"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in it."

—Byron.
AUGUSTA, GA.:
CHRONICLE BOOK AND JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.
1888
To the Fraternity Goat:

Whose patience has been more severely taxed by oft repeated jokes at his expense, than by the physical burden of weighty novitiates, this volume is sympathisingly dedicated.

Please accept this little volume
And what pleasure it conveys;
None are there, than thou, to whom is
Due more credit or more praise
On giving to the public
Rich gems of college lays
And true tales of student's ways.
YE EDITORS

ALBERT HOWELL, K A,
   Editor in Chief

ASA W. GRIGGS, Φ Π A,
   Business Manager.

STAFF

T. REMSEN CRAWFORD, Α Τ Ω,
LUCIAN L. KNIGHT, Χ Φ,
FRANK W. COILE, Ξ Ν,
W. M. GLASS, Α Τ Α,
WILMER L. MOORE, Ξ Α Ε,

"Let them be kept from paper, pen and ink,
So they may cease to write and learn to think."

—Prior.
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In presenting Volume III of the Pandora to a suffering public we have two confessions to make. First, that this book is not "intended to fill a long-felt want;" second, that it is not "the result of years of study and observation." We have produced this volume simply because we were elected to perform that duty. That the vast machinery of the universe would have continued its mighty action, independent of the existence of this Volume III, we are perfectly aware; that its changeless operation is undisturbed by the appearance of the book we thoroughly realize. We know of no want our little volume satisfies, unless it be a want for something clean, harmless and representative. We have endeavored to make this a representative college annual, to make its pages sparkle with the laughter of the merry student, frown with the precepts of the staid professor, and beam with a bewildering medley of the beautiful songs of all who enter into the composition of that peculiar existence known as college life. On every page may be read a chapter in the student's life, in every line a story of the student's deeds. In short, we have pinned to every page the true records of book, bench and dormitory, and between the covers of the book we have caught the breath of the breeze that plays across the campus green. More than this we have not attempted to accomplish.

What little meed of merit there may be found among the pages of our annual must be accorded to the inexhaustible wealth of theme at our command. The Pandora is a disordered, ephemeral creation, springing from the confused jungle of college life; ours are but the humble hands that clothe the rude creation. In other words, to controvert Spencer's thought, our little volume represents a change from a "definite, coherent heterogeneity" to "an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity."
But little time has been devoted to the compilation of the vagaries contained herein, on the ground that the strength of the work lies in the purity of the stone and not in the size of the setting. If, kind reader, in the perusal of these pages you find aught worthy of commendation, put it to the credit of the industrious editors, whose imaginations framed the thought; if aught deserving condemnation, attribute it to an unfortunate combination of circumstances over which we had no control.

If our pens have pricked the cuticles of your consciences, remember we occupy our positions “to hold the mirror up to nature.” It is neither our province to create faults where they do not exist, nor to excuse them where we find them. Not a word has been written heedlessly, nor a drop of ink wasted; yet withal, good nature and friendly interest have controlled every movement of our pens.

And now, that our arduous duties have come to a close and Volume III is about to be launched into the world on its own merits, we wish to thank cordially those who have assisted us in our work.

To the merchants of Athens and elsewhere, who have encouraged us with their financial support, we extend our most earnest assurances of appreciation, and to those of the students who have helped us with subscriptions and kind words we are deeply grateful. We wish especially to thank Mr. Peyton L. Wade, of the class of 1886, for several exceedingly meritorious contributions which appear in this issue, and also to thank Mr. I. S. K. Axson, class 1889, for similar assistance. We wish also to tender our thanks to Mr. William Williams, of the Southern Express Company, for many courtesies shown the Pandora. There is one class of men who deserve even more earnest thanks than gratitude can bestow. Contributors act voluntarily, readers exercise their own discretion, but the helpless printer must, nolens volens, wade through a meaningless mess of manuscript without the privilege of ignoring that which grates on the beauties of his aestheticism, or jars the finer sensibilities of his soul. To Foreman Hill, then, and his able corps of assistants, we extend the assurances of our deepest
sympathy, and the sincere hope that in their final attainment of
the printers' paradise they may find a case in which the insur-
mountable difficulties of Greek type shall be nameless ever-
more.

We congratulate the University that she has given birth to
another Pandora; we congratulate the Pandora that it has
fallen in the hands of friends, and we congratulate ourselves
that the work so gladly begun is with such infinite pleasure
concluded. So here's a glad year and successful session to our
Alma Mater and her friends, and unlimited prosperity to the
next Pandora.
The Pandora

EDITORIALS.

VOLUME III of the Pandora is presented to our patrons in a new shape and under a different management from that of our former volumes.

The initial volume of our annual was edited by a board composed of two representatives from each of the fraternities at the University, and Volume II by editors from all the fraternities except the Sigma Alpha Epsilon. The first volume, although laboring under the many difficulties attendant upon novel undertakings, was a very creditable edition, and established the fact that the University of Georgia would support a first-class college annual. The second volume, while hardly as successful as the first, was well supported, and its typographical work was exceedingly tasty. The Sigma Alpha Epsilon is ably represented in this Volume III, and the Phi Delta Theta fraternity has withdrawn from its support, leaving only seven fraternities represented on the editorial staff.

* * *

In this connection we deem it proper to offer a suggestion for the welfare of future editions of the Pandora. All the members of its editorial board are equally responsible for the success of the publication, and the labor necessary to ensure success should be shared by all. It is a fact to be regretted that the present Pandora officers have not received the support from their staff that they had a right to expect. Some of the editors have not contributed one thought to brighten our pages, others have helped us but slightly, while others still, have assisted us most materially in our difficult work. The fraternities represented in the Pandora have a right to expect more from their representatives, and it is due the purchasers of our
annual that the editors discharge the duties they were elected to fulfill. We hope future editors of "volumes yet unborn" will need no further suggestions to stimulate them in the performance of their duties.

*   *   *

The board of visitors, appointed by authority of Governor Gordon, recently made a thorough investigation of the University and its operation, and their report was clear and exhaustive. Among the recommendations of the board was a strong resolution favoring a sufficient appropriation from the Legislature to repair the college dormitories. The two large buildings now in use by the students as dormitories are utterly unfit for the purpose, and unless they are at once repaired will soon become inhabitable only by bats and bugs—which even now begin to assert their claims to the comfortless rooms.

*   *   *

The board of visitors gave the condition of affairs at the University a thorough investigation, and their report was highly complimentary. It is true, they were somewhat hampered by the senseless objections of one of their number, but the spleen of the "imported pedagogue" was vented in vain. Governor Gordon cannot be too careful in his appointments, especially those connected with the educational interests of the State. His appointment of Lyman H. Ford as one of the board of visitors was an unfortunate mistake, and has created much unfavorable comment.
Faculty.

L. H. CHARBONNIER, A. M., P. H. D.,
Acting Chancellor.

A. A. LIPSCOMB, D. D., LL. D.,
Professor of Metaphysics and Ethics.

WILLIAMS RUTHERFORD, A. M.,
Professor of Pure Mathematics.

L. H. CHARBONNIER, A. M., P. H. D.,
Professor of Physics and Astronomy.

C. P. WILCOX, A. M.,
Professor of Modern Languages.

H. C. WHITE, C., M. E. and P. H. D.,
Professor of Chemistry.

W. G. WOODFIN, A. M.,
Professor of Latin and Greek Languages and Literature.

CHARLES MORRIS, A. M.,
Professor of Belles Lettres.

D. C. BARROW, Jr., C. and M. E.,
Professor of Engineering.

W. L. JONES, A. M. and M. D.,
Professor of Natural History and Agriculture.

C. M. STRAHAN, C. and M. E.,
Tutor in Mathematics and Ancient Languages.

Department of Law.

FACULTY.

GEO. DUDLEY THOMAS, B. S., B. L.,
ANDREW J. COBB, A. B., B. L.,
Professors of Law.

SAMUEL C. BENEDICT, M. D.,
Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence.
Medical Department.

FACULTY.

EDWARD GEDDINGS, M. D.,
Dean of the Faculty.

GEO. W. RAINS, M. D., LL. D.,
Professor of Medical Chemistry and Pharmacy.

HENRY F. CAMPBELL, M. D.,
Professor of Operative Surgery and Gynecology.

DESAUSSURE FORD, M. D.,
Professor of Midwifery and Clinical Surgery.

EDWARD GEDDINGS, M. D.,
Professor of Physiology and Pathology.

THOMAS R. WRIGHT, M. D.,
Professor of Descriptive and Surgical Anatomy.

THEO. LAMB, M. D.,
Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine.

W. H. DOUGHTY, M. D.,
Professor of Materia Medica and Medical Jurisprudence.

JAMES M. HULL, M. D.,
Special Professor of the Diseases of the Eye and Throat.

Demonstrator of Anatomy, and Prosector to the Professor of Anatomy.

Agricultural Department.

WILLIAM S. BASSINGER, A. M.,
President Agricultural College.

BENJAMIN P. GAILLARD, A. M.,
Professor of Natural Sciences.

WALTER S. WILSON, A. M.,
Professor of Mathematics.

ARTHUR C. WARD, D. D., A. M.,
Professor of Ancient Languages.

FREDERICK G. HODGSON, U. S. A.,
Commandant of Cadets.
RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

PASSED BY

THE PHI KAPPA SOCIETY

ON THE DEATH OF

DR. P. H. MELL

HALL OF THE PHI KAPPA SOCIETY, }
January 26, 1888. }

WHEREAS, The afflicting hand of providence has removed from our midst our beloved friend and brother, Dr. P. H. Mell, Chancellor of the University of Georgia; be it, therefore,

Resolved, That the Phi Kappa Society, in the death of its distinguished member, has lost one of its truest friends and one of its noblest representatives.

Resolved, That the University of Georgia has suffered an irreparable loss in the death of her efficient Chancellor, under whose wise administration she has enjoyed unlimited prosperity, and by whose careful guidance she has made the warmest friends of her once bitter enemies.

Resolved, That the cause of education has lost one of its most ardent and devoted champions—one whose place as instructor of the youth of the land will long be unsupplied.

Resolved, That religion has lost one of its purest and most fearless advocates—one whose unselfish life has been a noble example of Christian virtues, and whose memory will long live to inspire young manhood with a fervent zeal to lead useful and self-sacrificing lives.

Resolved, That our sincerest sympathies rest with the sorrow-stricken family in this, the hour of their bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased, and that they be published in the local papers, the University Reporter, the PANDORA, and the leading journals of the State.

THOS. W. REED,
LUCIAN L. KNIGHT,
JAS. M. MITCHELL,
Committee.
History of the Law Class

Here is a tradition, grown honored, if not honorable, by much use and old age, that whenever a student finds his mental calibre too limited to allow his continuance in the Freshman Class, he naturally drops into the Law School. I say tradition, and such it is, for even as far back as “time from which the memory of man runneth not,” no one, not even the oldest inhabitant, ever heard of such a proceeding. The knowledge of this fact led our illustrious predecessors in legal learning to hold their heads none the less proudly—and to pawn their books none the less freely—when circumstances demanded. But it was left for the immortal Law Class of ’88 to demonstrate forever the fallacy of the tradition, for, in that class, a struggling disciple of Blackstone made several wild efforts to retain his position, sank beneath the surface, and turned up serenely and smiling in the Senior Class, from the foremost ranks of which he now turns envious but respectful eyes in our direction.

The Law Class of ’88 entered the University at the opening of the session with eleven men, but the number was soon increased to twenty-one.

This was the first class required to stand examinations on every subject touched upon, from Blackstone to the Code. That they acquitted themselves creditably, the flattering remarks of the professors and the faultless condition of their papers testify.

We do not like to poach upon the preserves of the Academic Department historians by boasting of our superior merits, but will allow a few facts to speak for themselves.

The forensic ability of our members may be seen by a look
at the Literary Society records. The fact that the challenge of our class to the University, and to the colleges of the State, to put forth a man to meet our representatives in athletic contests, speaks for itself in regard to our physical culture.

In Literature we have the lion's share of honor. Among the important literary positions filled by members of the Law Class of '88 are President of the Philosophic Society, Editor in Chief of the Pandora, and Editor in Chief of the Reporter.

While we have no “howling swells” in our class, the social position of its members compares favorably with that of any class in College.

In our ranks is found the President of the Athletic Association, and in the rooms of our men may be found a large portion of the prizes given for Athletic contests on Field-day.

But inasmuch as we regard with the greatest pleasure the kindly relations of the Academic and Special Departments, and having no desire either to discourage those in pursuit of other studies, or to throng our legal halls with applicants for admission, we will do what no lawyer “ever dared to do before;” we will suppress the remainder of this truthful statement. “The half has never been told.” Were I to write the plain, unvarnished truth, “the whole truth and nothing but the truth,” students of medicine would leave their books, clerks of all would enter the grand race for supremacy in the legal commerce their counters, and mechanics their benches, and fraternity.

As we have great regard for “the eternal fitness of things,” we hesitate to disturb the well conceived balance of the universe, and with modest endeavors continue our earnest efforts in search of knowledge, always remembering that

“'Tis not for mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, my brothers;
We'll deserve it”

HISTORIAN, LEGIA CLASSIS.
Law Class of '88
ARNOLD BROYLES, X Φ...............................President
ALBERT HOWELL, K A..............................Orator
L. L. RAY, Ξ N..............................................Poet
JOHN L. RITCH.............................................Historian

LEWIS B. BEARD..............................................Dawson
ARNOLD BROYLES, X Φ......................................Atlanta
CALVIN CRUMMEY........................................Appling
FRANK J. CURRY........................................Hampton
TOLIVER EBERHART.......................................Elberton
HOWARD H. GARMANY, *.............................Savannah
JAMES A. HIXON, Φ Δ Θ..............................Americus
WALTER L. HODGES, Φ Γ Δ............................Hartwell
ALBERT HOWELL, K A..............................Atlanta
FRANK M. HUGHES......................................Florida
ALBERT S. JOHNSON......................................Early
BARTOW B. JOHNSON.......................................Florida
WILLIAM C. KINNARD.....................................Coweta
WILLIAM T. LANE, Ξ N..............................Jasper
BRICK S. MILLER, A Τ Ω.............................Marion
JOHN E. MOON...........................................Madison
LUCIEN L. RAY, Ξ N.......................................Butts
JOHN L. RITCH...........................................Jackson
W. E. STEED, Ξ N........................................Taylor
ROBERT V. SWAIN, A Τ Ω.............................Warrenton
WILLIAM P. WALLIS.....................................Schley

*Left College
If a history of the University of Georgia for the past four years should be written, it would be surprising and almost incredible to outsiders to note what a great part of that history would be devoted to the Class of '88. That class now consists of about forty-three men, and we are recognized by all, as the "life and soul" of the college.

Our class is not made up exclusively of hard students, of debaters, of orators, nor of poets, but we have a combination class in men that fall under each of these heads. What class has ever preceded us that had more or better debaters? What class has ever had more effective or more polished orators? And again, since the new maxium has been established that "poets are made by mere election," what class has ever brought forward a better poet? So, in a literary point of view, we equal, if not surpass any class that has ever preceded us. To outsiders this may seem too broad a statement, but it is made without fears of serious contradiction.

Then, too, we have been the recognized leaders in athletic sports for the past three years, and in support of this assertion, I submit the following:

In baseball, we had, while sophomores, a nine that rarely ever suffered defeat, and in our junior year we had two teams that proved invincible by any other class or College team. Although a senior nine has not been elected at this writing, yet it is not unreasonable to suppose that they will again "fly the pennant."

We also have a football eleven that has never been defeated. We were also the prime movers in the inauguration of "Field-day," and it is partly due to us that the last Board of
Trustees set apart the first Monday in May to be devoted to various athletic sports. Our first field-day, although hastily gotten up, proved a wonderful success financially as well as in all other ways; fine records were made in every contest, and it will require long and constant practice to beat them. Out of eleven different contests entered by the Class of '88, six took first prize, and seven stood second.

We also have a great deal of musical talent displayed among our members, and consequently some of these have organized a "Glee Club," for the promotion of this art, and also for their own enjoyment. They render some of the best music, both vocal and instrumental, that ever charmed the cultured ear of classic Athens.

During our four years the Almighty, with His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to take from us five of our most esteemed and beloved members. They were true men, loyal and lovable, and we shall never see their like again.

We must confess, that although our pleasures have been interspersed with hardships and personal sacrifices, we could not have expected to have spent a more pleasant or more profitable time together. To think that we shall soon be widely separated is, indeed, painful; but this separation can never sever the bonds which united us as a class.

In closing, I could wish for no more than that the lives of each of us shall be as happily spent as those few days we have spent here together.

Historian '88.
EMMET J. BONDURANT, K A........................................... President
JAMES MELL, Σ A E....................................................... Secretary and Treasurer
HUBERT ESTES, A T Ω....................................................... Poet
JOSEPH BOSTON, X Φ....................................................... Historian

R. W. ALMON.................................................................. Franklin
J. A. BARNES, Σ A E....................................................... Augusta
E. J. BONDURANT, K A..................................................... Augusta
J. C. BOONE..................................................................... Gainesville
J. E. BOSTON, X Φ.......................................................... Marietta
L. M. BRAND.................................................................. Logansville
W. G. BROWNE, Σ N....................................................... Alpharetta
N. R. BROYLES, X Φ........................................................ Atlanta
E. B. COHEN, Φ Σ Θ........................................................ Athens
F. W. COLE, Σ N............................................................. Winterville
H. M. COMER, K A.......................................................... Savannah
T. M. CUNNINGHAM, Σ A E.............................................. Savannah
J. W. DANIEL, K A.......................................................... Augusta
J. B. H. DAY................................................................... Social Circle
E. C. DAVIS...................................................................... Albany
O. S. DAVIS, Φ Σ Θ............................................................... Greensboro
W. A. DAVIS, Σ T Ω.............................................................. Newnan
H. U. DOWNING, K A..................................................... Columbus
P. H. ESTES, A T Ω............................................................. Savannah
J. R. EVANS, Φ Σ Ω........................................................….. Washington
A. L. FRANKLIN, A T Ω..................................................... Covington
W. M. GLASS Σ T Ω............................................................ Warnerville
A. W. GRIGGS, Φ Σ Ω........................................................... Atlanta
T. R. HARDWICK, Φ Σ Ω..................................................... Atlanta
W. M. HAWES, Φ Σ Ω.......................................................... Thomson
ARTHUR HEYMAN................................................................ West Point
J. G. JARRELL, Φ Σ Ω........................................................... LaGrange
W. A. KENNON, Φ Σ Ω........................................................ Hoboken
L. L. KNIGHT, X Φ............................................................. Atlanta
J. W. LAMAR, K A............................................................. Savannah
J. D. LITTLE, Σ A E............................................................. Columbus
J. C. MELL, Σ A E............................................................... Athens
A. H. MCCARRIEL, K A..................................................... Augusta
G. A. MERCER, Σ A E........................................................ Savannah
W. L. MOORE, Σ A E.......................................................... Atlanta
W. J. NORRIS, Σ T Ω........................................................... Florence, S. C.
C. C. POE*...................................................................... Atlanta
W. H. QUARTERMAN............................................................ Walthourville
T. W. REED, Φ Σ Ω............................................................... Atlanta
V. L. SMITH, K A............................................................. Atlanta
F. C. THOMAS, K A*......................................................... Athens
W. E. THOMAS, A T Ω........................................................ Valdosta
G. A. WHITEHEAD, Σ A E.................................................. Savannah
Q. L. WILLIFORD............................................................... Athens
F. W. WRIGHT, X Φ.......................................................... Augusta
R. F. WOOLFOLK, Jr.*....................................................... Macon

*Deceased.
FAME alike for their sobriety, honesty and studiousness, together with all the excellencies in the catalogue of virtues, the Class of '89 have a history which marks an epoch in college annals.

By the side of the prodigies of this great class, the irrepressible "brightest fellow ever here," who assumes mammoth proportions in the eyes of the recently initiated, sinks into utter insignificance—the lustre of his fame grows painfully dim.

The Goddess, whoe'er she be, who has under her guardianship the brains of the universe, periodically eclipses herself. Witness, the age of Pericles, of the Caesars, of Justinian, of Elizabeth, and of the Class of '89. Throughout this third term of its checkered life, this class has been the cynosure of the youthful sophomore, has been stared at in open-mouthed admiration by the unsophisticated freshman, and has forced the proverbial boastfulness of the senior to become a thing of the past. Indeed, even the gray-haired professors, accustomed as they are to all degrees of mental excellence, have been compelled to acknowledge the superior merit of this class of classes. And even the nullification of that edict of the Athenæum, which had so long ostracised "Niggers, Jews and Students," has been an event which only the birth of "'89" could bring about. Only the modest diffidence, which is a distinguishing feature of the members of this class, deters me, its humble Historian, from extending this eulogium.

From the sea-washed savannahs of lower Georgia to the cloud-capped Blue Ridge, came men whose like the classic
halls will not soon look upon again, and proudly registered themselves members of the Class of '89.

The "toiling bulwarks of the nation" sent their sons to us, and the blue blood of Southern aristocracy has entrusted its worthy scions to our care.

With unity of ambition and unity of aim "we climb the hill together." The bonhommie of our membership was demonstrated in the Summer of '87 by a royal banquet, upon the success of which we were congratulated alike by professors and students.

So was it then, so is it now; and there is all reason to hope that long after our diplomas are folded away to absorb the dust of ages, when the schoolboy pranks and college revelries are but pleasant memories, fifty-four hearts among us may respond to the call of one another, and fifty-four hands may be extended in the honest grasp of earnest, hearty well-wishing.

Historian '89.
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* Left College.
History of '90

The imprint stamped, figuratively and literally, upon me while undergoing my circular ride in my initiation as Historian, was sufficiently impressive to make me ever afterwards keenly feel the responsibility which I then assumed. It would be unnecessary, and in fact impossible, for one to enumerate all the various travels, marriages, pledges, etc., in the life of a class similar to ours, and I will only endeavor to present a few facts to show our general character and peculiar excellence. [Chestnuts!—Ed.]

I believe it is generally customary to begin by showing the esteem in which we are held by the various professors, and in this respect we have been unusually fortunate, having been told on a certain examination that our papers were the best ever received; also that we were exceptionally good in regard to attendance. But, notwithstanding our superiority, we are sometimes prone to disregard our dignity, and consequently the professors sometimes reverse the above praises, and one has even gone so far as to say that he thought it would be very appropriate to read the "riot act" to us before each recitation.

The Spring Debate this year was a grand event. It was strictly a sophomore affair, unlike the debates of old, which were of a very peculiar mixture, mainly "fresh."

It is our intention to uphold all the good customs inaugurated before us, and at present we are perfecting arrangements for a grand banquet, which promises to eclipse the memorable feast of '89.

As to athletics, we are fully up with the average, as was proven on Field-day. While we were not so fortunate as to
obtain any of the prizes, a young lady was heard to say we deserved something any way, and the remark reflected great credit on our class.

The disbanding of the seniors has left us as the base ball team, and if we are sufficiently fortunate as to uphold the high standard which we have obtained, there will be little doubt as to our securing the pennant.

In conclusion, I will again assert that '90 is a remarkable Class personally, physically and mentally, and, notwithstanding our misfortunes, we have been sailing triumphantly along, with the same unceasing energy that gave us renown as freshmen, and I will venture to predict that when our course is ended a record will be left behind us that will ever be remembered in the history of the University.

Historian '90.
History of '90

SOPHOMORE
-Class of '90-

F. E. CALLOWAY, KA........................................President
J. A. BROWN, A T A........................................Vice-President
F. L. THREADCRAFT..........................................Secretary
S. UPSON....................................................Treasurer
N. L. POULLAIN, X Φ........................................Historian

JOHN W. ARNOLD..................................................................Athens
PRESTON S. AKENWRIGHT, Σ N........................................Savannah
THOMAS E. ATKINS, Φ Θ............................................Maysville
JOHN M. BATES*..........................................................Cherokee County
JOHN BARK..............................................................Athens
WALTER L. BECK........................................................Jackson
EDWARD C. BEARD, KA...............................................Birmingham, Ala
JOHN W. BENNETT*..........................................................Jesup
FRED F. BINGHAM..........................................................Poplar Mount, Va
JOHN A. BRYAN, Σ A F................................................Maysville
JOSEPH A. BROWN, Ν T A...........................................Social Circle
FRANK E. CALLOWAY, KA........................................LaGrange
HIRAM O. CRITTENDEN, Φ Τ A.................................Shellman
WILLIAM M. CRANE, Φ Τ A........................................Athens
JAMES H. DOZIER..........................................................Athens
ALVIN E. DEARING......................................................Athens
GEORGE E. DEADWILER................................................Maysville
JOHN E. DOBBS........................................................Athens
WILLIAM D. ELLIS, X Φ.............................................Atlanta
MOSES W. GARBETT....................................................Midville
T. FITZGERALD GREEN, KA.........................................Athens
JOHN HALE..............................................................Elgin
BEVERLY W. HALL......................................................Elberton
ALFRED S. HARPER, X Φ...........................................Rome
JOHN W. HARRELL*......................................................Valdosta
ALFRED F. HARRINGTON, KA.....................................West Point
L. CLARK HAYES, Ν T A...........................................Oglethorpe
GEORGE E. HEARD.....................................................Athens
JOHN N. HOLDER......................................................Jefferson
WILLIAM C. HORTON..................................................Hoschton
THOMAS C. HARDMAN, Φ Τ Θ........................................Harmony Grove
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*Left College.
It was with mingled feelings of hope and fear, that we listened to the sonorous peals of the old chapel bell, as it rang out on the clear air of an October morning. But summoning up all of our courage we wended our way to the chapel, where we found assembled a large crowd of boys, ranging from the presumptuous sophomore to the lordly senior.

After prayers we assembled in our professor's room, to receive instructions as to our future course.

On the way we were greeted by loud cries of "Hello Freshie," "Turn him" and other characteristic salutations. We were not totally ignorant of the import of the last phrase, for it had already been mildly suggested to us that there were certain initiatory ceremonies known as turning, which greeted the freshman's debut in college life.

How we did enjoy our professor's brief remarks. It seemed that we could have listened to him forever.

This is not so remarkable, considering the fact that every now and then we could hear the rattle of the canes, as they fell with more than their wonted vigor upon some poor unfortunate victim. But who can describe our feelings as we were ushered out; resistance was useless. We were each seized and put through that painful process of turning. As we picked ourselves up, we were rejoiced to find that with the exception of an acute pain now and then in certain parts of the body, we were as sound as ever. The first week of college life had been triumphantly passed, and we were now full fledged college boys.

The christmas holidays having arrived, we went home and spent a fortnight very pleasantly. We then returned, ready to begin with renewed vigor the preparation of Intermediate finals. The examinations were at last over, and judging from the way our professor complimented our class, we must have eclipsed any class he ever had.

Historian '91.
Class of '91

LEWIS C. RUSSELL, A T O........................................ President
CAMPBELL W. BRUMBY, A T O................................ Vice-President
ANDREW C. FEARS, Σ N..................................... Treasurer
JAMES W. CAMAK.............................................. Secretary
THOMAS F. ECKLES, A T A................................. Historian

WILLIAM D. ANDERSON........................................ Athens
CAMPBELL W. BRUMBY, A T O................................ Athens
JAMES W. CAMAK............................................. Athens
JOHN W. CHILDERS*........................................... East Point
JAMES R. CRANE............................................... Athens
EDWARD H. CRAWLEY, Σ N*............................... Waycross
JAMES Z. DANIEL, K A....................................... Augusta
FRANK S. DEAN.................................................. Rome
AUGUSTUS W. DOZIER......................................... Athens
THOMAS F. ECKLES, A T A .................................... Social Circles
ANDREW C. FEARS, Σ N....................................... Athens
ROBERT E. FORSTER........................................... Rome
JOSEPH J. FOWLER............................................ Jackson
JOHN M. FOWLER, *............................................ Jackson
JESSE T. GANTT.................................................. Athens
ROBERT J. GANTT, *.......................................... Athens
CLEMENT E. GILLILAND...................................... Athens
THOMAS J. GERDINE, Σ A E................................ Athens
YANCEY HARRIS, Χ Φ........................................ Athens
EDWARD HARTZ, Σ N*...................................... Nashville, Tenn
EDWARD R. HODGSON, K A*............................... Athens
HENRY R. JACKSON, Jr., Σ A E............................ Atlanta
EDWARD F. LOVELL, K A.................................... Savannah
JAMES W. MORTON............................................ Athens
LEWIS C. RUSSELL, A T O.................................. Athens
SIDNEY P. REAVES, Φ Π A .................................. Athens
JAMES W. ROBERTSON........................................ Athens
JAMES E. ROGERS............................................. Harris County
A. B. ROBERSON, *.......................................... Baxley
JOEL E. SMITH.................................................. Statesville
GEORGE J. TRIBBLE........................................... Milton County
SAMUEL J. TRIBBLE........................................... Carnesville
JOHN M. THOMAS, K A*................................... Savannah
JOHN H. WHITTAKER, *................................. Sandersville
JOEL P. WALKER............................................. Lawrence County
JOHN M. BAXTER*............................................. Canton

*Left College.
L. C. Allen                        Ga
E. J. Attaway                     Ga
A. A. Bagwell                    Ga
E. E. Barclay                   Ga
G. A. Bell                      Ga
W. W. Boatwright                SC
R. L. Bradfield                Ga
F. M. Brock                       Ga
W. V. Brockington                SC
B. D. Brooker                    SC
L. R. Brown                      Ga
O. H. Buford                    Ga
A. W. Burch                   Ga
R. M. Butts                      Ga
C. W. Cason                    SC
J. N. Cheney                    Ga
C. J. Clark                   Ga
J. G. Cline                     Ga
J. E. Cole                      SC
F. F. Coleman                  Ga
J. N. Crafton                  SC
J. M. Davis                    Ga
H. P. Derry                    Ga
J. A. Dilashaw                 Ga
J. T. Dixon                     Ga
W. J. Douglass                SC
L. G. Dozier                   Ga
S. G. Etheridge                Ga
E. P. Floyd                    Ga
W. J. Frost                    Ga
J. Fulmer                       Ga
D. N. Greafish                 Ga
A. J. Gordon                  Ga
G. T. Gray                      Ga
J. T. Grace                    Ga
H. J. Hall                     Ga
D. J. Hartley                Ga
W. S. Havenier              SC
J. T. Henry                    Ga
W. J. Hicks                    Ga
J. L. Hiers                    SC
W. J. Hood                     Ga
T. B. Hough                   SC
C. N. Howard                  Ga
R. D. Howe                    Ga
J. L. Hull                      Ga
W. T. Hunt                    SC
G. W. Jenkins                 Ga
W. T. Jones                    Ga
W. S. Kendall                 Ga
D. L. Kennedy               Ga
J. J. Kirksey                 SC
G. W. Lamar, K. A.,          Ga
L. H. Lanier                 Ga
O. F. Laseter                  Ga
R. M. Lovorn                  Ga
E. C. McCall                  Ga
J. W. McClain                Ga
W. H. McClare             SC
T. E. McElveen             Ga
J. F. McMath                Ga
J. B. McMillan             Ga
H. J. McNally              Ga
G. E. Martin                Ga
J. Mayhugh                   Ga
J. W. Meaders                Ga
J. M. Meadows               Ga
G. Y. Moore                SC
G. J. Murphey              Ga
D. P. Oliver               Ga
E. M. Osborne              Ga
C. R. Patterson             Ga
E. S. Peacock             Ga
M. D. L. Peacock            Ga
J. E. Peeler                 Ga
J. E. Peennington           Ga
J. M. Posey                Ga
J. W. Powell               Ga
Z. M. Price                  Ga
W. S. Prather              Ga
W. A. Preacher            SC
C. C. Ray                    SC
Leo Reich                   Ga
F. L. Sandel               SC
O. J. Short                 Ga
J. L. Smith                Ga
B. J. Smith                Ga
W. W. Terrell             Ga
J. T. Smith                Ga
J. A. Stohart            S C
C. R. Story               Ga
A. S. Tinsley            Ga
D. A. N. Thomas         Ga
C. H. Tuttle              Ga
R. H. Twiggs            Ga
J. D. Tyson              G
B. F. Waldrop            SC
J. M. Wall                 Ga
V. J. Ward                Ga
F. N. Ware                Ga
J. H. Ware                Ga
J. D. Waters            SC
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G. H. Winkler          Ga
J. B. Wright            Ga
J. T. Wyman            SC
Adamson, Joseph F...........Abbeville, S C
Allen, Joseph P P.............Dahlonega
Allen, Samuel H..............Forsyth County
Almond, Edward H...............Conyers
Almond, Jesse M.................Conyers
Asbury, James H..............White County
Asher, John H....................Atlanta
Asher, Columbus A...............Atlanta
Asher, William T.................Atlanta
Baker, Jesse K...................Lexington
Bassinger, Wm I, Jr..........Dahlonega
Bassinger, Thomas..............Dahlonega
Bazemore, James M.............Screven County
Beard, Chas W...................Dahlonega
Bennett, James W...............Cobb County
Bird, Homer V...................Hall County
Bird, Webster....................Jackson County
Blake, William N...............Griffin
Boddie, George D.................Lagrange
Bovman, Ulysses C..............Gwinnett County
Braselton, Oscar P..............Jackson County
Brown, Walter E...............Pt. Gaines
Burnside, Thomas E..............Dahlonega
Byers, George G.................Hall County
Calhoun, Chas A..................Atlanta
Carmichael, Henry B.............Dahlonega
Chambers, Joshua S..........Banks County
Chamblee, James T...............Hall County
Chamblee, Walter H..............Gainesville
Chamblee, William R..............Dahlonega
Chapman, John W...............Dahlonega
Chester, Mackan C..............Lumpkin County
Chitwood, Stephen..............Mt. Airy
Clark, John B.................Dodge County
Clark, Robt B...................Adairsville
Cornelius, John C...............Brunswick
Cobb, William H.................Mt. Airy
Comer, John M.................Screven County
Dart, Robt E....................Brunswick
Dendy, Wm E...............Oconee County, S C
Drake, Benjamin S........Paulding County
Fletcher, Henry M...............Butts County
Foster, Samuel J.............Butts County
Fouche, James S................Rome
Gilbert, Thomas H...............Dahlonega
Griffith, John H..............Oconee County
Hall, Griffith J................Brunswick
Harris, Benjamin C.............Dahlonega
Harris, Francis P..............Dahlonega
Harwell, William T............Atlanta
Head, Franklin A...............Dahlonega
Head, Milligan H...............Dahlonega
Hodgson, Harry.....................Athens
Howard, James R...........Dawson County
Huff, William S..............Dahlonega
Hurt, Gladden L...........Oglethorge County
Hudricks, Noah R...........Pickens Co, S C
Jones, James M.............Bartow County
Jones, Wm H...............Lumpkin County
Keith, Robt A............Pickens Co, S C
Kelly, James V...............Waynesboro
Kimsey, Arthur L..............Clarksville
Kimsey, Wm L...................Clarksville
Lamb, John W.................DeLand, Fla
Lawrence, James..............Chattooqua
Martin, Horace L..............Forsyth County
Martin, Walter N..............Dahlonega
McMillan, Jas W.............Clarksville
McMurray, Wm T..............Franklin County
McMurray, Richard A........Franklin Co
Meaders, Archie W..............Gainesville
Meaders, Jas Edward............Dahlonega
Meaders, Robt C..............Dahlonega
Meaders, George T..............Dahlonega
Mincy, Wm H...............Lumpkin County
Morris, John H...............Griffin
Agricultural College, Dahlonega

Lewis, Noiget...........Atlanta
Norton, Wm F....................Rome
Norton, John E............Dahlonega
Parker, Wm M..............Dahlonega
Phillips, Thomas J...........Griffin
Pitner, Demarcus L........Union County
Price, Wm P..............Dahlonega
Reed, Jesse A...............Dahlonega
Reese, Jas D...........Lumpkin County
Reese, Francis L.............Dahlonega
Richards, Walter L........Cherokee County
Seltzer, Fred A............Atlanta
Sheldon, Wm A....Oconee County, S C
Sheriff, Jas F.............Dawsonville
Simmons, Louis O............Atlanta
Smith, Geo E............Gwinnett County
Smith, John P............Forsyth County
Stewart, Joseph K.........Conyers
Stovall, Geo B F............Forsyth County
Stovall, John C............Gainesville
Strange, Wm H.............Banks County
Strobing, Thomas M...Oconee Co, S C
Swanson, Wm T.............Union County
Tabor, Isaac P.............Habersham County
Thrasher, Jas C...........Oconee County
Tribble, Geo W........Franklin County
Vandivire, Wm E C........Dawson County
Vandiver, Benjamin S M....Franklin Co
Vickery, Elias B............Hart County
Voyles, Roberson R....Franklin County
Walker, Isaac G...........Griffin County
Waters, Theodore S........Dawson County
Waters, Emerson F........Dawson County
Webb, J Claude...............Dahlonega
Webb, Rob H..............Dahlonega
Welborn, Carl..............Blairsville
Welborn, Ezekiel C........Blairsville
West, John C...........Habersham County
Williams, Alex. M. Habersham County
Wilson, James A............Atlanta
Wood, Walter................Gainesville
Woodward, John C...........Butts County
Woodward, Wm B............Dahlonega
ITH the Board of Trustees of the University of Georgia, at its next meeting, rests the decision of a question which is of vital importance to the success and prosperity of the University.

The question arises out of the selection of a Chancellor to succeed the late lamented Dr. Mell. It is a fact that admits of neither question nor concession, that every Trustee who casts his vote will be governed solely by his desire to subserve the best interests of the State University. To this end, anything that smacks of sectarianism or suggests motives of personal preference, should be avoided by the officers in whose hands the alumni have placed this sacred charge. The position is one, the very nature of which places it beyond the pale of politics or of sects.

It is but natural that the young men, whose interests are most nearly affected, should have some voice in the selection of this important officer. It is still more natural that their position should afford the best opportunities of judging of the peculiar fitness of some of the gentlemen whose names have been mentioned in connection with the position.

While the peculiar nature of the office does not admit of contentious candidacy, it is a well known fact that Professor Harry H. White, now connected with the University, is spoken of for the position, and that his friends are earnestly endeavoring to secure his election.

Professor White is a gentleman whose every qualification renders him capable of fulfilling the important duties connected with the chancellorship. A finished scholar, a thorough
disciplinarian, a man of sound judgment and discretion, an officer of the church, his mental acumen and personal magnetism will be felt in the upbuilding of the University.

Of our able faculty, Professor White is the only member who will be considered in connection with the office. His experience as professor in the University will afford him an advantage that it will be hard for outside applicants to overcome.

But, apart from all considerations of residence, experience or such advantage, the personal ability and intrinsic merit of Dr. White make him, above all others, the proper man for the position.

The students now at the University, with unusual unanimity, favor his selection, and, with the alumni and friends of the college, will deprecate any attempt to compass his defeat, by the introduction of politics, sectarianism or personal prejudice in the consideration of the question.
THE REPORTER.

There is no more important factor in college life than the college journal. Operating in a limited field, as it does, and being essentially a college creation, as it is, we find in the college journal the unerring pulse by which the circulation of the whole component system may be judged. In nine cases out of ten the columns of the college paper afford a true criterion of the excellence of the school. A sheet replete with bright and witty locals, a few columns devoted to well edited literature, and a column or so of pointed and timely editorials, with proper attention to athletic sports, denotes a college where system and discipline are practiced, and where the student's mind is balanced by well studied training.

Just as surely does a college sheet, fat with base ball and athletic items and woefully thin in its literary department, denote a college without system or training, save that of matter at the expense of mind.

The University Reporter, recognizing the force of that truth, has proportioned its departments admirably. But still there is much to be done to make the Reporter a first-class college weekly.

As it was once conducted it worked more injury than benefit to the University, but recently it has shown evidences of improvement. Editor T. W. Reed, who had it in charge for the first term this year, did much to improve its tone and enlarge its usefulness. At the expiration of his term he was succeeded by Mr. Steed, whose selection of Law as a profession lost to the ranks of journalism a born editor and polished writer. Under the skillful guidance of Editor Steed the Reporter has made remarkable advances, until it now ranks with the best of college weeklies.

We hope that those who will have charge of the Reporter next session will continue the work so creditably begun, and that they will leave nothing undone to make it the mode college journal.
REPORT has come from one of the Board, that the Trustees propose to make radical changes in the Faculty of the University, after the office of chancellor has been filled. It has even been stated that the resignation of certain professors will be expected and, if not received, requested. We hope that the report will prove without foundation.

The Pandora has never missed an opportunity when one offered, or even when one had to be manufactured, to crack its little joke at the expense of the faculty, but, at the same time, we would regret the loss of one member from the able band. There are few institutions in the country, certainly none in the South, whose chairs are so ably filled as are those of the University of Georgia.

If there is a weak spot in the faculty it is difficult to find. The curriculum of the University is as thorough, and the standing as high as it ever was, and the best evidence of the efficiency of the professors is the mental culture of the young men who annually leave the college halls.

In reforms of whatever sort, there is always a danger of overzealousness, always a tendency to ultraism. We believe that the Board of Trustees is alive to the critical condition of affairs at the University, that they will spare no efforts to ensure the continuity of its usefulness. For this purpose indiscriminate interference with the faculty will not only fail to promote the interests of the University, it will most seriously injure them. The mantles that have been worn for years so worthily, wear best on the shoulders that have lent them dignity.

It would come with exceeding ill grace from the Trustees of the University of Georgia, to say to men who have grown old in the service of that institution: “you have outlived your usefulness; make way for younger hearts and brighter minds.”
The Philosophic Society.

The Philosophic Society, which has been recently organized at the University of Georgia, meets a demand that has long been felt: a demand for more intimate mental association among the students, and a demand for higher intellectual culture than can be received from the textbooks of any college. The principles of the newly-founded society insure the accomplishment of these objects.

The existence of the Philosophic Society does not impair the usefulness of the two literary societies already established; their aims differ, as do their exercises.

In the establishment of this society, Dr. J. G. Armstrong, President of the Atlanta Philosophic Society, rendered much valuable assistance. His wise counsels, able addresses, and encouraging words lent to the new society a strength and enthusiasm without which success would have been impossible. Dr. Armstrong has never lost an opportunity to do good to the cause of education, and his kindly interest in the University of Georgia could not have been more unmistakably evidenced than by his earnest endeavors in behalf of the Philosophic Society. The handsome cane presented to the doctor by the students of the University was but a feeble attempt to express their gratitude, and the esteem in which they hold him. No man is to-day nearer the hearts of the students of the University of Georgia than Dr. Armstrong.
Fraternities

Fishing for Freshmen

Fraternities in the U.S.A.
FRATRES IN URBE

R. M. Wade, A. L. Mitchell, Thos. S. Mell,
W. W. Thomas, G. C. Hamilton, John D. Mell,
S. T. Lane, R. B. Russell, Chas. J. Mell,
L. H. Charbonnier, Jr., Joseph Hodgson, Edward Bancroft,

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

A. A. Lipscomb, D. D., LL. D., L. H. Charbonnier, A. M.

SENIORS

John A. Barnes, James C. Mell,
T. M. Cunningham, Jr., George A. Mercer, Jr.,
John D. Little, Wilmer L. Moore,

G. A. Whitehead, Jr.

JUNIORS

J. G. Basinger, B. C. Collier,*
E. W. Charbonnier, R. F. Maddox, Jr.,

M. W. Tift.*

SOPHOMORES

G. H. Bryan, J. M. Mitchell,
M. M. Hull, D. Stet. Sanford,

James B. West Jr.,

FRESHMEN

T. J. Gerdine, H. R. Jackson,

*Left College.
Chi Phi

ETA CHAPTER—ESTABLISHED 1867

FRATRES IN URBE

R. G. Taylor.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE
H. C. White, W. G. Woodfin,

D. C. Barrow.

LAW CLASS
Arnold Broyles.

SENIORS
Joseph E. Boston, Nash R. Broyles, Lucian L. Knight, Francis W. Wright.

JUNIORS
Paul S. Black, James M. Gaston, William H. Pope, Cail R. Tate.

SOPHOMORES
William D. Ellis, Alfred S. Harper, Daniel C. Lyle, Noel S. Poullain,

Thomas J. Thornton.

FRESHMAN
Yancey Harris.
KAPPA ALPHA
FOUNDED 1866
Kappa Alpha

Gamma Chapter, • Established 1869

FRATRES IN URBE

Fred. S. Morton,      M. Cooper Pope,
Sylvanus Morris,      G. R. Nicholson,
Ned Hodgson,          W. M. Rowland,
Hugh N. Wilcox,       E. R. Kinnebrew, M. D.,
John D. Moss.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

Charles Morris, A. M., George D. Thomas, B. L.,
C. P. Wilcox, A. M., Andrew J. Cobb, B. L.,
C. M. Straham, C. and M. E., Samuel C. Benedict, M. D.

LAW CLASS

Albert Howell.

SENIORS

E. J. Bondurant, Hugh M. Comer,
John W. Daniel, A. H. McCarell,
Victor L. Smith, H. U. Downing.

JUNIORS

I. S. K. Axson, B. Frank Hardeeman,
E. C. Fleming, C. R. Warren,
R. H. Hutchins, W. O. Rockwell.

SOPHOMORES

E. C. Beard, Fitzgerald Green,
F. E. Calloway, Allen F. Johnson,
A. Harrington, R. L. Lamar.

FRESHMEN

J. Z. Daniel, E. F. Lovell,

*Left College.
Alpha Tau Omega

Established 1878

FRATRES IN URBE
E. T. Brown, Rev. C. D. Campbell,

LAW CLASS
B. S. Miller, R. V. Swain.

SENIORS
William E. Thomas, Paul H. Estes.

JUNIORS
T. Remsen Crawford, Edward J. McRee
Samuel M. Varnedoe, Alexander A. Lawrence,
Bertie M. Bishop.*

SOPHOMORE
Terrell E. Hubert.

FRESHMEN
Campbell W. Brumby, Lewis C. Russell.

*Left College.
FRATRES IN URBE

SENIORS
William A. Davis, William M. Glass,
Alfred L. Franklin.

JUNIORS
John W. Barnett, Augustus M. Hartsfield,
John P. Upshaw, Augustus C. Wilcoxon,
Edwin Stewart.

SOPHOMORES
Joseph A. Brown, Jack C. Hayes,
William L. Stallings.

FRESHMAN
Thomas F. Eckles.

*Left College.
Phi Gamma Delta

FOUNDED 1848
Phi Gamma Delta

Kappa Delta Chapter, Established 1871-1884

FRATRES IN URBE

EUGENE W. WADE,                             L. S. DEARING,

LAW CLASS

W. L. HODGES,

SENIORS

JOHN R. EVANS,                               ASA W. GRIGGS,

WILLIAM M. HAWES,                            WILLIAM A. KENNON.

JUNIOR

W. DENNIS REID.

SOPHOMORES

WILLIAM M. CRANE,                            H. O. CRITTENDEN,

CHARLES A. TALMADGE.

FRESHMAN

SYDNEY P. REAVES.
FRATRES IN URBE
S. P. RICHARDSON, Jr.

LAW CLASS
W. T. LANE, L. L. RAY,
W. E. STEED.

SENIORS
W. G. BROWN, F. W. COILE.

JUNIORS
J. G. CRAWFORD, H. C. POLHILL,
J. L. CRAWLEY, R. L. SAMPLE,
W. J. SHAW.

SOPHOMORES
R. L. MAYNARD, T. J. SHACKELFORD,
F. C. SHACKELFORD, J. R. SMITH.

FRESHMEN
E. H. CRAWLEY, Jr.,* A. C. FEARS,
E. R. HART.

*Left College.
Olli•Gopher•Clan

ALPHA CHAPTER, - ESTABLISHED 1887

PRESIDENT
ALBERT HOWELL, K A, ² P * ² $ * @ ² M ² @ : γ : * γ

VICE PRESIDENT
LAMAR ROSS, D K E, ² D P * ² P + Dgsy; X ² @ γ

SECRETARY AND TREASURER
ROBERT F. MADDOX, Σ A E, $$ $ * ² $ @ $ : X $ & per $ @ 4.

FRATRES IN URBE
L. H. CHARBONNIER, Jr., J. R. L. COBB,
G. R. NICHOLSON.

LAW CLASS
ALBERT HOWELL.

SENIORS
H. M. COMER, JOHN D. LITTLE,
T. M. CUNNINGHAM, A. HICKS MCCARRELL,
ASA W. GRIGGS, GEORGE A. MERCER,
G. A. WHITEHEAD.

JUNIORS
E. C. FLEMING, R. F. MADDOX.

SOPHOMORES
LAMAR ROSS, D. S. SANDFORD.
The Law Class of '88, is beyond comparison the best that has ever attended the University of Georgia. Without going into a discussion of the mental abilities, and without mentioning the many college honors won by that class, a comparison of the numerical strength of the law class of '88 with that of preceding classes in the law class department will afford evidence of the increasing prominence of the legal department of the State University. Under the skilful direction of Professor Thomas the law department has so materially increased its usefulness as now to compare favorably with the older departments of the college. Professors Thomas, Cobb and Benedict are without superiors in the South, in their specialties, and the course prescribed by them is practical and comprehensive, and it is now no longer necessary for the young men of Georgia to leave their State to obtain a thorough knowledge of the principles of law.

The accommodations accorded this department are meagre and inadequate. With a special building, complete library, and State aid, the law college of the University of Georgia would excel any in the South. Will the Legislature make it so?
Senior A.

T. M. CUNNINGHAM......................................................... Captain
T. O. WILLIFORD ......................................................... C. and R. F.
J. C. MELL................................................................. C. and R. F.
G. A. MERCER ............................................................. P. and 3d B.
O. S. DAVIS ................................................................. P.
G. A. WHITEHEAD ........................................................ 1st B.
T. M. CUNNINGHAM ....................................................... 2d B.
J. A. BARNES ............................................................... S. S.
J. E. BOSTON ............................................................... L. F.
V. L. SMITH ................................................................. C. F.
F. COILE ................................................................. Substitute
### Senior B.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Captain</th>
<th>P. H. ESTES, p.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>N. R. BROYLES</td>
<td>J. C. BOONE, c.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. M. GLASS, c. f.</td>
<td>JNO. D. LITTLE, 1st b.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. COILE, s. s.</td>
<td>N. R. BROYLES, 3d b.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. C. DAVIS, r. f.</td>
<td>WAYLAND WRIGHT, 1. f.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Junior.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Captain</th>
<th>P. S. BLACK, p.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>FRANK HARDEMAN, c.</td>
<td>W. D. REID, 1st b.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. C. WILLCOXSON, 2nd b.</td>
<td>E. C. FLEMING, s. s</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. R. COOPER, c. f.</td>
<td>LAMAR COBB, r. f.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Sophomore.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Captain</th>
<th>ROBT. LAMAR, p. and 3rd b.</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>F. E. GALLAWAY, c.</td>
<td>LAMAR ROSS, 1st b.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. PHILLIPS, p. and 3rd b.</td>
<td>FITZ. GREEN, s. s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JAS. WEST, 2nd b.</td>
<td>A. S. HARPER, c. f.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JACK TALMADGE, 1. f.</td>
<td>W. CRANE, r. f.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
University Gun Club

ALBERT HOWELL, President.
I. S. K. AXSON, Vice President.
REUBEN LANIER, Treasurer.

MEMBERS
I. S. K. Axson, Arnold Broyles,
H. M. Comer, Albert Howell,
E. C. Fleming, R. V. Swain,
A. W. Griggs, Yancey Harris,
Alfred Harrington, John D. Little,
T. Rem Crawford, A. C. Willcoxon.
FIELD SPORTS

ONE HUNDRED YARDS DASH

WINNERS
1st. B. F. Hardeman
2d. E. J. Bondurant

RECORD
10 4 5 seconds
11 seconds

HALF-MILE BICYCLE RACE

1st. V. L. Smith
2d. Yancey Harris

1 minute 39 1/2 seconds
1 minute 41 seconds

STANDING BROAD JUMP (WITH BELLS)

J. E. Boston

10 feet 3 inches

STANDING BROAD JUMP (WITHOUT BELLS)

W. H. Quarterman

9 feet 1 inch

THROWING BASE BALL

1st. James C. Mell
2d. N. R Broyles

334 feet
314 feet

PUTTING SHOT

1st. Arnold Broyles
2d. John R Cooper

43 feet
42 feet 3 inches

TWO HUNDRED YARDS DASH

1st. B. F. Hardeman
2d. E. J. Bondurant

22 2 5 seconds
22 4 5 seconds

ONE MILE BICYCLE RACE

1st. V. L. Smith
2d. Yancey Harris

3 minutes 27 4 5 seconds
3 minutes 31 seconds

HOP, STEP AND JUMP

J. C Mell

41 feet 7 inches
**HURDLE RACE**

1st. J. C. Mell ........................................... 20 seconds
2d. E. J. Bondorant ...................................... 20 ½ seconds

**THROWING HAMMER**

1st. Arnold Broyles ...................................... 68 feet
2d. Thomas Childers .................................. 66 feet 4 inches

**RUNNING BROAD JUMP**

J. C. Mell ............................................. 17 feet 9 inches

**ONE HUNDRED YARDS CLASS RACE**

Class of ’88 ........................................... average 11½ seconds
1st. B. F. Hardeman .................................. won by Senior Class

**HALF-MILE RACE**

1st. Arnold Broyles .................................... 2 minutes 17 seconds
2d. A. B. Weaver .................................... 2 minutes 22 seconds
3d. T. R. Hardwick .................................... 2 minutes 34 seconds

---

**F A T E**

Only a band of Juniors
Bound for the College of Moore,
Only some hinges demolished,
Only a shattered door.

Only a desk in the corner
Piled with papers en masse,
Only a "Teachers Record"
Containing the marks of the class.

Only a look at the Record—
What mean those terrible cries?
'Tis only the wail of the Juniors—
Not a member has made a rise!
WHIST LEAGUE

UNIVERSITY TEAM
Albert Howell,  
P. H. Estes,

R. V. Swain,  
S. M. Varnado.

PRICE HOUSE TEAM
H. C. Polhill,  
L. Crawley,

R. L. Sample,  
W. O. Rockwell.

THE UBEDARN TEAM
D. Stet Sanford,  
W. L. Hodges,

P. S. Black,  
Joe Brown Boston.
Kappa Alpha Tennis Club.

JOHN W. DANIEL . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . President.
ALBERT HOWELL . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Vice President.
VICTOR L. SMITH . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Treasurer.
ALLEN JOHNSON . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Secretary.

MEMBERS.

E. C. Beard,
E. J. Bondurant,
E. F. Calloway,
E. C. Fleming,
J. W. Daniel,
A. F. Harrington,
B. F. Hardeman,

Albert Howell,
Allen Johnson,
R. L. Lamar,
J. M. Thomas,
W. M. Rowland,
Victor L. Smith,
C. R. Warren.
Sigma Alpha Epsilon Tennis Club.

T. M. Cunningham, President.
W. L. Moore, Vice President.
R. F. Maddox, Secretary.
J. A. Barnes, Treasurer.

MEMBERS.

J. G. Bassinger, G. C. Hamilton,
H. R. Jackson, James C. Mell,
John D. Mell, D. S. Sandford,
J. B. West, G. A. Whitehead,
T. M. Cunningham, R. F. Maddox,
W. L. Moore, J. A. Barnes.
Tennis Club.

F. W. WRIGHT, President.
P. S. BLACK, Vice President.
A. S. HARPER, Treasurer.

MEMBERS.

A. Broyles, W. D. Ellis, W. H. Pope,
J. E. Boston, Yancey Harris, N. L. Poullain,
P. S. Black, A. S. Harper, C. R. Tate,
N. R. Broyles, D. C. Lyle, F. W. Wright,
6 T. J. Thornton.
DR. J. G. ARMSTRONG
Philosophic Society

President.

Vice President.

Secretary.

HONORARY MEMBERS

Dr. J. G. Armstrong,

Dr. L. Von Donhoff.

LAW CLASS

Albert Howell, Arnold Broyles,

B. S. Miller, W. E. Steed.

SENIORS

T. W. Reed,

L. L. Knight,

John D. Little,

Arthur Heyman.

JUNIORS

J. M. Gaston,

Robert McGough,

A. C. Willcoxon.

SOPHOMORE

J. M. Mitchell.
President.
Vice President.
Secretary.
Treasurer.

MEMBERS.

Below are presented the names of such young gentlemen as suffer from regularly irregular attacks of various and divers diseases, and are compelled, by the severity of those attacks, to absent themselves from college at least once a week. The fact that the attacks generally occur while a circus is in town or a game of base ball is in progress at the park, should not prejudice the minds of physicians in the treatment of these cases:

W. H. Pope, *Gout* .......... Tuesdays and Fridays
V. L. Smith, *General Debility* ........ Wednesdays
T. W. Reed, *Hypochondria* .......... Sundays
L. L. Knight, *Ennui* .......... Mondays and Thursdays
Henry Jackson, *Risibility* .......... Mondays, Tuesdays and Saturdays
F. Z. Curry (*won't tell*) .......... One week in three
D. S. Sanford, *Had to see a man* .......... Every other day
R. F. Maddox, *Diffidence* .......... Chronic case
John Little, *Smallpox* .......... During church time
A. W. Griggs, *Consumption* .......... During meal hours
Things We Would Like To See

A Summey House Ball.
Professor White made Chancellor.
An eating match between Boone and Axson.
All the copies of the PANDORA sold.
McRae and Hill run a foot race.
The dormitories repaired.
A dignified Sophomore.
Pies for dinner every day.
An appropriation from the Legislature.
A rate war between the Summey and the Stilwell.
Another Lucy Cobb commencement.
A Senior refuse a drink.
Downing without his spectacles.
Heyman's Patent Theodolyte.
Williford with a young lady.
Whitehead selling patent medicine.
A student satisfied.
Professor Strahan conduct morning prayers.
Al Dearing get married.
Vacation begin earlier and continue later.
McCarrell, with his hoodoodily dog and his filliloo bird in a side show.
Ray in the Legislature.
Ned Fleming in tights.
John Barnes wearing a beaver.
Shrimp Cunningham after an Olli Gopher meeting.
A student who doesn’t think he could have gotten up a better PANDORA than its present editors.
Our Letter Box

DEAR SIR—I understand that some of your assistants intend putting my name in the Pandora in connection with the disappearance of some of Mr. Stillwell's chickens. Now, while I am a peaceable citizen, and have quit toting a razor, I assure you I will not tolerate such an occurrence, and will hold the writer responsible.

Yours truly,

A. HICKS MCCARRELL.

[We respectfully refer Mr. McCarrell to Col. Arnold Broyles, who has kindly consented to fulfil the pleasant duties of the fighting editorship for us.]

KD.

Dear Pandora:

I have noticed the hen problem and other arithmetical puzzles going the rounds of the newspapers recently, and thought perhaps you would like a somewhat similar problem to put to your thousands of subscribers. Now, if a keg and a half of beer cost three dollars and a half, and Buck Adams is off for a holiday, how many square feet of cloth are used in making Bob Maddox a pair of pants? To the first correct guesser of this problem I will donate six pounds of Schweitzer kase.

Respectfully,

WM. GARIBALDI.

Pandora, Athens, Ga.:

Will you allow me space in your valuable columns to make a short announcement? Certain parties have circulated a report to the effect that a dog collar was recently found in a dish of hash at my boarding house on the Campus. I hereby assert that the report is absolutely false, and denounce its author as a cowardly villain and scoundrel. The collar alluded to was found in the soup.

Yours indignantly,

PETERSON SUMMY.

P. S.—Please publish that I would like for Mr. Harry Snook and Mr. Charlie Rice to send me the little amount due for board during 1885 and 1886. P. S.

DeRe PanDoRa:

I seat myself with Pen in hand to Rite you a few Lines. I want you to Put my Letter in the Pandora, please. I live in Rome, and we have Got too Rivers and a heap of Fish and a Newspaper up their. I am going to get fatty calloway and jim weat up their and take them a Fishin. Good bVe deRe PanDoRa and plens publish my Letter—I Rote it by mYself.

P. S.—Arkwrite is a comin with us too.

AL. HARPER.

AL. HARPER.
Commencement Programme.

MONDAY, JULY 2.
9:00 P. M.—Olli Gopher Banquet.

TUESDAY, JULY 3.
8:00 P. M.—Stillwell House Soiree.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4.
9:00 P. M.—Summey House Ball.

THURSDAY, JULY 5.
9:00 A. M.—PANDORA put on sale.
9:00 P. M.—Junior Hop.

FRIDAY, JULY 6.
10:00 A. M.—Lawyers' Day.
9:00 P. M.—Professor White's reception to Class of '88.

SATURDAY, JULY 7.
10:00 A. M.—Class Day.
8:30 P. M.—Champion Debate.

SUNDAY, JULY 8.
11:00 A. M.—Commencement Sermon by Rev. W. H. LaPrade.
9:00 P. M.—Address to Philosopich Society.

MONDAY, JULY 9.
10:00 A. M.—Address to Literary Societies by Hon. J. L Hardeman.
4:00 P. M.—Sophomore Exercises.
9:00 P. M.—Athenæum German.

TUESDAY, JULY 10.
9:00 A. M.—Meeting of Society of Alumni.
11:00 A. M.—Alumni Address by A. R. Lawton, Jr.
4:00 P. M.—Junior Exercises.
10:00 P. M.—Chi Phi Hop.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11.
10:00 A. M.—Commencement Exercises.
4:00 P. M.—Mell Memorial Services.
10:00 P. M.—Senior Hop.
WANTED—A Wife; must be of good disposition and come well recommended. Must know how to cook, wash, sew, nurse, dance the trois temps and chop wood. A bonanza for the right person. Address, with photograph and stamp for reply. C. RILEY TATE, ATHENS, GA.

WANTED—A drink; apply this office; no questions asked. W. M. G.

WANTED—To exchange a trick to Planters for second-hand pair of dumb bells or copy of scriggling rules. Apply to V. L. SMITH, City.

PERSONAL—Ann: Couldn't meet you yesterday. Will walk by same place this evening with green feather in my right ear. JOHN L.

PERSONAL—Ross: Come back. Grand Jury has adjourned; every thing O. K. T. R. R. C. and A. H.

PERSONAL—Toliver: You can come to-night. Pa is lame and I have chained Nero. Sorry he tore your pants. LOVEY.
University Reporter.

Published by the PHI KAPPA AND DEMOSTHENIAN SOCIETIES.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

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J. C. Moll, P. K., Editor.
J. L. Ritch, D., Local.
J. D. Littell, B., Editor.
E. W. Lane, D., Secretary.
J. W. Barnett, P. K., Editor.

Business Manager, C. R. Tate, P. K.

The UNIVERSITY REPORTER is issued every Saturday afternoon during the College year, by the literary societies of the University of Georgia.

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Athens, Ga.

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P. H. Estes, D., Associate Editor.
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R. F. Maddox, D., Associate Editor.
J. W. Barnett, P. K., Associate Editor.

Local.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Commencing with this issue, the REPORTER will be mailed by 3 o'clock on every Saturday evening during the remaining part of the scholastic year, and we most respectfully request those who have fallen into the habit of calling for their papers at the printing office not to do so any more, as your call will positively be refused. The P. M. is the man to ask for your paper.

The Editorial staff had gathered pictures taken this morning. The present staff is said to be the handsomest that ever the University Reporter has known. 

University Reporter.

[Second-Class Matter]

UNIVERSITY REPORTER

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE UNIVERSITY REPORTER.

Vol. VII. ATHENS, GA., SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1883 B.C. No. 37

University Reporter.

set of men will not again be elected in this office, during the present volume at least.

The REPORTER will bid not only the law class, but any other class in college—from the Freshman up. Our paper has received the mild epithet of the "Lawyer's Budget." The happy headed writer and donor of this epithet doubtless means to accuse us of partiality. The way for the writer to verify the REPORTER's loyalty to all the classes in the University is for him to make an able and strenuous attack on any of them he may choose for his shining mark.

The "Classic City," has received a great deal of praise for its quiet and orderly government. She deserves a great deal of praise for this. But we are of the opinion that she is stuffed with so much praise for everything she does—regardless of merit and the means thereof employed—until she has about reached the height of presumption and conceit which the outside world can no longer tolerate. The "Classic City" has too many pretensions but very little daily newspapers; she has a large martial array of police—all brave, vigilant and ferocious as lions—who have learned to strut the streets by giving them two examinations a week. Our paper has received the mild epithet of the "Lawyer's Budget." The happy headed writer and donor of this epithet doubtless means that Volume V. of the REPORTER will be a grand success in every particular.

The Pandora of 1883 will doubtless be the best volume of its kind ever issued, and is looked forward to by the students with unusual interest.

When we consider the ability of its associate editors, and the indomitable spirit and singleness of purpose in the present volume, we cannot but conclude that Volume III. of the Pandora will be a grand success in every particular.

LOCALS.

Pay up your subscription and encourage the business manager.

Prof. Willcox is trying to get even with the unruly Sophs by giving them two examinations a week.

Prof. Rutherford has divided the Soph class into two divisions. Truly, the Sophs are a hard set.

Patsy Hartfield says that he wishes he had been put in jail with the rest of the poker players, so that he could have one square meal. Patsy boards at the Summey house.

It is about time the Lucy Cobb was sending the editors of the REPORTER their passes for next week. There is nothing like a pass to make an editor think of the right kind of adjectives.
in search of adventure and of combat with which to increase his victories, returns, after many hard-fought battles, to his country and king, laden with the spoils of combat, to receive the royal homage paid to chivalry, so should we, striving for a grander prize, seek daily to achieve new triumphs, looking ever forward to the final hour which shall crown our struggle when we too, our battles o'er, and covered with the cares of strife, shall proudly go before our king and, amid the exultant shouts of angels, cast our trophies at His feet.

L. K.

Editor Maddox, just starting in his editorial duties, spent the entire evening on Friday in looking for the private office of the University Reporter. (He didn't find it.)

Just tell "Look out for the barbarians" if you want to see certain students dodge into concealment. The explanation of this action is that the Superior Court is in session, and the Grand Jurors are sending out subpoenas promiscuously.

You will get the Reporter more if it contained more variety. You say spice and you'll get it all.

The students have enjoyed several very delightful picnics recently. The editors of the Reporter are unfortunate in this respect, inasmuch as their Saturdays—the only day to be spared conveniently—is taken up in getting out their paper. We have about decided to strike for one Saturday, and have an editor's picnic.

"The L. C. I. girls say the University Reporter is such a sweet little paper. They must have made chewing gum of it."—Emory Phoenix.

We wonder if the L. C. I. girls could be so unfortunate as to adjust their diets to organs in such a manner as to insure the safety of the undertaking, and should we the Emory Phoenix as a substitute for chewing gum, be able then to detect the faint, sickly sweetness of our bright (?) contemporary.

The campus boys will henceforth be known as "those rude barbarians."

Substitute for the Reporter.

Substitute for the Reporter.

The Pandora

Prof. Wilcox opened the Junior finals yesterday with one of the longest examinations ever given in the University of Georgia. Verily, the boys will have to suffer for that applause of last Wednesday night.

"Fatty" Calloway was scanning the columns of last week's Reporter, with exceeding interest, the other day, when suddenly he was seen to throw the paper down with a look of supreme disgust on his face, and exclaimed: "Shoots, this old Reporter ain't no good! It ain't got my name in it a single time!"

Subscribe to the Reporter.

"The rude barbarians" gave Prof. Wilcox a rousing reception and a grand salute last night, by firing off several war guns.

Since the Grand Jury has adjourned, "Fatty" Hartfield has returned from the woods and is ready to play the boys for milk shakes again.

Ah, there! You say that you would appreciate the Reporter more if it contained more variety. You say spice and you'll get it all.

The students are unanimously in favor of military exercises in the University. Why can't they be resumed? With Col. L. H. Charbonnier as commandant, the military tactics of the University could be successfully resumed. Col. Charbonnier is a born military man and naturally commands respect, and is eminently qualified to resume and continue these exercises as he has done in the past.

The "Classic City" has some "bullies," but the bluff game won't work on the average student worth a cent.

There are certain political assassins in this city who showed up their true inwardness last night. But they have had their day—every dog, you know, has his day.

Manhood and honesty will rise in its majesty and assert itself even in these days of political corruption. Hurrah for the young pioneer in Northeast Georgia politics.

Subscribe for the Reporter.
In Memoriam.

P. H. MELL, D.D., LL.D.,
LATE CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA.

BORN

JULY 19TH, 1814.

DIED

JANUARY 26TH, 1888.
WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in His infinite wisdom, to take from our midst our beloved friend and classmate, CHARLES C. POE, be it

Resolved, That while we mourn the loss of our faithful friend and brilliant classmate, we rejoice that the suffering he endured with such heroic fortitude and such Christian resignation, are at last over, and his gentle spirit has returned to Him who gave it.

Resolved, That death which met him at dawn of manhood, and robbed him of the honors which a life of usefulness would have placed upon his brow, came not too early to the Christian ripe in the service of his Master and ready at His bidding to obey His summons home.

Resolved, That we shall ever cherish the memory of his life, and being drawn more closely in his death to that Master whom he served, we shall strive to follow his example that we may meet his genial face again.

Resolved, That our hearts go out in tenderest sympathy to his afflicted family, and our fervent prayers are raised to Him who alone can comfort the distressed.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be communicated to his family, and be published in the University Reporter, the Pandora, the local papers, and the Atlanta Constitution.

L. L. KNIGHT,
ARTHUR HEYMAN,
T. W. REED,
Committee.
"I was not loathe to leave this place where a life of continual care and incessant labor confronted me."—DEFOE.

**ATHENS**

There are many causes that combine to make the University of Georgia an attractive College for young men seeking an education. The very age of the institution is an evidence of its strength and merit. The unqualified successes achieved by her alumni is another potent factor in the continued prosperity of the college. Its thorough curriculum, diversified departments and able faculty offer many inducements to the seeker after knowledge.

But there is a more cogent reason still, a yet more powerful magnet that draws within our walls the youth of the land. The University is located in Athens! Athens is the home of wisdom and the seat of knowledge. Beneath the sheltering protection of her wings rests the University of Georgia.

Bountiful blessings fall to the lot of a University student, but none of our cherished possessions are so highly prized as that boon of all boons, the privilege of existing in historic Athens and breathing the same atmosphere that fills the lungs of her imposing citizens.

Sundry cynical visitors to this metropolis have been so lost to all feeling of the magnitude of its importance as to suggest that Athens at its best formed but an insignificant suburb to the University campus. Be that as it may, the oldest inhabitant claims that the Classic City was founded by Christopher Columbus, prior to the incorporation of San Augustine. And, with a constancy worthy of a better cause,
its inhabitants have insisted upon the preservation of those manners and customs inaugurated by the founder.

Despite this fact, Athens is, and has always been, the Mecca towards which the youth of surrounding counties turn their fateful steps.

Mr. Asa Griggs, who left the vine clad hills and rosy cheeked lasses, the Essex pigs and blooming wildernesses of Troup county, to accept the onerous responsibilities of Business Manager of the Pandora, was once interrogated by the writer as to the cause of this general hegira from the country to the Classic City. With that rare candor that has made him the idol of the professors and the ideal of the women, he answered that he came here “to mingle in the dizzy whirl of the metropolitan world, and to taste the tempting fruits of life.” As yet, though somewhat blase, he has not degenerated into the soulless roue or incorrigible Don Juan that his frankness might have led us to expect.

Athens numbers among its citizens the closest restaurateurs in the world. One of the number keeps a hotel. He is not the "Mister Riley what keeps der hotel," but when it comes to far-seeing financial ability, he downs the earth. A Pandora editor, going his rounds, recently chanced to drop into the hotel for a light lunch. As a continued diet of pate de fois gras, Blue Points, and champagne had grown monotonous to his pampered palate, he ordered simply toast and boiled eggs. Now I see you smile, and in your heart you do believe that the editorial order was regulated by the editorial credit. Let no such thought delude you. The cardinal motto of the editor is "we cannot save and have." Whatever our appetites desire we order. If any curtailing of the order is to be done, it comes from the proprietor, whom long experience has taught caution. And do not believe, gentle reader, that I mean to cast any reflection on the hotel sausage by using the word "curtail." I would scorn to retaliate an injury by such methods. "But let us return to our eggs," as the Frenchmen would have said, had they not considered mouton a more distingue and appropriate word. The toast and eggs were brought on and placed before the editorial presence, who sat with napkin spread over
his aristocratic knees. The eggs were opened and to our surprise, as the shell of the ancient hen fruit was removed, a well-developed, but badly demoralized fledgling presented himself to the editorial view. We were not altogether prepared for this, but "the most unkindest cut of all" came later. We went down to upbraid the proprietor for his carelessness and,—would you believe it,—the old Shylock had charged us thirty cents extra for spring chicken! We immediately resolved to withdraw our patronage, and have since bestowed it upon the Banner-Watchman's paper hotel, which has now reached its fifth story.

The mention of this great and popular achievement leads us into a more extended notice of Athens newspapers. First, in point of prominence and influence, comes the University Reporter, a four page college weekly whose merit proclaims itself. Then we find the Chronicle, the official organ of the Salvation Army. Next comes the Evening Graphic, the local department of which is really good, but whose editorials are bought at so much per foot from a dealer in old metal. Then comes the Banner-Watchman, the architect and contractor for the tissue paper hotel, which will be opened some day when gas and wind are accepted as collateral for gold and greenbacks. Just as the local department of the Graphic overshadows the editorial, so is the editorial column the crowning glory of the Banner. With an able corps of editor-in-
chief, business manager, managing editor and proprietor, they scorn reportorial work, and to the thorough exclusion of local news, grind out article after article on such interesting topics as "The Situation in Swat," "The Suicidal Domestic Policy of the Grand Tycoon of Tananarivoo," or "Water as a Beverage." This plan is not without its advantages, for though it may not bring subscriptions or advertisements, it bestows ample honors on each member of its staff.

Yes, Athens' papers are mighty, but there is an institution her citizens cherish even more fondly. We glory in the protection of the most efficient police force in the Union. He is faultless. We say he, and we use the word advisedly. Strangers may notice sundry citizens strolling idly our streets, clad in garments of blue with buttons of brass. True, they swing policeman's clubs, corrall cattle and chase small coons, but they are not the Athens police. The department is the Captain, and these are merely his agents, existing through courtesy of his boundless grace. During the present year he has arrested nine cows, two donkeys (not counting the inebriated disciple of Emory who was run in), one little negro boy and five stray goats. He has threatened sixty students, lectured four and shook his club at two. And for all this, the city councilmen rise up and call him blessed. The station house is a monument of skill in architecture and masonry. The fact that it once served as a peanut stand does not detract from its importance.

Athens' fire department is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." We confess that they do not trouble themselves much about extinguishing fires, but that, they say, is not the object of a volunteer fire department. When it comes to parades or contests Athens' department leads the van. It would be unreasonable to expect them to put out fires and spoil the fun, when we have so little excitement here. Besides they might get their pretty uniforms wet, you know, and that would never do. Athens backs her department for all they're worth when it comes to parades or fun after the fire.

These things are great, all great; but the shrine at which aesthetic Athens worships is the water works tower. "It is
built upon a hill and cannot be hid.” Like a huge sentinel, it stands proclaiming to the world that Athens does use water. The fact that the tower is sometimes mistaken for the monument on the next square, by inebriated freshmen, does not detract one iota from its dignity.

In enumerating the notable points of Athens, our task would be incomplete without some mention of the Athens street car line. Were we governed by a strict sense of appropriateness, we might have said track, but line will do
now that it is written. Certain it is, the track is here, and can be seen any day by those who care to seek for it beneath the dust of Athens streets. As far as the cars themselves are concerned, there is a vague tradition that at irregular and erratic intervals a vehicle on wheels, and drawn by diminutive animals of unknown genus, has been seen on the streets of Athens.

One who has risked his life on board this vehicle asserts that the wheels are square, but from the easy motion of the car, and its noiseless locomotion, we are inclined to doubt the statement.

We spoke of dusty streets, and those who have had light suits "painted red" by the tenacious dust of Athens, will understand the deep feeling with which we write the words. But even the adversities of nature can be overcome by enterprising citizens, and Athens' street sprinkler now reigns supreme. We will make no mention of the stranger who stopped the driver of the sprinkler to inform him that "his bar'l was a leakin'." If his earnestness was real, his perception would do credit to a member of the Legislature—if simulated, his sarcasm was of so unfriendly a type as to deserve no comment here.

So much for Athens. When it comes to suburban surroundings, even the glory of the Classic City pales into insignificance. On suburbs we snatch the pretzel. "Far up the lonely mountainside," where the soulful tom-cat tunes his
sweet-toned lays, and the festive William goat masticates all that is mortal of the tomato can, lies Ganntown. This promising villa derives its chiefest interest from the fact that it is destitute of houses. The only sign of life in the vicinity is the artesian well, erected by the Summey House dairy man. Here springs afresh from the udder of the earth the warm milk that flavors the coffee and cheers the hearts of the people of Athens. And here comes the college poet to write long verses on "The Blushing Milkmaid," or "The Beauties of Nature."

Such is Athens and such are her surroundings. Whatever may be her failings, they are harmless faults, and are concealed behind her virtues. Her people are refined, intelligent, and greet with earnest cordiality the stranger who comes within her gates. Her business men are clever, courteous and progressive, and nowhere in the South can be found more evidences of thrift and enterprise than within the stores of the merchants of Athens. The citizens of Athens are cordial to all—to the students they are more. Suffering, as they sometimes are, from the thoughtless pranks of the students, they never fail in their fidelity to the University nor their friendship to "the boys." And whenever a graduate leaves the beloved halls of his alma mater, he leaves with a sorrowful heart the good old town in which his halcyon days were spent. To the mayor, officers and citizens of Athens, and to the merchants who have contributed to our success, we extend the best wishes of the students of the University of Georgia, and the evidences of our hearty appreciation of their fellowship.

(In a Cobbham parlor) Estes—"Miss Blank, that beautiful gas jet is like you, always dispensing brightness and brilliancy."
Miss Blank—"Thank you, Mr. Estes; and do you know I think it much like you, also?"
Estes—"Ahem, you flatter me; but how is it like me, Miss Blank?"
Miss Blank—"Because it is here every night, and wastes gas until it is put out."
The Result of an Over-Conscientious Compliance with the City Ordinance Requiring all Dogs to be Muzzled.
OUR KINDERGARTEN
A IS is for Axson, a modern Saint Peter,  
Drinks nothing at all, but Lord! what an eater!

B IS for Broyles of athletic fame,  
Can knock Mitchell out, or Sullivan maim.

C IS for commencement which now draweth near,  
Tis the time when the Seniors all get on a tare.

D IS for Davis who bangs the guitar,  
When playing, his neighbors can't get off too far.

E IS for Egypt, the land of the Nile,  
Its pyramids great and its poetry vile.

F IS for Foot, professor of Math,  
A science conceived by the devil in wrath.

G IS for Griggs who handles our wealth,  
And don't think Canada good for his health.

H IS for Hodges, a student of law,  
He can argue the teeth off a circular saw.

I IS a letter which, used as a word,  
In the talk of professors is frequently heard.

J IS for Jones, the original one,  
Likewise for Jones, Junior, the original's son.

K IS for Knight, he's a knight of the quill,  
Wrote all last year and is writing more still.

L IS the Lucy Cobb, girls, teachers and all,  
The goats that were painted and the hedge like a wall.
M IS for Maddox, with big pantaloons,
That swell like a pair of inflated balloons.

N IS for No One who silenced the bell,
By dropping the clapper in Nobody's well.

O IS for Oxford, the least said the better,
Its as square as the circle that forms its first letter.

P IS Pandora, this volume the third,
Of the merit of which you doubtless have heard.

Q IS for Quarterman, one of the few,
Whose name can assist us by beginning with Q.

R IS for Reporter, which is published each week,
To appreciate this, put an accent on weak.

S IS for Smith, ever hear of the name?
He pronounces it Smith and spells it the same.

T IS for Tub, with a face black as ink,
Twixt man and gorilla he forms the lost link.

U IS for Us, of the Pandora Board,
This book is the best our talents afford.

V IS for Vag, the Yamacraw dude,
Who gave Wilmer Moore the gum he had chewed.

W IS for Wilcox, Professor of Dutch,
Who talks all the time and doesn't say much.

X IS for any one who's willing to take it,
And lose it, or burn it, or bury or break it.

Y IS for the Year eighteen-eighty-eight,
And may all those who enter this year graduate.

Z IS for Zeta Chi, an order peculiar,
Lookout, little Freshmen, and don't let it fool you.
This is the cow without a horn
That gives the milk in the early morn.

And this is the milkmaid poets praise
For rustic grace and winsome ways;
She milks the cow without a horn,  
That gives the milk in the early morn.

This is the Summey House boarder thin,  
Who dines on air and sups on wind,  
And drinks the milk from the hornless cow,  
That is milked by the maid with the dusky brow.

This is the bill that is sent by Pete,  
To pay for the grub the boys don't eat,  
That is charged to the Summey House boarder thin,  
Who dines on air and sups on wind,  
And drinks the milk from the hornless cow  
That is milked by the maid with the dusky brow.
The Pandora

This is the pa with an iron will,
Who grumbles loud as he pays the bill,
The great big bill that is sent by Pete,
To pay for the grub the boys don't eat,
That is charged to the Summey House boarder thin,
Who dines on air and sups on wind,
And drinks the milk from the hornless cow,
That is milked by the maid with the dusky brow

HEY DIDdle DIDDLE

Hey diddle diddle,
The cat's in the griddle,
The butter has slipped its chain;
The dinner has barkéd
At the cat-tail soup,
And the mitey cheese raised Cain!

The pepper got hot
At the brown tea pot,
And the poor weak tea shed tears;
The bread knife caught
The sausage link
And cut off both its ears!
A large man once walked with his little son along the country road. The road was very wet from the summer rains, and the deep ditch by the roadside was full of muddy water. The large man slipped and fell to the ground and in his struggles rolled into the deep ditch. He cried aloud for assistance, but no one came to help him out. His little son seeing his sad plight said: “Father I am too small to help thee out, but I, too, will get into the deep ditch with thee, so that thou shall not suffer for want of company.” So saying the little son jumped into the deep ditch and was drowned with his father.

**MORAL.**

The branch colleges of our State are too small to help the University, but they are willing to jump into the deep ditch with it, so that it will not suffer for want of company.

II.

**THE FOUR GREEDY PIGS.**

A fine fat hog once gave birth to four little pigs. These little pigs though very small, had quite capacious stomachs and were always crying for something to eat. The proud farmer who owned the hog and her little pigs, did not know the little pigs required so much sustenance, and consequently did not increase the old hog’s rations. Each day the old mother grew thinner and thinner, but the old farmer was so busy counting his profits from the pigs that he did not notice her condition. When at last the feeble mother grunted for more corn, the little pigs squealed for more milk so loudly that the old farmer could not hear her voice. and she died, and all the little pigs died with her.

**MORAL.**

The hungry mother grunts for old Farmer Georgia to throw her some corn from the Treasury Crib, but the old farmer and his servants are too busy counting the profits from the Educational Institutions to notice her pitiable condition. The greedy little pigs were squealing so loudly that her grunting is not heard, and if some help is not offered soon she will die, and all the little pigs will die with her.

III.

**THE DOG IN THE MANGER.**

A hungry dog once chanced into the stall of a hard working horse in search of food. The old horse was munching quietly his daily meal of hay with evident satisfaction. The dog could not bear to see the horse enjoy his food while he was hungry, so he jumped into the trough and with much barking and loud noise drove the horse away. A stranger coming in and seeing how things stood, asked the hungry dog if he could satisfy his hunger with hay. “No,” said the dog, “I cannot even eat the hay, but I can prevent the horse from doing so.”

**MORAL.**

The moral of this fable can best be understood by reading the following law made by the wise men of Georgia:

§ 5006, Par. XIV: No money shall ever be taken from the public Treasury directly or indirectly, in aid of any sectarian institution—*Code of Georgia.*

Emory and Mercer Colleges are sectarian institutions, it is true, but then they are not hungry; and if they were, their friends would not keep the hay they cannot eat from the mouth of the hard working horse. Oh, no!
Can the Dog run?
The Dog can run, but he does not run now.
Does the Boy see the Can?
The Boy sees the Can and he will seize it
The Boy likewise sees the Dog.
The Dog does not catch on to the Fun, but the Boy catches on to the Dog.
Why does the Boy catch the Dog's tail?
You shall see. He has tied the Can to the Dog's tail and is waiting for the Fun. See the Dog run!
A CAP. A COAT. A BADGE.

Is there something in the clothes?
There is. It is a Cop.
What has he in his hand?
That is a club.
Does he strike people with the club?
No; it is not made for striking; the Cop plays with the club to keep himself awake.
What else does he do?
He keeps cows and such things off the streets, and keeps the sidewalks clear.
Oh, then, he is a Scavenger!
No, my son, he is not a Scavenger, he is a Policeman.

A GOAT. TWO GOATS.

The Goats are just alike.
Can the Goats eat?
No, the Goats cannot eat; they are marble Goats. Can the
Goats butt? No the Goats cannot butt, but they can afford amusement just the same. The bad Boys paint the Goats, and the young ladies cannot pet them any more till they are washed.* Pet the bad Boys or the painted Goats? The Goats of course.

A CHAIN.  A PAIR OF IRONS.

Who has been chained?
Has some bold convict been released?
No, my son, no one has been chained.
Then what are these things doing here?
Come here, my child, and I will tell you. I must whisper, for if the truth became known it would injure the school. Pete Summey has unchained the butter and is administering chloroform to it, so he can have its hair cut, and to-morrow we shall have soup and celebrate. Are you not glad?

*Our business manager had this inserted expecting to annex a $10.00 advertisement for Sapolio. His failure to do so destroys the point of the joke.
In Memoriam

Cail R. Tate,

Class '89.

Died July 1st, 1888.
A FOOL'S ERRAND

FOUNDED ON FACT

I
In a room upon the campus, on a dark and gloomy day,
Met a band of busy students, in a silent mystic way;
They were members of an order formed for college jokes and pranks,
And their meetings boded trouble in the staid professors' ranks.

II
They had met to make arrangements for a plan a member put
To the meeting with the purpose to surprise Professor Foot,
And they planned to take his carriage from his stable in the night
And beneath Oconee's waters hide it evermore from sight.

III
With a plenitude of caution they discussed the matter there,
And arranged the whole procedure with minuteness and with care,
How to take without detection, when the town was still and dark,
The old vehicle that rumor said was older than the Ark.

IV
The arrangements are completed and the band have left the room,
And old Foot, within his mansion, knows not of his photon's doom,
And the plotters with impatience watch the sun's slow fading light,
For the deed must be accomplished under cover of the night.

Night has come, and from the steeple slowly chimes the fated hour,
And the band, with stealthy footsteps, seek the shadows of the tower;
All are present; all is ready for the march to be begun,
And the plotters all are merry at the prospect of the fun.

VI
Soon they reach the gloomy stable, and its frail, worm-eaten door
Soon is opened, and the students stand upon the oaken floor,
And before them stands the carriage, like a dark and gloomy ghost,
Like some pre-adamic sentry, standing silent at its post.
But to make the story shorter, and to save our costly space,
We omit the minor details and descriptions of the place,
For the boys were bent on mischief, and paused not to look around,
But with earnest toil, in silence, rolled the carriage to the ground.

Joy and stern determination shone on every boyish face,
As, with swiftly rolling phietun, they began the midnight race;
Streets are rough and wheels are heavy and their brows are bathed in sweat,
But their purpose knows no failing and is tinged with no regret.

Passed now is the darksome court house, with its stone steps white and steep;
Passed now is the college campus, and the snores of those asleep
Make the toiling plotters restless as they think of home and bed,
But with burden growing greater, still the rocky streets they tread.

Never phetun rolled so heavy, never streets so dark and rough,
But the thought of Foot's displeasure, to the boys gave strength enough
To have dragged a hundred pha'tons, and the thought new vigor lent,
And with tired legs and bodies, on the busy plotters went.

Now they see the dark Oconee and its waters black and still,
And the boys with fresh exertions drag the carriage down the hill;
Soon the deed will be accomplished, and their oaths again they swore:
"Foot shall see his aged carriage, see his phaeton, nevermore!"

Now they reach the silent waters, and they pause upon the shore;
By its wheels they held the phieton, and a smile their features wore,
As they slowly pushed the carriage, pushed the carriage from the bank,
And the huge and rusty axles 'neath the hungry waters sank.
XIII

Stop! The photon door is creaking, and is now thrown open wide!
Heavens! On the cushions sitting, is a gray-haired man inside.
See, with measured grace he rises, through the door his head is put;
Shades of Calculus defend us! Satan take us, 'tis old Foot!

XIV

With a differential accent and a parabolic smile,
And a logarithmic gesture, in a manner full of guile,
The professor thanked the students for the pleasant evening ride
Through the shadowed streets of Athens to the charming river side.

XV

"Now, young gentlemen," he whispered, "if you all are satisfied,
We will journey back to Cobbham, where you left my horses tied.
By-the-by, that team of horses on to-morrow I shall sell,
Since I find a team of donkeys serve my purpose just as well."

L'ENVOI

In a room upon the campus, when the dawn had come at last,
Met a band of dismal students, and their brows were overcast,
And the captain kicked his neighbor, and his neighbor kicked his mate,
And because they could not kick themselves, each cursed his cruel fate.

An unfortunate declaimer for a Sophomore speaker's place
was recently heard to remark that "the faculty had done him
an injustice." "Why so," asked a bystander, "do you think
you deserved one?" "Think it?" replied the offended Soph,
"I know it. Didn't I hear myself speak and didn't I hear
the rest of em?"
The manuscript of which the following is a literal translation, was found during the progress of the recent excavation made under the auspices of the Archaeological Society. The excavations were made over the supposed site of the ruins of the Clinard House.

BLOW ye the tin trumpets on the college campus, send forth the brazen noise of revelry on the trembling air, hurl wide-mouthed terror to gnaw the heart of the dozing policeman, for the day of the students cometh, yea it is near at hand. A night of terror and dismay, a night of darkness and of revelry! A great tribe and strong, have girded their loins for the fray, and verily their like hath not been seen in the land of Clarke, nay, not since the morning stars sang together, nor shall we look upon their like again for generations to come! And lo! out of the throng came a man bearing in his hand a torch, and he was a winsome youth and answered to the name of Pomp. Now a great wrong had been done upon one of the rich merchants of the east, McDowell by name. The enemy came while he was asleep and bore away his empty boxes and barrels, yea, every one, and when they saw that he knew not what had been done they gathered his goods in a great pile, and the youth who was called Pomp, and who bore the torch, did put fire unto the pile, and it was consumed. A burning fire consumes the boxes and the barrels, and in its morbid maw licks up the college benches, while the hungry flames glare up to high heaven. The band rejoices and in their hearts they are glad. The campus is laden with peach and honey, before them lie scattered the riches of the still, and behind them the deserted streets are quiet; naught is heard
The Night of Revelry

but the bellowing snore of the vigilant police as he naps on a dry goods box.

Then enter they the Stillwell House, stones are cast down from the top-most stairs, and great iron balls are rolled along the floor. They that know not fear flash fire from their guns, and the fowls in the coop are scorched and fall to the ground. Then flee the wicked to the campus and there lie in wait until the noise has died away. The tin trumpets are sounded again, and again does the tribe assemble. Those that are brave enter in the window of the rich man's larder, and a great quiet falls upon them. And these things are done not from the speaking of their hearts, for noise is joyful to them; but they like the quiet to fall upon their souls rather than Peter Summey should fall upon their bodies. Yea verily they do have speculation in their eyes. Cakes are brought forth, and wine and eggs and canned fruit, and all manners of good things like unto those in use among the Cobbhamites. Their hearts are glad; yea verily, their mouths are filled with praises and with eggs; they make merry and rejoice, they eat the fullness of the land and are satisfied.

Now when these things are transpiring, one Summey, called Peter, is sleeping within his tent and dreaming of the debts he holds against the class of eighty-seven, when lo! there came a vision unto him and he saw a ladder set upon the earth, and its top reached unto his pantry window, and behold a band of students were ascending and descending on it. And his heart misgave him and he wept.

Latin recitation. Mr. Evans (reading)—“And er-he went er- into er-a ship er-and er—”

Prof. Woodfin—“Stop a minute, Mr. Evans, if you please, and do your grunting before you read—you destroy the beauty of the translation.”
Smith's friends couldn't understand why he always wore his Overcoat—until they saw him without it.
A SENIOR'S LAMENT

I
The end is gained, the goal is won,
I leave the dear old college,
Closely pursued by many a 'dun;'
My head chock full of knowledge.

II
I have my "dip"—by what a struggle
I won it, none can tell.
O! What a power it is to "juggle,"
And always "boot-lick" well.

III
No more will "Charby," "Wood," and "Zip"
Cause fears and gloomy sighs,
As to whether or not I'll get a "dip,"
Or be called home "with sore eyes."

IV
No more to stroll by the Institute
My dear, best girl to see.
No more candy, flowers and fruit
To make her think of me.

V
No more the sweet town girls I'll know;
Our connections we must sever,
For we may come and we may go,
But they stick on forever.

VI
But all those ills are over now,
Farewell to toil and strife,
I cast the "hacked" look from my brow,
And start anew my life.
'Twas noon. The blazing Sun with lash of flame,  
Had urged his fiery steeds to the highest goal of heaven,  
And seemed to check them there.  
A strange and ominous calm, like some great bird of prey  
When it descends with wide-spread wings,  
Has settled on all things.  
Light, fleecy clouds, which but a breath might stir,  
Rest motionless against the hazy sky,  
Like ships becalmed at sea.  
A day it was which storms and earthquakes choose  
To blast the frightened earth.  
In a chamber, high above the haunts of men,  
A student sat deep buried in the maze of that philosophy  
Which Spencer and his host rejoice in.  
He neither knew nor cared  
That earth herself had almost ceased to move;  
Nor cloud nor storm nor quaking earth  
Were aught to him.  
But even while in meditation deep his mind is lost,  
Through the strange and awful silence of the day a cry is borne,  
A shriek so wierd and terrible  
It reaches e'en the student's leaden ear.  
With hot haste, rising from his chair,  
He scatters far the volumes of well gathered lore,  
And rushes from his domicile,  
And in the calm and quiet street, with ear intent,  
Awaits a repetition of the cry.  
Not long he waits, for once again 'tis heard in shriller notes.  
A scream so wild, so wierd, so terrible,  
That like the last wail of a departing soul,  
It sets the world aquivering.  
It echoes and reechoes through the streets,  
And is thrown back from the surrounding hills,  
Till the wide universe takes up the sound,  
And from the Dog Star to the Southern Cross,  
The cry goes quivering on.  
The affrighted student trembling on the curb,  
From out the wild mysterious medley,  
Distinguishes the words  
"I-c-e C-r-e-a-m C-a-k-es ! F-i-v-e C-e-n-t-s !"
At the State Fair, held in Macon last October, two striking figures were noted by the assembled crowds. They were Jefferson Davis and Dr. P. H. Mell, Chancellor of the State University. The contrast between the two men was very noticeable; Davis with bowed head and tottering gait seemed almost touching the border land, while Dr. Mell, with form lithe and erect, moved like a man of thirty. Little did the crowds think, what they know to-day, that the feeble old statesman would still be living when the scholar lay calm and still in the arm of the Dread Messenger. Truly, "the Lord's ways are not our ways."—Atlanta Constitution.

From far and near, fast gather the crowd,
The shouts of the multitude ring long and loud,
The band plays old "Dixie," the banners stream wide,
For Jefferson Davis is now at our side.

But a figure more striking than Davis is there,
With deep furrowed cheek and silvery hair.
His form is erect and his step firm and strong,
Like Davis, the soldier, he fought well and long.

Both soldier and scholar, he stands by the chief,
And with all Bayard's grace whispers words to him brief
Conveying a message from his students to prove
Their regard for Jeff Davis, whom they honor and love.

E'en midst their shouting, the men whisper low
That Davis is old and soon must go,
While there's not one that doubts that years useful and long
Will be granted the scholar so brave and so strong.

Many months have elapsed since that fair autumn day,
And Davis still lingers and long may, we pray,
Whilst sorrowing friends 'neath the sod and the dew,
Have lain Dr. Mell, the noble and true.
In Athens, when the day was spent,
Through quiet streets the students went,
With eye alert and mind intent
   On machinations devilish.

But Athens saw another sight,
When the drums beat at dead of night,
Commanding all who were not tight
   To join the dreadful revelry.

With bass and kettle drum equipped,
Each student from his bed has slipped,
And lightly o'er the campus tripped
   To the serenade so horrible.

Then shook the town with noisy drum,
And through the streets the students run,
From Stillwell, Summey, Fears House come
   These fiends incarnate.

'Tis late, but the students turn not back,
But madly follow in the track,
Where lawyer Al and fiery Mack
   Beat Murray's drums so loudly.

But faster yet these boys must rush,
For, with head of stone and heart of mush,
The doughty Cran doth boldly push
   Toward the gay offenders.

And now, by strategy, old Cran
Has seized upon the leading man,
And through the crowd a tremor ran
   When the drum ceased to beat-
Into the Court room at dead of night,
'frying the case by the moon's pale light —
Saw ever lawyer such a sight
As the one of which I write?

Down from his room came Doctor Mell,
Awakened, perhaps, by the College bell,
And he counselled wisely and counselled well,
As he sat in judgment there.

Howell argued McCarrell's case,
And spoke of his client's innocent face,
And asked the judge, with pleading grace,
To turn the captive loose.

McCarrell simpered and Cran looked mild,
And the judge was gentle as a little child,
And declared that both — and here he smiled —
Were right and neither wrong.

So Cran and the boys apologize,
And bound one another in friendly ties.
And now no more demoniac cries
Wake Athens' peaceful slumber.
A young man wishing to study law
To this University came,
That the culture which is acquired here,
Might assist him in making a name.

After striving in vain for months and months,
To master $N \times x$,
To a law school the student went in disgust
And received his diploma there.

And so from College by Math he's hurled,
And another alumnus is lost to the world.

To these classic halls another youth came,
A medicine man was he,
In chemical studies he led his class,
But he flunked on the Rule of Three.

Off to a Medical College he went,
There to learn what he can,
For here our $x$'s and $y$'s and $z$'s,
Have placed him under the ban.

And thus the list of illustrious men,
Is robbed of a notable name, I ken.
III.

Next came a saintly pious youth,
   With manners and morals pure,
A stranger to strife, his aim in life
   Was the souls of men to cure.

He studied long and he studied late,
   But alas! 'twas all in vain,
He lost his piety and his manner was rioty,
   As he damned the sphere and the plane.

And now a sour and wicked divine,
   Is thus the result of the law of sine.

IV.

Last of all came a wild-eyed youth,
   Who an editor wished to be,
He studied Greek till his mind was weak,
   Then tackled $x\ y\ z$.

And now his pencil and paste and shears
   Grate harshly on his nature,
He's only fit for the bottomless pit,
   Or the Georgia legislature.

And thus was another brilliant mind,
   To a worse than horrible fate consigned.

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Next to the last recitation in chemistry. Prof. White—
"Young gentlemen, I shall expect you to meet me next Friday."
Mr. Boston—"Professor, let's discuss that question."
Prof. White—Mr. Boston, you will please come to order; the question is not debatable."
How our Alumni will Spend the Summer.

McCARRELL: "RAISING POULTRY."
Alphonso left the city's noise to spend a long vacation,
And visited a country town—the dullest in creation.

Alphonso was a college boy, and quite a "masher," too;
A member of the Freshman class, and vastly much he knew.
But great as was his intellect, and deep his erudition,
About the fair sex more he knew than here is exposition.

The country town where Brown did seek a quiet, restful haven,
Where he might rest his giant mind, with cares so deeply graven,
Was small and old and shabby too, a crumbling wreck of time,
Sad relic of Archaean days, ere Mollusks were in prime.

But though this town was fossilized, 'neath dusty weight excessive,
Of countless foolish customs old, and meanness unprogressive,
There chanced to dwell a damsel here, so like a lily—stately,
Surrounded by rank nettles, and, by contrast, pleasing greatly!

Now Brown soon met this lovely girl, and, being sorely smitten
With all her charms of face and form, his destiny was written
In characters of Adamant upon the book of fate,
And love oppressed the spooney youth with all its power great.

Now Brown would talk on themes of love, of conquests ever bragging.
Of "Fate" and "Stars of Destiny," of souls by nature mated
He talked, and swore each face and form the fairest e'er created.

With knowledge varied, talents great, the "Blue Stockings" declared him
A perfect intellectual man, and vowed they almost feared him;
While pretty, pampered parlor pets, for beauty only noted,
With flattery incense worship gave—his slightest notice courted.

You see, I did but tell the truth, Alphonso could but please,
Small wonder then he gained this suit, and with apparent ease.
A happy state were matters in, and rosy was the hue
Of things mundane, when, sad to tell, an accident o’erthrew
The cottage in the clouds, which Brown had built with pains, forsooth,
For as you know, the course of love did never yet run smooth.

Now straightway I’ll proceed to tell how Brown’s cloud castle tumbled,
And how from out a sky serene an adverse edict thundered.

This damsel had a father old, an ancestor paternal,
And he possessed a garden large—to sight a joy eternal!
This garden was the darling pride of this aesthetic pater:
The love he bore his precious girl could scarcely have been greater!

By “garden” I would not convey so common place a thought
As of a place where turnips grow, and beets and peas are sought.
This garden was for flowers rare—most beauteous exotics.

Now as it chanced, one balmy night, as Brown had bade adieu
With more than usual warmth, he ope’d the gate and passed on through
Intoxicated much with love, as in a rapture seeming,
He slowly homeward took his way, with eyes fixed as if dreaming!

So, as you see, the moon-struck Brown walked off completely blind,
Forgetful of the open gate which he had left behind.
Then naught there was to e’en prevent the pigs from walking in,
And, being in, the way they did play havoc was a sin!

When ruby-fingered dawn drew up the sable veil of night,
A most heartrending spectacle was then revealed to sight!
When going forth to greet the morn, the crusty owner walked,
And viewed the desolation sad—great Dian! How he talked.

Now after this, whene’er Brown sent a little billet doux,
Her father’s mandate mindful of—though ’gainst her will ’tis true—
The maiden always had some trite, and not o’er truthful, reason
Why Brown must e’en delay his call ’till some convenient season.

Headaches she had, and other aches, some previous engagement.
But aches like these could never give Brown’s grief the least assuage­ment.

Vacation ended, Brown returned to books and ball end “turning,”
With broken heart, dejected mein, and soul with hatred burning.
This was the end of Brown’s romance. He ne’er will love again,
But to revenge himself will break all female hearts in twain.

’Tis sad indeed that pigs should change the current of two lives,
And overthrow decrees of fate, though man, undaunted, strives.
"All quiet upon the old campus to-night,"
Except here and there a stray student
Is seen as he cautiously walks to and fro,
By an officer artful and prudent.
'Tis nothing—the ringing of bells now and then
Will not count as a great breach of order;
Just a little sleep lost by a few tired men,
Who are robbed by a midnight marauder.

"All quiet upon the old campus to-night,"
When the students lie peacefully dreaming,
Their Summey-House rooms in the rays of the moon,
Or the light of far gas lamps, are gleaming.
Soft, tremulous snores, riding fast on the wind,
To the ears of the listener are creeping,
While the stars up above, with their bright twinkling eyes,
Keep guard while the students are sleeping.

There's only the sound of a lone joker's tread,
As with care he approaches a building,
And thinks of the bell in the belfry o'erhead,
With gray dust spread over its gilding.
His caution is great, but his face dark and grim,
Grows fiendish with laughter sardonic,
As he thinks how sleeping ones waked by the bell,
Will growl in low curses harmonic.

He passes in silence the blasted oak tree,
With footsteps slow, cautious and wary,
Then carefully opens and enters the door
Of the chapel so dismal and dreary.
Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?
And what ghostly form, onward dashing,
Grasps so tightly his arm, reaching up for the rope?
Can you badge be a watchman's that's gleaming?

"All quite upon the old campus to-night,"
Naught but snores break the calmness of order;
Save the noise of a bolt in the calaboose door,
As it shuts on a midnight marauder.
How our Alumni will Spend the Summer.
His skin was black, his head was bent
To meet the blasts of the wintry weather,
Upon a stout oak stick he leant,
As he slowly crossed the College heather.

From far and near the Freshmen gaze,
Upon this strange and uncouth being,
But from the ground he does not raise
Those orbs bereft of power of seeing.

On, on, he moves with weary tread,
Upon a staff his frame supporting,
The rain beats rudely 'bout his head,
And through his rags the wind is sporting.

"Oh, Seniors great," the Fresh exclaim,
"Ye men of mighty learning,
To know yon weary pilgrim's name
Our hearts are madly burning.

Is he some great Diogenes,
Without his tub condemned to roam,
Forever in this land of ease,
Without a hearth, without a home?"

"Nay, verdant youths, just there's the rub,
This man is not, so fate decrees,
Diogenes without his tub,
But Tub without Diogenes."
The Pandora

The original from which Hood conceived his “Song of the Shirt.”

With eyelids heavy and red,
With tense, distracted look,
A student sat, in scant deshabille,
Turning the leaves of a book.
    Turn—turn—turn—
Though heartily tired and sick
Of rhetorical beauties, hard to learn,
He sings, and closes his “trick.”

Read—read—read—
For to morrow we have an “exam.,”
And read—read—read—
’Till your head with Greek you cram!
Noun and adverb and verb,
Verb and adverb and noun,
’Till over the task I fall asleep,
And parse in my dreams profound.

Read—read—read—
Though the fire is dying fast,
And read—read—read—
’Till the lamp goes out at last!
O ’twere better to be a clown!
A dull, unlearned hind—
Than slave away for Learning’s crown
To calm contentment blind!

O pride, ambitious pride,
Which to be foremost strives,
Not only the brain you are wearing out,
But the warp and woof of lives!
    Work—work—work—
With boyish, eager zest,
And maddening strife for worthless things—
Disdaining peace and rest.
The Song of the Trick

Work—work—work—
With mind in thralldom bent—
And what do I gain—is it worth my while—
When the tiresome time is spent?
A higher place on the "Blue List,"
A deeper knowledge of things
Whose use no man has ever found—
Such is the meed it brings!

Read!—read!—read!—
The thoughts of other men
Are crammed and crowded in my brain—
And nothing else, I ken.

Read—read—read—
I seek and seek in vain
Some thought which is my own,
And find a jumbled heap of things
My mind has never known!

Work—work—work—
With "tricks" and "ponies," too;
Work—work—work—
And they will drag me through.
Noun and adverb and verb,
Verb and adverb and noun,
'Till over the task I fall asleep,
And con in my dreams profound.

With bowed and bended head,
With closed and weary eyes,
A student sat, in scant dishabille,
And dreamed of making a rise.

Sleep—sleep—sleep—
So heartily tired and sick
Of rhetorical beauties—hard to learn—
He snores, with his head on his "trick."

(In Prof. Rutherford's room) "Mr. Green, what formula do you wish?"
Green (who is thinking of his dinner hour) absent-mindedly—"Ah, the wing, thank you, if its convenient."
HOW OUR ALUMNI WILL SPEND THE SUMMER.

WRIGHT: "CULTIVATING ART."
THE MYSTIC THREE.

It was a mild midnight,
   A storm was on the sky,
The street lamps trembled faintly
   In the winds that whistled by;
The rains poured down in torrents,
   Drenching the thirsty earth,
And seemed to have no limit
   In the clouds which gave them birth.

The quiet folks of Athens
   Have long since been asleep,
When to the College chapel door,
   Three unknown students creep.
What can they mean by coming forth
   At this unusual hour,
Defying firm old Boreas,
   In all his raging power?

See, now they break the window pane,
   And in the hall they go,
And for a minute all is still,
   Except the tempest’s roar.
But hush! there comes a swelling sound
   From out that chapel dome,
Which travels through the wind and rain
   To every Athens home.

Pale merchants haste to find the fire,
   Atremble with distress,
And ladies crowd the window panes
   With slight regard to dress.
Cran Oliver, the police chief,
   E’en braves the raging storm,
And sallies forth with rapid strides,
   To——show his uniform.

"Where is the fire?" he cried aloud—
   It seemed that none could tell.
Till bye and bye some fellow said :
   "Its that darned College bell!"
At once the crowds went to their homes,
   With anger and disgust,
And those three students still unknown,
   Ye Gods! How they were cussed!
MAID OF ATHENS

I.

She's but joking, must be joking,
   When she vows she's sweet sixteen —
'Tis a monstrous fib she's telling,
   Just because you are so green;
For I speak in sober earnest,
   Telling what I surely know,
That she reached the age of twenty
   Ten or fifteen years ago!

II.

Do be careful, do be careful,
   For she's growing desperate now;
Many lovers, but no husband —
   Direful fate you must allow!
Do not let her e'er persuade you
   E'en to whisper words of love,
Lest she suddenly entrap you
   In a "match that's made above."

III.

Let her siren voice not tempt thee,
   Turn thine eyes and close thine ear;
Credit not her phrases artful —
   Steel thine heart and do not hear.
Do not let her form bewitch thee,
   Let her not enthrall thy heart,
Lest she yokes you, beast of burden,
   To the dull domestic cart!
Break, Break, Break!

ADDRESS TO THE SUMMEY HOUSE BISCUIT.

Break, break, break!
This unbreakable biscuit crust,
And I would that my teeth could crumble
This bread into finest dust!

O, well for the hungry man
That his massive jaws are strong!
O, well for the feeble boy
That he bringeth a hammer along!

And the tiresome meal goes on,
And the starving ones get their fill;
But O for a taste of a nice hot roll,
And a steak that is tender still!

Break, break, break!
With your jaws, as best you may,
For the tender beef you have prayed for so
Will not come for many a day!

Prof. Woodfin's recitation room. "Mr. Hawes, you may read next."

Mr. Hawes—"Professor, that's as far as the lesson goes."
Prof. White—"I think you are mistaken, Mr. Hawes. I marked the place myself several lines lower down."
Mr. Hawes—"All right, Professor, I can read it." Thereupon he adjusted the leaf in his book, and, to the amusement of the Professor, proceeded to read the balance of the lesson with remarkable ease and fluency. There are tricks in all trades.
How our Alumni will Spend the Summer.

JOHN DANIEL: "ON THE ROAD."
Professor Strahan: "Mr. Poullain, please give me the most important events of Alfred the Great's reign."

Poullain: (who boards at the Summey House): "Well, sir, once he let the batter cakes burn so they couldn't be eaten."

Extract from the records of the Western Union Telegraph office in Athens:
Copy of answer received one hour later:

The Supreme Court of a Western State has decided that a man resides where he has his washing done. Under this ruling some of our Freshmen would be homeless.

We understand that a branch organization of the Knights of Rest is soon to be established at the University, with McCarrell President, and Whitehead general membership.

January 1st, 1888. Prospective Candidate: "Here, Axson, smoke this Havana with me, you'll find it A. No. 1."
Axson: "No, thank you, just sworn off smoking for the rest of the year."
P.C.: "Oh, well, put it in your pocket to smoke to-morrow, then."

A student of law named Crummey,
Who boards at the Hotel de Summey,
Says the butter can talk
And the bacon can walk,
And the cheese is decidedly gummey.

The Professor of Mathematics was explaining to Bob McGough the steps necessary to draw a circle, when, with a perplexed countenance, the latter enquired: "Professor, do you want the centre to be in the middle of the circle?"
Bob says he has given up his original idea of becoming a civil engineer.

Bud Brand and Will Thomas were members of the committee of arrangements for the contemplated Senior picnic, and Brand proposed that they should select chaperons. "Oh, no," said Thomas, "we dont want all that fancy stuff; just a little fried chicken and sandwiches will be the greatest plenty."

"For thou art weak and I am strong," as the Stillwell House butter said to the Summey House tea.

A Freshman once swore he'd be durned
If by Sophomores he'd ever be turned,
But they caught the bold Fresh
And warmed up his flesh,
And for three weeks his cuticle burned.

"My father always told me to take the part of the weak," said the athletic Senior as he helped himself to the piece of pie allotted to the fragile Freshman.
Frank Hardeman was heard to ask a young lady to go driving with him in the following phraseology: "Miss Sallie, may I have the blissful pleasure of revolving the wheels of locomotion under your corporeal system, and storming this mundane sphere with equine flesh?" No, she didn't faint or fall, but accepted the proposition and went.

Anniversarian Little, without intending to do so, explained his propensity for Mulhattonism when, in his excellent speech he quoted:

"There is a charm in something new,
Its winsome face oft lures us from the tried and true."

His attempt to make lying legal was very patent when he said:

"Tell the Spartans, thou who passeth by,
That here in obedience to the laws we lie."

"Here, father," said a shrewed Senior after graduating, "is two hundred dollars I have saved from my monthly allowance." "Good for you," exclaimed the proud paternal. "Such economy must lead to wealth. I'm proud of you!"
"Thank you sir; and now I want you to give me six hundred dollars to put to this; I want to pay some of my College debts."

Shrimp Cunningham had contributed to Church festivals, Sunday-school entertainments, and other religious and charitable affairs, until his financial thermometer registered below zero. His linen was in the laundry, and the proprietor refused to return the clothes until his charge of a dollar for washing was paid. Shrimp was necessarily confined to his room robed in a sheet, when an invitation came to attend a full dress reception. A bright idea struck him. Borrowing a quarter, the extent of his credit, from his room-mate, he wrote to the laundryman as follows: Dear sir,—Please send me a quarter's worth of my clothes, principally shirts. Yours en deshabille, M. CUNNINGHAM. His scheme must have been successful, for he was seen on the streets next day.

"This was the student's stomach
When the Sophomore feast begun,

And this was the student's stomach
When the Sophomore feast was done."

They were discussing He(O), in the laboratory, and Prof. White had asked its uses.
Sanford—"They use it in Milledgeville to wash clothes in."
Beard—"In Birmingham they use it to go fishing in."
West—"We use it in Savannah for navigation purposes."

The Professor induced them to taste it and give their opinions of it as a beverage, but they declared in chorus that "it wasn't what it was cracked up to be."

Rem Rawford says he is the unluckiest man in the world, and complains because leap year happened during his College course and thus gave him one extra day of labor.

Downing recently sent a dollar to a Northern firm which had advertised "How to make an impression." A few days later he received a letter from the firm advising him "to sit down in the mud." He has gone back to his own more ordinary methods, formerly used by him with great success.
HOW OUR ALUMNI WILL SPEND THE SUMMER.

TOM COBB: "ON THE STAGE."
"If the cap doesn't fit
Why don't put it on."

"Taken from a county jail."—Mack.
"An inspired idiot."—Tub.
"The world is mine."—Fowler.
"Thy heavenly smile has won me."—Griggs.
"If dirt were trumps, what hands you would hold."—Steve.
"Agony unmixed, incessant gall."—Slam L—nd—n.
"How green you are, and fresh in this old world."—Al D—r—ng.
"He toils not, neither doth he spin."—Gus Nick.
"I never felt the kiss of love, nor maiden's hand in mine."
—Tom Cobb.

"You'd doubt his sex, and take him for a girl."—Marion Hull.
"A crow doth sing more sweetly."—Fred Morton.
"So wickedly witty, and yet so thin."—McRee.
"A man of an unbounded stomach."—Ellis.
"A head to let, unfurnished."—Apply to Law Class.
"This bold, bad man."—Fitz Greene.
"'Tis true I am a crank; I do not say it boastingly."—McGough.
"He's a pleasing elf enough
But lazy as the devil."—Ned Fleming.
"Greater men than I may have lived,
But I don't believe it."—Tom Reed.
"His copious stories often times begun,
End without audience and are never done."—Hugh Downing.

"Night after night he sat
And bleared his eyes with books."—Howell. (Paid for.)

"He used to tell me in his boastful way
How he had broke the hearts of pretty girls."—Will Thomas.

"He knows each garden, town and tower
In which the wine and ale are good."—Stet.

"I would give all fame for a pot of ale."—Visitor to Athens.

"A Puritan
Who reads his Bible daily."—Beard. (By request.)

"He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytics."—Hodges.

"Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright!—Gaston.

"Birds of a feather flock together."—Howell and Axson.

"All his mind is bent to holiness.—Calloway.

"A soft lip does tempt him to an eternity of kissing."
Whitehead. (Nec-romancer.)

"He talks and talks and yet says nothing."—Can't you spot him?

"Trust not to an enchanting face.—Swain.

"Damn that boy, he's asleep again!—Sandford.

"A sight to dream of, not to see."—L. C. I. Parlor.

"I thank God I am not as other men are."—Franklin.

"As fresh as the month of May."—Oxford Students.

"Away with him, he speaks Latin."—Estes.

"A beard ill becomes thee!"—Bas. Cobb.

"A little curley-headed good-for-nothing
And mischief-making monkey."—The fellow you don't like.

"His honest sousie bawsent face
Aye gat him friends in every place."—Comer.

"Innocence belongs not to our kind."—Ned Hodgson.

"In his stomach some do say
No good thing can ever stay."—Stikwell Boarders.

"Mine have been anything but studious hours."—H. B. A—.n.
"But quickly wiser than his teacher grown."—G. D. A—n.
"Disputes, replies, rejoins, confutes and still confutes."
—McG—k.

"With neck outstretched and shoulders ill awry."
—W. L. B—k.

"He hath a growing fondness for a female friend."
—J. G. J—l.

"They lead to sleepless nights and toilsome days."—Finals.
"Others have been there before."—Pete’s cellar.
"Methinks he looks as though he were in love."
—W. A. K—n.

"Those ugly things it is not salutary to see."—Athens’ Cops.
"The oddest case I ever knew."—W. C. H—n.
"Holding himself upright with a jerk."—J. W. B—t.
"I cannot appreciate the luxury of fresh meat."
—Summey House Rat.

"Hourly thunderstruck at the immensity of his own knowledge."
—T. W. R—d

"A long, lank, lounging boy."—A. F. J—n.
"Assume a virtue if you have it not."—College Prayers.
"We shall meet in happier climes, and on a safer shore."
—Seniors.

"Both orators so much renowned
In their own depth of eloquence were drowned."
—Anniversarians.

"A countenance more in sorrow than anger."—Sleepy.
"Tis remarkable that he talks most who has the least to say."
—Zip.

"Their airy limbs in sports they exercise,
And on the green contend the wrestlers’ prize."
—Broyles and Cooper.

"But alas no sea I find
Is troubled like a lover’s mind.—Mercer."
HOW OUR ALUMNI WILL SPEND THE SUMMER.

ARNOLD BRAYLES: "OUT WEST, KILLING BEARS."
"O, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel' as others see us."

PHILOSOPHIC SOCIETY:
"We do not perish from enthusiasm,
we perish from platitude."—Octave Feuillet.

ATHENS' POLICE:
"Every one is as God made him,
And often a great deal worse."—Cervantes.

ATHENS' ATHEISTS:
"O, fools! to think the Lord
Would hear their prayers abroad
Who made no prayers at home."—Southey.

LUCY COBB PUPILS:
"But springtime blossoms on thy lips.
And tears take sunshine from thy eyes."—Coleridge.

TOWN GIRLS:
"But it behooves us, indeed, to reflect
that we are by nature women, and
not able to contend against men."—Sophocles.

MATH:
"Thou ugliest fiend of hell! thy healthful venom
Preys on my vitals and drinks my spirits up."—Hannah More.

OUR FAIR VISITORS:
"She'd baffle painters to decipher
Her exactly, as bad as agues puzzle doctors."—Neville.

SALVATION ARMY:
"Deserted is his own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate."—Byron.

WILD CAT CLUB:
"Hush, hark! as from the centre of the deep,
Shrieks — fiendish yells!"—Dana.

"LA PETITE PROHIBITIONIST":
"I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again."—Shakespeare.

TOWN BOYS:
"To vice industrious, but to noble deeds
Timorous and slothful."—Milton.

OYSTER IN SUMMEY HOUSE SOUP:
"Oh, who can tell the unspeakable misery
Of solitude like this?"—Southey.
GLEE CLUB:
"Peace fled the neighborhoods
In which she made her haunts."—Pollock.

PANDORA CRITICS:
"Who stabs my name would stab my person, too,
Did not the hangman's axe lie in the way."—Crown.

PANDORA EDITORS:
"Judge not thy fellow-man till thou
art similarly situated."—Jewish Talmud.

ATHENS STREET CAR MULE:
"No beast of more portentous size
In Hercynian forest lies."—Roscommon.

SERENADE NOCTURNAL:
"With howls the upper air was stirred,
And groans from sunken graves were heard."—Gregory.

E——T B——T:
"Unless a man knows that there is something more
to be known, his inference is, of course, that he
knows everything."—Mann.

E. J. McR——E:
"The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty."—Shakespeare.

VAN W——G:
"How much a dunce that has been sent to roam
Exceeds a dunce that has been kept at home."—Cowper.

STATE LEGISLATURE:
"You are not in danger of doing a wise thing;
less of doing a just thing; least of all of doing
a generous thing."—Angell.

C——P——R:
"Though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous."—Shakespeare.

BR——ES:
"The candidate for college prizes
Goes late to bed, yet early rises."—Byron.

W. H. P——E:
"To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance."—Taylor.

B——B M——N:
"He is a bashful man,—and feels a pain
Of fancied scorn and undeserved disdain;
His sensibilities are so acute
The fear of being silent makes him mute."—Cowper.

F. W. W——T:
"They think you are the happiest elf
Beneath the beaming sun:
You do so clearly love yourself
And rivals you have none."—Anon.

P——F M——RR——S:
"He reads much; he is a great observer,
and he looks quite through the deeds of men:
he loves no plays: he hears no music; seldom
he smiles."—Shakespeare.
A week later his room-mate had left him, his friends deserted him, boarding houses boycotted him, and he was wandering aimlessly along the street, manfully endeavoring to whistle "Johnnie Get your Gun!"

"Did you ever notice," said Victor Smith, as he rose to leave "how soon it gets late when I'm with you, dear?"
In Memoriam

Henry R. Jackson
Class of '91

Died July 3rd, 1888.
QUORSUM?

Hast thou never felt as though fettered and chained
By the iron links of fate,
As with tired heart thou must go the round
Of such duties as await?

Hast thou never felt that the dull routine
Of hard, grinding, daily toil
Was fast wearing out both the heart and brain
By its changeless, long turmoil?

Hast thou never turned, with scarce covert scorn,
From the world's most gaudy prize?
The poor vacant honors for which men die—
Both the meed of fools and wise!

Hast thou never felt as though cramped and caged
In a narrow prison cell,
With no passing glimpse of the world beyond—
Of its beauties naught to tell?

Hast thou never pined for the elysian fields,
Closely veiled from mortal sight;
For the radiant realms of the infinite,
Where there comes no black-browed night?

Hast thou never vented a mad, mad wish,
To burst open the prison door,
And with freedom range, on the wings of thought,
To the bounds of the unknown shore?

Hast thou never felt a vague, undefined,
But deep longing in thee spring?
A wide reaching out into shadowy space
For an unknown shadowy thing!

'Tis the soul, at the door of its cell of clay,
That is gazing forth to find
The great aim and end of all earthly things,
And but seeing darkness—blind!
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