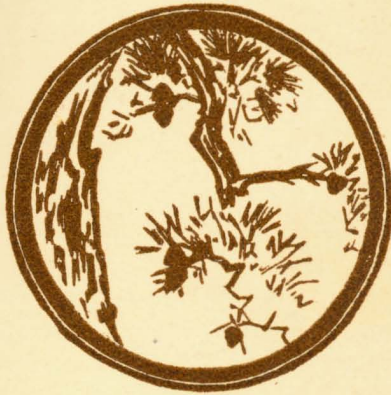


# THE PINE BRANCH



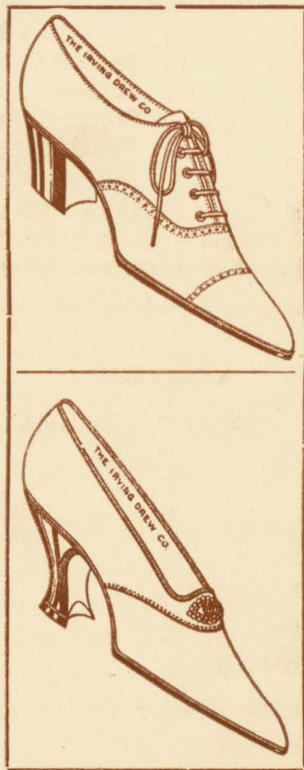
JUNIOR NUMBER

MARCH  
1919

VOLUME 2 : NUMBER 5

# *“The Fit is the Thing”*

NEVER LACKING IN ATTRACTIVENESS



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difference  
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## The Pine Branch

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### March

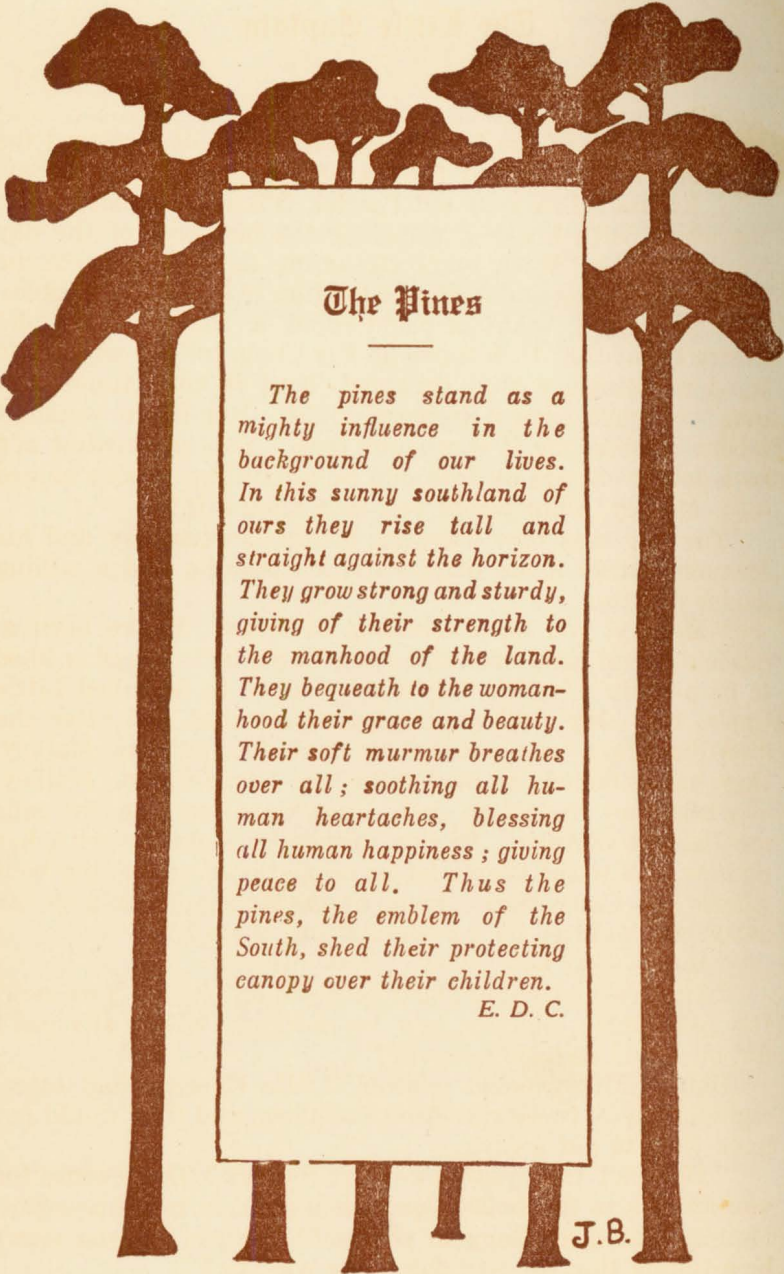
The stormy month has come at last  
    With winds and clouds and sunny skies;  
We hear the rushing of the blast  
    As through the slender pine it sighs.

Though passing few are those who speak,  
    Wild stormy month, in praising thee,  
Yet though thy winds are loud and bleak  
    Thou art a welcome month to me.

Thy reign of blast and blustering storm,  
    Yet yields us many a sunny day.  
When boisterous winds grow soft and warm  
    And blue bird pipes its joyful lay.

Thou art the herald of the spring!  
    With dainty flowers the turf is strewn,  
The woods with happy voices ring,  
    And earth is once again in tune.

— Kennie Lasseter, '20.



## The Pines

---

*The pines stand as a mighty influence in the background of our lives. In this sunny southland of ours they rise tall and straight against the horizon. They grow strong and sturdy, giving of their strength to the manhood of the land. They bequeath to the womanhood their grace and beauty. Their soft murmur breathes over all; soothing all human heartaches, blessing all human happiness; giving peace to all. Thus the pines, the emblem of the South, shed their protecting canopy over their children.*

E. D. C.

J. B.

## The Little Captain

THE beams of the fast disappearing sun still colored the clouds, and tinted the waters of the tiny Irish bay, Killala. Ten year old Patrick O'Brien was sitting on the wharf with his dog, watching the last boat of the day leave the bay. With tears streaming down his cheeks he turned to his dog and began to tell him his childish troubles.

"Moikey, I wisht oi could foind a threasure, oi did dream about that thra times an Big Cap'n tol' me anybody'd foind a threasure that dreamed 'bout it thra times. Oi mus' not have been a-dreamin' right. Big Cap'n wouldn't a-been a-tellin' me if it wuzunt true. You know what oi'd be a-doin'? Shure as fate oi'd be a-fixin' up a boat named — — Moikey, what would you be a-namin' it?"

The dog was now wagging his tail incessantly and his frequent barks made little Patrick know he had a willing lender of ears.

"Moikey, you be a-listening, oi know. We've been a-having' a bad time ever since Big Cap'n lef'. Oi allus liked to be a-callin' him Big Cap'n an' oi liked to be called Little Cap'n, too. My mother allus called me that and after she died Big Cap'n wuz a-callin' me that, too, an' now Moikey, they hain't nobody to be a-callin' me Little Cap'n. Moikey, oi wisht they hadn't er died. Aint Cathleen, she jist calls me Patrick O'Brien. Oi don' wanta be a-stayin' with her no how. Oi wisht they'd let us be a-stayin' on the big boat where Big Cap'n wuz. Look at it, Moikey, 'tain't so far away, we could er be a-swimmin' out there?"

"Bow - wow, bow - wow -, bow - wow."

"Aint Cathleen said she'd be a-sendin' for us 'fore now. It's pas' time. Moikey, le's be a-hidin' where she can't fin' us, then we'll be a-leavin'."

Before Mikey could answer, Little Captain had interrupted him, — there was Aunt Cathleen, and they would not have time to get away.

"How is't that yez be a-doin', Patrick? Oi've come for you an' it's to the house you'll be a-goin' in ma char-r-riot. Moight that dog belong to yourself? Shure, an' you won't be a-taking that dir-r-ty dog along wid yez?"

## The Pine Branch

Little Captain's Aunt Cathleen was an elderly woman of the typical Irish type. Her clothes and her manner were both old fashioned — not the kind of old fashionedness that would attract a ten year old lad.

“Shure, an' Moikey is me dog.”

“Bow - wow - wow.”

“An' he's a-goin' wid me, too.”

“Where? Him be a-goin' to me home? Well, there is a dog house in the back, an' it's there i'll be a-lettin' o' him stay.”

“Bow - wow - wow - wow!”

Mikey had never stayed in a dog house and he showed his surprise — even his disgust at Aunt Cathleen's suggestion.

Nothing more was said during the trip. The aunt was very quiet, and her gaze was fixed straight ahead. Little Captain's eyes were filled with tears, he moved only when one dropped on his cheek, then he raised his arm slowly, to wipe it away. Mikey seemed just as displeased, his wheezing was equally as pitiful as the tears that fell often from his master's eyes.

“Patrick, ye may get out now, an' it's to your-r room ye must be a-goin', an' hurry for it's nigh toime for supper. Be a-takin' your dog to the dog house and lockin' the lock.”

They had reached the house now and Miss Cathleen Hoolihan, Little Captain and the dog got out of the chariot. Little Captain made no reply; he picked Mikey up an, holding him closely in his arms, walked slowly to the dog house. He stood there a few minutes.

“Moikey, oi won't let you stay there. Oi'll be a-takin' you to my room. Oi won't be a-lettin' you stay.”

Then Little Captain walked to the house, slowly up the steps, and inside. His aunt was calling to him and in some way he found a way to her. There she stood, amazed at Little Captain bringing Mikey in.

“Be a-takin that dog right out, oi can't be a-havin' it.”

With that she left the room and Little Captain put the dog in a nearby closet, after a warning, “Don't bark.”

## The Little Captain

In a few minutes Little Captain had been called to supper.

"Patrick, you've not been a-washin' of your hands."

"They ain't a-bein' dirty. Oi wushed 'em this mornin'."

There wasn't any more argument. Little Captain had decided now to make the best of it. He washed his hands and returned to the table. His stirabout wasn't much to him. He had been accustomed to pork for his evening meal and why shouldn't he have it now? He was a Little Captain.

After the evening meal, he was given a night dress and sent to bed.

"Moikey, oi ain't gonna be a-wearin' that. Oi never don' it and oi slepped good an' dreamed 'bout treasures, too. Oi ain't be a-needin' o' it."

Little Captain had taken Mikey from the closet and was talking very seriously to him.

"Let's be a-leavin' here, Moikey. We'll be a-goin back to the whar-rf an' mebbe we kin git on a boat. Oi aint goin' be a-stayin' an' you ain't neither, Moikey. We'll be a-waitin' 'til late an' then we'll be a-leavin' o' here an' Aint Cathleen too."

True to his word, Little Captain waited until late, then with Mikey close in his arms he took French leave of Aunt Cathleen. All the way to the Bay of Killala he talked to the dog and he was always assured of Mikey's interest by his timely barks.

When Little Captain and his pardner reached the wharf they were tired. They sat down to rest, and they could see the light of Big Captain's boat — it didn't seem far.

"Moikey, le's be a-swimmin' out there an' a-grabbin' on. What be you a-sayin'?"

"Bow - wow, wow - wow - wow."

So Little Captain and Mikey dived into the water. Many long strokes carried them to the boat that had been theirs, and they climbed to the top deck. Little Captain looked around and listened — all was still and quiet. He lay down on the bare deck; Mikey followed. Soon they were asleep.

Early the next morning the Captain of the boat found



## The Pine Branch

the two sleeping, and he at once recognized the Little Captain and Mikey. Before the child awoke he had been re-welcomed; he was again Little Captain to everybody worth while to him.

— Margaret Breen, '20.



## Try Again

*(Inspired by a Geometry Exam.)*

If at first you don't succeed,  
Don't sit down and cry.  
Just get up and look around  
And find the reason why.

No use to get discouraged,  
No use to sulk and sigh.  
Just wear a grin and wade right in  
And have another try.

— Kennie Lasseter, '20.



## The Heart of a Child

**A** FIGURE came slipping down the narrow path beneath the trees. It was so bright, so graceful, could it be a fairy? No, it was a human being, a child, flowerlike and ethereal. She tripped nearer, keeping time to the tune she was humming and swaying her body to its rhythm. She was slight, very pretty, and fairy-like. Her little head was poised lightly upon rather slender shoulders, and the thick golden curls flowed back freely from the face that was as bright and as eager as that of some little impulsive woodland creature. She seemed bubbling over with delight and enthusiasm, and with each skip her spirits seemed to rise higher and higher until her happiness was mirrored in her dancing blue eyes. With her little head inclined to one side she pranced, minced and hopped along, still keeping time to her song. Then as her feelings mounted higher there seemed no action adequate for expression, so she broke into a wild happy melody, and raced swiftly down to the bay.

## The Pine Branch

As she left the woods and came in full view of the shore she stopped short, lifted her head quickly, and her body grew tense. With a soft cry of delight she clasped her hands to her breast and gasped with pleasure. Slowly she came forward, eagerly, joyfully, yet reluctantly, like one approaching some sacred thing.

The deep blue water of the sound came up into the tiny bay and lapped softly against the firm white sand. From the narrow break stretching back beneath the great oaks lay a gentle slope of rich green grass and flowers. The golden marsh lilies, and the purple and white violets just lifted their dainty heads above the tall coarse grass. Although they were small, Jean knew and loved each flower. The tall, dark trees with their huge weather-beaten trunks and their dark green foliage, almost covered with festoons of grey Spanish moss, were Jean's friends and protectors. Their great roots which were snarled and crooked like fatherly old gnomes afforded her comfortable resting places. The gay plumage of the cardinals and blue jays flying among the branches formed a pleasing contrast with the somber foliage of the trees. Jean seemed quite familiar to them, and as she came nearer several seemed to sing her a welcome.

Across the bay several marsh herons rose with weird cries and flapping of wings. Across the sound and out to sea stretched the long line of white-capped breakers. Straining forward Jean could see a huge white-winged vessel slowly disappearing on the horizon. She had often seen them and thought they were great white birds that traveled back and forth from earth to fairyland, for where else could that great sea path lead but to the fairy kingdom? Between the deep blue of the sea and the lighter blue of the sky was the endless stretch of marsh grass turning purple and golden brown, as it tossed to and fro in the bright sunlight. The splendor of the scene awed the child, it seemed so vast, so rolling, and of such grandeur. She was fond of gazing out across the waters, but she really loved as her very own the tiny bay with its dainty freshness.

She gave a loving glance at the beauties around her, then looked up at the cardinal perched in a nearby tree. She

turned her head up mischievously and talked to him in a pert half serious tone.

"Now, Mister Red Bird, isn't it just like heaven, don't you 'spect? God made it beautiful just for me, and you, and the fairies. Guess he made the grass and the water and all the trees. Good old trees, I'm not scared at all when I'm with you."

She patted the rough bark of the trees and laid her curly head confidentially against its trunk. The cardinal screamed and hopped away to a higher limb. Slightly startled and laughing in surprise she jumped up to play with him.

"Ah, yes, Mister Red Bird, I'll play with you."

She stooped over to peer under and shake her fingers at him. He cocked his head inquiringly and hopped closer. Jean winked at him; he shook his saucy little head and closed one eye in a slow deliberate wink. Jean threw him a kiss whereupon he drew down his topknot in questionable disapproval, fluttered his wings, and with a quick little flaunt of his feathers flew away to another tree. Jean skipped gaily after, calling and warning. Suddenly a jay bird flew daringly into play.

"Ah no, Mister Blue Bird, you must go get breakfast for your wife and babies. You say the fairies are feeding them while you play? Oh well then, if you say you've fed them, I suppose you may play."

The jay bird screamed a challenge and flew around and around her head just out of her reach and then darted upwards. Then he flew away and a spirited game of hide and seek among the branches and around the trees ensued. At last the cardinal grew tired, and perching on a huge limb, he began a passionate song. A brilliant colored humming bird flew in and circled among the flowers. Jean watched him in amazement and wonder. Then a smile crept into her face. She balanced herself on her toes, her body swayed and her arms were flung wide. She had been in doubt as to the little creature, but now she realized what it was and cried laughingly,

"Oh, it's a bird, a pretty bird! Doesn't he fly pretty? Just like this."

## The Pine Branch

With this assurance she flung her arms high over her head and whirling and whirling in a pirouette, she went tripping and flitting among the grass imitating the gay little creature. Lightly she bent to kiss each flower and drop a loving word into their uplifted cups. She plucked a large golden yellow marsh lily and holding it out from her she smiled and nodded to it as she danced. She circled and dipped and poised, her arms fluttering rapidly just as did the wings of the bird. She threw her head back, and lifted her face to the skies. Her eyes sparkled, and she gurgled forth a low exultant laugh.

She was so intent upon her dance that she did not see the quaint figure that walked quietly along the path watching her. The expression on his face, which was a rather sad one naturally, changed into one of surprise and pleasure, as he came nearer. He seemed to realize that such a fascinating little creature could be found among the islands and marshes of the low southern coast. He wore the garb of a shepherd, but his strong gentle face belied his costume and seemed rather to belong to the book which he carried. Unmindful of all else he watched Jean as she danced. The humming bird darted in among the trees and was gone. A faint shadow passed over Jean's face but it disappeared almost immediately as her glance fell upon an unusually large wave which came rolling in toward her.

"Ha, Mister Wave, you can't catch me, but I'll catch you!"

With that threat she raced down the beach in pursuit of the outgoing wave, only to race in again as another wave broke and came tumbling towards her. She bent low and with arms stretched downward she glided along in pursuit of the receding surf. Her wild plaintive melody mingled with the roar and churn of the water. The very spirit of the deep seemed to enter her dance, as she ran forward, dipped and courtesied in imitation of the waves as they came crashing in. They grew even larger and swifter until one great wave came rolling up and almost caught her. She cried out in glee and sprang back as it surged up the beach. The stranger unconsciously uttered a quick warning.

Jean faced about and seeing him drew back in alarm. He stood quite still and smiled as she looked him over from

## The Heart of a Child

head to foot. A little frown puckered her brow but it slowly faded as curiosity made her forget her fear. Slowly and cautiously she walked toward him. He remained quiet permitting the child to investigate him thoroughly. She became bolder and edged up to him.

"Are you a really for sure man?" she asked, putting out her hand to touch his queer coat.

"Why yes, little fairy, I am a real man."

His voice startled her and she drew back a little, but his eyes smiled deep into hers and she was quick to realize the bond between them.

"If I am a fairy child, you are a fairy man, 'cause your eyes tell me heaps of things and fairies tell me things, too. Aren't you a fairy man?"

"Well no," he admitted, answering in the half serious tone in which the question was asked, "I'm no fairy man, but I know lots of fairies and love them. Do you know what good fairy lives in that flower you hold?"

"No; but do you know? Come, tell me."

She caught him by the hand, never thinking of him as a stranger, so akin to her was this man with a child heart. She capered along in the front as she led him under the trees. Closely she nestled beside him as they seated themselves on her favorite root seat. This complete companionship seemed to overcome her and she gazed silently out to sea for several moments.

"Now," she said turning impulsively and looking up at him, "Now, tell me about my fairy flower." She leaned closer and in complete confidence rested her arm across his knee, holding the flower up to him.

"Yes, it was certainly this very marsh lilly," he began. "Do you remember the little yellow bird that was flying from flower to flower a little while ago?"

"Oh yes, he was so pretty!"

"He is very pretty now, but he was not always so."

Jean glanced at him in dismayed concern and then looked around as if expecting Mr. Humming Bird back again clothed in another suit, an ugly one.

## The Pine Branch

"Once he was a very ugly color. In fact, he did not have any color. He mourned day and night because the other birds would have nothing to do with him."

Jean's dismay increased, and her face showed great sympathy for the unhappy creature. The man noticed what pain the bird's sorrow seemed to cause the child, and the gentler note that crept into his voice was to soothe her.

"One day when he was feeling very down heartened and sad," he continued, "He chanced to be hopping around among the grasses when he found himself by a big yellow marsh lily, just like the one you are holding. It was such a beautiful color that he sighed and wished that he too might be a pretty color. It was a bright yellow all over; even this part down here near the center was a pale yellow, and it was filled with golden pollen." Smiling down at her he pointed out the pale yellow of the center and the powdery pollen. "Now the little fairy who lived inside was leaning over the edge of the petal watching the unhappy bird. Fairies, you know, can read people's thoughts."

"Yes, I know," Jean exclaimed excitedly. "They read my thoughts and sends answers in the wind through the trees and heaps of ways."

"That's what the fairy did—so she leaned over the edge and asked in a sweet voice, 'What color would you like to be, Humming Bird?' 'Why, 'most any color would do,' he answered, 'But I like your color best.' The little fairy thought a minute and said, 'I have lots of honey in my honey pot, won't you come and get some?' 'Oh no!' he answered, 'I wouldn't think of taking your honey!' But the little fairy insisted and—well he was rather hungry for the other birds wouldn't let him have much honey—so he finally flew up, perched on the side of the flower, and leaned over to sip the honey. Now the little fairy was out side, and when he leaned over she gave him a gentle push and tumbled him in. Then she jumped in after him and sprinkled pollen all over him. He thought it was just in fun so he got up and sat on the stem to sun himself. He turned his beak down his ruffled feathers, and chirped with joy when he found they were all covered with yellow. The

## The Heart of a Child

jolly little fairy laughed and clapped her hands at his surprise. He thought his lovely color would come off, but it did not and ever since then he has been the prettiest of all birds."

So he ended the story and waited quietly for Jean's comment.

"Oh goody! I'm so glad!" she exclaimed. Then she drew a long breath of satisfaction and stroked the satiny petals of the golden marsh lily before continuing. "I love you more than any other flower, you pretty lily," she declared earnestly to the flower.. "Did the pretty fairy tell you that story, Mister Fairy Man? You can play you're a fairy man anyway, can't you?"

"Yes, the fairy and the bird told me."

"I could tell you knew the fairies just by the way you smile. I wish you were my Fairy Man."

"Why, I'll gladly be your Fairy Man, Titania, and will let you come here every day to see me?"

"Oh will you?" she begged delightfully. "Please do, I'll want you." She stopped short, with her head turned halfway back, listening intently. "That's my daddy playing his banjo."

The music came in a plaintive whisper, then its tones grew more rollicking and they sounded very rhythmic and alluring. The child caught up her short skirts, and her feet began to keep time on the dusty path. She started to skip up the path in time to the music; she seemed compelled by an irresistible force. She had forgotten her companion. Now she stopped, glanced back, and called in a half apologetic way,

"You see, my daddy plays when he's lonesome, and so I know he needs me now."

The man smiled reassuringly as if he too understood and would like to answer the call just as Jean was doing.

"Yes, little fairy, run along to your father. I will come back tomorrow to your fairy dell. Until then goodbye."



### The Pine Branch

With a wave of her hand she turned and skipped up the path singing the song her father was playing. The stranger watched her lithe form disappear among the trees and long he stood gazing after her. In his soul burned a poetic fire, inspired anew by this little fairy-like maiden.

— Elizabeth Chichester, '20.



## For Love of Country

A ROAR, resembling an approaching storm became more and more distinct until individual voices and the hiss of bullets could be distinguished as they whizzed past the window. Karl Tiechman threw open the door of his little shop and saw the mob as it rushed past him. What a sight! Men with blood-stained and grinning faces rushed madly down the street, pillaging houses, dragging out unfortunate inmates, shooting down harmless bystanders, knocking over and treading on children and old people. Women, with hair disheveled and faces drawn, were running along with the men through the streets, dragging crying children after them. The shrieks and cries of the frantic people filled the air. Karl caught up his weapons and rushed out of the door to join the mob.

“Crush Junkerdom!”

“Down with Kaiserism!”

“Push on! Fight for freedom!”

“Look! Here come the imperial guards!”

“Fight on! Don’t stop!” came the sharp quick commands.

Karl was in the thick of the fighting when suddenly a hand touched his shoulder. He whirled around in wild frenzy ready to strike, then uttered a startled cry, “You here?” He stood facing his mother.

“My son, come away. We will both be killed. Quick, let’s escape.”

“No. I can’t. I must fight on, mother you must get out of this. Here, this way, quick!” and he pushed her through the crowd into a small street. “This is no place for a helpless woman. I tell you these socialists are on our track and I warn you to be careful.”

“But why don’t you help me? Tell them I’m innocent. Surely you would uphold your own mother.”

“Help you? What else am I doing? I’d give my life for you now!”

“But you don’t see, those people at home must be cared for; they must have food! Do you think I’d let my own master and mistress starve? No; not if this old soul has to go without bread herself!”

## The Pine Branch

"That's just it; what right have you to bring a family of Junkers to our home, feed them, hide them under our own roof! That's what you're doing and I tell you it must stop! —

"Karl, you must be reasonable. They threatened my life."

"Your life! Ach! So that's why they stay under our roof, eat our bread. Bribe you! Cheat you! Why mother, you're crazy!" He raised his hand as if to strike, then suddenly stopped.

"No, no, you can't — you won't. I must go!" and she hurried down the small street.

Karl stood there until his mother was out of sight. The crowd had moved on down the street. Night was slowly creeping over the city of Berlin and small dim lights flickered from the windows. The moon was creeping up behind the tall ghost-like buildings. The street which two short hours before was thronged with fighting citizens was now deserted except for the dead bodies. The snow, once white, was now crimson and stained with blood. Many of the plate windows had been shattered by the machine guns.

Karl, tired and weary, with anger still surging in his heart walked slowly towards home; reflecting on the past few hours. What could he do to change his mother! How could he make her realize the danger? Then — there was the meeting tonight and he must go. How he prayed that he would not be asked about her. He was struggling between two fires, both equally strong; loyalty and love to his mother and his ideal of freedom and equality for his people.

He reached his mother's cottage and there sat Herr and Frau Kaufmann typifying tyranny, cruelty and arrogance, which had caused the downfall of his people. Why he himself was a traitor, sheltering and feeding Junkers! A socialist, in secrecy, upholding the standards of Kaiserism; it could not be! He called for his mother and she came walking in timidly as if fearing another reproach.

"Why Karl, you're hurt," she cried, rushing to him. And for the first time he felt a sharp pain in his arm and saw that it was bleeding.

"Oh, those despicable, cursed Junkers," he muttered as his mother tenderly bandaged up his wound.

## For Love of Country

He sat down by the fire until all the others had retired. Then he quietly stole out into the cold dark night and hurried to the meeting. Luckily he met no one and soon reached the Police Headquarters. After knocking twice, and giving the pass word, he entered and took his seat in the already crowded room.

The speaker, tall and pale-faced with burning eyes, rose and tapped on the table.

"Will the meeting please come to order," he said in forceful yet commanding tones. Then he continued,

"If we are to uphold Social Democracy it will mean work. Ebert, though hurriedly called to Potsdam, leaves this message that 'Socialism demands work and it can only exist upon the basis of labor.' So far we have gained fast and must keep this up or it will mean our destruction. We must gain the liberty for our people that they have so long wished for. Junkerdom must perish!

"Then, too, we are being betrayed. There are among us, probably here tonight, some who are traitors. This must stop, not soon; but now — tonight! If you are the guilty one then take your stand right now one way or the other."

Karl trembled, he really was not a traitor, and yet he did feel guilty. Then he wondered; had he played just fair? Should he confess his mother's guilt—his guilt? But again he resolved to wait a few more days. Maybe then his mother would force that despicable family to leave.

The speaker continued, "There are some citizens, supposedly loyal who are hiding in their homes, the followers of autocracy. These residences are to be guarded night and day; warnings have been issued to these people not to leave their homes after dark on penalty of instant death. Any suspicious characters will be reported to headquarters at once. We will draw lots to see who must guard."

They drew their assignments; then came Karl's turn. His read: "Guard home of Frau Tiechman each night for nine days, shoot any one who attempts to enter or leave the house."

"Mein Gott!" he staggered. "Guard my own home." Then came the question so terrible and haunting — for mother or country? He suddenly straightened up and with

## The Pine Branch

a determined look marched out past his companions and to his duty.

The city clock struck two and there remained four more anxious, weary hours for Karl. He was cold, tired and the pain in his arm was steadily increasing. Why had this hideous fate fallen to him — watching his own mother's house. He almost wished that he were dead.

Suddenly, or were his eyes deceiving him? He looked again. Yes, the door was opening and a black figure stepped cautiously out into the cold, black night. Karl shuddered, stiffened, then quickly and accurately aimed his rifle. A quick flash of light pierced the darkness and the victim fell to the pavement with a heavy thud.

Then with a sigh of relief he muttered, "I have stood the test! No suspicion can rest on my home; mother and I can now live happily and peacefully!"

He hurried to the steps to remove the body. He bent slowly over the quiet form; then with a moan he fell to his knees at it's side.

"My mother!" he whispered. "I have sacrificed all I have on earth for my country!"

— Stella Floyd, '20.



## The Age of Innocence

**A**FTER traveling for sometime I grew weary and restless. I had read all my little store of magazines and papers and satisfied my curiosity concerning my fellow passengers. The train crept into a small western station. My interest was renewed as the door opened with a bang and an old couple made their way into the coach. The old woman glanced around uneasily, looking for a place to settle herself and her many bundles. The old man followed her in a dazed manner and waited complacently for her to find the seat. Once seated they proved a cozy looking couple, trying to appear as old and experienced travelers.

A shadow of anxiety suddenly crossed the old woman's face; she became uneasy and directly she said,

"Pilus, I act'lly b'lieve we've went and took the wrong train."

"It can't be nohow," he replied seemingly a little startled. "Didn't I ask the conductor and he said we was right."

"Yaas he did; but look out the winder and make sure. He might huv been lying to us."

The old man looked out the window at the flitting fences and galloping telegraph poles and the unfamiliar fields, as if expecting to catch sight of some landmark; and forgetting for a moment that he was two hundred miles from home.

"I guess we're all right, Jane," he said in a soft tone.

"Ask somebody — ask that man there." Her voice sounded high and shrill.

"This is the train for Denver, hain't it?" inquired the old man of the passenger in the next seat behind.

"This is the train," replied the man.

"There, didn't I say so!" said the old fellow.

"It may be — it may be!" she replied, "But if we're carried wrong it won't be my fault. I say we're wrong and when we have been led into some pirate's cave, and butchered for our money, ye'll wish ye had heeded my words!"

He looked out of the window, opened his mouth as if to make some inquiry of a boy sitting on the fence, and then

leaned back in his seat, sighing heavily. She shut her teeth together, as if to say she could stand it if he could. The train sped along for several miles. Finally the old man said,

"Looks like rain over there in the west. I hope the boys hev got them oats in."

"That makes me think of that parasol!" driving her hands among the parcels at her feet.

She hunted around two or three minutes, growing red in the face, and then whispering in a loud tone,

"It's gone!"

"W - What's gone?"

"That parasol."

"No!"

"Gone hide and hair!" she went on. "That sky blue parasol which I've had ever since Susie died." He searched but it was not to be found.

"Waal, that's queer," he mused as he straightened up.

"Queer, not a bit. I've talked and talked to ye but it does no good. Ye come from a heedless family, and ye'd fergit to pull on your boots if I didn't tell ye to."

"None of the Harrison's was ever in the poor-house!" he replied.

"Pilus! Pilus Harrison!" she continued laying her hand on his arm. "Don't you dare twit me of that again! I've lived with ye nigh on to forty years and waited on ye, when ye had the headache, colic, toothache, and when ye fell and broke yer leg."

He looked out of the window seeing she had the advantage of him. And she wiped her eyes, settled her glasses on her nose and spent the next fifteen minutes in thinking of the past. Feeling thirsty she searched among her bundles, and then straightened up with her face as pale as death and whispered,

"And that's gone, too!"

"What now?" he asked.

"It's been stole!" she exclaimed, looking about as if expecting to see someone with a bottle to his lips.

"Furst the parasol; then the bottle!" she gasped.

## The Age of Innocence

"I couldn't a-left it, could I?"

"Don't ask me! That bottle has been in our family for twenty years; and now its gone. Land only knows what we will do for a camfire bottle when we get home — if we ever do!"

"I'll buy one."

"Yaas, I know ye are always ready to buy; and if it were not for me ye would let yer money fly like feathers in the wind."

"Waal, I didn't have to mortgage my farm," he said, giving her a knowing look.

"Twitting again? It isn't enough that ye have lost a parasol, and a water bottle; but ye must twit me on this, and on that."

Her nose grew red and tears came into her eyes; but as he was looking out the window, she said nothing further.

Ten or fifteen minutes passed and growing restless, he called out to a man across the aisle, "What kind of crops do they raise around here?"

"Pilus! Pilus Harrison! Stop your noise," she whispered, poking him with her elbow.

"I just asked a question," he replied, sitting back in his old position.

"What'd your brother Jess tell you last time afore we left him?" she asked, "Didn't he warn ye again rascals?"

"I hain't seen no rascals!"

"Of course ye hain't, cause yer blind! And if they don't arrest him for murder afore we leave this train, I'll miss my guess. I can read human nature like a book."

"There was another period of silence, broken by her saying, "I wish I knew this was the right train for Denver."

"Course it is."

"How do you know?"

"Cause it is."

"Waal, I know it hain't; but if ye'er contented to rush along to distruction, I shan't say a word. Only when yer throat is cut, don't call out that I didn't warn ye!"



## The Pine Branch

The peanut boy came by and the old man reached down for his pocket book.

"Pilus, Pilus! Ye shan't squander that money after peanuts!" she exclaimed, using one hand to catch his arm and the other to wave the boy on.

"Didn't I earn it?"

"Yaas, ye sold three hogs to get the money to go on this trip; but its half gone now, and the land only knows how we'll git home!"

The boy walked on and the flag of truce was hung out for another time.

She remarked, "I wish I hadn't cum."

He looked up and then out of the window.

"I know what ye want to say," she hissed, "But it's a blessed good thing for ye that I did cum! If ye'd cum alone ye'd have been murdered and gashed, and scalped, and sunk into the river afore now!"

"Pooh!"

"Yaas, 'pooh' if ye want to, but I know. Say, Pilus, I wish you would move these bags and bundles so I can straighten out my feet."

The old man started to move them, and as he picked up some of the bags and bundles, the parasol and bottle rolled to the floor.

"Oh! My camfire bottle and silk parasol! I thought sure we had lost them. I am so happy."

He leaned back, she settled herself, and by and by, he nodded, then she nodded. And in their sleep their gray heads touched, and his arm found its way around the back of the seat, and his head rested on her shoulder.

— Kennie Lasseter, '20.



## Marylyn's Eutopia

MARYLYN awoke quite suddenly! What was the matter? The girls were scurrying down the hall, screaming and laughing as if it were meal time. She sat up, rubbed her eyes and looked at the clock. It was eight o'clock, breakfast time!

"Mercy! I'm hungry as a dog!" she exclaimed, "But I'll never get there now."

She hopped out of bed and proceeded to dress. It was freezing cold. The heat hadn't started up and it was raining in torrents outside. With chattering teeth and shivering like a leaf, she brushed her hair and looked in vain for her hair pins. "Only six! But I don't care how I look," she stamped her feet and frowned crossly.

"Why don't they ring the bells so you can hear them?" she fussed.

She finished her toilet and proceeded to stack up her books.

"I'll have to go to school whether I eat or not," she muttered, "And this room looks like a cyclone might have struck it."

She grabbed the broom and gave several hard strokes across the floor sweeping the dust in the closet. Then jerking the cover back on the bed, she left the rest of the work for her room-mates.

Marylyn had overslept and the lack of breakfast did not help matters much. She could hear the girls leaving the dining-room. She was too angry to face them, so she snatched up her books and started for class.

Of course, she was too early and the library was closed and she must sit on the steps and have all the girls ask, "Why so early?" as they came in. She wouldn't do any such thing, she would go to the chapel and study.

With this intention she walked briskly up the hall, opened the door and peeped in. The room was empty. She would study her Psychology. Going over to the window she looked back at the dormitory. They weren't coming yet. She settled herself in one chair and propped her feet on another. She had forgotten her watch, but surely she could hear the bell.

## The Pine Branch

One whole chapter of Psychology covered, she stirred, yawned, then got up. "Surely it must be nine o'clock." She looked out the window again. Only one girl in sight, and she was walking slowly along the path to the back door.

"I had better go to class," she thought. "I can study there if it isn't time."

She started down the hall, but soon stopped short. Classes were going on! She could hear the voices.

"Well, more luck," she sighed and hurried to her room.

Everybody gazed, then laughed as she entered. Class was a quarter over with. She was chagrined and provoked. The teacher called for her note-book and it wasn't ready. Then on top of that she missed three questions.

"I might as well quit," she thought. "She might ask something somebody knew."

It was a sigh of relief that Marylyn heaved when she left class. The other girls asked, "Why so late?" But she ignored their questions and hurried on. She hadn't had time to look at the next lesson. There had been a story to prepare the night before, and a staff meeting to attend which lasted over an hour. It was with torture that she bore the hour through, almost praying that the teacher wouldn't call on her.

Then came chapel time and when that was over uniform inspection. And of course the buttons had to be off that waist and she hadn't had time to polish her shoes. After the next hour was over with, maybe she could breathe easy. She didn't dread Psychology so much. But alas! When she entered the room the professor was erasing the board. "Put all your books away," he said. Horrors! An examination! Marylyn felt like sinking.

"Will I live through the day?" Surely she had had enough to provoke her.

It was with some misgivings that she handed in her paper an hour later. She hadn't reviewed at all.

"I'm too sick for gymnasium," she sighed as she glanced at her watch. "That 'exam' was awful. But I'd have to take 'Gym' if I was half dead."

She crossed the campus slowly, unmindful of the fact that she had only seven minutes to dress. When she entered the hall she stopped, stared at her door. There a big

## Marylyn's Utopia

blue card seemed to fairly jump at her. "Untidy room!" Marylyn sank wearily into a chair, spilling all her books on the floor. She slowly untied her shoes, but her gym slippers could not be found. She searched throughout the closet, pulling down clothes and bumping her head as she did so. Six minutes later she emerged from the room, dressed in a soiled middy, borrowed shoes and a frown. When she reached class the roll had been called and she had to take a place at the end of the line. Vaguely she went through all the movements in a mechanical way. Finally, in exasperation, the teacher dismissed the class and Marylyn made her way up through the hall. She smiled for the first time as she caught sight of the mail box just put out, but the smile wore into frown as she saw the "B's" empty. This was too much. She at least hoped for a letter. Tears blinded her eyes. She slowly groped her way to the door, pushed in and flung herself on the bed and sobbed, "Everything about me goes wrong."

Soon the sobbing ceased and Marylyn's head sank deeper into the pillow. Her quick short gasps gradually became softer and her breathing regular and deep.

"Mercy, was that the bell? I wonder what time it is? Julia wake up! We'll miss our breakfast."

"What - t - t?"

"We'll miss our breakfast, Julia. It's half past eight!"

"Miss breakfast nothing. What's the matter with you. We don't have breakfast 'till nine."

"Well, it's half past eight; we'd better dress or the bell will ring before I get my hair combed."

"What do you want to dress for? Put on your kimona and boudoir cap. Nobody cares."

"Well, get up."

They put on their kimonas and went to breakfast.

"I can't ever eat all this fruit," whispered Marylyn. "Isn't it a shame?"

"No," said Julia. "You can take it to your room. Leave your silver on the table? You don't have to wash it."

"But, Julia — —"

"Come on! Let's beat the girls to the office and get the paper."

"But you've got on your kimona; you can't go in there."

## The Pine Branch

"Yes I can too. Hurry! And you can get those stamps you wanted."

"Hadn't we better go on and dress? It's nearly nine o'clock."

"Why you've got a whole hour yet. School doesn't begin 'till ten."

"Have you written your Psychology paper?"

"No. He said we could hand them in any old time."

"Have we got a hard lesson?"

"No. We don't have to study. He'll talk."

"Well, today we have Sight-singing. I'll have to use my vacant period this morning practicing."

"No you don't. We've dropped Sight-singing because the girls all had trouble with their throats or ears."

They stopped in the office and read the paper, then strolled about the hall talking with other girls. They didn't have to clean the room, the maid had been in and every thing was in order. They started dressing at half past nine.

"Don't put on uniform this morning, Marylyn. Let's wear our middies to class."

When history was over Marylyn hurried up stairs, but the girls were not there. "Julia! The girls aren't in line, and the bell's rung."

"Well, they're already in the chapel. Those who want to go. We don't have to march in. Let's go back to our room. We don't have to go to chapel. I'm going to see if I have any mail."

"It isn't up yet, Julia."

"Uh huh! We can get it-any time, if it's here."

They went back to their room and stayed till after dinner. All the afternoon they had only one class. One of the teachers dismissed her class because she had an engagement.

"Are you going to the library, Julia? We'll have to get that reference for history."

"You can get the book and take it to class in the morning. Let's go to town."

"What! It's Saturday afternoon and you went Tuesday."

"But we can go this afternoon, too."

"Julia — —?"

"Hurry! So we can go to the movies and shop."

## Marylyn's Utopia

"It will be six o'clock before you can shop."

"Well, we don't care. Just so we get back for supper."

"Are you going to sign up?"

"We don't have to sign up, Marylyn."

"What?"

"Come on; don't stand there and gaze at me."

"Are you going to get any fruit?"

"I'm going to get anything I want at the store and have it sent out and charged."

"You'll have to go to court, Julia."

"Court! There isn't any such thing as a court."

"Can you get anything besides fruit or bread?"

"Yes! Sakes alive! What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing. I sure hate to study tonight though, I'll be too tired."

"Study! You must be crazy. Mabel has promised to play for us and we are going to study hall and dance."

"Huh?"

"There! Push the bell, we want to get off at the next corner." — —

"Marylyn! Marylyn! The dinner bell has rung."

She awoke, stretched her arms and looked about. She lay on the little couch where she had fallen asleep.

— Ensel Broadhurst, '20.

## Needed

The world needs the woman

Who says, "I can."

Not the woman who says, "I might."

There are things to do

And it's up to you

To do them and do them right.

— Kennie Lasseter, '20.

## How Snakes Were Driven Out of Ireland

**M**ANY long years ago there dwelt in Ireland a widow and her two children, Michael and Cathleen. They dwelt at the edge of a great forest. They were so poor that the mother had to work throughout the entire day in order to keep a fire burning on the humble hearth and a little gruel in the pot.

A great plague came upon the land. The country became infested with snakes, so that even the very play of the children was interrupted. The poor woman grew alarmed for the snakes had grown so numerous and so bold that they had come into the humble hut.

One evening the widow went to the pot on the hearth to portion out the gruel for the frugal meal. She was horrified to find there at the bottom of the pot a large reptile. She was filled with terror, for if the snakes grew much bolder even their lives would become endangered.

She called her children around her and in a trembling voice she told them what had befallen their gruel and cautioned them with regard to the snakes. Michael, boy like, ran away to play, almost forgetting his hunger. Cathleen, however, remained near to comfort her mother; climbing into her lap she flung her thin little arms around the beloved neck. In a few minutes Michael returned, and begged for a fragment of barley cake. The mother was grieved by Michael's request for well she knew that there was no food to be had until the morrow. Cathleen begged her mother for a story, saying that they would forget their hunger while listening.

After the mother had tucked the two little ones in, she commenced the story of the great evangelist, Patrick. The children listened in rapt enjoyment, asking numerous questions concerning this wonderful person who possessed such marvelous power. Cathleen asked if he could drive the snakes away. The mother could not answer this question, but with all the wisdom of a mother wisely comforted her children telling them to go to sleep and see what would happen.

## How Snakes Were Driven Out of Ireland

Long after the children were asleep the mother sat by their bed thinking of what she could do to ward off starvation. Time passed, and the hour was late when with a prayer for each curly head, she left the room.

Cathleen awoke the next morning with a start; she was so hungry! Then she remembered that there had been no supper the night before and probably there would be no breakfast if the snakes were still in the house.

The children could not play much that day for they were so hungry they had no strength. The mother watched anxiously, for she well knew that ere long their little lives would ebb away even as their strength, because the cupboard remained bare and she had no way of replenishing it.

Thus three days passed. At the end of the third day Cathleen came to her mother and begged that she might be allowed to go visit her aunt who lived a short distance from the wood. After much thought the mother consented but she warned Cathleen of the dangerous pests.

Cathleen started eagerly on her way. The way seemed short for her mind was so filled with bright hopes. Her mother had said that Patrick lived in a little hut on the road near her aunt's. At every little hut she stopped and wondered if Patrick lived there, but since none of them seemed the right one, she continued on her way. At last she caught sight of a small vine-covered hut set far back among the trees. She was so exhausted she sat down to rest by the roadside.

A tall grave man came out of the hut and when he saw there at his gate a small girl he hastened toward her. When Cathleen saw bending over her a man with one of the kindest faces she had ever seen she smiled, gazed and faintly said,

"Oh, you must be the great Patrick because you look so kind."

"Well, I am. Now, my little girl, what can I do for you? But wait, you can tell me that later. You look as though you were starving. Come, let's go into the house."

Lifting the child into his strong arms he carried her into the hut. There he put before her food which she devoured eagerly. While she ate she told him that they had



## The Pine Branch

no food at home because of the plague, and with tears in her big blue eyes she plead with him to drive the snakes away. She said she knew he would be able to grant her request because of his miraculous power.

Patrick smiled down at the eager little figure and then in his big kind voice said,

“Because of your faith in me the snakes shall be henceforth driven from this country.”

At these words Cathleen's heart was filled with joy. She thanked him gratefully and began her homeward journey.

The people of Ireland never knew by what means the plague of snakes was removed, but now you and I know that it was through the faith of one little blue-eyed Irish colleen.

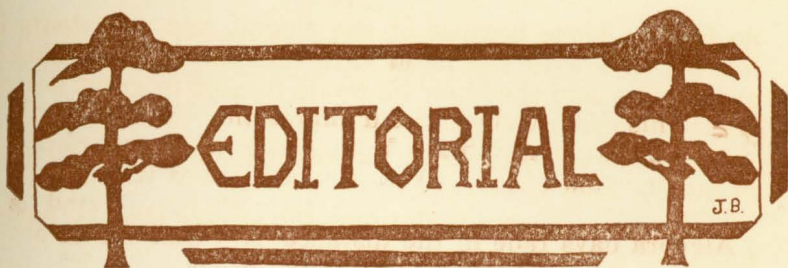
—Katheryne White, '20.



## Juniors

We're but a cog in the college wheel  
That daily makes the same old trip.  
Yet what a joy it is to feel  
That but for us the wheel might slip!  
'Tis something after all to jog  
Along and be a first class cog.

—Kennie Lasseter, '20.



## The Reconstruction Period

“War is the destroyer?” Yes, but is it not well to destroy some things; is it not well, when peoples, nations, and the world get into a rut, for the destroyer to come and tear up the old regime so that a new life is possible? The war then was the plow that went over the world, breaking the hardened crust and making it ready for the new seeds of democracy, of equality, and peace which the reconstruction is to nourish and make to grow and bloom for the good of the world. This great period following the war means not only the rebuilding of devastated France and Belgium. True, these countries are to be made, in the physical sense, to flourish again. Their homes and cities are to be restored, their fields and orchards made to bloom again. Above all, though, it is the spirit of these countries that is to be revised.

This reconstruction of spirit will mean the rebuilding of our ideals; now with the new standards of the world our ideals are not high enough. Instead of being the democratic free world we thought ourselves to be, we were quite autocratic, and our circles were quite as exclusive as the old aristocracy. We have become so accustomed to luxury that we have failed to give the proper appreciation to the small things of life. We have been so engrossed in our own affairs, that we have neglected to give of our prosperity to our neighbors over the way. We have only learned the value of money, of time, and labor. The war has helped us to see wherein we lack, and now in the period which is to follow, we have the chance to reconstruct not only the lives of the world nations, but our individual lives.

— Mattie Campbell, '20.

B<sup>2</sup>

**B<sup>2</sup>** This term brings to our minds the awful struggle we had in Algebra. Many times we searched for the equal of B<sup>2</sup>. Yes, and sometimes it remained for us an unknown quantity. But time effaces all, and as the Algebra days fade in the distance B<sup>2</sup> still shines out before us, but with new meaning. B<sup>2</sup> to yourself, B<sup>2</sup> to your friends, and you will B<sup>2</sup> with the world.

B<sup>2</sup>, to yourself! Every girl has her own air castles, the ideal standard of living, which she some day hopes to realize — to gain all these she must be square with herself, with her own conscience.

B<sup>2</sup> to your friends! Friends, real friends, are necessary instruments of our well being. They mean life, association, inspiration and support to us. We must be square with them. We can do this by being loyal to them in all the small things as well as the large things in life. To gain one friend never slander another, for this wouldn't be square to you or either one of the other friends.

If we prove to be square with ourselves and with our friends, we will B<sup>2</sup> with the world. We are the centers of our own universe, our friends encircle us, and just beyond them lies the world. If by striving, we find that we may play square with a few, then we may feel pretty well prepared to go out into the world; for if we can be square with a few, we will be square with many. B<sup>2</sup>!

— Augusta Brown, '20.

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**Class Spirit**

The secret of a good, wide-awake, spirited class is cooperation; cooperation on the part of every girl in every phase of class activity. We must pull together to gain the best results.

The cooperation that will bring about ideal class spirit is best illustrated by a series of pictures I saw recently. Two calves were tied at opposite ends of a rope, and just out of reach of each calf sat a bucket of milk. Each calf started towards the bucket nearest him, but the rope which

## Editorials

bound the two held them back. A tug-of-war ensued to either break the rope or conquer the enemy at the other end. Neither plan availed, but being wise animals, they finally found a plan to remedy the situation. Both calves went to the same bucket, and after finishing its contents, they went together to the second bucket. We see the benefit of cooperation.

So when we work for our class let's "remember the calves." If we are working for scholarship let's all pull at the same end of the rope. If it's pleasure, let's enjoy it together. When we are tempted to pull away from our class let's remember how ridiculous the calves looked as they kicked and pulled at the opposite ends of the rope.

— Hattie McMillan and Ethel Ingram, '20.

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## Quit Knocking

Quit knocking, girls, and see how happy you'll be. Let's not say unkind things about people any more.

I wonder how many of us have ever had our feelings hurt by some careless remark. I am certain all of us have. Now just think of how miserable we feel long after it's forgotten by the one who made the remark. Think hard the next time you are tempted to "knock" and I just know by the time you have thought all desire to "knock" will have disappeared, and you and someone else will be much happier.

To stop knocking is wonderful after all, for we not only make ourselves happier and better companions but we make everyone happy who comes in contact with us. Oh yes, there is no doubt but that by praising rather than by knocking we may be able to do worlds of good. Remember, after all:

"There's so much bad in the best of us, and so much good in the worst of us; that it hardly behooves any of us to talk about the rest of us."

— Katheryne White, '20.

# ALUMNAE

## The Dawn of a Wonderful Day

The thing which inspired my subject is a single but beautiful little calendar which hangs above my desk. The scene is a landscape at sunrise, and every object, every proportion and every tinge of color in this simple picture bears the message of Peace and Opportunity. The opportunity to achieve, to create, to accomplish worth while things.

The defeat of autocracy by democracy I shall not dwell on. The question in my mind is in regard to the effect that this defeat is to have on the youthful minds of America. Those boys who so willingly offered their services are coming back to us from their new and varied and sometimes very hard experiences. But can it be humanly possible for individuals to face such experiences as those boys have and remain unchanged? No! Unselfishness and sacrifice make stronger characters than ease and luxury. Think of the influence which these returning heroes can wield in their communities. Is it not a wonderful day when the hearts and minds of so many of our citizens have been opened to the possibilities of worth while living? The boys have had their lessons and have learned them well, but these lessons will not avail these boys much if the girls of the communities to which the boys return have not learned well their definitely assigned lessons.

What have our American girls contributed to this wonderful day? God gave us a wonderful heritage, girls, when He gave us the power to endure and work and suffer, if need be, — in short, the power to attain the standard set for us by the true American men. We have not fallen short of this ideal. In every need we have given of our service, our time, ourselves.

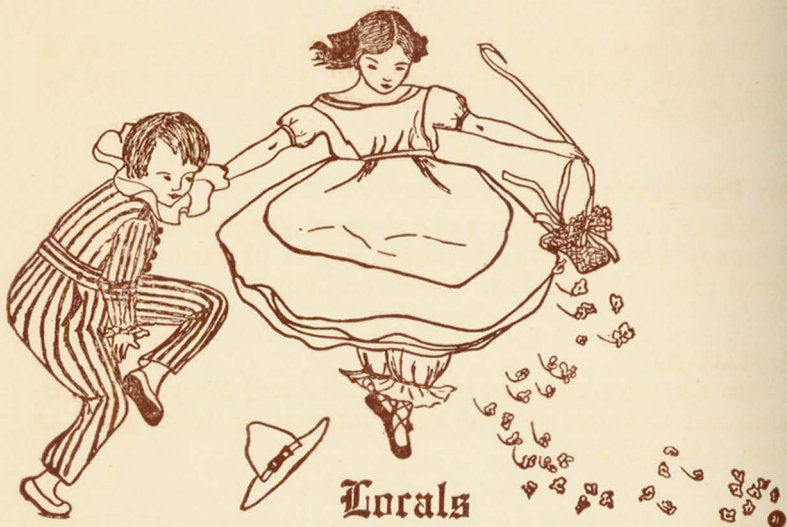
The most truly wonderful part of our day, though, is the

## Alumnae

ideal of Service which has been instilled in our hearts. Such service that, when the sunset hour of the day comes, we shall have that deep satisfaction of duty well performed which alone brings perfect happiness.

— Morgan MaJette.





### Miss Johnson At Athens.

With the end of the term Miss Johnson gave up her work here to take up her studies at the University of Georgia. We are indeed sorry to have her leave us. Her work has been taken by Miss Gallaher and Miss Craig.

\* \* \*

### Flu Victim.

We are ever so glad to have Miss Robertson back, after her long illness. She was greatly missed.

\* \* \*

### Sub -Presidents.

The Student Court has suffered a loss by the withdrawal of Miss Elizabeth Knox. She was a fine student and president of the "Sub-Fresh. A" Class. Her failure to return necessitated the electing of another president. Miss Lois Byrd was chosen to fill her place.

\* \* \*

### A Championship Open.

Who is S. G. S. N. C.'s champion hiker? This is the question now for the Y. W. C. A girls on hikes twice a week. An account is being kept of the girls who go and of the number of miles walked, so that at the end of the year we may know who really is the champion hiker. Who will win out? We wonder — ?

## Locals

### Y. W. C. A.

Miss Giffin, our Y. W. C. A. Field Secretary, was a guest at the college for a few days. She gave several delightful talks.

\* \* \*

### Our President's Visit.

Mr. Powell gave us a very pleasant surprise on Sunday, February 9th. It was a happy bunch of girls that welcomed him. He was here for several days.

\* \* \*

### Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Chastain came to see Catherine and Margaret Chastain, and through several very interesting talks gave us some "timely advice."

\* \* \*

### Chorus.

To vary the program of the chorus period, Miss Young gave each class permission to have a stunt. Three classes have already preformed.

The Seniors as suited to their dignity and position came first. They presented "A Deestrick Schule," and with such reality as did credit to their hard work in "History of Ed." The Freshmen made exceeding "good looking niggers," and their minstrel, hilarious and amusing, kept the audience screaming with laughter. The "Subs," just entering upon the Romantic Age, gave with great success, "The Bachelor's Dream."

\* \* \*

### George Washington's Birthday.

Saturday evening, the twenty-second of February, the chapel was turned into a colonial hall and Martha and George Washington were at home to the faculty members and students. The men were dressed in powdered wigs and gay waistcoats and their fair ladies tripped gaily around in their brocaded gowns. Old fashioned songs were sung, "Auld Lang Syne," "Ben Bolt," and "The Quilting Party," carried us back to the days long past. After a most enjoyable evening, Mr. and Mrs. Washington bade us adieu.



## The Pine Branch

### Valentine Party.

One of the prettiest of the Y. W. C. A. Socials was the Valentine party given in the subway. All the guests came dressed as children. Children's games were played, and the laughter of the girls could be heard for quite a distance as they fished for Sally Sweets. Refreshments of Cream and cakes were served.

\* \* \*

### Freshman -Junior.

The Freshmen, in celebration of St. Valentine's Day, entertained their sister class, the Juniors, with a party at the "Crystal." Promptly at eight-thirty each Freshman gallantly escorting a Junior appeared on the front terrace. Since it was such a beautiful evening everyone, even the chaperones Miss Gallaher and Mrs. Browne, voted to walk. The tables were daintily decorated with place cards of novel Valentines. Everything, even the refreshments, carried out the idea of Valentine. Each girl was given a dainty little favor, a red, heart shaped box of candy. Time passed so quickly that we were on our way homeward before we realized it, so happily had the time been spent.

\* \* \*

### Glee Club Recital.

A notable event in the musical life of the college this Spring was the Glee Club concert on March 4th at the High School Auditorium.

With a membership of twenty-two, only six of which were old girls, the rehearsals interrupted for a month on account of the "Flu" vacation and Xmas, this ambitious club came forth with an artistic program such as will make Georgia historians aware of its talent.

Surely the Glee Club is leaving "foot-prints on the sands of time." The program consisted of two parts. The first opened with a spirited chorus by Pinsuti and was sung with spirit and grace followed by Rubinstein's exquisite "Wanderer's Night Song," and a canon by Reinecke which was delivered with taste and finish.

The soloists in this part were lovely and both were easy and unaffected, as we love to behold in young singers. Lists' "Thou Art Like a Flower," as a double trio, followed by

## Locals

two popular airs from the Follies closed this interesting and enjoyable part.

In this the club appeared in white linen shirt waist suits wearing red roses. This closes. The curtain rises again on a woodland scene and peasants dancing an Irish Jig. A Phantasy and a Russian Dance form a beautiful introduction to the second part, which is given en costume. Greig's Norwegian Wedding Procession for the piano was well interpreted and this was followed by a Swedish Peasant Wedding March by Soderman in a two part chorus. The girls were singing as they entered costumed as peasants of England, Ireland, Wales, Sweden, Italy, Holland and Britany. This part of the program with its novel rivalry of colors and the club remaining on the stage throughout in happy freedom, picturing the joyousness of youth and the love of music was indeed well given and showed excellent work.

The Old English Group was particularly interesting, beginning with "Summer Is Cummin In," written about 1250. Two beautiful airs, "The Bloom Is On The Rye," and the old Irish song, "The Last Rose of Summer" were very effective. A favorite was the contralto voice, in the Welch, "All Through the Night."

Another charming solo was "My Mignonette," Wickerlin. The program closed with two beautiful old Tuscan Folk songs by Caracciola. And this program with only four month's training! Well, we would like to hear them after about two or three years. And we also wish our Glee Club could be heard in every part of the State.



The Pine Branch

GLEE CLUB PROGRAM

Part I.

- I. a. When Life Is Brightest ..... Pinsuti
- b. The Wanderer's Night Song ..... Rubinstein
- c. O, Beautiful Violet . . . . . Reinecke

Glee Club

- II. a. Knowest Thou That Fair Land "Air from Mignon" Thomas
- b. Lullaby ..... Cyrl Scott

Sadie Culbreth

- III. a. The Call of May Time ..... Brahe
- b. Butterflies ..... Sellar

Margaret McCranie

- IV. Thou'rt Like A Flower ..... List

Margaret McCranie, Mabel Powell: Frances Bitzer,  
Buena McConnell; Ruth Johnson, Lena May.

- V. a. The Garden of Dreams } ... From "The Follies of '19"
- b. Starlight. }

Glee Club

Part II. — En Costume

## Locals

### EN COSTUME

- I. a. An Irish Dance.  
Marie Strong - Ruby Ezzell
- b. Fantasy.  
Julia Daniels - Edith Mathis
- c. A Russian Dance.  
Lavinia Creech - Bernice Pearson
- II. A Norwegian Wedding Procession ..... Greig  
Ruby Ezzell
- III. A Sweedish Peasant Wedding March ..... Soderman  
Glee Club
- IV. All Thru The Night ..... Welsh  
Ruth Johnson
- V. When The Bloom Is On The Rye ..... Old English  
Myrtle Patterson
- VI. a. Summer Is Cummin In ..... Old English  
b. It Was a Lover and His Lass ..... Old English  
Glee Club
- VII. 'Tis The Last Rose of Summer ..... Irish  
Mabel Powell
- VIII. My Mignonette, by Wekerlin ..... Old French  
Mazie White
- IX. Two Tuscan Folk Songs ..... Caracciola
- a. A Streamlet Full of Flowers
- b. Nearest and Dearest.



### **By Their Tongues Ye Shall Know Them.**

Margaret Breen: "Te-he-he! Now don't you all make me laugh."

Betty Chichester; "Oh, Peter! How do you spell that?"

Augusta Brown: "Aw, let me tell you something."

Kennie Lasseter: "Oh yes, they have those in North Texas."

Mamie Patrick: "Oh, Mr. Wood, now just wait a minute, I know that."

Mattie Campbell: "Who? When? Where? What?"

Katheryne White: "Oh, wait just a minute, let me go take this to Mabel."

Stella Floyd: "Oh, I'm so tickled. I got a letter from Robert."

### **History vs. Poetry.**

Mr. Bradley: "Miss Dekle, who were the Epicureans?"

Miss Dekle: "The writers of epic poetry."

### **A valuable Possession.**

Marion: "Miss Patterson, where do you keep 'The Country Gentleman'?"

### **No Brains!**

Junior (speaking in vesper): "The people of India get up early before sunset every morning."

### **Senior Knowledge.**

Senior (to Miss Barrett): "Miss Barrett, did Dewey write our Strayer's 'Principles of Teaching'?"

### **Misleading.**

M. B. Parks (in English): "Lord Byron drank up all his wife's money."

## Humorous

### Stuck To What?

Betty (stumped of math. problem): "I'm stuck, Mr. Wood."

Mr. Wood: "What to?"

Betty: "That's what I don't know."

### New Art Collector.

Sam was carrying dress forms to the sewing room. Miss Ousley; "Marie, what's Sam doing?"

Marie: "He's carrying some old statues up stairs."

### The Inevitable.

Stella (after failing to work a math. problem): "Well, Mr. Wood, I guess I must be crazy."

Mr. Wood: "You must be."

### "Sub" Knowledge.

Lena: "Where is Jerusalem, Sadie?"

Sadie: "Let Pauline tell you. She says the 'Subs' know more than the Seniors. Where is it Polly? Bet you don't know."

Pauline: "Yes I do, too; it's in Africa."

### The Bare Truth.

Augusta (writing future of Juniors): "Oh, Eloise, it won't take you long to get married will it?"

Eloise: "No, I know it won't.."

### We Guessed As Much.

Miss Johnson: "Miss Brown, what did you call l-e-g-e-n-d?"

Miss Brown: "Leggin, Leggin. Oh! I don't know."

### Now Where Was It?

Bernice: "What century was Christ born in?"

Agnes: "Century? Why I thought He was born in a manger."

### These Definitions!

Miss Craig: "What is vapor?"

Freshman: "It is something that disappears."

Miss Craig: "Then when you disappear off the campus, you evaporate?"

N. B. — If she goes far off, she is liable to liquidate.

## The Pine Branch

### New Time?

Elizabeth: "We will have a class meeting at 3:45."

Irene: "Oh no, Elizabeth, you mean a quarter of four."

### Do Be Careful, Jonibel.

Jonibel sits in Ruby's place in their class room.

Ruby: "Now, Jonibel, I had my eyes on that chair."

Jonibel (looking critically at the chair): "No sir, there wasn't anything in this chair when I sat here."



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