

⌘ Things We Would Like To See. ⌘

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

OUR LETTER BOX.

Editor Howell :

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

Yours truly,

A. HICKS McCARRELL.

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

Dear Pandora :

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

Respectfully,

WM. GARIBALDI.

Pandora, Athens, Ga.:

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

Yours indignantly,

PETERSON SUMMY.

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

DeRe PaNdoRa:

I seat myself with Pen in hand to Rite you a few Lines. I want you to Put my Letter in the PANdORA, please. I live in Rome, and we have Got too Rivers and a heap of Fish and a neWspapEr up their. I am going to get fatty calloway and jim wEst up their and take them a Fishin. Good bYe deRe PANdORA and pleas puBlish my Letter—I Rote it by mYself.

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

AL. HARPER.
AL. HARPER.



Commencement Programme.

MONDAY, JULY 2.

9:00 P. M.—Olli Gopher Banquet.

TUESDAY, JULY 3.

8:00 P. M.—Stillwell House Soiree.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4.

9:00 P. M.—Summey House Ball.

THURSDAY, JULY 5.

9:00 A. M.—PANDORA put on sale.

9:00 P. M.—Junior Hop.

FRIDAY, JULY 6.

10:00 A. M.—Lawyers' Day.

9:00 P. M.—Professor White's reception to Class of '88.

SATURDAY, JULY 7.

10:00 A. M.—Class Day.

8:30 P. M.—Champion Debate.

SUNDAY, JULY 8.

11:00 A. M.—Commencement Sermon by Rev. W. H. LaPrade.

9:00 P. M.—Address to Philosophic Society.

MONDAY, JULY 9.

10:00 A. M.—Address to Literary Societies by Hon. J. L. Hardeman.

4:00 P. M.—Sophomore Exercises.

9:00 P. M.—Athenæum German.

TUESDAY, JULY 10.

9:00 A. M.—Meeting of Society of Alumni.

11:00 A. M.—Alumni Address by A. R. Lawton, Jr.

4:00 P. M.—Junior Exercises.

10:00 P. M.—Chi Phi Hop.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11.

10:00 A. M.—Commencement Exercises.

4:00 P. M.—Mell Memorial Services.

10:00 P. M.—Senior Hop.



WANTED—A Wife; must be of good disposition and come well recommended. Must know how to cook, wash, sew, nurse, dance the trois temps and chop wood. A bonanza for the right person. Address, with photograph and stamp for reply. C. RILEY TATE, ATHENS, GA.

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

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



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

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

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

UNIVERSITY REPORTER

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE UNIVERSITY REPORTER.

VOL. VII. ATHENS, GA., SATURDAY, JULY 1, 188 B.C.

No. 37

University Reporter.

[Second-Class Matter]

Published by the PHI KAPPA AND DEMOSTHENIAN SOCIETIES.

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

Terms, One Dollar per year, strictly in advance.

Communications solicited from students and alumni.

Address all communications to THE REPORTER, Athens, Ga.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Commencing with this issue, the REPORTER will be mailed by 5 o'clock on every Saturday evening during the remaining part of the scholastic year; and we most respectfully request those who have fallen into the habit of calling for their papers at the printing office not to do so any more, as your call will positively be refused. The P. M. is the man to ask for your paper.

The Editorial staff had group pictures taken this morning. The present staff is said to be the handsomest that ever the UNIVERSITY REPORTER has flourished under. In our modesty, we say with great confidence that as fine looking a

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

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

Athens, our "Classic City," has received a great deal of praise for her quiet and orderly government. She deserves a great deal of praise for this. But we are of the opinion that she is stuffed with so much praise for everything she does—regardless of merit and the means thereof employed—until she has about reached that height of presumption and conceit which the outside world can no longer tolerate. The "Classic City" has two unpretentious but newsy little daily newspapers; she has a large martial array of policemen—all brave, vigilant and ferocious as lions—who have learned to strut the streets with the dignified (?) "tramp, tramp," and admire their gaudy uniforms, of which they are as proud as the vain peacock is of his pretty tail. These "duty bound" policemen had occasion the other day to exercise their authority in a way that made them dance with delight. They had the proud privilege of arresting one of the students of the University. This gentlemanly and orderly student was arrested and subpoenaed to appear before the sage City Council to answer for the grave charge of disturbing public worship, which resulted in the student's acquittal, as there was not a shadow of proof or testimony to sustain the charge, it being founded on a false and malicious charge by some enemy of this student. It is justly

conceded that the students spend annually at this place over \$100,000, and yet they get no credit or favors for their enormous patronage. The fact is the Classic City has outgrown her old dress, and the students and the outside world would very much like to see her throw off this old dress, don a new one, and step forth, radiant with her ornamental wealth, into the road of progress, and keep abreast of the age of improvements. It cannot be doubted that her more unpretentious sister cities are leaving her behind in point of progressive improvements.

Our editor-in-chief is in love with a Lucy Cobb girl. Poor fellow, we can sympathise with him, for we have travelled the same road.

The Pandora of 1888 will doubtless be the best volume of its kind ever issued, and is looked forward to by the students with unusual interest. When we consider the ability of its associate editors, and the indomitable pluck, energy and genius of its editor-in-chief, we do not hesitate to say that Volume III. of the Pandora will be a grand success in every particular.

LOCALS.

Pay up your subscription and encourage the business manager.

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

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

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

It is about time the Lucy Cobb was sending the editors of the REPORTER their passes for next week. There is nothing like a pass to make an editor think of the right kind of adjectives.

in search of adventure and of combat with which to increase his victories, returns, after many hard-fought battles, to his country and king, laden with the spoils of combat, to receive the royal homage paid to chivalry, so should we, striving for a grander prize, seek daily to achieve new triumphs, looking ever forward to the final hour which shall crown our struggle when we too, our battles o'er, and covered with the cares of strife, shall proudly go before our King and, amid the exultant shouts of angels, cast our trophies at his feet. L. L. K.

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

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

You will get the REPORTER much earlier if you will keep out of the printer's way in the office, and wait until it is mailed at the post-office.

A Sophomore and Freshman had a pitched battle on the campus yesterday. They were separated before they had succeeded in doing each other much damage.

We are glad to welcome back our business manager, C. R. Tate, who has been absent in the interest of the REPORTER. Joe Boston very efficiently filled his place during the time of his absence.

Tate is sorely inconvenienced at present in consequence of his washwoman defaulting to the amount of two weeks' washing.

Prof. Cobb, to Law class: "Gentlemen, we will hereafter have a recitation in the Code every Saturday morning at 9 o'clock." Mr. Howell: "Professor, I don't mind the Saturday recitations, but when you begin to have them on Sunday, I hope you will change the hours so that they will not conflict with my Sabbath-school class."

Subscribe for the REPORTER.

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

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

Subscribe to the REPORTER.

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

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

Ah, there! You say that you would appreciate the REPORTER more if it contained more variety. You say spice and variety is what you want. Well, just subscribe for the *Phoenix* and you'll get it all.

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

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

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

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

Subscribe to the UNIVERSITY REPORTER.

Mr. J. W. Bennett, class of '90, is a candidate for representative in his county. We believe that the present Soph. class will turn out more politicians and preachers than any class in college.

It was a mistake about Prof. Woodfin saying "damn it," the other day when the Sophs. were "kicking up" in his room. He did not use the expression, but the Sophs. say he thought it so strongly that you could almost smell it.



NIGHT SCENE IN ATHENS

The Associate Editors of the REPORTER are requested to pay over seventy-five cents to the business manager or editor-in-chief, and get their group picture of the staff from the photographer. Your early attention to this matter will greatly oblige all who want their picture, as none will be given out until the amount for the whole group is paid over to Mr. Clifton.

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

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

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

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

Subscribe for the REPORTER.

In Memoriam.

P. H. MELL, D.D., LL.D.,

LATE CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA.

BORN

JULY 19TH, 1814.

DIED

JANUARY 26TH, 1888.