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1890.
THIS VOLUME

IS DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY,

BY THE STUDENTS OF

THE UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA,

In grateful recognition of his loving comradeship, his wise and eloquent words of counsel, and his devotion to his Alma Mater,

whose sons unite in this humble tribute
to a lost leader and champion.
Board of Editors

OF

VOLUME IV. OF THE PANDORA,

JOHN D. LITTLE, ΣΑΕ, Editor in Chief.
WALTER K. WHEATLEY, ΔΤΘ, Business Manager.

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W. N. SMITH, XΨ.
E. A. COHEN.
AFTER weeks of incessant and seemingly interminable labor, Volume IV. of THE PANDORA is presented to its friends and patrons.

The editors of this issue have attempted no deviation from the well-marked paths pursued by the average college annual, nor striven to attain that degree of literary achievement which characterizes the annuals of larger universities; the lack of funds, as regards the former, and of ability in respect to the latter, would render either of these attempts fruitless.

They have, however, endeavored to give to the public a brief résumé of the interesting events of college life at the University during '89 and '90, combined with such productions of a literary nature as, in their judgment, would meet with and merit the approval of its readers; and above all they have endeavored to present a volume of THE PANDORA entirely free from offence or vulgarity.

If we have failed in this, the blame rests on those by whom we were elected to perform the duty; if not, then indeed, are we to be congratulated.

The Board of Editors desire, on behalf of the business manager, to return thanks to Messrs. P. L. Mynatt, Jr., and J. N. Tally for assistance rendered at a time when it was most valuable.

Without the aid of these gentlemen the financial department would have been sadly deficient.

To Mr. Mynatt is due the credit for the advertisements secured in Atlanta.
Mr. Tally has few equals as a stenographer and typewriter, and through him has most of our correspondence been conducted.

They also desire to acknowledge the valuable services of Mr. N. L. Paullain and one of the Classic City's most charming young ladies, in delineating the drawings contained in this issue.
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HOWELL COBB, A. B., B. L.,
Professor of Law.

SAMUEL C. BENEDICT, M. D.,
Professor of Medical Jurisprudence.
Law Class of '90.

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*Left college.
History of the Law Class.

Like the ever verdant palm tree, the gem of the forest, its leafy head towering in graceful majesty high above its surrounding neighbors, mocking them in their frantic efforts to rival it in splendor and beauty, so does the great Law Class of '90, from its pinnacle of fame, with smiling eyes, view the scene around it. And what does it behold? That true and genuine class-spirit, that commendable enthusiasm, which makes us a class of brothers, clasped in friendship's golden chain, each link welded and made stronger by daily association; and moreover a class proud of its history and finding pleasure in its achievements.

Time was, be it said with all solemnity, when to be a lawyer here was synonymous with being a Freshman, but owing to many needed reforms, and a thorough overhauling of this department generally, those days are past, and like lost opportunities, thanks to our able Professors, gone never to return.

I feel perfectly safe in saying that the Law School of the University is by far the best in the State of Georgia. I feel equally safe in saying that it has but one or two equals in the whole of the Southern States, and I know that I am in the strict limits of truth when I assert that this department is now composed of the finest body of men that has ever been here; not attempting to unveil the future, nor to disparage our successors, yet we would ask, when will this college “see our like again?”

Not boastingly, for we would not boast, the grand oak felled to earth makes a loud, lumbering noise, while the gentlest breeze wafts an hundred acorns downward, yet we would let a few facts speak for themselves.
Beginning with nineteen, our number has swelled to thirty-four. This even number suggests the odd numbers unto which our class has been divided, causing this oddity, that will go down to history as a class without an officer.

Do you ask why? Well, about the only rational solution of the problem is, that two men were seeking to fill the same place. Having the tenderest compassion for them both, we split in half, so as to cause neither the mortification of defeat. If you have a better reason, then lay this sweet unction to your soul, that you can answer one more why than the humble contributor of this article.

In oratorical powers we stand without a peer. As a demonstration of this statement, we would remark that in our ranks are found four Anniversarians.

In literature, if we have not the lion’s share, surely not the jackall’s. Among the important positions filled by the members of this class, may be mentioned the Editor-in-Chief of The Pandora, and Business Manager of same, besides many associate editorships of the University Reporter, etc. In our ranks is found the President of the Athletic Association, and no doubt many of the prizes awarded on Field Day will be borne away by Law Students.

In social circles we play a winning hand, and it is said one of our number, before he leaves, will “get off” the old chestnut, “Maid of Athens, ere we part, give, oh give me back my heart, or go home with me.”

Besides we have considerable musical talent, hence the “Glee Club” is a creature of the Law Class, and my closing words will be, that may the sweet refrains of music follow our footsteps, symbolic always of peace and happiness.

We have played our part in this drama of college life. We have entered—gone through—been deplomaed.

"The play is done—the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell;
A moment yet the actor stops
And looks around to say, 'Farewell.'"
THE PANDORA.
Class of '90.

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John Hale, ΧΨ, Poet.
W. N. Smith, ΧΨ, Prophet.
Z. C. Hayes, ΔΤΔ, Historian.

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WHEN one undertakes to write a history of a class much is expected of him, and of the one upon whom the mantle of honor has fallen to write the history of '90, more is expected than, I fear, the present writer is able to accomplish.

We hope not to weary you with too minute a description of it, for that would be in vain and, besides, would fill more space than is allotted to us.

We began our existence as all classes do, in the Fresh state, which at that time numbered twenty-three men. It was famed for its immensity, both physically and mentally; the largest and smallest men, in both cases, being acceded to us. With the usual buffetings and disagreeable epithets cast upon us by our larger brethren, we arrived successfully to that stage denominated Sophomority. To delineate to you, dear reader, our career during that memorable year would furnish you with a volume as large as the Downfall of the Confederacy, so we will have to briefly notice some characteristic features. At the beginning we numbered sixty-seven men, strong and brave, and loyal to their colors. In athletes we were the leaders of the college, having scored several games over both the Junior and Senior base-ball teams, and standing in the front ranks in the field day exercises.

It was an exceptional class in studiousness, as our worthy professors will testify, in spite of our occasionally deviating from this path to engage in lighter pursuits. At last, with much, toil we reached the matured state of
Juniors. In the fall of '88 forty-four men enlisted under our banner to pursue the Junior course, in spite of the hearty prayers and wishes of one staid old professor, "that those Sophomores of the previous year would never set foot in these college walls again." While we had depreciated in numbers, still we had grown in other respects. In this year we first inaugurated the new system of examinations, the faculty having abolished those delights (?) of a student's life, finals in two departments of our curriculum, and establishing, therefore, the system of unexpected "xams." This plan worked so well with our class as a specimen, that the system was adopted entirely in the succeeding year. Our hardships and trials of this year were alleviated by our various pleasures and enjoyments. No knight of the quill can picture our course; only from the lips of each member can one learn. As our labors drew to a close, our pleasures and enjoyments increased, and at the end, our Junior hop given to the outgoing Seniors far surpassed any that was ever given.

Our course as Juniors was finished and we were prepared for the goal of a student's life—to be a Senior.

We did not boast of our five orators as others had done, yet we successfully competed with our comppeers of that year, but the studiousness of our members was the toast of the college and praises of the professors, for none had ever equalled us in this respect. In September, '89, thirty-eight men assembled beneath the venerable oaks which so beautifully adorn our campus, to discuss the future lovely state which we were about to enter, and to drink once more at the fount of knowledge prepared for us. During this year we, as ever, maintained our reputation as leaders of the college, and were so looked up to; hence
we assumed, or more properly developed, a dignity worthy of a czar, such that the timid Fresh and knowing Sophomore were paralyzed in our presence. With unity of purpose and ambition we have climbed to the top and will soon go upon the arena of that uncertain field—Life—to fight its battles and enjoy its triumphs.

While our pleasures and hopes have been mingled with many ups and downs, yet we could not have expected to spend another period of four years more profitably and pleasantly together than we have done in this dear old college. May each of us enjoy a prosperous life, undergo few vicissitudes and wear honorably the laurels un tarnished of fame, is the wish of the

HISTORIAN '90.
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Vice-President,  .  T. J. Shackleford, Σ N.
Historian,  .  T. J. Felder, X Φ.
Secretary,  .  C. R. Russell, Jr.
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Camak, J. W., Φ Α Θ,  .  Athens.
Cassels, S. J., Φ Α Θ,  .  Thomasville.
Cloud, Joel, Δ T Δ,  .  Thomson.
*Duncan, C C., A T O,  .  Perry.
Felder, T. J., Χ Φ,  .  Perry.
Gerdine, T. G., Σ Α E,  .  Athens.
Harwell, Frank, Κ A,  .  West Point.
Hull, Marion, Σ Α E,  .  Athens.
Hurt, G. L.,  .  Maxeys.
King, Walker, Φ Α Θ,  .  Cedartown.
Lanier, R. R.,  .  West Point.
Lovell, E. F., Jr., Κ A,  .  Savannah.
*Meinhard, Leo,  .  New York.
Mitchell, Frank,  .  Crawfordville.
Peacock, J. H.,  .  McDonald.
Pickett, B. F., Σ N,  .  Atlanta.

*Left college.
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History of the Class of '91.

To give a true and complete history of the class of '91 would require many times the space allowed in this annual, and besides a much more persevering and competent historian. I shall only attempt, therefore, a brief outline of the history of this illustrious class, giving a few of the more important and interesting events that have been foremost in raising this body of men to their present height of distinction.

Indeed so famed has '91 become, and so identified is its history with that of the University for the past three years, that a few dates and facts are all that is necessary to commit to "cold type;" for "what '91 did" will be handed down from class to class, and its actions held up by the professors as examples worthy of the emulation of those that come after, as long as this old institution remains, and merit and intellect receive that homage they have ever commanded.

In the fall of 1887 the class of '91 was ushered into existence. What it did as Freshmen has been told in a previous volume of The Pandora, but if the reader has unfortunately missed that edition he will feel fully compensated for the price of the volume by a perusal of that part relating to this class. As Sophs the strength and intellect of '91 began truly to be felt, taking off as it did the medal as best debater and also several champion debaters' places—honors that have heretofore been conferred only upon the higher classes.

At the beginning of this session our membership num-
bered about forty, but "on account of their eyes" so many have been compelled to leave us, that at present we can only claim thirty-two hard working, steady men, all determined not to disappoint the folks at home by failing to take first honor.

Mentally we are far above the average, as more than one of the professors has told us that our marks were higher than any previous Junior class.

Physically we will compare favorably with any class in college, our average weight being 143½; the lightest man weighing 115, the heaviest 185. The average height is five feet six inches, maximum six feet two inches. The ages range all the way from seventeen up into the twenties.

In athletics the Juniors come conspicuously to the front, breaking on last field day several records. The handsomest man in college was for some time claimed by both Law Class and Juniors, but our man, having lately turned out his "cilia," the lawyers have prudently withdrawn their claim.

It affords the historian no small pleasure to be able to chronicle the fact that no member of '91 has ever been accused of, or at least caught, greasing black-boards or stealing examination papers. This is a record not to be despised, and one that but few, who have succeeded us, can claim.

But our time as Juniors is fast drawing to a close; only a few days and another set of men will assert their right to that title, and, however sad and distasteful (?) the change may be to us, we must move up and take the place of the Seniors of to-day. Some of us though, through persuasion, may be allowed by the tender hearted professors to linger another year with the Juniors.

As to our future pursuits, all, with the exception of one,
will be pleaders at the bar. This unfortunate one, after a few more years of study, will occupy the chair of chemistry and instructor of military tactics in the University of Georgia, so he says.

A few months as Seniors, perhaps as many more spent in searching out the beauties of Blackstone, Equity, etc., and we will “venture out into the great unknown.”

“Resolved to rule or ruin the State.” That all may succeed is the sincere wish of the

Historian of '91.
JUNIOR.
Class of '92.

President, Geo. L. Alexander, Σ N.
Vice-President, R. De T. Lawrence, Α T Ω.
Historian, J. B. Nevin, Χ Φ.
Secretary and Treasurer, W. T. Kelley, Α T Σ.

Alexander, G. L., Σ N, Forsyth.
Behre, D. H., Σ N, Walterboro, S. C.
Bennett, T. R., Σ N, Camilla.
Black, E. P., Χ Φ, Atlanta.
Blasingame, J. C., Σ N, Zebulon.
Brown, L. L., Α T Ω, Fort Valley.
Boggs, A. A., Athens.
Calhoun, Lowndes, Χ Φ, Atlanta.
Callaway, F. Eugene, Washington.
Christie, W. E., Σ N, Dawson.
Culpepper, J. O., Thomasville.
*Daniel, J. Z., Κ Α, Augusta.
Dallas, Roy, Φ Δ Θ, LaGrange.
Denmark, Edgar, Α T Ω, Quitman.
*Estes, G. H., Jr., Talbotton.
Fry, E. W., Χ Ψ, Marietta.
Franklin, V. E., Excelsior.
Gramling, W. N., Σ N, Charleston, S. C.
*Gelleland, C. E., Athens.
Harris, C. P., Watkinsville.
*Harris, B. Y., Χ Φ, Athens.
*Hemphill, W. A., Jr., Χ Φ, Atlanta.
Hirsch, M. L., Atlanta.
Hodgson, E. R., Jr., Κ Α, Athens.
Hogg, R. N., West Point.
Horsley, J. S., Φ Δ Θ, West Point.
Horton, M. C., Χ Ψ, Pendleton, S. C.
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<th>Name</th>
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<td>Horton, O. E.</td>
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<td>Hutchinson, W. O., Jr.</td>
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<td>King, W. R.</td>
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<td>Lane, J. L.</td>
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<td>Lawrence, R. D.</td>
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<td>Nevin, J. B.</td>
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<td>Reaves, J. H.</td>
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<td>Sewell, J. H.</td>
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<td>Sibley, S. H.</td>
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<td>Sibley, W. L.</td>
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<td>Simmons, T. B.</td>
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<td>Thomas, J. M.</td>
<td>Savannah.</td>
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<td>*Thompson, C. R.</td>
<td>Harmony Grove.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thompson, G. A.</td>
<td>Cedartown.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Whelchel, J. E.</td>
<td>Gainesville.</td>
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*Left college.*
HISTORY OF '92.

'IS customary, I believe, in writing a class history to begin by enumerating all of the advantages which that particular class in question may have over all other classes in college. Following then in the path of many well-set examples, I shall endeavor to set forth a correct history of this long-to-be-remembered class, stating, without fear of contradiction, all of its reasons for feeling proud, and varnishing over to the best of my ability all of its shortcomings.

In the first place then this class has covered more ground in the same amount of time than ever a Soph. class did before. In what style or manner is an item which need not here be discussed, but for an answer to any one who may feel inclined to ask such a question, we refer them to our professor. We glory in the great number of good speakers we have, and to understand the reason for that glory one need only be present at the Sophomore speaking at the coming commencement and there listen to the flow of eloquence.

In athletics we hold our own, having among us many of the best foot and base ball players in college, as well as runners and jumpers, which fact was very clearly demonstrated at the past field-day. 'Tis true, however, that this class has a good share of the spirit which is supposed to be possessed by every Sophomore, viz., the desire to raise a racket and many other such desires, as many merchants minus signs, professors with greasy black-boards and foot-sore policemen can testify. But as
a whole we have kept within the ranks of orderly Sophs., and it was only when we found our mathematics or Latin for next day a little easier than usual that we found much time for such pleasant (to the mind of a Soph.) recreation. And if in our career we have once or twice disturbed the peaceful slumbers of our classic city friends, or caused our dearly beloved (?) "Cran" a small waste of energy, let me take this opportunity to apologize and state that next year we hope to be Juniors and will strive to make up for our past record and do better.

As this most illustrious class is so well represented in other things—so well is it represented at the regular monthly reception at the Chancellor’s office, and the fact that this class generally has more members present at that time than any other class in college, reflects great credit upon us and shows how high we stand in the Chancellor’s estimation. And now, after ten months of hard work, we are, we hope, Juniors, and will, we are confident, be held up to the coming Sophomore (God pity him !) as a model class, and can sincerely wish that he will not have to "cuss" as much as we have sometimes been compelled to do.

And now it is with an apology to my class, my college friends and my readers that I, "who scarcely skilled an English line to pen," submit this history.

**Historian ’92.**
SOPHOMORE.
Class of '93.

President.
E. P. Howell, Jr., X Φ.
Secretary.
C. H. Hodgson, K Λ.
Treasurer.
H. M. Dorsey, K Λ.
Battle, L. B.
Barnett.
Bishop, W. H., X Φ.
Athens.
Cabaniss, E. G., Φ Δ θ.
Savannah.
Camak, Lewis.
Athens.
Dodd, Eugene, Χ Ψ.
Fond.
Dorsey, H. M., K A.
Atlanta.
Dozier, W. B.
Athens.
Gantt, R. J.
Athens.
Goetchius, J. S., Σ ΑΕ.
Rome.
Halsey, A. O.
Charleston, S. C.
Halsey, E. L.
Charleston, S. C.
Happ, L. M.
Sandersville.
Hodgson, C. N., K Λ.
Athens.
Hodgson, Harry, K Λ.
Athens.
Jarrett, G. D.
Tugalo.
Johnson, G. H., Δ T Δ.
Eatonton.
Meacham, R. R.
Athens.
McGregor, T. A.
Athens.
Nalley, B. F.
Villa Rica.
Ponder, A. A.
Forsyth.
Robertson, M. P.
Logansville.
Short, Z. N.
Ida.
Smith, J. G.
Brantley.
Stewart, N. B., Λ T O.
Butler.
Upson, E. S.
Athens.
Weems, E. F.
Hampton.
*Yow, S. B.
Avalon.

*Left College.
POPE, the dwarf, who furnishes an example of the fact that little things are not to be despised, said that "Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise."

Believing that this is true, the historian of '93 will be careful not to overstep, in his enthusiasm, the bounds of propriety.

But there are some things concerning our class which should be given to the outside world.

If it be true, that "He who bloweth his own trumpet awakeneth the sweetest echoes," and if '93 could be persuaded that it is not immodest to blow one's own horn, then long and sweet would be the reverberations from our trumpet, as each one of us is enthusiastic over the record we have made as Freshmen.

Our professors are all united in the opinion—and this they express without reserve—that we have surpassed the record of any Freshman class that has ever attended the University, within their knowledge.

Both as scholars and soldiers (?) we have one and all made reputations of which we shall always be proud.

Of the political honors, too, we have received our full share, being represented on both the spring debates.

Unlike the average Freshman, we care more for the improvement of the mind than for the development of the body, and I shall, therefore, have little to say in regard to our athletics.

However, we have not utterly ignored physical training, for we realize the importance of a "sound mind in a sound body."
Both the feather and heavy weight boxers of college are numbered among our men, and our ball team is second to none.

In number, being only about twenty in our class, we are last, but in mind and body we are in the lead.

Looking at the record of '93 we have nothing to fear, but predict that she will continue to grow in all that is right and honorable.

Remember that all honor lies in acting well our part. Let us, fellow Freshmen, cultivate a high tone of thought and action, and endeavor ever to maintain the fair name we have won as "Freshmen."

The Historian.
FRESHMAN.
FRATERNITIES.
SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON.

ESTABLISHED 1866.

FRATRES IN URBE.
Dr. A. A. Lipscomb, D. D., LL. D., Thos. S. Mell,
Rev. C. W. Lane, D. D., John D. Mell,
R. M. Wade, M. D., Jas. C. Mell,
W. W. Thomas, Chas. I. Mell,
A. L. Mitchell, G. C. Hamilton,
R. B. Russell, L. H. Charbonnier, Jr.,
Joseph Hodgson, E. W. Charbonnier,
C. A. Scudder, Bolling A. Stovall.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.
L. H. Charbonnier, A. M., Ph. D.

LAW CLASS.
John D. Little.

POST-GRADUATES.
J. Garnet Basinger, '89.

CLASS '90.
W. S. Basinger, Jr., Albin E. Dearing,
Bryan C. Collier, D. Stetson Sanford.

CLASS '91.
Thos. F. Gerdine, Marion McH. Hull.

CLASS '93.
Ed. B. Mell,* J. S. Goetchius.

Left College.
ETA CHAPTER, — — — ESTABLISHED 1867.

FRATRES IN URBE.
T. R. R. Cobb, Yancey Harris,
W. McK. Cobb, Frank A. Lipscomb,
William McDowell, Billups Phinizy,
C. B. Griffith, J. H. Rucker,
George Hodgson, W. G. Woodfin,
R. G. Taylor.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.
H. C. White, W. H. Pope,
D. C. Barrow.

LAW CLASS.
W. H. Pope.

SENIORS.
W. D. Ellis, Jr., A. S. Harper,
N. L. Poullain.

JUNIORS.
J. H. Boston, Jr., F. S. Felder,
Albert D. Boylston, Dudley Youngblood.

SOPHOMORES.
R. E. Black, *W. A. Hemphill, Jr.,
Lowndes Calhoun, J. F. Lewis,
*B. Y. Harris, S. H. Sibley,
J. B. Nevin, M. G. Dearing,
*E. B. Salisbury.

FRESHMEN.
W. S. Bishop, E. P. Howell, Jr.

*Left College.
Kappa Alpha
Gamma Chapter Established 1869.

FRATRES IN URBE.
J. C. Bloomfield, Π,  Sylvanus Morris, Π,
B. F. Hardeman, Π,  J. D. Moss, Π,
F. S. Morton, Π,  G. R. Nicholson, Π,
J. W. Morton, Π,  W. L. Rowland, Π,
C. P. Wilcox, Jr., Π.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.
Chas. Morris, A. M., George D. Thomas, B. L.,
C. P. Wilcox, A. M., Andrew J. Cobb, B. L.,
C. M. Strahan, C. & M. E., Samuel C. Benedict, M. D.

LAW SCHOOL OF '90.
R. L. Avary,  T. F. Green,
J. H. Drewry,  F. R. Martin.

CLASS OF '90.
F. Erwin Callaway,  A. F. Harrington,
Jesse Coates,  W. J. Harris,
H. F. Cooper,  A. F. Johnson

CLASS OF '91.
W. F. Harwell,  E. F. Lovell.

CLASS OF '92.
E. R. Hodgson,  W. L. Sibley,
J. R. Lane,  J. M. Thomas.

CLASS OF '93.
H. M. Dorsey,  H. Hodgson,
C. N. Hodgson.
GEORGIA ALPHA CHAPTER

OF

PHI DELTA THETA.

CHARTERED JUNE 5, 1871.

FRATRES IN URBE.

Edward K. Lumpkin, W. G. Woodfin, Jr.,
E. H. Kimbrough, J. F. Jackson,
Edward I. Smith, W. L. Childs,
J. B. L. Cobb, E. H. Dorsey,
F. W. Cheney, C. A. Durham,
Edward Sanford, Lamar Cobb, Jr.,
E. B. Cohen, Thomas W. Reed,

LAW CLASS.

Donald Fraser, *W. W. Sheppard.

CLASS ’90.

Walker King, S. J. Cassels,
A. P. Wright, S. J. Tribble,
J. W. Camak.

CLASS ’91.

Walter Park, J. S. Horsley, Roy Dallas.

CLASS ’92.

S. B. Yow, E. G. Cabaniss.

*Left College.
**Next National Convention will be held in Atlanta.
GEORGIA ALPHA BETA CHAPTER.

Georgia Alpha Beta Chapter

OF—

ALPHA TAU OMEGA.

ESTABLISHED 1878.

FRATRES IN URBE.
Hon. H. H. Carlton,               Prof. E. C. Branson,
C. D. Campbell, D. D.,            Prof. G. G. Bond, Α Θ,
Hon. E. T. Brown,                C. D. Campbell, Jr.,

LAW CLASS.
J. B. Fitzgerald,                 W. K. Wheatley.

SENIORS.
A. A. Lawrence,                   E. G. Russell.

JUNIORS.
C. W. Brumby,                      *C. C. Duncan,
*T. J. Bennett,                   A. C. Newell,

SOPHOMORES.
L. L. Brown,                      R. D. Lawrence,
Edgar Denmark,                    J. C. Martin,
J. N. Talley.

FRESHMAN.
N. B. Stewart.

*Left College.
Delta Tau Delta.

Beta Delta Chapter.

ESTABLISHED 1882.

FRATRES IN URBE.
F. G. Hunnicutt, Ebb. P. Upshaw.
J. W. Barnett, T. P. Hunnicutt.

LAW CLASS.
Augustus Cleveland Willcoxon.

SENIORS.
W. Laelius Stallings, Z. Clarke Hayes.

JUNIORS.
George D. Pollock, Joel Cloud.
*Thos. F. C. Eckles.

SOPHOMORES.
W. Troy Kelly, Marcus A. Lewis,
Harmon H. Smith.

FRESHMEN.
George D. Jarrett, Green Johnson.

*Left College.
SIGMA NU

MU CHAPTER.

ESTABLISHED 1884.

FRATRES IN URBE.
Andrew Fears, George P. Williamson.

FRATER IN FACULTATE.
Col. Chas. M. Snelling.

LAW CLASS.
John G. Cranford, Hope C. Polhill,
Robt. L. Maynard, J. Goldwire Polhill.

SENIORS.
Preston S. Arkwright, Frank C. Shackleford,
Will J. Shaw, John R. L. Smith.

JUNIORS.
Frank R. Durden, Thos. J. Shackleford,
Benj. F. Pickett, Manning J. Yeomans.

SOPHOMORES.
*George L. Alexander, Thos. R. Bennett,
Dan. H. Behrè, Wm. E. Christie,
Jas. C. Blasingame, J. Esten Whelchel.

*Left College.
CHI PSI
ALPHA DELTA CHAPTER.

ESTABLISHED 1889

FRATRES IN URBE.
W. B. Burnett.
LAW CLASS.
Geo. C. Evans.

SENIORS.
J. N. Holder, W. N. Smith,
E. B. Moore, John Hale.

JUNIORS.
J. D. Smith, O. H. Sheffield.

SOPHOMORES.
M. C. Horton, W. R. King, E. W. Frey,
O. E. Horton.

FRESHMAN
Eugene Dodd.
BETA TAU,
Established 1889.
Two years ago the iron grasp of death, accompanied by the angels of God, gently spread the curtains of death around the existence of our beloved and truest friend, Dr. P. H. Mell. In the death of this distinguished educator, the University suffered an irretrievable loss. By the justice and fairness dealt out to every student, be he rich or poor, by the fearless and unselfish manner he stood for the right in all things, by the noble and benevolent example he set, he won the love and admiration of every one that was placed under his charge. Never is he spoken of except in the highest terms, and with much regret did the students give him up. The writer pens the sad occurrence as introductory to the statement that another mighty champion has entered the arena of educational combat, willing to sacrifice his life in the cause of leading young Georgians to the shrine of knowledge; one who is worthy to take up the mantle laid down by the late chancellor; one who will stand firm in the cause of education and go to the people of Georgia at large and plead in her cause to them; one who will fearlessly fight for the right though the world oppose.

Chancellor Boggs began his work for the University in March, 1889. His first work was visiting the branch colleges and the leading towns of Georgia, reviving the educational interest throughout the State. His efforts were crowned with much success, not only among the friends of the University, but he also enthused new life in
the denominational colleges and high schools. His work began at the University in September, 1889, where his whole heart and indefatigable energy has since been devoted. Viewing his past history, his work already done at the University, his education and fidelity, no one can doubt that, under his administration, the University will prosper and continue to rank among the best colleges of the United States; and that he is destined to be to the State of Georgia such a champion of education as Thomas Jefferson was to Virginia, and Georgians in a few years will boast of their institution as Virginians do of theirs.

When Dr. Boggs accepted the chancellorship the University was passing through a crisis. Not since her establishment had she experienced such perils. Her enemies considered her late chancellor her sole support, and when his mighty influence was no longer felt, every attack that could be made on the University was brought to bear against her and submitted to the press, though, be it said to the honor of the assistant chancellor, that he proved himself equal to the emergency and hurled back deadly arrows and held her enemies at bay till Dr. Boggs appeared before the legislature, and the people of Georgia with telling words silenced their warfare.

Rev. W. E. Boggs was born in India, his father being a missionary there, sent out by the Presbyterian church. He received his academic and college education in South Carolina and prepared for the ministry at Columbia Theological Seminary. In 1871, he was called to the pulpit of the Second Presbyterian Church in Memphis, where he served several years, and owing to bad health in Memphis he accepted a charge in Atlanta. He held a professorship of Church History in Columbia Seminary three years, and from there returned to his old charge in Mem-
phils, where he resided when elected chancellor of the University.

OTHER ADDITIONS.

The new additions to the Faculty are Professors “Philippi” Snellings, “Proticoccus” Campbell, “Polymarchus” Bocock, and last, but not least, “Billie” Pope.

Professor C. Morton Snellings, Adjunct Professor of Mathematics and Commandant of Cadets, was educated at Virginia Military Institute, where he graduated with much distinction, being first honor man in mathematics and Captain of Cadets. From ’84 to ’85 he was Assistant Professor of mathematics at Virginia Military Institute. In ’86 he accepted the professorship of mathematics in the South Georgia College, at Thomasville, where he proved himself an able instructor. The trustees knowing his ability promoted him to a professorship in the University, where he has proved himself worthy of the chair so long held by Professor Rutherford. If Philippi was susceptible of being “boot-licked” I would laud him to the skies, for I am not certain that rises will hold out till he gets to my name. The only trouble with Philippi is it is against his religion to let all the boys pass.

The Chair of Ancient Languages which has been so long and ably filled by Professor Woodfin, has now a worthy successor, a young linguist from Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia, where he graduated with first honor in A. B. and L. B. courses. His ability in teaching Latin and Greek was so marked that he was elected Professor of Greek as soon as his course was completed. This position he held from ’86 to ’89 when he was induced to accept the Chair of Ancient Languages in the University of Georgia. The degree of A. M. was conferred on him in ’89 by Davidson College which is certainly a great
honor for a young man. The University has abundant reason to congratulate herself on securing the services of this valuable man.

The Chair of Biology has been established two years, and is now one of the most interesting and important branches in the University. This chair is filled by Professor Campbell, of John Hopkins College, where he graduated with distinction in A. B. and B. Ph. courses, and was the favored student of the most noted biologist in the United States. There is no branch taught in the University with more satisfaction than Professor Campbell's. When his laboratory is completed a thorough and complete course will be given in Biology. I would advise an aspiring Fresh., who wants to lead his department, never to come on the campus till he has provided himself with a pocket full grasshoppers and a bag full of cats, then waltz up to Procy's laboratory and give him your spoils and name.

The Chair of Adjunct Professor of the Languages is filled by Professor W. H. Pope, who is a graduate of '89 at this college. Billie graduated with first honor in A. M. course, and held all the positions that could be held from Spring Debater to Anniversarian. Though he is very young to fill the chair with credit to himself and honor to the University, the only change the position has wrought on Billie is he now combs his head and wears shoes, nor has he been caught stealing wood at midnight hours since his promotion. He now occupies a chair with the great Mogul and his royal associates, and meets with that distinguished body to discuss matters and facts that pertain to the interests of the Mogul's vast domain.
WHAT mighty pen or gigantic brain is capable of doing justice to the subject in hand! What power of description must we possess in order to picture in variegated hues the pleasing colors of that noble face, the graceful curves of that noble form! And yet I am hedged in, being, by the duty devolved upon me, unable to do more than to state a few brief lines on the history of him who graces our poor edition with his brilliant and noble words.

John D. Little was born in Columbus, Georgia, on a certain night some twenty years ago, when black clouds o'ershadowed the earth, proclaiming some new element of misery and suffering to be given to us here below.

The present subject came to the University of Georgia at an early age, graduating at the celebrated class of '88, and would have been the recipient of honors had it not been for the fact that several of the class had the advantage of having superior minds and higher marks.

John distinguished himself as anniversarian of the Demosthenian Society, which position he filled in '88, and the occasion will long be remembered in the University for the reason that it took the ushers some two hours to awake the audience from the trance into which the eloquence of the speech had thrown them.

He is at present a member of the law class of '90, and will be the happy person to lead the class, with a very enviable record.
There is nothing remarkable about John except his head, which he is trying to reduce, in size, by applying ice to it almost every night.

This is our editor-in-chief.

WALTER K. WHEATLEY, BUSINESS MANAGER.

This tender little bud, hailing from the village of Americus, is a person remarkable for many things. He surely seems to have inherited the real elements of the city in which he was born, for he truly is a merry cuss. Since exercising his lungs, first, some twenty-one years ago, he has had a varied and checkered career, having been a member of the following institutions of learning, viz., public schools, Bellevue High School, Virginia, Mercer, and last but not least the University of Georgia, and yet proudly claims the distinction of never having received a diploma, and it is yet very uncertain whether or not he will have one when his connection with the law school here is broken.

Walter is just twenty-one years old; is nine feet three inches high; weighs four hundred and eighty-seven pounds, and has a holding capacity of six tons of solid matter. He proudly boasts of an offer made him to travel with Shield's Circus, to perform a collar and elbow wrestling match with the living skeleton, nightly, and we have yet to judge whether or not he missed his chance by refusing the above offer.

W. L. STALLINGS.

While the cheerful (?) wail of the feminine feline was heard, discordantly protesting against the long absence of her untrue mate; while the low and unmusical growl of the savage and hungry curs was heard, there came slowly into this world some twenty-one years ago that
which is the subject of this present sketch. About him there is and ever has been two very noted characteristics. He is known as “Yahoo dude,” being always noticed by his tidiness of dress and his neat appearance. The second characteristic has ever been noticed in him, and to speak plainly it is his laziness. While yet an infant in his mother’s arms, it was noticed that he was too lazy to stay awake, was too lazy to go to sleep; too lazy was he to cry or laugh, and too lazy to eat or drink (these last he has outgrown), and so it was only with the greatest care that he was reared into the handsome specimen of a man we have with us to-day. It is said of him that should he fall into the river and drown he would be too lazy to decompose, but rather than use the exertion required would crystallize. He contemplates, the Fates and Faculty being propitious, graduating from the University of Georgia with the class of ’90. We may at any moment hear of his death, he being too lazy to breathe.

W. D. ELLIS, JR.

This last and pleasant remnant of the school of Dudism wishes it distinctly understood that he was not born, but that some twenty-one years ago, through no fault of his and without provocation on his part, he just happened so in the city of Atlanta.

He is known chiefly for his pride and vanity, and ’tis said that if some fair maiden’s feathery fan was affixed to his anatomy, that he might open and close the same, he would very closely resemble that proud and haughty bird which struts around with head held high to show its bright plumage to the world.

Three years ago he first appeared under the protecting wing of our fatherly Faculty, not for the purpose of acquiring knowledge (and he has adhered to this), but
simply for the express wish of creating a stir in the social world of the classic city; and after having swam the social river he appears on the opposite bank a wet (for Athens is a prohibition town) and proud mortal.

Although not born here he has oft expressed a wish to give up the last spark of life of his poor soul in the city of Athens, and to be buried here that he may rest in quietude and peace, so that when the day of resurrection comes (Athens being out of the world and sure to be overlooked) he may still sleep quietly in his grave, conscious of having performed his mission here on earth.

MR. E. A. COHEN.

Reader, to understand the origin of the above named editor, it is necessary for you, like Dante of old, to enter that place over the portal of whose door is found the inscription, "All hope abandon ye who enter here." About twenty-one years ago the mighty ruler of these darkened realms was feeling very good, for he had just captured several new men from the famous college of Oxford, and finding them too green to burn had hung them up in his smoke-house to dry. Pleased with his work, in the exultant feelings of success he called his faithful imps around and rewarded them by declaring a holiday. Various were the plans suggested for their entertainment but none seemed to suit. After a long and heated discussion some one suggested that they should make a real live mortal man. Wild was the enthusiasm, and various little imps rushed to the upper world to gather dust for the new manufactory. The work was commenced and nearly finished, but just as the last few finishing touches were being added a message arrived, stating that a certain student in Athens had refused a drink, and in fear and astonishment the imps flew to arms and
departed, leaving the man half finished. Now there was one little imp who, in the long and bitter rivalry between Macon and Atlanta, had done all in his power to aid Atlanta in the war, and when he discovered the new-made man, his patriotism and love for Atlanta was so great that he immediately carried him to Macon and delivered him to the fathers of the city. This explains how twenty or e years ago Ed. Cohen took up his abode in Macon, and from this short theory as to his origin you may cull his several traits of character. He is the whitest man to have come from so black and smutty a place you ever saw. He is as clever as any little devil in the world, and as bright, as the flames of the place of his origin. The most conclusive fact to prove his origin is that he can't stand water in a glass or a tub, and no man ever saw him make any use of it. He is a great orator, and on one occasion won some little fame by declaiming "Mary's Little Lamb" to an Athenian audience. They were delighted, many said they never had heard anything like it before and would rather die than hear it again. He has a brilliant future before him as a lawyer in Macon, and has been of great service in the completion of this little volume.

W. N. SMITH.

Gander Smith, as he is happily called by his associates, sprung up at a big place called Tennille in the little State of Georgia. Tennille, as all the readers of the New York World, Chicago Tribune and the Athens Banner know, is a beautiful wood station on the Augusta, Gibson and Sandersville Railroad, and Smith is hence a woodchuck. How much there really is in a name. Just stop a moment and think of it. Of all the Smiths you know nearly every one is a goose, but here is one who from his birth has been a gander. Just how he won this
famous name we know not. Whether from the color of his dark blue eyes, his long neck, or his beautiful shapely legs he was so called, our memory and encyclopaedia fail to state. He is a handsome fellow and has made many mashes since entering college. He fell desperately in love once with a beautiful little blac'c-eyed girl, whose poetic name was Delie, and has not recovered from it yet. He is sentimental in his nature, always loves to linger in the woods and hence always goes out to get the Class Tree and usually gets full—of sentimentality before his return. He is the best judge of a tree in the Universiey and has discovered the valuable fact in regard to planting trees, that the roots should always be put in the ground, and if you cut the tree down about three feet from the ground, it won't live no matter how many beer bottles and whiskey corks you may plant with it.

F. E. CALLAWAY.

This gentleman is a striking contrast to Gander Smith. Smith has to pass twice over the same place to cast a shadow, while Callaway can cast one without even going near the place. His weight is nearly 250 pounds and his picture is often seen as an advertisement for a Chicago lard manufactory. He has a fine tenor voice and not long since was used as a decoy to capture cats for use in the laboratory. He is a beautiful dancer, but his weight being so enormous he is obliged to have the aid of a steam-engine before he can navigate. His principal occupation during the last year has been “boot-licking” professors and rooming with Bill Harris, Lieutenant Martin’s friend.
On the banks of a gurgling stream that winds its course through the tertiary rocks of Northeast Georgia stands to-day a hamlet of peculiar build. This hamlet stands amidst the waving oaks and weeping willows, and one is struck with a peculiar feeling while gazing on the mud and stick hamlet and hearing the lonely wail of the whippoorwill in the distant mountains, as the sky becomes painted with the twilight. Here in this dismal forest was born the subject of our sketch, away back yonder, I can't tell when. When he first saw the light of heaven there was no little comment in the neighborhood, for he was pointed to as a new star in the horizon of great men, and was looked upon as the character to whom in all future ages mothers would point their sons.

He is now at school and each day brings more proof to the neighbors that they were not deluded in their anticipations of this man. He came first in all his classes at the old country log cabin backwood's school and had great oratorical powers for a youth.

There was a girl in the neighborhood by the name of Sal Toastin, and although she was cross-eyed, bandy-shanked, knock-kneed and bow-legged, still she seemed to get right hold of young Tribble’s heart. He went to the Toastin’s every Sunday to see Sallie, always driving his pa’s one-legged gray mare or his pa’s little bull that he drove to mill. Everybody said that Sal would do well to get Sam, and she had better take him, if the old man Toastin did have two mules and a reaping blade while old man Tribble didn’t have but his old mare and always borrowed old man Toastin’s reaper to cut his wheat. So everything moved along quietly, till one morning just as the sun began to climb the blue dome of heaven Sammie was on his way to mill, and behold what strange things
met his eyes! He meets Bill Dooly and Sal, and Bill tells him they are married. This almost broke Sam's heart, but he seemed to rally and at last determined never to trust woman again, and came off to college to drink from the fountains of knowledge. He has been drinking a great deal since he has been here, but not from that fountain of knowledge of which we hear so much talk, but from another fountain that affords a stronger drink. He has worked hard since he came here, but it has always been some scheme while sitting behind five of those little pasteboard things with spots on them, with the familiar ejaculation of, "I see your two and five better."

How things have changed with him now. Instead of saying he will make an Andrew Jackson everybody exclaims "he is such a brilliant fellow isn't it a pity he drinks." He could be so useful if he would employ his talents in the right direction, but I am afraid he will find an early grave. When he does pass over the river from whence no man returneth, it may well be said that here ends a noble man, but he found his early grave with a broken heart and from drinking at the fountain of knowledge, but he got into the wrong springs. He ought to be buried with two aces and three queens, for it is a paradise when he is behind such a combination.

JOHN GORDON CRAWFORD.

The subject of this short sketch first saw the light gleaming from the spires and turrets of the busy city of Statenville, Echols county, Georgia, U. S. A., away back yonder when one of our Emeritus professors was a small boy. After a probationary stay of about two weeks, long enough to become aware of the extended agricultural facilities and to make himself known
to the inhabitants, he determined to make it his permanent home. Then we lose sight of him till again we catch a view of him as he swims ship-boats and chunks tadpoles on the bank of the tranquil goose-pond in whose limpid waters lives the evanescent cilia of the motile Protococcus. Again we see him sitting on the root of the black-jack tree in the campus of the Statenville University, with his dinner bucket on his knee, knocking the ants off his biscuits with his slate pencil and observing the calorific emanations of the noonday sun. Here that love of knowledge and of study which has characterized his subsequent career was first dialized into his nature. Here the gentle zephyrs, sighing through the dicotyledonous foliage of his native groves, brought gentle whispers of pental radicals and transcendental functions. Through the ventiducts of the school-house the cool spray from the rushing waters of the spring formed into glowing flame the smouldering sparks of his ambition. He has a natural ambition for public honor; and at a very early age he began his public career as secretary of a Sunday-school, and by upright integrity and strenuous exercise along the line of his preferment, he finally achieved the fourth vice-presidency of a baseball club. But those scenes soon became dry and insipid—his soul had begun to hum with restless admiration at the objectivo-subjective validity of causal efficiency, and he bids farewell to his pine-clad hills and sedge-clad valleys of his native home, the bright-eyed boys and girls with whom he had often played mumble-peg, paddle-cat and leap-frog, to salt his love of study. His achievements in this University are becoming household words. As Spring Debater his clarion voice reverberated through the banisters of the college chapel. As editor of the Reporter he urged the University to uphold ecstasy. But 'tis as editor of this
volume that he has gained undying fame, which will ripple over the sea of time, produce a ripplet on the sandy shore of eternity, and even the spring branch, where in early youth he beguiled the fleeting hours and wary crawfish with his pin-hook, will receive a name which will go down in history along with the Danube and the Rhine.
ONE of the most prosperous departments of the University of Georgia is the Law School, presided over as it is by an able and energetic corps of professors. This feature of the University was established some years ago, and under the personal supervision of Hon. Joseph Henry Lumpkin, afterwards Chief Justice of Georgia, it received the name of the Lumpkin Law School, and sent forth from its famous halls some of the greatest jurists that Georgia now boasts. The civil war causing its suspension, this department of the University, together with the rest of the institution, was revived at the conclusion of that dread conflict, and it was only by the prompt and enterprising management of a zealous band of alumni and an equally enlightened board of trustees that we enjoy to-day the advantages furnished by the several schools of instruction, constituting the University at Athens. It is in the more recent years, however, that the law department has received an impetus in the onward march of learning, and to the untiring attention of Messrs. Andrew J. Cobb and George Dudley Thomas, the two law professors, must be ascribed the unprecedented attendance which, has, during the past few years, been known at the Law School. Just here, a word as to the professors of this department. Prof. Andrew J. Cobb, who is at the head of the law faculty, is perhaps, the most thorough student of law in Georgia. With great diligence he has added to the resources of a brilliant mind the results of years of careful study. Hi
opinions on the various points of law arising during the time are eagerly sought by the students of the department, and the infallibility, which investigation shows them to possess, justifies the confidence which is felt in this distinguished young jurist. Prof. George Dudley Thomas is another brilliant member of this faculty, and he brings to the discharge of his duties the experience of many years of practice at the bar at Athens. Especially is his knowledge of corporation law both thorough and useful, as he holds with distinguished ability the attorneyship of several railroads centering in Athens. Besides these two, Dr. S. C. Benedict, a skilful surgeon and physician, delivers lectures throughout the year on the subject of medical jurisprudence, and during the past term Judge Howell Cobb, of the city court, has been added to the law faculty, an acquisition upon which the department must be heartily congratulated. Nor is the study of the mental science neglected, for under the skilful tutorship of Chancellor W. E. Boggs the beauties of logic and metaphysics are held up to the admiring attention of the students of this, as well as of the other, departments. In addition to these five able lecturers in this respective branch, a number of distinguished lawyers from various parts of the State deliver addresses during the term upon the particular branches of legal law in which they may have gained distinction. The eloquent address of Hon. P. W. Mildwin on “The Criminal Courts” during the past term is a case in point. That the splendid advantages which the law school offers are realized and appreciated is shown by the increasing attendance from year to year. Four years ago the session opened with two in attendance; this year thirty-four bachelors of the Blackstonian science will receive their diplomas in June. The present class is the largest that
has ever graduated in one year from this department, and the prospects for the future are as brilliant as could be desired. Two years ago the University, realizing the increasing importance of this department, set aside for its special use the "Ivy Building." In this historic edifice the recitations are conducted, and the sessions of the moot courts are held from week to week. It gives us great pleasure to endorse this school of law as the best to be found South of Charlottesville. Its graduates are holding positions of trust in their profession everywhere, and the thoroughness with which the principles of law are inculcated will prepare the students to grapple successfully with the practical difficulties to be met in the courts of our country.
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Field Marshal.  
JOHN D. LITTLE.

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MR. L. H. CHARBONNIER, JR.

Starter.  
MR. G. R. NICHOLSON.
# FIELD DAY.

**WEDNESDAY MAY 7TH, 1890.**

## EVENTS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>EVENT</th>
<th>WINNERS</th>
<th>RECORD</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>THROWING BASE BALL</td>
<td>1st. A. O. Halsey........................................... 307 feet 11 inches</td>
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<td></td>
<td>2nd. R. R. Lanier................................................. 296 feet 11 inches</td>
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<tr>
<td>FIFTY YARDS DASH</td>
<td>1st. W. W. Gordon, Jr.................................5 4-5 seconds</td>
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<td>2nd. A. E. Dearing......................................................</td>
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<tr>
<td>LIGHT WEIGHT WRESTLING</td>
<td>Frank Shackleford...........................................</td>
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<tr>
<td>220 YARDS DASH</td>
<td>1st. B. F. Pickett............................................. 24 3-5 seconds</td>
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<td>2nd. E. P. Howell....................................................</td>
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<tr>
<td>BICYCLE RACE</td>
<td>1st. A. O. Halsey.................................................. 4 minutes 5 seconds</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2nd. Jesse Coates............................................. 4 minutes 15 seconds</td>
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<tr>
<td>THREE STANDING BROAD JUMPS</td>
<td>J. E. Whelchel................................................. 30 feet 1 inch</td>
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<tr>
<td>ONE HUNDRED YARDS DASH</td>
<td>1st. W. W. Gordon, Jr............................................ 10 3 5 seconds</td>
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<td></td>
<td>2nd. B. F. Pickett............................................... 11 seconds</td>
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<tr>
<td>HALF MILE BICYCLE RACE</td>
<td>Jesse Coates..................................................</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PUTTING THE SHOT</td>
<td>J. R. Cooper.................................................... 36 feet 6 inches</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
STANDING BROAD JUMP.
1st. J. E. Whelchel........................... .......................9 feet 6 inches
2d. W. H. Quarterman.......................... .................9 feet 4 inches

HEAVY WEIGHT WRESTLING.
J. R. Cooper........................................

HURDLE RACE.
(120 yards—10 hurdles.)
1st. W. W. Gordon, Jr...........................19 1-5 seconds
2d. E. P. Howell.................................19 3-5 seconds

STANDING HIGH JUMP.
F. C. Shackleford........................................4 feet 6 inches

HALF MILE RUN.
1st. E. P. Howell.............................2.24 1-5
2d. L. C. Russell...............................2.25 2-5

RUNNING HIGH JUMP.
1st. W. W. Gordon, Jr...........................5 feet 2 inches
2d. W. H. Quarterman............................5 feet 1 inch

SACK RACE.
1st. W. H. Quarterman...........................
Last. A. F. Johnson..............................

TUG OF WAR.
Won by Law Class.................................

GREASED PIG.
J. R. Cooper........................................
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LITTLE GIRL—"Say, Mamma; why do they wear their suspenders on the outside?"

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A. S. Harper,
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J. B. Nevin,
N. L. Poullain,
W. L. Sibley,
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A GERMAN FIGURE.
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"Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

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S. J. Tribble,
Walker King,
Marion Hull,
Alf. Newell,
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W. D. Ellis, Jr.,                  J. B. Nevin,
A. C. Willcoxon,                   W. N. Smith,
E. R. Black,*                     J. G. Basinger.

*Honorary members.
Rienzi's Address to the Athenians.

OW for two long years have ye, O Athenians! Have ye seen me as I came and went among you. Have ye seen me in my historic cutaway which has so faithfully protected me from the snows of winter and burning rays of the summer sun for so many years? Ye have seen me with my tan kid gloves and Captain Willcoxon's cane as I walked before the Home School to give joy unto the future partner of my misery. Having seen me thus bedecked in all the glory of an Athenian readymade clothing store, ye have stepped aside, and while your hearts burned with envy your lips would fain utter "How great is he!" For two years have I been the admiration and pet of the young ladies of the Home School, and every evening ye have noticed how they play baseball in the front yard to see me as I pass in my evening stroll, yet, O mortals! I am unhappy. Thoughts, burning thoughts, crowd upon me in my waking hours and in sleep make my pillow grow scorching beneath my burning brow. Why am I called "Soda Water?" O ye moon and heavenly bodies! lend your aid to me, most miserable. By thine everlasting power help me to solve the one great question of my life. In the majesty of your greatness, in the pity of your love, aid me, thine unoffending child! Well do I remember that fearful night! How my heart throbbed, wavering between doubts and hopes. Fears, fearful, dreadful fears, filled my heart and for days had tortured my very soul. Like a thief in the night did I crawl from the bed of the afflicted Patsy and
wrapping my thin sheet around me, close mine eyes and drop off to sleep upon the hard bare floor, while the thermometer in Charby's room stood at five degrees below. Did the water upon that fearful night really foam under my burning and feverish gaze, or did the fiends incarnate gather around to taunt and mock me? Why! O why! did I turn pale when I realized my fearful affliction and curse the fates who thus were punishing me? But enough! The time will come when ye, O Athenians! will turn pale under the scourging glances of Rienzi. I will inject into your every vein the poison with which I was tainted, and then your blood shall boil and your brain whirl, and I shall stand apart and laugh at your discomfiture. O, ever avenging Jove! lend thy all powerful aid to avenge the insults and persecutions of thy child, and visit upon this doomed city the thunderbolts of thy everlasting wrath. I am done!
The Rape of the Hyacinths.

A lovely bed of hyacinths
Was basking neath the moon;
Most all the human kind were 'sleep,
For night was at its noon.
As the soft nocturnal zephyrs
Were wafting to and fro
Their sweet and celestial odors
From petals white as snow,
I stole out in the silence
With a light and stealthy tread,
But the zephyrs heard me coming;
I heard them as they said,
"Farewell, my dearest hyacinths,
Your fragrance we will miss;
No more your soft and velvet leaves
Our sable waves shall kiss;
We hear the roguish student now,
His mission we can tell;
He'll take you from us, dearest ones,
Farewell, O loves, farewell.
College Hopes.

AT THE BEGINNING.

The Freshman bright with pure delight
Surveys our classic hall;
With pictures fair and drawings rare
He decorates the wall.
With hopes most high and beaming eye
He greets us when we call.
What grades he'll make? Which honors take?
He'll win the first of all.

AT THE END.

The Senior lad, with record bad,
In sorrow says "farewell."
For the last time he hears the chime
Of the good old college bell.
With eyes all tears, with heart all fears,
He hears us wish him well.
What now he'll do? What course pursue?
No man on earth can tell.
"What Fools These Mortals Be."

ACT I.

"From the land called Wayback," as the Bumble Bee would say, "came a man whose name was Weems." He was of the class called "Mossbacks," yet he thought himself a knowing man, and when he first arrived he went about slapping the Seniors on the back and saying: "Old fellow, I'm one of the boys."

"He is a sucker," was the universal comment, and a worthy successor of the celebrated Arthur McCarrell prevailed on him to join a social club called the "Zeta Chi." He bit with the alacrity that a duck takes to \( \text{H}_2\text{O} \), and extensive preparations were made by his fellow students to "do him one."

The night was fixed, and on the afternoon before groups of boys could be seen standing on the campus discussing some subject with a seriousness which foretold that "Rome was about to howl;" as students would pass to and fro on the campus knowing winks would be passed, significant nods exchanged. Every one appeared to be so absorbed with his own thoughts that nothing could interrupt them. "Old Tub" grinding out, "Look over yonder what I see," with "Look in my face and pity my case" for variation, was not heeded, and Judge Newsome chanting the "Lone Rock by the Sea" was passed unnoticed by. Quiet reigned supreme, and as friend met friend a look would be given, and you might hear in a whisper, "Phi Kappa Hall, at 8 o'clock."
ACT II.

During the afternoon "things went merry as a marriage bell," but it chanced to happen that about dark the man from Wayback went to the post-office and received a letter from his home, advising him not to join any secret society. He took the advice and the fun for the evening was about to be ended, but Lieut. Harper and Serg't "Poverty Hill" Boston, the handsomest man in college, whose smile so paralyzed the Lucy Cobb maidens, contrived to induce one Donald Frazier to take the place of the aforesaid Weems; he took it.

'Twas 8 o'clock—place, Phi Kappa hall, and a merry group of masqueraders, all clad in the angelic garments of the night, were assembled there. Every face was hidden, no one knew his neighbor, and John Holder might have been called handsome in such a crowd. As the time passed on, by infinitesimal movements, as "Old——" (the Faculty won't allow me to say it) would say, anxious inquiries were made as to the coming of the new brother. At last, three trumpet blasts broke the stillness—the fun was about to begin.

"Let the brother enter," came in sepulchral tones from within, and in he came between his two best men.

He was marched around the room several times to the melancholy accompaniment of "March, brother, march;" from an hundred throats he was started up the "Holy Rod" to the tune of "Climb, brother, climb." The green lane was prepared and "Lord High Cockylorum Polhill," chief cook and bottle washer, thus spoke, as the Xeophyte prepared to enter that dismal place on his knees; *E pluribus unum, multum in parvo, veni, vidi, vici* (crawl, brother, crawl), *le bon garcon, Macenas atavis edite regibus,* which being
interpreted, means: "Naked thou camest into this world, and naked also shalt thou enter this mystic circle; disrobe thyself, my brother."

"Disrobe, h—l!!!" came in thunder tones from the candidate. "I'll blow the brains out of every man here;" and jerking out a self-acting revolver, he began snapping it in all directions. Then how they scattered! Some went one way, some another, but all bound for the same place—enough room to run. Hope Polhill went under a bench, and an hour afterwards when some fellow went back to get his hat, he poked his head out and whispered: "Is he gone?" Walter Wheatley went out the window with the sash hanging on his shoulders. Allen Johnson jumped into the library and yelled as he shut the door: "For God's sake, somebody come and help me hold it." Dorsey let himself out of the back window by a rope. Fresh Battle—well, Battle said he didn't, but his room-mate swears he did. Fresh Collier forgot to laugh. Col. Avary ran up the steps and stood on the landing, prepared to run down the other side if the terror came up the other. Arkwright paced over the back fence with his gown flying so loose that you might have dealt a poker hand on it; he could not be found until prayers next day. John Little stuck his head between "Baby" Basinger's legs, and like the ostrich thought he was safe. Yancey Harris started home, and Munroe Dearing was about ten yards in his rear, coming at full tilt, and Yancey thought it was the new Zeta Chi man and fairly flew. As he dashed in his front gate and through the open window into his room, he said: "He liked to have caught me." Capt. Willcoxon went straight up the walk towards the Demosthenian hall at a 2:40 gait, and would have run right over it had not Bill Ellis,
coming from an up-town party, called out: “Left face” just as “Cleve” struck the main walk, and, from force of habit, the runner obeyed the command and passed on towards the Yahoo. Bill Ellis smiled and said: “The Phi Kappas are having a night meeting to elect a commencement orator, I guess, and the meeting broke up in a row. I wish I had been there.”

After the scare was over a large number collected in front of “Dr.” Stillwell’s residence to discuss the matter. All with one accord exclaimed: “I knew all about it!” Yet they would turn away sorrowfully to go to their room, kick themselves and say, “damn it.” Verily, verily, I say unto you, “What fools these mortals be.”
There was a certain youth
Who cut a wisdom tooth,
And he felt as if he owned a
World or two.

But his naughty old jaw
Turned red, and got raw,
When he taught the babie muncher
How to chew.

The first thing which he did,
Was try him on a quid,
But he soon found that tobacco
Would not do.

Then curses he did fling
At the stubborn young thing,
When he taught the babie muncher
How to chew.

Then he to pulverize
Yahoo cakes vainly tries,
Till his countenance assumes an
Ashy hue.

For this dear infant pet
Continued still to fret,
When he taught the babie muncher
How to chew.

He gave up in despair
And tore his flaxen hair,
Then gave vent to all the bad words
That he knew.

Swore by the distant skies
He'd rather not be wise,
Than to teach the babie muncher
How to chew.
His SATANIC MAJESTY.—Enter; thou art welcome.

ATHENIAN SPIRIT.—Is this place wet or dry?

SATANIC MAJESTY.—Decidedly dry.

ATHENIAN SPIRIT.—That is all right; I am just from Athens and have not forgotten the ropes yet.

The following note was found on the campus a few days ago:

MY DEAREST SON—I write to send you a pair of my old last summer breeches. See if you can get Mr. Raphael to make you a new cravat out of them. Also some socks which your mother has just knit by cutting down some old ones of mine. Your mother sends you, without my knowledge, a new neck-tie, but for fear you may become extravagant in your dress I have replaced it by one of my old cast-off ones. Your mother and I are all well, except John, who has the measles, which we fear would have spread among your three sisters had they not died during their infancy. My son, be a credit to your mother and an honor to my teachings. Your mother and myself are your affectionate parents.

Some one hath said: "See Naples and die." Another hath said, "drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your correct weight," but I say unto you, take one meal at the Commercial hotel and then thank God you don't live there.

A poet is born not made;
A poetess is born and maid too.
LIKE a weary teacher who, having reached some high
and lofty point upon the road of a perilous and
dangerous journey, turns about and views with feelings
of security and sympathy the way traversed, security of
his position and sympathy for those who are to come
after him, do I turn myself about and survey the paths
I have trodden for the last four years. How brave and
secure do I now feel, for yonder in the shadowy past
lies the road of snares and dangers, of pleasures and
disappointments. How my heart throbs with pity
when I contemplate the hundreds yet unborn, whose
sad fate may cause them to meet the same difficulties
and girls I have met upon the roadside of my college
life in Athens.

Being a philanthropist, and loving my fellow-men,
especially those I have never seen and never expect to
see, and praying that I may not pass through life with­
out doing some good to my fellow-creatures, I desire to
leave behind me as the monument of my eternal fame
some few points as to how the coming student may
achieve fame in Athens.

An Athens sweetheart is just as much of a necessity
to the college boy, who desires to stand well in his class,
as his text-books are. You can't graduate with dis­
tinction unless you do have one, for all the distinction
one can get in Athens is to do something to get your­
self talked about, and by the time the present Freshmen
become Seniors the people will have grown tired of talk-
ing about Mat Davis and the post-office, the Wanamaker boycott and Eli Perkins. It will, therefore, be your sacred duty to fill up the vacancy and furnish food for thought to the Athenians. If you fail in this, your chances for success are indeed very small. This is the first great rule of college life—get yourself talked about, even if you have to paint the Lucy Cobb goats or go to some church on Sunday. Many young men, when they enter college, make a great mistake by attempting to win fame by getting drunk several times a week and taking an occasional trip to Fowler's. It is indeed a great defect of judgment to try any such plan. The town men all go to Fowler's and get on frequent sprees. You must do something these gentlemen never do. You must fall in love with some fair Athenian maiden of sixteen years and God only knows how many months. The town men never do this. Don Juan was the only man I ever read of who fell in love with the playmate of his mother's childhood. If your father was a University man, you will probably fall in love with the same angel at whose shrine he worshiped; but this is not a crime and the "old ladies" of Athens do not object to this. It is possible for one's fame to become as broad as space and as eternal as the heavens, if by great perseverance he could persuade any young lady to accompany him in a drive or to the theater, but he who ever succeeds in getting one of them to take a walk with him, may fold his arms in quiet satisfaction and die, knowing that he has done that which no college boy has ever yet accomplished. You may win distinction by asking one of these Athens girls to become your wife. No one does this and fame may be the reward of him who has the courage to try it. Quite a good way to become famous in Athens, is to never ask when the
Y. M. C. A. building will be completed, or what street the Lucy Cobb is on. Never go to walk on Milledge avenue; never stand on Hauser’s corner; and try as hard as you can to refrain from going to a certain Broad street store where Lum goes to get the time by which to set his watch, and ask the proprietor for permission to live. If you will but follow these few precepts you will leave Athens with a crown of fame upon your head, and be the wonder and admiration of all who may come after you.
A Graduate.

From a pleasant home a fine youth came
To tough it here at college,
For 'twas his parents' fondest wish
That he should get great knowledge.

He started here in the Freshman class,
So as to rise up from the ground,
And that when the topmost point was reached
He would be a man profound.

He was a truly moral lad,
Would not eat, drink or chew,
Would often burn the midnight oil
(Students like this are few).

We find him next a Sophomore large,
With one of his virtues left,
For as of the drinking, chewing part
He was of these bereft.

How he made a "rise" to the Junior class
One can't say with propriety;
Yet this year we find him quite a swell
And a leader in society.

His last year was spent pleasantly
(Of work he was a scouter),
Eating, drinking and smoking cigarettes,
And bumming on Hauser's corner.

We see him next commencement day,
Standing erect and grand,
About to step out into the world
With a diploma in his hand.

Then does he think of the past four years,
And of the knowledge he's tried to attain;
And he finally sums all up in this:—
He lacked naught but the brain.
ATHENS.

THE exposition of '92 will undoubtedly be held in Athens. This sketch is penned, not because Athens is unknown, but because the majority of men are ignorant upon the best known subjects.

Athens is situated on the factory pond just above the dam, and when the pond is let off in summer the inhabitants enjoy the expanse of mud and concomitant odors.

Athens is a city by act of the legislature. Business is now more diversified than formerly, and the city boasts a flourishing Farmers' Alliance. Loafing and abusing Atlanta, however, continue to be the principal industries.

Athens used to be known (away from it—the farther away from it the better) as the seat (back seat) of learning. She yet has a prosperous institution for boys. There is likewise a training school for girls, which has given the city notoriety.

A magnificent city park committee is situated here.

Three railways terminate at Athens. This is from necessity, as Athens is strictly a terminal point.

Two papers are printed (partially) in Athens. One of these is the organ of the political youngsters, and the other devotes its space to mad dogs and blind tigers. There is no newspaper in Athens. Whether the absence of a newspaper or the present infirction is most to be regretted has long been a mooted point; and at various times occupied the attention of the Corner Police Loafing Club and of the Athæneum.

No other city can show such streets as Athens, a thing sufficiently attested by the fact that mankind is not born on stilts. The raising of mud turtles is
under the peculiar charge of the city fathers, and that succulent animal forms a staple of food to the Athenian. A complete system of sewerage is furnished by a dump-cart and a nigger.

There is also a street-car line. The crookedness of the line and the absence of cars in no way detracts from the truth of this statement. Another electric light company has a magnificent plant—in contemplation.

Athens is justly proud of her hotel (building), which boasts a kitchen and dinner bell. The city waterworks justly claim a distinction due to no other concern of the sort in the world, in that they were destroyed by fire a short time since.

Were we asked the question for what is Athens most celebrated, we would unhesitatingly reply for her hotel, her streets and her conceit. To omit those were more emasculating than to un-Hamlet Hamlet. The opinion entertained by the inhabitants of the city's splendor lacks the vital element of criminality in that it proceeds from honest ignorance.

Athens' most pressing needs at present are a line of mud skows, a substantial fire department and one or two other things which will not be mentioned. The subsequent importation of brains and capital it is believed would enhance much the value of real estate.
Ode to My Old Dress Coat.

Written on leaving college after the dissipations of commencement week.

Alas! old coat, thy days are done, and you and I must part for aye; Those days of joyous mirth and fun were all too full of joy to stay. Those days belong to golden youth, which paints life in a rosy hue, And makes it more a dream than truth—alas! old coat, adieu, adieu!

But stay, I cannot let you pass without one look of fond regret, For on you as a mirrored glass I see a face I'll ne'er forget. I see brown eyes that did entrance; I see a soft hand on your sleeve, Which rested there through many a dance, and beckons me now to joys I leave.

I'll love you, coat, always, I think, though you are stained with fragrant wine; 'Tis shame that joys are steeped in drink and I have in the cup sought mine; But such is youth—ah, happy youth, how glad I am to shake you off; I'd rather know life's rigid truth than live ensnared by pleasure's bluff.

But with it all I love you, coat; to me you are a witness mute, That whispers like a fairy note, far wafted from a sighing lute; You tell of by-gones fond and sweet; of music, flowers, moons above; You know my heart; you've felt it beat each secret tale of fondest love.

But we have lingered long enough together on this sea of life. I now most enter one that's rough—you can't attend me in the strife. I have no charges now to bring against your service in the past, You're old, 'tis true, but everything some day grows old and fades at last.

Adieu, old coat! A long adieu! I'll lay you in your closet grave; The moths can never take from you one blessed memory that you save. Perchance there yet may come a day—alas, how faint that word perchance! When I may call you forth to pay a better service than the dance.

Remsen Crawford.
A is for that animal of a very low kind,  
Of which they say Russell one much reminds.

B is for beauty, possessed by Boston alone,  
For the face that he wears would stop a cyclone.

C is for cabbage, which grows white or red,  
And it is the same thing that Spence has for a head.

D is for distance, which one tries to attain  
Whenever Mynatt begins a refrain.

E is for empty, which is how many boys feel  
After having partaken of a boarding-house meal.

F stands for Fitz, a boy very Green,  
And when all of him's here there's not much to be seen.

G is for Geiger, who's studying law,  
And whose legs were, no doubt, cut with a circular saw.

H is for Heaven, and also for Hell;  
Where the students will go I really can't tell.

I is for institute, the Lucy Cobb grand;  
At field day sports few were on hand. (Why?)

J is for Jones, called "Sleepy" by name;  
'Tis said he's the Jones from that ark of great fame.

K stands for kid—a very young goat—  
From which, as to actions, Battle's not too remote.

L is for lass, which each laddie should have,  
But not if from the Athens girls one could have the first grab.

M is for McGinty, whom all say went down,  
And shortly some Seniors will with him be found.

N stands for Nevin, who was a dude at the start,  
But now looks the dude who has fallen apart.
O stands for orator, but to give an example,  
We can say that Sam Tribble is a very poor sample.

P is for Polhill, who says he knows enough now,  
"But you've not made it evident, Poll," we vow.

Q is for Query, which I think you will fool—  
What is the difference, if any, between Black and a mule?

R is for Rattle, which to the young causes fun,  
It might well when used by Alf Harrington.

S is for Stillwell, who now is well still,  
Since Basinger paid him that little board bill.

T is for tub, the college Mascot;  
It is hard to imagine how such a thing was begot.

U stands for unseen, an appropriation here,  
Which has not arrived and will not, we fear.

V is for vial of that fluid you know,  
Which makes the spirits go up as the spirits grow low.

W stands for Wheatley and also for weight,  
And as the former is not small, the latter is great.

X is a letter standing for Xebec & Xyster.  
Will some one elope with it, as with another boy's sister?

Y stands for you ('tis a tough and mean letter),  
Who thinks he could write this alphabet better.

Z stands for Zip, who is not very tall,  
Who speaks very much, yet says nothing at all.
WHY THE STILLWELL BROKE UP,

— OR —

Speech of an Oyster Upon his Return to the Wave.

**Fellow High Revellers of the Sea and Low Wallowers of the Mud:**

Like a child weary of play, tired, worn, broken-hearted, returning to its fond mother, I come, my comrades, back to the scenes of my youth. I am faint, I am weary of this toy called life. Oh! I am miserable! Miserable! You, into whose heart adversity has shot her leaden arrow, who have seen kindest love turn to bitterest hate; you who have felt the sting of the asp which you have fostered; you who have twined the tendrils of your affections around some beloved object and seen it wither and die; all ye that have experienced the most bitter and agonizing pains of hate and despair, listen, O unfortunates, to your unfortunate brother. Long, long ago, I can scarcely remember it now, an old crippled fisherman, in casting his net for minnows, lifted me from my palatial coal bed into the bright blue ether above. For many days in sportive glee I roamed the boundless expanse of a bright, shining tin can, when a Bi-ologist, Bi-dogist, Bi-catist, or a some kind of a something that looked like he ought to be bought for a nickle, in the shape of a Dormitory Proprietor with spectacles on, purchased me for ten thousand francs, half on time, the fisherman kindly crediting him for the balance. I was carried to the University of Georgia, grand place for one that’s not there, at that celestial garden of indolence (?). I was chosen Grand Master Soup Wader. For more than
WHY THE STILLWELL BROKE UP.

two generations I waded through every manner of soup or slop the poverty of a boarding-house keeper could invent. My life was fraught with hunger; full many a time, O comrades, have I seen death staring me in the face, as John Boston or "Gander" Smith would fling off their coats in a fit of desperation and plunge to have that oyster, or "dive to the bottom of the deep;" or when "Bunk" Cooper, like as if some vast ocean to swallow, would drain the bowl in hopes of feeding his "gastric mill" on my delicate flesh. An hundred spoons have battled for me at the same time, the fight growing warmer, spoons were dropped to the floor, and an hundred hands grappled for my possession, but every time like the "nigger's flea," I evaded them. And to think that after I had done all this, flavored more than a Mediterranean sea of soup, and run all these dangers the inhuman wretch discharged me. Be calm, comrades; I would not stir your blood, though it makes my bi-valves close and my shell turn grey with anger. "For what!" do you ask? I weep as I tell it, for it shows too plainly the miserableness and littleness of poor sin-cursed man. The stingy old proprietor, not satisfied with me flavoring the watery fluid with the delicacy of my shanks, but, Heaven bear witness that I speak the truth, he had the gall to demand that I furnish the salt too. I went on a strike. Neither would yield, he claiming that I should furnish the salt, I claiming that I should not; hence you see me a forlorn example of man's inhumanity. But ha! ha! ha! I now have my revenge; not a month passed before his house went to the wall, and my prayer will ever be, may it stay there. Blow, ye winds; freeze me, ye icebergs; burn me to ashes, ye equator; but ye are not so unkind as man's inhumanity to—an oyster.

FINIS.
Our Cigarette Pictures.

Air-brakes—The wind as it tries to rush through Barclay's siders.
Rushing the growler—Battle keeping dogs off the campus.
Organic revolution—Tub with his machine.
An awful waste—Walter Wheatley's.
Dressed beef—Russell dressed up.
Putting on airs—Park Howell trying to sing.
When the swallows homeward fly—"Fresh" Collier putting away hotel hash.
A taking man—Willeoxon with his camera.
College is dull but he can't kick—Pryor Mynatt with a crushed foot.
A heavy ring—Worn by Dan Green around his ankles.
A Great Rent—(See A. H.'s pants.)
A full hand—John B. with Miss ——.
Unmatched—most of Athen's maids.
A regular corker—Tom. Cobb as interlocutor.
Leading the German—Joe. Fried being escorted to jail.
A winning way—"Jedge" with four aces.
It was at 11 o'clock on the 19th day of April, 1890, that a heavily loaded wagon, drawn by two mules, and with two boys and a dog walking along side, was seen leaving the city of Athens over the "Lower Bridge." To the inquisitive bystander, who inquired the meaning thereof, the reply was given that the wagon contained the camping equipments of the Engineering Society of the University of Georgia, and that it, together with the boys (Coates and Collier), was bound for Elberton, from whence the ever-to-be-remembered survey of 1890 was to begin.

After a seemingly long and lonely trip of twenty-one miles, the wagon stopped to pitch camp for the night at Paoli, from whence it again moved the next morning, completing the distance (thirty-eight miles) by two o'clock. It was at Elberton that Professor Strahan was to meet them (which he did), and the camp was pitched that (Sunday) afternoon in a beautiful grove near the pretty little city of Elberton, to await the arrival of Prof. Barrow, with the rest of the boys, who came on Monday afternoon, as "tough looking a gang" as the people of that usually quiet little city had ever seen. Indeed, it was not at all strange that, when Jim Dozier and Garnett Basinger stepped off the train, a horse ran away, and a little girl who had looked on delightedly at the rest of the party became dreadfully frightened.

In the meanwhile, however, Prof. Strahan had carried Coates and Collier to church on Sunday night, and they
looked so thoroughly unused to such surroundings as to cause general merriment throughout the house (at least something did, and of course it couldn’t have been the appearance of two such Apollo-like young gentlemen).

But ye historian wanders. I was to recount facts and not indulge in these — (i. e., not “tell tales out of school.”) That afternoon the survey began, and after diligent application the boys succeeded in “running” a short distance past camp, ere the shades of night bade them go thitherward. That night was the first experience that some of the boys had had of camp life, and when “Handsome Bill” Harris asked “if the boys really had to sleep in those little tents,” Mr. Solomon Lane replied: “Why, yes, but I don’t like them as much as I did those that we had when I was on the G. S. and F. corps.” Bob Gantt appeared especially uneasy after supper, and was very anxious “to go to town to get his valise.” Prof. Barrow had suggested that “Bob had a girl in town,” so several of the boys decided to follow him, and they saw him disappearing in a gate that led to a beautiful little cottage. They decided to hang around and see what “turned up,” and a little later, the moon breaking suddenly from behind a mass of clouds, revealed Bob sitting with his arm around a young lady (imagine it) and she only weighed 175. That “did the boys up” completely, and they returned to camp to dream of their own girls that they had left in the “Classic City,” or rather I should judge that they did, for that night Tom Gerdine was heard to say, “Oh, darling, darling, would that Miss Millie would allow me to see you, if only for a short while, in order that I might breathe into your ear the story of this intense love I bear for you.”
The next day (Tuesday) was one of real work, as indeed were Wednesday and Thursday. No time was had during those days for anything but work, which we did so faithfully as to complete a line of fifteen miles by Thursday night, besides crossing Broad River, and also having abandoned about five miles which were impracticable. Nothing of interest occurred in camp during these nights except that every one had to stop eating now and then in order to watch Camak. That young gentleman made the splendid record on the trip of having eaten an average of fifteen biscuits to the meal, besides an incalculable amount of chickens, eggs, etc.

On Thursday night we camped in a grove very near the residence of a "grass widow," and now Professor Strahan bears deep down in the recesses of his heart remembrances of that night's camp. Several of the boys accepted an invitation "to come up and have some music," and after several beautifully rendered pieces by our hostess, they left "the Professor" (as she called him) to his glory, and he stayed. The next morning we broke camp early and started for Elberton, intending to do some more work at a certain point on the way back. When we reached the ferry (three miles from our camping place), we ran up on a fishing party, and there Billie Gramling saw the "Pass" that he would rather obtain than any other. "The widow" was at the picnic, and the first thing we heard when we stopped on the flat was, "Oh, there's the professor," accompanied by the most delighted peals of laughter. It caused blushes of crimson hue to play hide-and-seek around "the professor's" face, for full well did he recognize those silvery tones.

But that night and the next morning were the climaxes of the whole trip. All reached camp, which had
been pitched at the same place at which it stood the first night, after having made a very exasperating attempt to find a slope which we could utilize for a certain change that we would have liked to have made, and everybody began to think of going in and viewing the beauties of Elberton. With this end in view several of us "dressed up" (put on a clean shirt), and went in to pave the way for the advent of the crowd the next morning. It was that night that Gramling and Collier passed by a church, and both being very religiously inclined, went in. "It was a private meeting which could not proceed further while those boys were present," and so they left. Also Jesse Coates met his fate that night in the shape of a beautiful golden-haired young lady, who bears the (to his ears) sweet name of Agnes. Oh he's "all broke up" on the girl who wore the dress of an emerald hue, and even now he can be heard to give vent to the longest, deepest drawn sighs, and murmur to himself something about her charms.

But again I wander, for who could help doing so, when he thinks of how a friend of his, as did one of mine (sometimes called Garbutt), looked one morning when the girl, who at that time seemed dearest to his heart, murmured, "But, Moses, how can you say that you love me, when Mr. 'Pie' Cooper has just told me to-day about your calling on a young lady in Lula, when you passed through, and making love to her?" "Pie" had done Garbutt up "Brown."

That little scene occurred on Saturday morning, April 26th, while the rest of the boys, all of whom had come into Elberton, after having sent the wagon ahead, preparatory to leaving for Athens, at 1 p. m. Everybody in Elberton was very kind to us, and tended to make the stay a very pleasant one indeed.
We left Elberton on time, and as the train moved out there could be heard the sighs of several of the boys about the girls they left behind them. Nothing occurred on the trip home except that at one or two stations we saw objects of especial interest that needed viewing through the field glasses, and indeed Roy Dallas became so wrought up at one place as to actually get "Cheek-y."

That night at ten o'clock the party crowded out of the car and dispersed, wending their different ways boarding-house-ward, thus ending the survey of the E. & W. Air Line, which had been one of unusual pleasure and profit.

The Historian.
Our Faculty.

How much we love the U. of G.
No human tongue can tell;
We also love the faculty
And the ringing of the bell.

But now, Proty, we can't stand
The way you do go on;
Your inhumanity to man
Makes many sinners mourn.

Leaving Proty and Biology
We come to sleepy Jones,
Whom we all like, but d—n Geology
And all its ancient stones.

From Charby we take Physics
Which is dear to all us boys,
But we had rather steal his tricks
And play with his little toys.

To have Chemistry under White
Fills us all with joy,
But how about his satellite,
That little bow-legged boy?

Professor of belle lettres is old Maj,
Who is loved by all here,
But we think he belongs to the age
Of William Shakespeare.

Next comes old Zip, our ancient dude,
Who teaches French to folks,
And who sometimes acts quite rude
In cracking his old jokes.

Here is a friend to all, old Dave,
Our civil engineer,
Who oftentimes makes the juniors swear,
And also bust I hear.
Here in arms comes a mighty man
With glasses on his nose,
Who is followed by a little band
Dressed up in soldier clothes.

I would mention Boggs and be done,
Without offence I hope,
But here are two excelled by none,
Old Foot and Billy Pope.

Now comes the last but not the least,
The noblest of them all,
All other men must come like beasts
When Doctor Boggs doth call.

He is chancellor, as you know,
And also is a preacher,
But he weeds his widest row
As Metaphysics teacher.

Now let us say to the faculty,
And to Dr. Stillwell too,
You have been a tender muse to us,
But we must part; adieu.
The Yahoo's Prayer.

(The night before Stillwell broke up the house.)
As on this pillow I lay my head
And stretch myself on Stillwell's bed,
I pray that I may soon be fed
On better meat and better bread.

(The night after.)
As once again beneath my sheet
I stretch my weary, worn out feet,
I pray my God once more to eat
Old Stillwell's bread and Stillwell's meat.
Bust, Bust, Bust.

Bust, Bust, Bust,
   On the tough exam., O Soph,
And then go out and kick yourself
   And curse the stale old "bosh."

O! well for the dear old profess,
   As he sits down at night and thinks,
O! well for the problems, dear,
   Which from your hair take all the kinks.

And the days and months roll on,
   And of the science you've had your fill,
But, Oh! for another, better chance
   To change the mark that stops you still.

Bust, Bust, Bust,
   Are the words that cause you fear,
But another chance to make a rise
   Will come again—next year.
AND it came to pass in the reign of Dr. Stillwell, that food was scarce and direful famine was threatening the inhabitants of the campus. Great dissension arose among the Yahooites, and they were wont to destroy their king. Then a certain family of Yahooites, known as Hoodoos, arose and left the campus, and they did go in quest of a more fertile abode. And they did brave the noise and dangers of Broad street, and did arrive safely at a place known as the Commercial Hotel, and took up their abode. Then did Dr. Stillwell reflect and become angry with himself that he had permitted the Hoodoos to leave the campus without first paying him certain sums of gold and silver which he did claim as due to him. And in reflecting this brave veteran had gathered together his cork leg and his walking stick, and did set out to overtake these Hoodoos. But when he did encounter the dangers of Broad street and the street sprinkler did wet him, and the electric lights and the street cars did frighten him, he turned himself backwards. Then he did reflect again, and did send his Noble to demand the sum, and his Noble did share the same fate.

In the meanwhile, the family of Hoodoos did wax strong, and they did have a great father called Willeoxon, who did command the army; and his people did adorn him with a badge of gold, for his tongue was eloquent. And he did take unto himself a wife, whose name was Mynatt, and she did command in the army,
and was eloquent of tongue, and did have in her possession innumerable badges of gold. And they did have two sons and one daughter, and these children were like unto their parents in greatness. One son, Garnett Basinger, was studious and wise, and did take unto himself a wife, whose maiden name was Collier, and she was beautiful and accomplished, and was a lieutenant in the army. And they did have one son called Baby Basinger, and the kid did wax strong and did weigh 135 pounds, and did talk much, and he taketh not after his parents, but was even more beautiful. And the daughter of the great father was called Boston, and she was very fascinating and remarkably beautiful, and did capture a bright youth named Ellis, and they were married. And Ellis was handsome, and noble, and eloquent, and did plead with the faculty with great earnestness, and he was also a lieutenant in the army, and his wife was a sergeant.

And the other son of the great father was called Lewis, and he did inherit the eloquence of his father, and did win much fame. And Lewis took unto himself one whose name was Johnson, and she was even more eloquent than he, and she was of the Freshman tribe, and did win a champion debater’s place, which occurrence is very rare. And the father had another son called Alexander, and this son did fall in love with a fair maiden, and she did not look upon him with favor, and he did die with ennui. And this family did do well in the sight of Cran Oliver, and of Dr. Boggs, and of the faculty, and of their distant kinsman, for they did win many smiles from all true-hearted men, and they did receive many boxes of delicacies, and they did feast and make merry; but they lifted not intoxicating liquors to their lips.

Selah!
LEMONADE.

WHAT WE DRINK AT THE UNIVERSITY.

WHAT THEY DRINK AT MERCER AND EMORY.
What doth it profit a man?

In the morning he getteth on his new spring suit and goeth forth singing Little Annie Rooie.

And when the morn is come the wind riseth and prevaleth over all that region round about.

And the prevalency with which it prevaleth is more prevalent than any prevalency which hath prevailed in all time.

And the wind beateth against this man and smiteth him sorely.

The man taketh unto himself a cold, and he wist not what he doeth.

Now on the morrow he putteth on an overcoat lest, peradventure, it be cold yet again and snoweth.

And even, as on the preceding day, the weather shifteth itself about and waxeth very hot.

And the man doth likewise, even as the weather, waxeth he hot.

And many days and many nights doth this thing continue, and no man can tell the day or the time thereof when the weather changeth.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, what doth it profit a man?

"Fatty" Callaway to Atlanta Belle—"Dearest, do you think you ever could bring yourself to consent to leave the pleasures and luxuries of your present home in Georgia’s capital to go to the village of La Grange, to
share the lot of a young journalist unknown to fortune and fame, to be his guardian angel, to make his home a heaven?"

Softly and tenderly the answer comes:

"Yes, I think I could."

CALLAWAY—"Well—a—well—hem! I want to go to Harvard with my room-mate, 'Plumpy' Harris, and I'll speak to him about it."

1ST. SEN.—Yonder goes the brightest, smartest hand­somest and most popular man in college.

2D SEN.—Why do you say so?

1ST SEN.—Because, "as a man thinketh in his soul so is it."

HOLDER—Stallings, if you buy a horse for $95 and sell him for $100, how much do you make?

STALLINGS—Let me see. Say I buy Russell for nine—

HOLDER—Wait a moment. My proposition was to buy a horse and not a jackass.

PROF. BOOCOCK—I do not believe Turkey in Europe will exist much longer.

SMITH—Why is that Professor?

PROF. BOOCOCK—I think Russia will soon gobble it up:

Said the pussy cat to the owl,
"Why do you wear that hat?"
Said the pussy cat to the owl,
"Why do you wear that hat?"
I fear some of these college girls
Will take you for Mynatt."

SPECIATION—MOORE.

(Borrowed to suit the occasion with an apology to Moore).

Of all speculations the market holds forth
The best that I know of for a lover of pelf
Is to buy Capt. W——n at the price he is worth
And sell him for that he sets on himself.
WHEN in sleep, last night, reason had descended from its throne, and fancy had taken possession of the same, weaving ideas and pictures in the mind which caused me to shudder in my sleep, and to almost break, by waking me, the ideas presented, I thought I saw some strange, peculiar sights which I now reproduce on paper.

I thought I was urged on, along the central walk of the campus, by some irresistible force, until I found myself overshadowed by the gloomy walls, in which I remembered King Stillwell had oft presided over a court of unruly cheese and unconquerable butter. Above the door of this still and solitary mansion (?) I beheld a sign which caused my hair to separate and stand on ends, as does Charby's in fooling with an electrical apparatus. The words I read were these, "University Lunatic Asylum." My first impulse was to turn and flee, but on second consideration I resolved to ferret to the bottom this inexplicable mystery. I stood within the portals, the walls around were damp and greasy, looking as though at last some use had been found for that congealed lactic fluid which, loaded down with chains for years, had roamed around the building; a breeze was wafted through the hall, which reminded one of those fresh and wholesome zephyrs which blow over the fertile plains in far-off Egypt.

Presently a door opened and a figure, which I immediately recognized as Dr. Boggs, walked slowly
forward, and I, not forgetting the custom of the college, immediately bent my knee and bowed my head before that supreme being. On being informed that I might resume my natural position, I did so, and was asked what was wanted. I asked for an explanation of the mystery, and was told that I would, as a visitor, be allowed to view the institution, and that the paper posted on each door would explain all. I was told, however, that I need not imagine that the inmates had become insane by an affection of the brain (this being impossible), but it was due no doubt to overfeeding, or a disorder of the liver.

The door at the end of the hall was opened and I stepped in.

Imagine my surprise, on approaching a cell marked No. 1, at seeing on the paper posted on the door the following words: "Pryor L. Mynatt, Jr., afflicted with the horrible hallucinations of imagining himself to be somebody," and also, "the only man that God ever made." Sick at the sight of seeing my former friend in his horrible condition, I passed on to cell No. 2, when my eye caught these words:

"A. F. Harrington—total absence of reason, sense, or anything resembling the same." I was now sick at heart, and had almost resolved to go no further when the words at cell No. 3 attracted my attention:

"Within there quietly rests A. S. Harper, who became insane at the sight of a college boy smoking a cigarette, so excessively moral was he." This now raised my curiosity, and I read next on the door of cell No. 4:

"A victim of dipsomania (mania for drink) was discovered in this condition December 20th, when he asked
UNIVERSITY LUNATIC ASYLUM.

the waiter at the table for a glass of water. This was
evidence enough to send him here. He was Capt. D.
S. Sandford.”

Cell 5 contained a pitiful object. There sat Bill Ellis,
who was supposed to be a kleptomaniac, first being dis­
covered as a victim of the same in 1889, in the Bio­
logical laboratory. Here he sat, carefully dissecting a
Protococcus, a sorrowful looking object indeed.

In the last cage I noticed that which closely resembled
an Italian. He was afflicted with pseudonomania (the
mania of lying), which had grown so much upon him,
he no longer could speak the truth. Without looking
further I guessed it to be Raph. He was so badly
afflicted that when allowed to pursue his avocation,
after having some four hours before delivered a suit of
clothes, positively promised the owner he would not
again disappoint him, but would fix him the next week
without fail. I was truly sick at heart, and therefore
imagine my joy when I, hearing the bell ring, awoke
and found it all a dream.
Pity this poor fellow!
Shield him from all harm,
For he's like a bean-stalk
Tossed by wind and storm.
'Tis a Yahoo boarder,
Looking lank and thin,
Seeming that his stomach
Hurts him from within.

He's a child of sorrow,
Born hard times to see,
Look on him with pity,
Take him out to tea.
This poor Yahoo boarder
Knows not what to do,
For his idle jaw bones
Long for grub to chew.

He lives on soda crackers,
Moistened from the well,
Garnished with the moonlight,
Gives them time to swell;
Then he takes a tooth-pick,
Jams it in his head,
Swears by all that's wicked—
Wishes he was dead.

Now when e'er you see him
Laugh him not to shame;
'Tis his vile misfortune,
He is not to blame.
His poor withered features
Tell his tale of woe,
And he lives in anguish
Where the green flies blow.
FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

Food for Reflection.

To both the rich and the poor on this earth is given
The promise of a life in that glorious heaven,
Where all shall be free from sorrow and care,
And shall find only joy in the life over there.
And while we yet live this thought should us brave,
That God designed not our lives to end at the grave;
For if this were so, he'd have freed life so brief
From all of its hardships, from sorrow, from grief.
So if a man has a good and a dearly loved son,
And knows that he'll die when life has barely begun,
Will he cause that existence to be one of strife
In making needless preparations for the duties of life?
If he thinks that his child will live to old age,
And that life will not end as he enters the grave,
He will work and will strive, as hard as he can,
To raise him and strengthen him for his duties as man.
And as long as we live here, upon this broad earth,
Full of many great sorrows, and also much dearth,
We are but children, until we do learn
What lies o'er that bourne from whence no one returns.
Here we all have our burdens, and all have our cares,
And each thinks his burden the hardest to bear;
With the hardships of poverty many are grieved,
Yet he who has wealth is not of all pains relieved,
(Although he has not an abundance to eat)
Than is that of the man who has wealth and fame;
For with increase of wealth comes an increase of pain.
If all should be equal, all great or all low,
Do you think that God would have ordered it so
That on earth there would be both the rich and the poor,
Both of whom have the same ills to endure?
If all men were great, or of equal degree,
We would have here no pain, and surely no ease;
If we here had no poverty, or no wealth at all,
We would see nearly all of our grand virtues fall.
And we now see how wise is the God of creation,
Who fixes us all in these different stations.
And as we're thus stationed in this earthly home,
We should live for all others, not for ourselves all alone;
We should try with all might, and with all of our powers,
To feel a friend's pain as though it were ours;
To nurse him when sick, and to help him in need,
For these are accounted a noble man's deeds.
And a noble man's soul may be compared with the sun;
For it leaves this fair earth when its race here is run,
As the glorious sun sinks in far western skies
But with greater glory in the east to arise.
Athens Fire Department.

ATHENS has outgrown the amateur fire department stage. These remarks in no way are intended to deprecate the just merits of our fire brigade. That it is the best amateur brigade in the South the prizes which adorn their halls sufficiently attest. Who of us has not participated in the royal welcome that the citizens have been wont to extend to the firemen returning victorious from the State tournaments, whether that participation has consisted in the guzzling of food, or the infliction upon a long-suffering public of turgid oratory? No man may say that we failed to show appreciation.

As at present organized our fire department does not meet the needs of the city.

A fire breaks out, say at the corner of Prince and Milledge avenue, at 11 p. m. Some one runs down town, about a mile, rings a bell, and the firemen are scattered all over the city, peacefully at home, as good citizens should be. They bounce out of bed, hurry on their clothing, and run to the engine house. If the fire is not out by this time, they may guide themselves in the right direction by the reflection on the clouds. And now the college boys lustily give tongue. Reaching the fire by the street car (preposterous assertion) before any of the engineers do, we see them come up, the firemen panting for breath and reduced by exertion to a dog trot. Then the fun begins. Every man is commander-in-chief, and vies with each man in knocking over small boys, kicking dogs, tearing down fences,
breaking up furniture and all the other charming and necessary accessories of a fire. The hose is finally coupled to a water plug, the water turned on, and glorious fountains spout up at each joint, and at the busted places. Then the discovery is made that no nozzle has been brought. This defect being remedied by sending a man back to the engine house, a stream is finally procured, but to the amazement and disgust of spectators the water is turned on the crowd. It is a good thing if the chimneys are saved.

Now, in this we have "aught extenuated or set down aught in malice," but certain it is that when a fire gets well started in Athens the house burns up. Now, while we are of the opinion that several good, substantial fires well located would be of great benefit to the city; still, out of respect to the existing prejudice that this ought to be suppressed, I presume to suggest that the city hire firemen, give them some hose that will not burst when the water is turned on, and which they will not tear to pieces at picnics and tournaments, devise some system of fire alarm, and see if it will not be an improvement.

Of course this would do away with the old order, when the firemen rush frantically, yelling like Zulus, to reach the fire, and were reduced to nausea relievable only by strong tea and absolute rest. It would also do away with the reception of the victors under the inspiration of chicken salad and beer and whooping the under jaws off at the eloquence of the stay-at-homes. But the day for all this is past, and utility demands the sacrifice at the hands of romance.
Answers to Correspondents.

PARK HOWELL.—Go cultivate your voice, eat guano and put a safety valve on your neck to stop you when you get too high for the piano. Stop walking in front of L. C. I. so often; none of the girls are stuck on your shape. We decline to answer the last of your questions. Jim Nevin can tell you more about cutting than we can.

NED HODGSON.—Of course all the girls like you; how could they help it? Yes, a moustache might help your looks a little, but don’t attempt to raise one until you get to be a Senior. Don’t use the hair vigor referred to; it will not help the beard any and may give you bumps on the face.

JULE HARRIS.—Yes, we know the young man very well; he is wealthy and goes in good society. He dances and has attended one or two Germans of the Cotillon Club, and is personally acquainted with Lieut. Martin. Get “Dodsworth on leading the German;” it will be a valuable work, in the hands of the future Ward McAllister, of Cedartown.

HARRINGTON.—Raph. never could fit a bow-legged man anyway. You had no business trying him; you should have sent the order to Lynch or Anderson. You did well to withdraw from the race after the greased pig on field day. You could never have stopped him with those pot hook appendages of yours. But don’t be discouraged; that noble brow and polished cheek of yours will carry you through.
DET LAWRENCE.—Don’t despair; you are young yet, and if your love is not requited “try, try again,” and in the end success will crown your efforts. By all means have a good time in college, and get along with just as small an amount of study as possible. Alex will be out of the way next year, and you will then have the privilege of using your own spending money, and not have to buy all of the coal and oil as you did during the past winter.

NEWELL.—Yes; it’s a big thing to have a grandfather, and especially if you have his name and massive brow. Brush your hair back and look as much like him as possible, and some day you may be great yourself. We don’t know whether her father has bought a bull-dog or not, but don’t go there so often, for if he hasn’t done so he certainly will.

ARKWRIGHT.—Vaselene might remove the crimson from your nose if it was the result of sunburn; try caustic and see if you can’t burn it off. The cancan is a beautiful dance, but often disturbs the party on the next floor below who is trying to sleep. Your voice is strong at times, but never adapted to singing.

J. R. L. SMITH.—Free advertising is a great thing, but where were you on Field day? Your name was called, but you failed to show up. When you write again please explain this. Some of your questions are very impertinent, and we refuse to answer them.

POULLAIN.—We know of no sure cure for “blushing;” it’s a sad affliction, my dear boy, but it makes you popular with the girls, you know. Certainly you “got there” on the Fraternity serenade. Go prepared to find anything you want next time.
University Curiosity Shop.

Some Curiosities.—Search through the archives of antiquity, take a retrospective glance over medieval times, make a broad survey of all the modern world, but you can find no curiosities which will surpass, nay equal, those found in the U. of G. We find most of her novel singularities embodied in the several classes of this institution.

Senior Class.—This class, which is characterized for profound wisdom and bright intelligence, as well as tobacco chewers, handsome men, liars and paper stealers, can boast of a few things which we cannot pass by without taking a note of.

First. Bill Ellis, who knows how to state a “bad point” as well as any living being; especially when he had been accused of destroying biology papers, and wished to impress the chancellor with the idea that he was innocent of the crime.

Next we would mention “Fatty,” “Fresh” or G—ts Callaway, who was “Freshie” once, “Freshie” still, and will be “Freshie” till he dies.

Junior Class.—This class is distinguished for her “boot-licks;” for a long time, it could not be decided who was most proficient in this line, but after a countless number of trials—race after race between Tom Shackleford, J. D. Smith and Yoemans—it was decided that Tom Shack deserved the laurels. You know he is a good one. He always takes his dinners with him every Saturday, when he goes to Latin, and after
10 o'clock he devotes the remainder of the day to "boot-licking" the Latin Professor B———. No doubt, the Junior class will be heard of some day, for it is currently reported that Wood, Tribble or Frank Matthews will be given the chair of mathematics in the U. of Georgia, in the near future. They have supreme love for that branch of science; they even speak of it at Dr. B———'s receptions once a month.

SOPH. CLASS.—This class is noted for her fine speakers, beating board bills and washer-women. These things are prevalent characteristics of that class. One thing which has been a source of mystery in this class, was the disappearance of Y. M. C. A. Blasingame's Cadet Cap. Some say it was seen in Lula.

"FRESH" AND LAW CLASS.—We put these two classes in the same category because they are on a par, intellectually.

The Fresh are ahead morally, but the lawyers "get there" when it comes to physical strength. In this class is poor Ponder, who is excused from prayers, church, drill and also from travelling the dusty and dangerous road that leads to the land of the Pyramids.

What is the matter with him none can tell, but I know he "run" a long time probably preparing for the half-mile race "Field Day." There are many others in the "Fresh" class, but we have not space to mention them.

We reach the climax, the capstone in the arch of all curiosities, when we come to the Law class in the persons of Polhill and "Bunk" Cooper. They have boarded in every place in Athens, from Caroline Thomas' to Dr. Stillwell's. It is currently reported that they never stay at a place more than one month, and it is currently re-
ported that at the end of the month the proprietor always finds himself about $20 poorer than at the beginning.

Every one remembers the time when "Bunk" wore that Prince-Albert coat and beaver hat. It mysteriously disappeared, and every one wished to know what had induced "Bunk" to part with it. It was at last found that it was in the pawn shop, for he had been going it on a credit with a certain proprietress, and at last she would give him no more goods until he came to "taw."
"Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;
By and by it will strike."

"Poor, poor lad; he's overworked!"
—PANDORA EDITOR.

"We write with ease to show our breeding,
But easy writing is cursed hard reading."
—REPORTER EDITORS.

"It makes or mars us."—THE UNIVERSITY.

"Great barkers are not biters."—EMORY STUDENTS.

"It seems impossible they should ever grow to be men and drag the heavy artillery along the dusty roads of life."—FRESHMEN.

"Answer me, thou mysterious future! Tell me, shall these things be according to my desires?"
—SOPHOMORES.

"What might become literary societies were they decently fostered."—DEMOSTHENIAN AND PHI KAPPA.

"Vice seen too oft, familiar with her face
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."
—YAHOO BOARDER.

"Must I leave thee, Paradise; thus leave thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades?"—'90 TO ATHENS.

"True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed."
—QUOTATIONS.
"I never knew so young a body with so old a head."
—BASINGER, '90.

"He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument."
—COOPER, Law.

"Maidens, beware! This lord hath his eye upon you."
—ELLIS, '90.

"Use Sapolio."
—PONDER, '93.

"An incarnation of the poet's god, in all his marble, chiselled beauty."
—HOLDER, '90.

"For he not yet by loosing made sager,
Backs each of his opinions with a wager."
—JOHNSON, '90.

"One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony."
—TRIBBLE, '91.

"The crow doth sing as sweetly."
—GLEE CLUB.

"If thou dost long for knowledge, I can satiate that thirst."
—NEWELL, '91.

The ladies call him sweet."
—NED HODGSON, '92.

"Bashfulness is an ornament to youth,
And some youths need ornament."
—BOSTON, '91.

"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."
—ARKWRIGHT, '90.

"There lies a deal of develtry beneath his mild exterior."
—LOVELL, '91.

"Now by two-headed Janus Nature has made strange fellows in her time."
—SPENCE AND WEEEMS.

"A man who never had a generous thought or spoke a whole-souled word."
—FELDER, '91.
"A lovely being scarcely form'd or moulded,  
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded."
—"R. P." GIRLS.

"Their various cares in one great point combine  
The business of their lives, that is—to dine."
—"20 CLUB."

"I know I am not popular among the students, but I  
have a very high reputation with the Faculty, my dear."—Jones, '90.

"Not all the pumice of the polished town  
Can smooth the roughness of the barnyard clown."
—GANNT, '93.

"An awkward booby, reared and spoiled at his mother's apron-string."—HOWELL, '93.

"Flesh and feeding had expanded that once romantic form."—CALLAWAY, '93.

"Tho' modest, on his unembarrass'd brow  
Nature had written 'gentleman.'"
—YOUNGBLOOD, '91.

"Company—villainous company—has been the spoil of me."—HARPER, '90.

"The gods preserve you as fresh as you now are."
—DEARING, '92.

"Eat what you like, but pocket nothing."
—POULLAIN, AT McDOWELL'S.

"A quiet tongue shows a wise head."—GORDON, LAW.

"Upon my soul, they are matched."
—LOVELL AND BOSTON.

"I am a man more sinned against than sinning."
—MOORE, '90.
“He is fresher than new-mown hay.”—Battle, '93.

“Full many a flower is born to blush unseen.”
—Poullain, '90.

“You have as much hair on your chin as a billy-goat,
But beard was never a standard of brains.”
—Hardman, '90.

“What do you think of your papa,
What do you think of him, Pet?”
—Hall, '90.

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—Joe Drewry playing tennis.
—Bob Gannt at command “Right Dress.”
—Lient. Johnson drilling the green squad.
—Ed Cohen’s late silk hat.
—Mynatt’s new sword.
—Anybody who went to Mitchell’s Bridge April 1st.

O, cupid! turn your gaze to me,
Tell me what chance will unfurl;
Meanwhile I sing in joyous key—
I’d like to see Little’s next girl.
Wanted.

Something that knows less than Hope Polhill.
A composite photo of Tub, a bull pup, and Spence.
To know how Edwards found out he was such a fine lawyer.
To know what has become of Echols.
A photo of the Engineering Class to run the rats out of the Ivy building.
A receipt for washing red paint off of stone steps and iron gate-posts.
Something to keep Rube Lanier company.
To know where Judge Cannon got "that hat."
A white linen collar for Dan Green.
A jumping jack and teething ring to amuse Fitz Green and Avary during recitations.
A reef in the seat of Alexander's military trousers.
To know why Maynard goes to Americus so often.
A good reason why Ponder should be allowed to live.
To know how old Barclay really is.
A baby carriage for Hall's kid.
Ram it in, cram it in, students' heads are hollow;
Slam it in, jam it in, still there is more to follow.
Hygiene and History, Astronomic Mystery,
Algebra, Histology, Latin, Etymology, Botany, Geometry, Greek
and Trigonometry,
Ram it in, cram it in, students' heads are hollow.

Rap it in, tap it in, what are teachers paid for?
Bang it in, slap it in, what are students made for?
Ancient Archeology, Caryan Philology, Prosody, Zoölogy, Physics,
Clinicology, Calculus and Mathematics, Rhetoric, Hydrostatics,
Hoax it in, coax it in, students' heads are hollow.

Rub it in, club it in, all there is of learning;
Punch it in, crunch it in, quench the students' yearning
For the field, and grass and nook,
Meadows green and rippling brook;
Drive such wicked thoughts afar,
Teach the students that they are
But machines to cram it in,
Bang it in, slam it in, that their heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mould it in, all that they can swallow;
Fold it in, hold it in, still there's more to follow,
Faces pinched, and sad, and pale,
Tell the same undying tale;
Tell of moments robbed from sleep, meals untasted, studies deep;
Those who've passed the furnace through,
With aching brows will tell to you
How the professor crammed it in, rammed it in, jammed it in,
Crunched it in, punched it in, rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
Pressed it in, caressed it in, rapped it in, slapped it in,
When their heads were hollow.
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Class of 1869.

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