

## Ye Editors.

JOHN D. LITTLE, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

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