

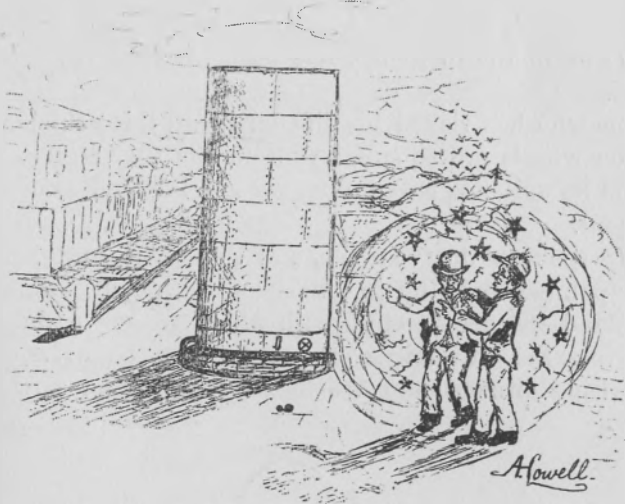
chief, business manager, managing editor and proprietor, they scorn reportorial work, and to the thorough exclusion of local news, grind out article after article on such interesting topics as "The Situation in Swat," "The Suicidal Domestic Policy of the Grand Tycoon of Tananarivoo," or "Water as a Beverage." This plan is not without its advantages, for though it may not bring subscriptions or advertisements, it bestows ample honors on each member of its staff.

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

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

These things are great, all great; but the shrine at which æsthetic Athens worships is the water works tower. "It is

built upon a hill and cannot be hid." Like a huge sentinel, it stands proclaiming to the world that Athens does use water. The fact that the tower is sometimes mistaken for the monu-



TH-NT-N ; "Shay Stet, what th' 'ell's zat ?"

S-NF-D : "Zat? Why, you'z drunk ; zat, zat's 'Federate mon'ment !"

ment on the next square, by inebriated freshmen, does not detract one iota from its dignity.

In enumerating the notable points of Athens, our task would be incomplete without some mention of the Athens

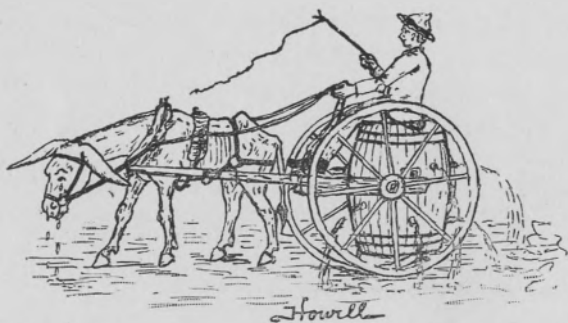


street car line. Were we governed by a strict sense of appropriateness, we might have said track, but line will do

now that it is written. Certain it is, the track is here, and can be seen any day by those who care to seek for it beneath the dust of Athens streets. As far as the cars themselves are concerned, there is a vague tradition that at irregular and erratic intervals a vehicle on wheels, and drawn by diminutive animals of unknown genus, has been seen on the streets of Athens.

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

We spoke of dusty streets, and those who have had light suits "painted red" by the tenacious dust of Athens, will understand the deep feeling with which we write the words. But even the adversities of nature can be overcome by enterprising citizens, and Athens' street sprinkler now reigns



supreme. We will make no mention of the stranger who stopped the driver of the sprinkler to inform him that "his bar'l was a leakin'." If his earnestness was real, his perception would do credit to a member of the Legislature—if simulated, his sarcasm was of so unfriendly a type as to deserve no comment here.

So much for Athens. When it comes to suburban surroundings, even the glory of the Classic City pales into insignificance. On suburbs we snatch the pretzel. "Far up the lonely mountainside," where the soulful tom-cat tunes his

sweet-toned lays, and the festive William goat masticates all that is mortal of the tomato can, lies Ganntown. This promising villa derives its chiefest interest from the fact that it is destitute of houses. The only sign of life in the vicinity is the artesian well, erected by the Summey House dairy man. Here springs afresh from the udder of the earth the warm milk that flavors the coffee and cheers the hearts of the people of Athens. And here comes the college poet to write long verses on "The Blushing Milkmaid," or "The Beauties of Nature."

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

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(In a Cobbham parlor) Estes—"Miss Blank, that beautiful gas jet is like you, always dispensing brightness and brilliancy."

Miss Blank—"Thank you, Mr. Estes; and do you know I think it much like you, also?"

Estes—"Ahem, you flatter me; but how is it like me, Miss Blank?"

Miss Blank—"Because it is here every night, and wastes gas until it is put out."



The Result of an Over-Conscientious Compliance with the City Ordinance Requiring all Dogs to be Muzzled.