

◇ THE ATHENS POLICE FORCE. ◇

THE UNITED STATES is noted for two great police systems, the New York force and the Athens City Police. This latter is so renowned that the Czar of Russia has sent here to get points from them for his own protection.

The force consists of ten companies of well organized men under the command of their gallant chief. Each company consists of a captain, lieutenant and patrolman all, embodied in one man. This is a novel feature, original with this force, and has the advantage of economy in salaries and certainty of execution of orders. Their elegant uniforms of tennis shoes and polished badge is the envy of every aspirant for military honors.

The fact that the force was well selected from all the unemployed street car drivers, restaurant keepers, lemonade



A SPECIMEN.

venders, and organ grinders, by no means detracts from their great importance, for in their ranks has been found

at last a solution to Darwin's great puzzle of the Missing Link.

Their principal occupation consists in attending all the shows and disposing of dogs and beers. Because they are always missing when a MAN is to be arrested they should not be considered lacking in capacity. Their absence is due to previous engagements with the god of sleep.

One great service which this force does for the people, is to arrest the progress of much dispensary liquor, which if let loose upon the land would play havoc far and wide.


We present above an excellent likeness of one of these specimens for the benefit of our readers.

The originals are all on display at police headquarters, at all hours of the day. On a calm, pleasant day you may run across one out for a stroll, but the chances are doubtful.

COL. SNELLING, (reading from blackboard phrase written by a wayward student): "Sie sind ein verdammt thor. It appears to me that this is incorrect German." If you are familiar enough with a man to apply to him that epithet, you may use 'du bist' with perfect propriety."

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THE ANNUAL SURVEY.

N A BRIGHT April morn as the sun rose above the hills of Athens, the vicinity of the Moore Building was seen to throng with boys, wagons, blankets and surveying instruments.

The survey of '92 was to begin, and all were expecting soon to enjoy the weeks vacation and EXERCISE that the surveys usually furnish.

The wagons being loaded they were sent on their journey to Oglethorpe county, through which our proposed line was to run.

Through the kindness of the G., C. & N. railroad we were all passed to Five Forks, where our line was to begin, connecting that point with Lexington.

Noon of the first day found us in the field ready to begin the "Granite Route."

Prof. Strahan, Dallis and Gramling set out on the reconnoissance soon returning with a quantity of butter-milk. This was the liquid encouragement with which we began.

For two miles we progressed finely, when suddenly we run into a hill and had to "abandon." The Sophs now began to grumble when ordered to pull up the pegs.

Once more begun, we mapped out the "Granite Route" in rapid order by the pegs that we drove from hill to dale, and the beautiful paths that we cut through the farmers' wheat patches. Thus we continued till we reached Beaver Dam creek, when the sun began to sink, and Bob Gantt could no longer see through his transit, and Camak began to talk of supper, and Prof. Strahan to wonder where our camp was.

With such a state of disturbed equilibrium the boys began to fold their chains and shoulder their instruments and start for the camp. After walking for a quarter of a mile

through the worst of the creek, and finally crossing on a bridge made of fence rails, we found that Epps, Lipscombe and Lawrence were no longer with us, they having completely disappeared in the mud and brush. We could not wait for them, as camp supper was now occupying our minds.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,"—yes, for eight miles we tramped in the dark, over hills, through woods and across fields, reaching Clouds creek church, where Lane had things in readiness for us. And under the umbrageous foliage of the oaks about the church we pitched our tents and rested our weary limbs.

No one was more glad to see camp fire than Dallis. He could not manage his legs for eight miles, and he came in panting and dragging both feet.

Supper was soon announced, then Old A1, the cook, did not have "room to express his lamentations."

Such was our first day. Tuesday passed without a murmur, except when Stelling had enough of the level rod. Our nights were spent in singing songs and general rejoicing. And oft in the stillness of the night, between each pause made by the nightingale, could be heard the voices of the corps in something like this:

" Hold the rod, for the transit's coming,
Chainman stand not still;
Wave the signal back to the level
That we are o'er this hill."

Wednesday was the hottest of the hot. We failed to progress very fast on account of the needle getting so hot that both ends warped together, so Camak said. But Sam Lawrence swears that it was Camak's face that warped the needle. On Thursday the boys worked unusually well, both transit and level making six miles in five and one-half hours. This broke the record and also ended the line, and our last peg was driven on the bed of the Lexington Terminal railroad, with which we connected.

Within an hour we were all in the historic little town of Lexington. And after buying all the soda water, cigarettes and the like, and answering questions to the effect that we had not "been off playing base ball," we turned our steps again toward our camp, arriving in time to learn that little Fritz Hodgson had caught a lot of fish from a branch near the camp. But we didn't have them for supper.

Our next day was spent in running a line for Georgia's big farmer, J. M. Smith, which connected Smithonia with our main line. This finished, we began preparation for our return to Athens, reaching it Saturday, arousing the whole college as we marched upon the campus giving the yell:

Rod, stakes, axe, chain,
B. E., B. E., raise cane!!

