

◊ EGOTISTICALLY SPEAKING. ◊

J. F. LEWIS.

AS IN CHILDHOOD'S happy days we drew pictures of dogs, mules, and ships, and, for the benefit of our admirers, labelled them "A Dog," "A Cow," or "A Sheep," so, for the benefit of our readers, do we now label the subject of this sketch, "A Man,"—"A Man," first, because divinely builded that way; "A Man" put on earth principally to fill a void—most probably an aching one—and he has conceived the idea that this void is in the journalistic field and proudly boasts that he will fill it.

It is hard to describe a vacuum, sometimes it is hard to describe a man; but just nineteen years ago, one of December's customary bright mornings, ushered into life, in all his wanton brightness, the Editor-in-Chief of THE PANDORA. In his babyhood he looked an editor, in his boyhood he assumed the airs of a prospective editor, and now he wears the mien of a full-fledged editor. Morally, his hair naturally parts in the middle, caused partly by a cow-kiss and partly by his evident dudish proclivities. Intellectually, he is fond of pool and billiards, is a whist fiend, and enjoys, especially, boxes from home. Physically, he received first honor at the B. H. S., in Atlanta, has won every available speakers' place in college, and is destined to be one of '92's honor men. He is a charming dancer, a graceful conversationalist, a self-ostracised society man, a soft student, a susceptible masher, a tender flirt, and aspires to become a Constitution reporter.

All his past honors, past achievements, and past successes, fade into empty nothingness, beside his record at the University as a soldier. Entering the corps cadets in his Soph year he drilled hard, had his shoes always blacked, his belts white, his buckles shining, his head erect, his

hands properly at his side. The Colonel, recognizing his efforts and divining the intensity of his ambition in the military line, at the end of the first twelve months of his soldier life, made him 4th Sergeant of Company B., U. C. C., and, if ill-health had not prevented the continuation of his soldierly duties, he would doubtless this year have marched on the greensward of the campus as 3rd Lieutenant of Company B.

He has spent most of this year trying with Black to work Constitution and Journal credentials on theatres, circuses, museums, and what not, and success in this line, which always requires consummate cheek, is another evidence of his journalistic propensities. In conclusion I can only express my fears that he has set his aspirations too high, and that instead of beginning life as a Constitution reporter, he will have to start at the bottom round of the ladder and serve a term as printer's devil for the Athens Banner.

LOUIS L. BROWN.

Many many years ago, in that remote time where the memory of many runneth not to the contrary, in the "once upon a time" of myth and tradition, the subject of this sketch came into existence.

He received his early instruction at the old log school house at the cross roads near his home. This old temple of learning years ago fell a victim to age and weather; and now only a pile of rubbish indicates the place where this future statesman first studied his a b c's. Even then his future traits began to develop. When after an exciting game of knucks the bell would ring without his "having looked at" his reader, and the teacher would call upon him to read about the old blue hen, or the big fat cat, Brown would tell the gray-haired old pedagogue how his eyes had been troubling him lately, and it was impossible for him to use them. This has ever been Brown's greatest stand-by, and the serious expression he now wears when he works

this racket, has been acquired only as the result of years of practice.

His artistic talent developed early also. While his careless schoolmates were hunting birds' nests or playing town-ball, Brown would wander about in search of grasshoppers, crawfishes, terrapins, and frogs, which he would draw on his little slate, and proudly show to his teacher. This early training proved to be of great service to him when he began his course in Biology at the University, and the grasshopper he drew in his Junior laboratory book has been preserved in the national museum of arts.

Brown's older friends all said he would some day become a great man, so his father decided to send him to college. As Brown showed decidedly religious tendencies also at this time, he was sent to Emory. He entered the Freshman class, and by joining the church, attending the Y. M. C. A. and looking pious, he managed to lead his class there. In his Soph year he left Emory, owing to a misunderstanding between himself and the president, and the next fall entered the Sophomore class at the University. Here he found that the tactics he had employed at Emory were already monopolized by Blasingame, so Brown was thrown upon his eyes as a last resort to make his rise. His course at the University has been an eventful one. His gray hairs have won for him the reverence of all the members of the Faculty.

He will study law at the University of Virginia for two years, and if he has not by that time grown too old for public life, will return to Fort Valley and run for the legislature.

WILLIAM TROY KELLY.

In the old red hills of Central Georgia, where the Indian in times that are no more, was wont to chase the buffalo and deer and the stumpy moccasin held high carnival with head unbruised by the heel of the seed of woman, on a lovely spring morning when all nature seemed conspiring

to make "men and angels stoop," William Troy Kelly for the first time opened his baby blue eyes in this small planet which had been undergoing process of development for his habitation.

As time passed he "waxed strong and increased in favor with both God and man," especially the former, who has rewarded him with gifts innumerable in return for the pious devotion which he has ever accorded him from his days of prattling childhood until to-day, when he devotes his manhood strength to his service.

Kelly when still a wee small boy, prattling upon his fond father's knee, showed symptoms of that scientific mind which to-day is the envy of the boys and the delight of "Charby," who believes that what Mr. Kelly can't understand will never be expounded.

Kelly's early experience was marked by several unique incidents. Early in life he conceived the bold idea of revolutionizing the world's ideas concerning certain trades, and among his first business enterprises was one which was destined to make him famous. He secured, after much lobbying on the part of himself and family, the exalted position of "News Butcher" on the grand trunk line, now known as the Macon and Northern short line to New York and the east, but which, then, went by the name of the "C. and M." This responsible position he held for two trips, after which time his employees were convinced that he had missed his calling, and he returned to the old home where he was received with fond embraces, and was persuaded to again enter school, which he did with renewed vigor and determination.

Kelly has ever since shown a fondness for books, and he now enjoys the reputation of having one of the best trained minds in college, it being also stored with great quantities of useful (?) knowledge, for instance, he can tell you how many joints in the first and last pairs of limbs of the cray-fish, and he can trace out with scientific accuracy all of the arguments and facts which go to prove beyond

question, that "Proty" is right when he says the skull of the dog is a series of fused vertebrae.

But this learned specimen is most adept in explaining physical questions, and he is known as the best expounder of the epicurean philosophy in college.

He has adopted the Epicurean motto, and at least since his stay in college, has religiously followed his mandate, particularly that which enjoins eating, drinking and being merry.

But I have not yet touched upon his best known virtues. Friend, though you may have read Rider Haggard's "She," the "Arabian Nights," or listened to Blasingame's tales, yet in none of them have you heard such tales as this successor of Amnias can tell. He is known as the proud wearer of the belt, having wrested it from Horsley in a competitive examination.

He is, however, a regular attendant upon prayers, especially Saturday mornings. He is endowed with wonderfully fine intuitive powers, and can divine unerringly when he should tell old Dave he was absent from chapel service. (This he seldom does).

He intends, after graduating, to continue his studies in these arts and will, no doubt, succeed in living until the world recognizes his ability as a lawyer, which profession he, of course, intends entering.

W. E. CHRISTIE.

Reader, transport yourself for a moment back to the latter part of the '60's when the misfortunes of war had left the country in wreck and ruin, and you will see, if you glance down towards Terrell county, this peculiar specimen added to the immense mass of debris left by the invading armies. He was reared a "horny handed son of toil," than which for his present character a more striking misnomer could scarce be found, for he is actually too lazy to cast a shadow at midday for fear that it will require the exertion of changing his position.