



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.

“How to Become Famous in Athens.”

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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 without 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 distinction unless you do have one, for all the distinction one can get in Athens is to do something to get yourself 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

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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 scorner),  
 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.