
In Memoriam

Charles C. Poe,**Class '88.****Died June 19th, 1888.**

RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY SENIOR CLASS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

L. L. KNIGHT,
ARTHUR HEYMAN,
T. W. REED,

Committee.



ATHENS



"I was not loathe to leave this place where a life of continual care and incessant labor confronted me."—DEFOE.



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

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

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

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

its inhabitants have insisted upon the preservation of those manners and customs inaugurated by the founder.

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

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

Athens numbers among its citizens the closest restaurateurs in the world. One of the number keeps a hotel. He is not the "Mister Riley what keeps der hotel," but when it comes to far-seeing financial ability, he downs the earth. A PANDORA editor, going his rounds, recently chanced to drop into the hotel for a light lunch. As a continued diet of *pate de fois gras*, Blue Points, and champagne had grown monotonous to his pampered palate, he ordered simply toast and boiled eggs. Now I see you smile, and in your heart you do believe that the editorial order was regulated by the editorial credit. Let no such thought delude you. The cardinal motto of the editor is "we cannot save and have." Whatever our appetites desire we order. If any curtailing of the order is to be done, it comes from the proprietor, whom long experience has taught caution. And do not believe, gentle reader, that I mean to cast any reflection on the hotel sausage by using the word "curtail." I would scorn to retaliate an injury by such methods. "But let us return to our eggs," as the Frenchmen would have said, had they not considered *mouton* a more distingue and appropriate word. The toast and eggs were brought on and placed before the editorial presence, who sat with napkin spread over

his aristocratic knees. The eggs were opened and to our surprise, as the shell of the ancient hen fruit was removed, a well-developed, but badly demoralized fledgling presented himself to the editorial view. We were not altogether prepared for this, but "the most unkindest cut of all" came later. We went down to upbraid the proprietor for his carelessness and,—would you believe it,—the old Shylock had charged us thirty cents extra for spring chicken! We immediately resolved to withdraw our patronage, and have since bestowed it upon the Banner-Watchman's paper hotel, which has now reached its fifth story.



The mention of this great and popular achievement leads us into a more extended notice of Athens newspapers. First, in point of prominence and influence, comes the UNIVERSITY REPORTER, a four page college weekly whose merit proclaims itself. Then we find the Chronicle, the official organ of the Salvation Army. Next comes the Evening Graphic, the local department of which is really good, but whose editorials are bought at so much per foot from a dealer in old metal. Then comes the Banner-Watchman, the architect and contractor for the tissue paper hotel, which will be opened some day when gas and wind are accepted as collateral for gold and green-backs. Just as the local department of the Graphic overshadows the editorial, so is the editorial column the crowning glory of the Banner. With an able corps of editor-in-

