

FAMILIAR SCENES ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

**Incidents Taken From the Everyday Life
of Students.**

ANNO DISPENSARIS I.

NE BRIGHT autumnal morning in the year one of the Dispensary, or as it has been termed by that well known patronizing contingent of the Law Class "The Indispensable," a strange, fantastic sight met the astonished gaze of those church-goers whose accustomed path lies through the campus. It was the result of a very IMPORTANT Saturday night meeting of the U. G. B. D. Association, a representation of which is given in connection with that organization.

The good people looked at each other in utter astonishment.

"What mean those bottles strung from tree to tree?" asked one.

"They seem to have contained beer," replied another.

The first gave vent to a prolonged exclamation of surprise.

"What," said he, "is it possible that a University student could so far forget himself as to indulge in so vile a beverage?"

"Alas, my good friend, it seemeth but too true. Let us to church and pray for these corrupted sons of men, that they may perchance escape everlasting perdition."

They walked off in solemn thought, followed by the parting shot of a Yahooite who had overheard their conversation.

"Fellers, git on to the cranks."

But the Saturday night revelers were still locked in slumbers, and there has ever been a doubt whether they would have been able to appreciate the incident, had they been present.

Our next scene is somewhat distant from the center of active college life, near by a path so often trod by weary students, but alas! not going to the recitation room.

Let us take Flatau's old hack line, which will carry us to the important site of the old Rock College in about three days, the trip being made in about seventy-two hours less time than by the Athens electric (?) car line. Here is the scene which meets our gaze, presented here for the benefit of those who cannot spare the time to make the trip:



THE \$2,060 STUDENT AT RECITATION.

"Fatty" C.,* the Seniors' base ball catcher, which last term is, by the way, a striking misnomer, for he has been known to give thirteen men bases on pass balls when struck out by the pitcher during the course of a game, although he is not the only student amongst us who contemplates making farming his profession, is the only one who has endeavored to solve the cotten problem by practical work.

The illustration above explains his manner of attempting the solution of the question, on which the future of the American farmer depends.

*For the information of our readers, we will state this is Fatty Callaway, not "Fatty" Callaway. His initials are F. E., not F. E. He is not F. E. Callaway, of La Grange, but F. E. Callaway, of Georgia, the latter place being far too small to hold the only original Editor Fatty Callaway.

The sole student in the class of the professor of Agriculture, which class, by the way, he is leading, though the report is he will have to serve another year, perhaps two, before he can receive his dip, he has been termed by a member of the faculty the \$2,000 student. This not because of any inherent worth, but because the trustees, recognizing the magnificent PROMISES of POSSIBILITIES in the probable (?) solution of so important a problem, have decided to spend this amount annually for an unlimited period in completing his education.

Probably his successor will not be found. We therefore warn him to recognize early the vast dependence which the country places on him—and to keep on hoeing for all he is worth. Perhaps some day he may be raised to the dignity of the plow—who knows?

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Reader, we are now upon the campus again, Athens' rapid transit having outdone itself, and brought us back in two days and a half.

Let us visit together the old Yahoo Hall, and guided by "Guardian" Potts explore its deep hidden mysteries, bringing to light the appearance of a typical Yahoo's room. The first thing noticed on entering room No. 6, occupied by Bl— and S—, is the fine art production which hangs just above the mantelpiece. We present a striking likeness of it here for the benefit of those unfortunates who have not had opportunity of seeing these wonderful sights.

Room No. 6 being partly studiously and partly dudishly inclined, there may be found also a few books on the window sill, and a large mirror in the corner. Careful investigation would also disclose a pitcher and a tin basin, utensils used by a former generation for cleansing purposes. But the pitcher is now



YAHOO ART.