

THE ANTI-CUSSERS' ASSOCIATION.

In a complete record of the year's achievements, some account must be given of its crowning work, the culmination in concrete realization of the whole tendency for ages past of society, of civilization, of law and government, of religion and morals, in the evolution and assured perpetuation of that institution whose name is already a household expression in Georgia's homes—"that damned Anti-cussers' Association."

The society fills a long felt want in college circles, and is destined to a glorious career. It is founded on a lasting principle, based in the inalienable rights of the American citizen and the constitutive affiliations of the personal being—rests on the irresistible tendency of college boys to say "dammit."

The constitution of the Anti-cussers is entirely common law in origin and application, relying for interpretation on the normal consciousness of each member, and providing no court of higher appeal. It, accordingly, is found in a state of constantly evolving perfection, but we catch at a few of its leading principles of a few days back, not yet entirely obsolete, and transcribe them for the edification of the reader.

Eligibility to membership is determined on the spur of the moment; it varies directly as the number and activity of the active members present, and inversely as the size and calculated unwillingness of the initiate prospective. At the dictate of precedence, without the formality of introductory remarks or detraction from the solemnity of the occasion by verbal interpolations, he is statum, ipso loco, vi et armis, sic semper tyrannis, initiated, each active member making expression of his pugilistic tendencies for the space of 30 seconds.

The brother's powers of reduction are soon exercised in

forming the conclusion, enforced by practical fistic demonstrations, that it is contrary to the spirit of the constitution to indulge in any explanatory, emphazatory, or yaculatory remarks that would in times gone by have elicited the paternal frown or the maternal sigh, or brought the co-paternal correcting rod into conjunction with parts of the universe. Did such expressions escape the notice and correction of fellow members, the lapse of 2 seconds mean solor time devolved, upon the offender the duty of avenging the dishonored constitutional spirit by scaling single handed double measured justice to the omittive members.

Terms offensive to the enlightened consciences of the members soon fell into disuse, and ordinary forms of conversation ceased to be fully authorized. Relief could be found only in cussing one special case of college individuality. He could with ingenuity be armed and sent to hell on any occasion, laden with anybody's faults or burdened with the traits of any offensive personality.

Is objection made? Will any one withstand? It is a fundamental principle of the league that he can come out only as he came in—he must be knocked out at a full meeting. We all sty in.

But let it not be understood that we oppose the time honored practice of hyperbolic maledictorianism. The "long felt want" was purely a digestive one. The evil of the Summer house serpent was still on these hellish (they can't hit me 'thout they hear me say it) college boarding-houses, and we needed aid. Medicine was costly; good grub costlier; exercise our only relief. Here we found it in a most attractive, recurring and reactive form, unhindered by any conventionalities. But we went too far. The long felt want was filled, but a longer felt one created—the vacuity of an empty stomach. Would that it too were filled!

That want leads to the highest and most cemeretative principle of the order; a member is discovered with a box

from house; the principle of the community of goods is declared fundamental to the constitution; the Anti-cussers gather, are filled, are happy—about once a month.

In conclusion, be it said that we have what has been kindly aimed the world over—moral, gesundheitic, appetitive, gastatory, musico-joco-literato-edico effects, all won by a single effort, bound up in a single tie of unification.

IN OUR WASTE BASKET.

One set whiskers, belonging to "Child" Nisbet.

One class poem, by Walter Park.

Proty's Junior Biology papers.

One quart ducks, presented by Duck-Shooters.

One score of Auburn foot ball game.

One car load of '90's PANDORA bills.

One of Charby's last year jokes.

One set Fresh text books, belonging to Herndon.

One base ball curve, marked Foster.

The Mercer Mephistophelian.

And The Emory Phoenix.

One thousand jokes on Horton.

Thirty Senior Biological Laboratory books.

One midnight serenade, signed Howell.

One effigy—unburned.

One empty quart bottle of Anheuser-Busch.

One of Blasingame's conversations.

One Dochylic Hexameter.

One church membership ticket, marked Dallis.

PROF. COBB, (at Law class recitation): "What is a bailment?"

SHACKLEFORD, F: "Well Professor, it is some kind of an animal. I don't exactly remember what kind, though."

“ENTRE NOUS.”

PROF. BOCOCK, (in Senior Latin class): “Mr. Brown, decline any noun in the first declension.”

BROWN, (seriously): “Professor, my eyes have been bothering me all the week.”

PROF. CAMBELL, (at Biology): “These fish, like animals, are herbivorous.”

HORTON, (knowingly): “Why, Professor, how can water animals eat grass?”

DR. WHITE, (at Senior Geology recitation): “Mr. Govan, why was this called the Jurassic age?”

GOVY, (with wise air): “From its resemblance to the Jura mountains.”

DR. WHITE, (continuing amidst laughter from class): “Well, Mr. Govan, what familiar mollusk came in during this age?”

GOVY: “I forget the technical name, Professor.”

DR. WHITE: “Our familiar oyster, Mr. Govan. Yes, sir, that is right?”

WHELCHER, (reading quotation and name at end): “Henry V. Shak.” “Professor, who was Henry V. Shakspeare?”

A COLLEGE DRAMA, (in one act): “Black and Whelcher engage in a fisticuff in the Biology lecture room.

PROF. CAMPBELL, (stopping in the midst of his lecture): “Why, gentlemen, I’m ALMOST surprised at your conduct.”

MISS ——, (to Black, who had somewhat offended her): “You have fallen twenty per cent. in my estimation.”

BLACK, (nonchalantly): “Well, eighty per cent. will give me a good rise.”

YOUNGBLOOD, (very much in love with a young lady): “Do you know, Miss ——, I love you better than I do any one on earth.”

MISS ——: “Do you? Thank you.”