures of an aggressive, dried-up wisp of a child, ragged, dirty; a child who knew exactly how to handle a broom, and whose diminutive hands were not guiltless of dishwater. A cross-eyed, pigeon-toed knot of a little girl, bare-foot and unkempt, who watched daintily dressed children play, with a passionate longing to participate; a little girl who, even then, felt so superior that she refused to associate with the janitor's child next door.

Later, at boarding school, as Papa Whipple's shrewdness and sagacity began to make itself felt in the business circles of Middleton, this cross-eyed girl, silent and alone, upon the outer fringe of a social group, listening avidly while social rating and family trees were discussed in that knowing freshman way; always silent and alone, for she had nothing—could have nothing—to contribute; even then, she reflected proudly; now she had sense enough to snub that shabby little scholarship girl; here, listening avidly to her every discussion, a mighty resolve was born. She would have a family tree, even if reduced to evolving one for herself; she would not be a social outcast all her life.

After her twenty-fifth birthday, and the completion of the huge semi-Colonial home on North Aimsbury Drive, time

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hung rather heavily on her hands. With quickness and dispatch she relegated sister Florence and Mama Whipple to their proper place. Regularly, once a year the Whipples threw their home open to le beau monde; regularly le beau monde came, stared and returned home to laugh.

Some time earlier, during one of her first attempts to establish her family's social position, Amelita had enrolled in a private art class; here, the daughters of the wealthy received weekly instruction in the technique of handling a brush. At first, she felt dissatisfied and out of place; but, as time wore on, and pupils came and went, she became more content, filling the huge dwelling with tapestries and landscapes.

Just after leaving boarding school, at the time of the birth of her mighty resolve, she began the fascinating, all-absorbing attempt to evolve a family tree. It became her primary passion in life; on this masterpiece she worked untiringly, and had, in truth, accomplished wonders, beginning as she had done, with the son of a section foreman and the daughter of a barber; she had succeeded, with the aid of books and manuscripts, in tracing the direct line of her family straight to the Virgin Queen, Elizabeth.

Her secondary passion, her husband, somehow became identified in her mind with the first; the one sure way to establish herself in an impregnable social position was by way of marriage; she must have a husband of brilliant connections, of distinguished ancestry; money mattered not at all.

Just at the time when Amelita had discovered Queen Elizabeth, sister Florence met, saw and conquered a man—new county veterinarian. Amelita adopted the veterinarian valiantly, even though hesitatingly, for sister Florence was domestically inclined and getting along in years. So the account of the wedding in the Evening Bugle became a Middleton classic, giving as it did, an extended account of the bride's brilliant connections at the Court of St. James. At first, Amelita had imagined that it was she who had inspired amorous feelings in the doctor; however, she was soon enlightened as to the real state of affairs, and bore the disappointment bravely, with a certain feeling of relief, as the doctor hardly fulfilled her requirements. She was content to wait patiently for her opportunity, scarce realizing the

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flight of time, never doubting for one moment that her day would come.

So busy had she been with her great passion that she had to push those rosily romantic dreams of young Lochinvar, the rightful heritage of every girl, far into the background; she had tucked them out of sight for a less busy day. During these long years, it had never occurred to her that Middleton, as small towns will, had made a joke of her plight. There was a young man in the city, who for some years past, had enjoyed the enviable reputation of "runner-up;" certain it was that each young lady whom he deigned to notice was quickly wedded—certain wags of the town had added that Papa Whipple might employ him to visit Amelita.

Accordingly, Amelita was not surprised when the long expected and never for a moment doubted day came. That is, she knew he was coming, but she was entirely unprepared for the form in which he came. Entirely in accordance with the established afternoon custom of Middleton, Amelita, with her cousin Eva, was serenely promenading Main street around five o'clock of a drowsy summer afternoon. In the course of their progress from one soda dispensary to another, they hesitated by the Bijou moving picture theatre in order to observe the bizarre advertisements; at the same time, Amelita was surreptitiously observing the little knot of men congregated on the opposite curbing, for her experienced eye had observed a stranger in the group; she saw a young man, rather insignificantly built, who was looking at her intently; she turned on an arrogant heel—obviously nobody, unworthy of notice by one related to a queen; she walked on, unconscious of Nemesis.

On her return, she found the young man who was obviously nobody, standing in the same place, accompanied by one of her old schoolmates; introductions followed; a few moments conversation and Amelita discovered that Mr. Walter Potts was a member of a stranded vaudeville troupe; that he had asked for an introduction to her; that he almost asked permission to call.

Amelita proceeded on her homeward way, a victim of mixed emotions; anger at this nobody's daring; pleasure—because—he was a man. He was interested—she could see that—yet, how far short he fell of even approximating her

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ideal. She felt an overwhelming desire to encourage this man for the novel experience; only play a bit—tease and run away. Could she yield? She couldn't be seen with him, for he was so obviously nobody.

She reached home elated; in spite of the persistence of this impish impulse and her firm decision not to yield, she deliberately played with the idea; the mood of elation lasted several days; nothing irritated her; she even neglected to look for snubs at club meetings. Then came the reaction; she grew depressed and began analyzing—elation over a common actor, traveling with a bankrupt troupe; she refused to allow her mind to play longer with that alluring impulse—he was so obviously nobody. Unconsciously, however, in her leisure hours, she began to make an effort toward making herself more attractive; at the same time devoting herself more than ever before to painting and club work.

Toward eight o'clock of the following Sunday evening, Mr. Walter Potts could have been seen, (and was by every housewife on the street) jauntily strolling up North Aimsbury Drive, accompanied by several male acquaintances; jauntily, yet withall nervously. Every housewife on the street saw him turn into the Whipple drive, alone, and proceed toward the house; anxiously watching eyes could see no more, yet they patiently waited, to see in a very few moments, Mr. Potts and his friends retracing their steps; returning, Mr. Potts was undeniably jaunty; delight was written all over his figure; yet his companions seemed, to the watching eyes, rather dejected. Within five minutes every telephone in the neighborhood was busy.

At the same time the following Sunday, curious eyes atched the same procession as it advanced up North Aimsbury Drive; watched the solitary figure of Mr. Potts as it turned into the Whipple walk; waited breathlessly until it reappeared and the procession retraced its steps. North Aimsbury Drive was frankly puzzled.

Promptly at eight o'clock on the next Sunday evening, a close observer would have seen curious females at each window of every pretentious house on the drive, save one; that one was hospitably lighted. For two weeks Amelita had dwelt in fear, trembling at each step on the porch; she wanted desperately to talk to that man, yet she was afraid.

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"Amy Whipple, you hate that man, but you are curious and you are flattered," she told her reflection in the glass, "moreover, you are tempted." Romance peeped at her beyond an alluring door—rose-bordered paths, moonlit skies—a lover, a husband, children—all the possessions a woman rightfully expects from life; romance waited for her just beyond a door.

Just a little after eight, the curious women at the windows on the drive were rewarded by the sight of Mr. Walter Potts and his two associates; as usual, he was seen to turn into the Whipple drive, alone; anxious eyes could see no more; two hours later, Mr. Potts was seen, meditatively pursuing a southward course.

For the first time in her life, Ameliata Whipple found herself ridiculously, illogically happy; she allowed herself to drift, basking in this warmth, until, several months later, she entered a club room, hearing—

"—actually has a beau!"

"No. Who?"

"Quite/ killingly funny—the little actor."

"I can't believe it my dear. Is there a catch in it?"

Amelita retired precipitately; at home, after hours of struggling with herself, she finally reached a decision.

"Amy," she told her reflection in the glass, "you might's well admit the truth. You love him, but you can't have him. If you marry him, you'll regret it all your life—but—make him propose before you send him away.

Her decision reached, she set her stage with care and waited.

The long, low living room was filled with rosy light; in the house fire-place, a great pine log hissed and sputtered, throwing fitful lights and shadows over tapestried walls, where Apollo guided the flaming chariot of the sun; upon the ivory mantle, late November roses filled the air with a haunting fragrance.

Here Amelia waited, panic-stricken and afraid; soon she would refuse to take the only man who had ever wanted to marry her, because he was so obviously nobody; and she was related to a queen. Romance beckoned and she was unable to follow. She heard his steps on the porch, in the hall; in the room; she made a place for him beside her—silently, for she could not trust herself to speak.

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He relaxed in the warm atmosphere of the room; moved nearer and covered her hand with his own.

"Say, Amy," he began earnestly, in a low voice, "I had a special reason for coming round tonight. You know—" he stopped.

Her heart skipped a beat—here, at last—at last—

"Well," he continued after a moment, as though selecting his words, "I sure do appreciate the nice things you've done for me. More than I can say. Look here, I want to ask you something—"

She thrilled—would she have the courage to say No?

"Amy, you're such a pal, and I want to ask a favor of you. I've a good offer on the road again with a stock company, and—well—if it won't be too much trouble, will you forward my mail for about three weeks?"

THE DANCING SENORITA

Jack fairly ran to the chapter house. He could hardly wait to tell the thrilling news to his brother Charles—for the very thought of a bid from the Meredith Murrow of Trowell College fame had set the young freshman in a trance. Yes, he really had it, though—an invitation to the Alpha Delta sorority dance for the following Friday night, and from Meredith of all people. The Meredith at whom he had gazed with longing eye at all the games, as he was forced to take his place among the freshmen while she sponsored the games for Charles. And was he excited? Soon his brother would know all and he imagined this athletic god crushed to earth with envy and jealousy, and especially since a freshman had been given preference over a football captain, one who felt himself ace high with all the so-called "fair sex."

But now at the house he burst into the room to find Charles, with a few of his contemporary seniors, discussing an open letter in his hand. "Imagine it," gasped the breathless frosh—"and from the Queen of Sheba." Slapping his brother on the back, Jack, all puffed with pride, handed him the neatly engraved invitation which was the source of so

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much excitement. The faces of the other boys in the room joined together to form a perfect picture of jazzing good humor when the blase brother returned his invitation with its twin—the open letter he had held in his own hand. A cloud crossed Jack's brow—"Well, I don't see why she didn't just address one to the Theta Sigma chapter house and save a little energy and several stamps," he pouted, "but I'm going anyway; what do you say?"

"I say that I'm going and that I want you to make your plans to go too. But be still, can't you? There's no use acting like a 'jack-in-the-box' about it." So Jack, a little subdued, turned to go to his own room when he was called to again by his brother.

"And see here, Jack. You may have the tux for Friday night too. Even if it is a fraction too large, I think you're swelled up enough over this to fit it. I'll round one up from somewhere."

Time dragged. To Jack, several years passed before Friday finally came, but it found him in high spirits, with a pounding heart, and the Buick roadster waiting in front of the chapter house. From Newburg to Trowellton he kept the speedometer between forty and sixty, and they reached the limits of the college town about six. After registering at the hotel, Charles insisted that Jack call Meredith and take her for a short drive, adding that he would like to go himself, were it not for a dull headache.

Now that he had gone, Charles breathed a sigh of relief. He'd get into the tuxedo and hide from Jack until time to leave for the dance. "Poor little old boy! It is a dirty deal," he thought, "but I just couldn't get a tux at the house on account of that club dance the debs are staging tonight. And I have to go to this dance. Jack can see her this afternoon and I'll pin her tonight."

Making quick and quiet work of it, he dressed and strutted proudly in front of the mirror, admiring his manly physique and Valentino hair-cut. He mused to himself as he pulled the tux together in front, turning and twisting to meet every possible view of himself in the mirror.

"Well, I'm not a bad looking bird by a long shot. This is six feet of the cream of young manhood, all right," rubbing his shimmering black hair with several caressing strokes, only to be forced to move from his prized place in front of

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the mirror to go in search of a towel with which to remove the resultant greasy oil feeling from his hands.

"Oh, ho! every time I think of Meredith—but she is a keen femme though, and I wouldn't mind her showing off that pin of mine. 'That great big handsome brute,' she calls me—says all the girls call me that handsome brute because I' so indifferent. It's funny to me, though, why she's wasting so much time with that kid brother of mine. Guess maybe she's trying to get on the good side of one more member of my family. But I reckon I'd better be getting out of here before Jack gets back."

Poor Jack! He was so thrilled and elated as he came into the room like a whirlwind, raving about Meredith. But he stopped short on realizing that he raved and shouted to empty space. What had become of his brother? Oh, perhaps he had gone out for a bit of fresh air before dressing, for as yet it was quite early. "Well, any way, I'll dress now—'cause, wow! I'm living a dream tonight."

He opened the little bag and at first started removing their things very carefully; however his gait increased and his eyes stretched as he had taken out almost everything to find no tuxedo. Wildly he began slinging things in every direction; he looked in the bed; he looked under the bed; he looked in the little closet—and there hung the reason for it all—a grey tweed suit.

* * * * *

Ten o'clock came and Charles was, by appointment, on the floor of the college octagon in seventh heaven with Meredith. "Now look here Meredith, you knew I wanted first intermission with you too. Yes, I know I have big intermission, but that's not enough. See what you can do about it. Won't you—for me? I have something to ask you. Ray's a good sport and he's your cousin anyway."

"Well, I know he's my cousin, but even if he is, Charles, he's been lovely to me, and I can't ignore it. This is the first time I've seen him since last summer and he says he has worlds to tell me. But I'll see what I can do," she added coyly, "'cause he hasn't anything to ask me. Can't you ask me what you want to now? I can't wait."

"Nope, can't tell you now, 'cause it needs the proper setting," and with a snappy squeeze of the hand he led her to stroll over toward Ray, who, with a line of stags, was smok-

ing in one corner of the room. Of course Ray didn't want to, but since it was Charles, it would be all O. K. He'd see Meredith in the morning. So that was fixed and they were apparently as satisfied as two birds in the springtime until Charles caught sight of something that held him spell-bound—a strange and beautiful lady. There was truly another belle this evening, a tall brunette vamp with patent leather hair, ear rings and all, and Dan Cupid was certainly at work. He felt his heart move from its natural place; he thrilled; he fell and became insane for an introduction. Finally he managed to muster up enough courage to ask Meredith who the charming young lady was that all the boys were falling for so hard, for there was a gang hanging around.

"Well, I'm sure I don't know. I noticed her awhile ago, but I can't find out who she is. I suppose all the Alpha Deltas will be deserted before intermission."

And she was right. The brunette left the floor during the fifth dance and several dances were broken to follow her in a moonlight stroll. At least six frat pins were offered her by silly freshmen and wise sophs and twice as many hearts. She was a past master in the art of flirting, all right; and Charles was so flattered by her flirtation that he could have kicked himself for tying up his intermission with Meredith.

"Two no-breaks before I can get a chance at her," he thought. "Isn't she a peach? Never saw her before, I suppose, but those devilish eyes certainly look familiar. If she smiles at me once more I'll just keep my frat pin for future use—that's all." All the time looking in her direction, apparently unconscious that Meredith was trying to ask him if he didn't just love moonlight waltzes. "And, Charles, this 'Dream of Heaven' was played by special request for us. Isn't it divine?" And with that Charles, watching the feet of his siren, was so befuddled that he managed to step all over Meredith's dainty little slippers.

"Uh-uh, please pardon me Meredith," he mumbled in an embarrassed manner, "must have been a rough place in the floor—or, uh something."

"Yes, something or some one," she retorted. "Oh mercy, look at the red rose Ray has tossed to the vamp. It's disgusting. Look at that. Trying to affect the Spanish type

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and dance with it between her teeth. This makes me positively ill."

"Me, too," came weakly from Charles.

Finally the no-break over and a fox trot! He'd break now, and break he did. Yes! He broke a dance with Claire Reynolds to break on the unknown. And she permitted it, although there had never been a formal introduction.

"At last," he breathed. "I've been crazy to meet you."

She smiled, and oh that smile!

"Gee, but you're a great dancer. You follow my lead perfectly. It's like I had danced with you before."

That sweet smile again.

"I'm anxious to see you again. How about first fox-trot after intermission?"

"Well, Charles, I have that dance, but—uh—I believe I'll break it for you," and with that Ray broke. So off went the flattered Charles to join the stag line for a smoke and a dream.

"And she'd break it for me! Gosh, what encouragement. They all seem to flop for me on sight, though. Won't we be a handsome couple? No curly-headed baby doll Meredith for me when I have a sleek-haired stately princess like that."

Charles was aroused from his dream by the realization that it was first intermission and with Meredith he strolled dumbly to a lawn bench where they sat.

"Charles, you act so anxious tonight—like you wanted to say something, or maybe ask something. Won't you tell me?"

"It's nothing, dear. Just feel a little queer. I really didn't want to ask you anything at all. Was just selfish with my time with you. I realize now that I shouldn't have been so greedy."

"Oh, that's all right. But I believe you did want to ask me something, too. Honest now, didn't you?"

"Well, perhaps its a little untimely here, but—"

"Please."

"Well, Meredith, I just wanted to ask you not to think that Jack has committed the unpardonable by accepting your invitation and then not showing up, for he fully expected to come tonight, as he must have told you this afternoon, but at the last moment he was seized with an uncer-

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tain feeling, and I'm sure he must be in bed now. Poor boy, I really shouldn't have left him."

"Well, my land, don't let that worry your mind. I am sorry to hear that Jack is ill, though he seemed perfectly well this afternoon."

"Oh he'll soon get over it, I'm sure."

"Is that all?" came from Meredith in a disappointed tone.

Intermission over, he could hardly wait to find his senorita to lead her in the soft silvery light of the mellow moon. He declared his love for this "Therese."

"Therese," he thought "What a beautiful name." She was divine, his dream girl. How quickly he had forgotten Meredith. And the grandest thing at all was that this wonderful being answered him—not with words, for she talked very little, but with affectionate glances, and they spoke only of love and she accepted him. She—a perfect stranger yesterday, made him supremely happy today, and he would be always. She was the girl to wear his Theta Sigma pin, so he pinned her then and there, while Therese held her breath, for fear that he would discover the other, just like his, that lay hidden in the folds of her crimson Spanish scarf.

After several moments of spasmodic caressing, Therese jumped to her feet with, "I do believe the dance is over, we must go in. I can't break two dances with Bob. I'm afraid I'll ruin my rep at Trowellton."

"But, Therese, can't you give me one more dance somewhere?"

"It's a break. How about tagging me?"

And it happened that way. Meredith and her confidential group were standing around the punch bowl watching Therese's and Charles' affair grow. They watched him as he tagged her. She smiled her sweetest smile.

"You know, Charles, it does seem that we have danced together many times before, and I believe we have," she said, after a few moments.

With this Therese calmly removed the black wig from her head and in a very quiet voice said, "Didn't you teach your little brother to dance this year at the chapter house?"

Meredith uttered one wild scream, mingled with amazement and delight, and as everyone turned to look in their direction, Jack bowed very low, wig in hand, to the group of his former admirers.

Grace Buie, '25.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

"Girls, it's only one short week and a half until that Freshman-Sophomore prom, and what do you think? I haven't heard anything definite from Wilbur yet," said Jane, as she perched herself on the side of the day bed. She ran her fingers through her French bob, and with a toss of the head continued, "The time's so short now, I think I'll invite somebody else."

"It looks like he'd know intuitively that you'd be anxious to have him tell you something definite," said Frances another college freshman.

"Intuition? Men, poor things, haven't any intuition," volunteered Edna. "Anyway, I'd certainly not wait on him any longer. He's just kept you waiting 'till it's too late to ask anybody else," she continued.

"But who can I invite?" asked Jane thoughtfully. She knitted her brow for a few seconds, then her face brightened. "I know, I'll invite Frank Pike. He'd be tickled to death to come. I don't know why I didn't think of him sooner."

Catherine had remained silent thus far, but now she began to take on a little more concerned air. "Jane, hadn't you better wait another day on Wilbur? You know if both were to accept you'd have quite an interesting evening trying to entertain both of 'em."

Just at that instant the peal of a bell was heard and the visitors leisurely betook themselves to their respective rooms.

"Catherine needn't concern herself about me. I know how hard it is to get one of these independent young gents to accept. Anyway, I'm going to send this invitation on to Frank, else I'll be left high and dry without anybody, and I certainly don't want to be any wall flower that night. I'll leave that to some of those dignified sophs," thought Jane. "They'd be pitying me if I didn't have some one, because I couldn't get anybody to come." And forthwith the invitation was sent.

Four days passed and in came a letter bearing the Hampton postmark. Yes, Frank would be delighted to come. It was just the invitation he had been wishing for. Jane felt very much gratified. How glad she was that she had gone on

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and invited him. "Frank really appreciates my invitation," she said. All of her uneasiness about the prom's going off right for her had vanished.

On the following day when she came in from class, she found on the table a letter addressed in Wilbur's bold handwriting. She picked it up indifferently. "Guess I'll see what Wilbur has to say for himself. I bet the dear boy is so swamped with work 'til he just can't get off, and for the selfsame reason hasn't written before," remarked Jane ironically. She carelessly tore open the flap and proceeded to read. What was it he was saying? Yes, he had waited longer to write than he had expected to, hoping to find some way of getting away for the prom, and as he had hoped, the way had at last opened up. Horrors! what would she do now! She had never been in such a dilemma before! She rushed down to Frances' room to break this terrible news to the girls down there. Frances stood before the mirror patting a curl in place here and daubing a bit of powder there. She half turned as Jane entered the room, and caught the expression on her face. "What's the matter, ole girl?" she asked lightly. "Everything's the matter," answered Jane. "Wilbur Horne has had the audacity to accept my invitation at this late hour. What am I to do? Suggest something quick. Think fast. You just must help me out of this."

"Well, er—just—er—I'll tell you," said Catherine, "just find another girl whose friend isn't coming, and ask her to take one of 'em off your hands."

Jane's face brightened, but only for a second. "No, that'll never do," answered Jane. "Frank was so thrilled over my invitation that of course I couldn't think of treating him that way, and what would Wilbur think of me to wish him off on somebody else after he's making such an effort to come? He'd never forgive me!"

During the time that followed, Jane lost all of her enthusiasm for the prom. "If I ever get out of this mix-up, I'll forever be on the safe side hereafter," she thought. "Yes, sir, 'safety first' shall my motto be!" But such thinking as this got her nowhere. She couldn't sleep at night, nor did she hear half that was said in class. Oh, for a solution to this problem!

"Only tonight," was Jane's first thought when she arose

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on the morning of the prom. Her problem seemed to grow in size. Whose flowers would she wear?—and a thousand other questions presented themselves. She was getting desperate. “Well, here’s a special delivery. It’s flowers, I know, but let me see what they are—and whose!” One would have thought that a murder had been committed from the expression on Jane’s face. “Red, red roses, and my dress is just that shade of pink that will fairly fight with this red, and yet Frank sent them, and he was so lovely about coming I feel that if I wear anybody’s flowers I must wear his.”

About an hour later there came another package—the flowers from Wilbur. She half-heartedly opened the box. For a moment her face beamed. “How perfectly beautiful! Orchids—and a dress like mine! Heavenly!” But alas—she sat down on the side of the day bed and stared blankly into space. She would certainly be insane if this lasted much longer. For the hundredth time, she began, “If I ever get out of this mix-up—”

Jane looked at her watch. Only two hours until time for the prom to begin. Where were her prom cards? At length they were found. What would she do about that first prom? Each of them would expect to have it with her. The rest of the proms were “fixed.”

When Jane had finished her toilet the other girl pronounced her beautiful—her dainty, filmy dress of pink falling in graceful folds, each curl of her brunette hair in its proper place, and her eyes sparkling with excitement. But what would she do about the flowers! “Red, red roses on one side and orchids on the other, I guess,” she remarked sarcastically. Finally she decided to wear the orchids. The roses were out of the question so far as harmony was concerned, and she’d improvise something to satisfy Frank on that score.

Jane marched serenely down to the reception hall. Small groups here and there chatted gaily. Soon Frank was ushered in. She greeted him cordially. In a moment she handed him his prom card, all the time watching the door narrowly. The first prom was beginning. “But where is Wilbur?” she thought. When the prom was about half over, she saw Wilbur coming hurriedly in. Unconsciously—to Frank—she led the way in that direction. She made it con-

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venient to meet him just as he had been relieved of his coat and hat. "I've just been looking for you," she said. "Come finish this prom with us. I believe I have the next one with you, too." The second prom began, and Frank was safely placed in the hands of Frances.

The flowers! What would she do about them! Had he noticed them yet? Another prom with Frank was beginning. There was soon no doubt as to whether he had "noticed them yet." He was looking at them with a puzzled air. What he must be thinking of her! He glanced up, caught her eye, and realized that she had been looking at him. "I was looking at the flowers," he said. "I thought I ordered ro—, but that horrid florist seemed never to understand what I wanted. I like the orchids, though. Really, I think they are beautiful with that dress." Jane heaved a sigh of relief. There! that was over. "And the dear boy really thinks the florist made a mistake in the kind of flowers he wished her to send," she thought. m

As the evening wore on, Jane began to wonder what she would do at the end of the last prom. So far she had progressed very well with the help of her friends, her own good luck and the good natured blindness of Frank, but she couldn't rely on these things too much!

At length, the last prom began. She had had the previous one with Wilbur, and this one fell to Frank. Frank nervously looked at his watch. "Jane, I'm afraid I'll have to be leaving at the end of this prom. I must be back in my office tomorrow morning, and so I must catch that evening train out of here. It was so good of you to ask me, and I've had a heavenly time!" And he was off.

A few days later Jane and her freshman friends sat in her room discussing that all important subject—men. Each in turn poured forth a volley of words about her "ideal man." Edna began, "A tall, handsome—" "Yes," Frances broke in, "tall, deep blue eyes, dark hair—" And so it went.

"Well," interrupted Jane, "whether he be tall and slender or low and fat, give me an understanding heart. I had the most adorable letter from Frank today. He said he wanted to come back to see me soon when the interests were not so divided. Who said men have no intuition!"

Gussie Belle Rentz.

FRIENDS

My friends are the pine trees, which rise so high above me,
Higher, even, than the tall church spire.

My friends are the pine trees, and they whisper softly to me
The mystery of Nineveh, the secrets of Tyre.
So eternally old are they.

But the beauty of my pine trees, when the sun comes gleam-
ing thru'

Is more wonderful than the secrets of Tyre.

And the wonder of my pine trees, when the wind goes
soughing thru'

Is greater than the marvels of Nineveh and Tyre.

So immortally young are they.

Evelyn Brown.

EDITORIAL

A FABLE FOR STATESMEN

Long, long ago while the world was yet very young, there lived in a cave in the Great Forest a Man. During all his life the Man had hunted in the Great Forest and had gone even beyond to the waters of the Deep Sea.

In all his journeyings he had collected much goods. When there was born unto the Man a Son, he rejoiced greatly, and he said: "I will make the life of my son easier than my life has been. In the cave in the mountains, near my cave, I will fit him up a home where he shall live, and his children after him."

The Man did everything even as he had planned; and when the Son became of an age, he was established in a cave of his own fitted up by his father's own hand.

The Man returned home well satisfied, saying to himself, "It is good. I have provided for my Family."

In the meantime, however, a Younger Son was born and lived happily through his childhood as freely at home in his brother's as in his father's cave.

One day as the Man returned from a journey far into the forest, he was met by the Younger Son, who began at once to speak to him.

"Father," said he, "the time has now come when I am old enough to want a cave of my own. Will you lend me, too, your aid?"

The Man looked at the youth in dismay. How could he give to him when he had already given—nay, was still giving—so much to that other son?

Much perplexed he stood for a time in silence, scarce knowing what to do, then a sudden thought came to him; he slapped his hands together in delight.

"My son," he answered, "for many years I have given unto your brother, yea, from even before you were born. I have used all my savings to establish him in his cave. Now, I no longer have anything of avail with which to aid you. Go live with your brother!

"You have always been welcome in your brother's house. Yea, it is even as your own. Only make the journey thither

EDITORIAL

and spend the means of your sustenance there, and no one will hinder, but you twain shall be together as my one son."

But the youth was not pleased with his father's thought, and went away sorrowing. He built himself a little cave, and his father lent a helping hand to please him.

Again some time later, when his own family had begun to grow and his need became greater, the Younger Son approached his father with a request for a cave as large as his brother's, and again his father said to him,

"Nay, my son, I can aid you little. Go live with your brother."

And again the young man went away sorrowing, for to live with one's brother is not good when one needs and desires a cave of one's own!

This Fable Teaches

The position of the young womanhood of South Georgia in relation to its educational needs, and of the Georgia State Womans College at Valdosta in its lack of support adequate to meet these needs.

EVENTIDE TO EARLY MORN

A translation from Virgil's *Aeneid*—Book Seven—Lines
eight to thirty.

At eventide the gentle breezes glide
Far o'er the unbarred silvery moonlit tide;
As we are slowly wafted on our way,
We sight the magic realms of Circe's sway.
Among untrodden gloomy groves so wild,
Sings constantly the Sun God's wealthy child,
Who nightly burns in boundless queenly hall
Sweet cedar as nocturnal light for all.
Midnight—and all the wild beasts cry and prowl.
The bustling swine chase after feathered fowl;
And forth from caves, a striking, fiery gleam
From many thousand ghastly eyes doth stream.
The golden sun upon the sea hath beamed.
Aurora quickly casts a spell undreamed,
And from aethereal heights peers boldly down
A-lighting Circe's lovely saffron crown.
While joyful sailors in a small rowboat
With manly toil of oars keep them afloat,
Cruise up and down the golden, sunlit streams
Till breezes slowly sink to pleasant dreams.
While birds sing sweetly high above our heads,
Along the lofty banks and river beds
Unnumbered flocks of gayly plumed tribe
Here in this spacious land shall e'er abide.
Shirley Gaskins.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. has had several delightful treats during the past month.

On Wednesday, February 19th, Miss Elizabeth Webb, who is well known as president of the Southern Division of Council and also as a representative of the American Y. W. C. A. in the International Council, which recently met at High Leigh, England, came to our campus. Her talks were very interesting and were enjoyed by every one who heard them.

As always, we were very happy to have Dr. Smart, of Emory University, with us for a week-end. This is the fourth annual visit he has made to the college, but the students unanimously agreed that they were not willing to give him his diploma. We all think Dr. Smart will need to take a post graduate course and be with us again next year.

Clever and full of wit and humor from beginning to end was the play "Cousin Kate" given by Mrs. Mildred Bass Anderton of the Leland Powers School of Oratory, Boston, Mass., on Friday evening, March sixth. Mrs. Anderton presented the play in a charming manner which completely captivated her audience.

SOCIETY NEWS

ARGONIAN NEWS.

The regular program meeting of the Argonian Literary Society was held Saturday night, Feb. 21st. The purpose of this meeting was to make a final estimate of the literary value of past work, to survey what is being done by our writers of today, and to attempt to indicate the possibilities of the future. The program was as follows:

1. Southern Literature Looking Backward.
Miss Verna Scarborough.
2. Piano, Solo----- Miss Althea Strickland
3. Contemporary Literary Magazines of the South.
Miss Nellie Bracey.
4. Violin Solo-----Miss Hester Bruce
5. Southern Literature Looking Forward
Miss Juanita Tillman

The critic of the evening was Miss Frances Thomas.

At the last business meeting of the society Miss Nana Alexander and Miss Grace Buie were chosen as debaters to represent the society in the inter-society debate .

SORORIAN NEWS.

The Sororian Literary Society held a regular program meeting Saturday evening, February 21. The programs for the second semester are to consist of studies of our own authors and their works. Joseph Hergesheimer, one of our most noted writers, was topic of program for Saturday evening. A most delightful program was rendered. "Interesting Facts About Joseph Hergesheimer."

Annie Ruth Sawyer.

Synopsis of "Balisand"-----Addie Bevis
Short Story, "The Token" ----- Genia Martin
Vocal Duet, "Shadows Across My Heart."

Sarah Arnold and Mary Chesnut.

Current Events—International-----Christine Harvey
National -----Annie Humphrey
State -----Hilda Windham
General Topic-----Ruth Summers

At a recent meeting Miss Margaret LaFar and Miss Mary Alice Sineath were elected to represent the society in the inter-society debate.

LOCALS

EMORY GLEE CLUB.

On the afternoon before the program the G. S. W. C. Glee Club entertained Emory Glee Club at a reception in the rotunda of Ashley Hall. The rotunda was tastefully decorated with japonicas, giving a hint of spring to the occasion. Several numbers were sung by each of the glee clubs, and Miss Alice Clarke and Mr. James Stiles particularly pleased all with their solos.

GLEE CLUB PRESENTS "LOVE'S QUANDARY."

On Friday evening, February 20, G. S. W. C. added another to its long list of successes, when the Glee Club presented "Love's Quandary," a miniature opera written by Mr. C. E. Poston, director of the Glee Club, and Mr. H. D. Tovey. While all the parts were well cast, those played by the Misses Alice Clarke, Irma Mathis, Martha Youngblood, Mildred Hicks, Marjorie Seals and Harriet and Remer Jones were especially enjoyed. The club is now making plans to present "Love's Quandary" in Waycross, Tifton and possibly elsewhere.

SPRING FESTIVITIES BEGUN

Plans are being made and preparations begun for a number of the spring festivities, the first of which is Field Day.

A basket ball tournament is also being arranged between the athletic associations of both the college and the high school.

The Sophomores have chosen their class play, and are eagerly beginning to practice "Twelfth Night," which is to be presented by the class of '25.

"ANNUAL" NEWS.

At last the dreamed of is coming to pass and this year G. S. W. C. will publish its first annual. The first volume of "The Pine Cone," as we shall hereafter call it, is rapidly becoming more than a dream, as the staff members complete plans that they have been harboring since they entered G. S. W. C.

ALUMNAE NOTES

One of the most delightful events of this month was the annual Valentine get-together of local alumnae. It was held this year in the "House in the Woods." Dr. Powell and Miss Hopper were the guests of honor on this occasion. The alumnae present were: Arlie Gaskins Feazell and Emma Sue Morris King of the '17 class; Ida Groover and Edith Patterson of the '18 class; Natalie Sirmans Williams of the '19 class; Mildred Price of the '21 class; Estelle Barker, and Willie Mae Mathews of the '22 class; Nana Alexander, Ruth Carrin, Frances Dekle, Katie Herrin, Kathleen Moore, Deborah Patterson, Gussie Belle Rentz, Eppie Roberson, Verna Scarborough and Clarice Weathersbee of the '23 class; Marie Clyatt, Frances Faries, Clarice Ivey, Margaret LaFar, Mary Small and Martha Youngblood of the '24 class, and Grace Buie. An interesting program was given and dainty refreshments were served.

At last we have been able to find out something definite about a long lost member of our household. Lucille Cushman of the '17 class we find is physical education director in the Ridgewood, New Jersey, high school. She is director of the varsity basket ball team, has won seven consecutive league games, and one more to play for the championship in the North Jersey League.

There has come into our alumnae household an entirely new member. Anne Grant it is, and she claims January 24th for her birthday and our Morgan MaJette of the '17 class as her mother.

Helen Mizell, Mrs. W. P. Shelley, of the '19 class, is now located in Telogia, Florida.

Martha Lucas of the '21 class is teaching science and sewing in the Pine Hill school, Decatur county, Bainbridge, Georgia.

Lois O'Quinn of the '21 class was recently married to Dr. O. A. Spence. They are making their home in Milltown, Georgia.

Bernice Rivers of the '21 class is teaching clothing in the Hoke Smith, Jr. High School, Atlanta, Georgia. She is living at 871 Peachtree street.

Mary Poindexter is teaching in the schools of Carrollton, Georgia.

THE PINE BRANCH

Mattie Stipe of the '22 class is doing seventh grade work in the schools of Hephzibah, Georgia. She writes us, "I'm hungry for news from the dear old pines. I'll never get too far away or too busy to think of and love that old campus and everyone on it." Many of us remember Mattie as a much loved Y. W. C. A. president of former years, and regret that she will not be able to be with us at commencement because her school does not close until June 12th.

Freddie Hunter of the class of '23 is teaching in the schools of Melbourne, Florida.

Maude Myrick of the class of '23 is teaching in the schools of Easley, South Carolina.

Thelma O'Quinn of the '23 class has recently accepted a position at Cumming, Georgia. She writes: "I like Cumming just fine. We have about four hundred on roll and athletics are receiving first place. I am coach of the girls' team."

Gertrude DeLay of the '24 class is teaching in a consolidated school out from Rome, Georgia.

From Edith Brinson of the '24 class comes a most interesting letter. She is teaching the fifth grade in the schools of Sarasota, Florida. She seems to be delightfully situated and says, "It is all like a wonderful dream." She is already planning to come to commencement.

Olin Bland of the '24 class is teaching the third grade in the schools of Lovett, Alabama. She tells us that there are fifteen hundred students and thirty-seven teachers in the school.

Christine Meadows of the '24 class is teaching mathematics and expression in Mary P. Willingham School for Girls, Blue Ridge, Georgia. She says in part, "I certainly miss the college. I have often thought that if all the girls love that good place as I do, there need be no fear that it be praised and honored. I am hoping to be there for commencement."

Catherine Wheeler of the '24 class is teaching in the schools of Hopkins, Georgia.

JOKES

Something About Poles.

Ruth McKinnon (in Training School): "Why is so cold near the North and South poles?"

Fifth Grade Pupil: "To keep the earth's bearings cool."

Forgetting So Soon.

Minnie G.: "How many years has it been since 1837?"

Christine H.: "Oh! you know I don't remember."

Didn't Use the Emergency.

Nellie B.: "Why did you lose your teeth, J. F.?"

First Grade Pupil: "Shifting gears on a lolly pop."

Is This Higher Education?

Student (to prostrate fellow student who has fallen over a stone: "Did you fall?"

Fellow Student: "How utterly imbecilic! Of course not! My body possessing solid sustance, an impact with a stationary solid sustance which by law of inertia resisted force applied to it and destroyed my equilibrium, so not being able to defy or break law of gravitation, I succumbed to the inevitable and assumed this horizontal position."

New Idea.

F. M.: "Did you give any Valentine presents?"

A. C.: "No, 'cause everything I got was useful."

Another Chance Missed.

Nettie Reid: "Will dailies count on this terms grade?"

Miss S.: "I am afraid your will not."

"Cheap Skate."

Miss Craig: "Now, what can you tell me about nitrates?"

A. W.: "They are much cheaper than day rates."

Understandable.

Helen Y.: "The answer you have just given is as clear as mud."

Elsie: "Well, that covers the ground, doesn't it?"

THE PINE BRANCH

Well Known.

Ruth: "What character do you have in the Glee Club?"

M. C.: "I don't have any character. I'm in the chorus."

Knowledge Cheap.

Emma (looking at reference book): "This book will do half your work for you."

Ella B.: "Give me two of 'em quick!"

Variety Is the Spice of Life.

Mr. Wood (in History of Education class): "What did the Greek Rhetorical school teach?"

Ella: "Oh! I know. Grammar and English."

Graceful Posing.

Mr. Wood: "How many pictures must I have made for the annual?"

Eppie R.: "Only one."

Mr. Wood: "Well, I knew I had to appear twice, but I thought you wanted one standing straight and maybe one on my head!"

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PROGRAM WEEK OF APRIL 6th, 1925

MONDAY—TUESDAY

Gloria Swanson and Tom Moore in
"MANHANDLED"

What a story! What a star! Glorious Gloria at both ends of the fashion ladder. "Manhandled" has it all! Beautiful clothes and settings.

FOX NEWS—ANDY GUMP—TURNER'S
CHICAGO SERENADERS

WEDNESDAY

Anna Q. Nilsson and Ernest Torrence, in
"THE SIDE SHOW OF LIFE"

From Wm. J. Lockes story "The Mountebank" a Paramount Picture.

CENTURY COMEDY
TURNER'S CHICAGO SERENADERS

THURSDAY—FRIDAY

Eva Novak, Eileen Percy, Pauline Stark, Claire Adams, Rockcliffe Fellows, Robert Edeson, Sheldon Lewis and True Boardman, in
"MISSING DAUGHTERS"

True love builds it's own little fortress of faith.
FOX NEWS—HODGE PODGE
COLUMBUS AND ISABELLA

SATURDAY

"Ilak" world famous dog of Alaska, Eva Novak and Spotteswoode Aitken, in

"THE LURE OF THE YUKON"

A romantic story of the gold rush on the Yukon River. Filmed in Alaska. A great herd of Reindeer appear in the picture.

"KRAZY KAT." **"THE RIDDLE RIDER"**

NEXT WEEK

"Feet of Clay" "The Gold Fish" "Love and Glory" Josephus Daniels.

APRIL 20-21 THE DRESSMAKER FROM PARIS.