



Pandora's Sixth Greeting.

THIS is the key, dear reader, that unlocks
The mystic lid of fair PANDORA'S box,
From which of old escaped those earthly ills
Whose fittest sequel is in doctor's bills.

This is the key—but when the lid you ope,
Heaven grant you find there some faint ray of hope
To cheer you, as it hath in other ages,
And light your way through these degenerate pages!

PREFACE.



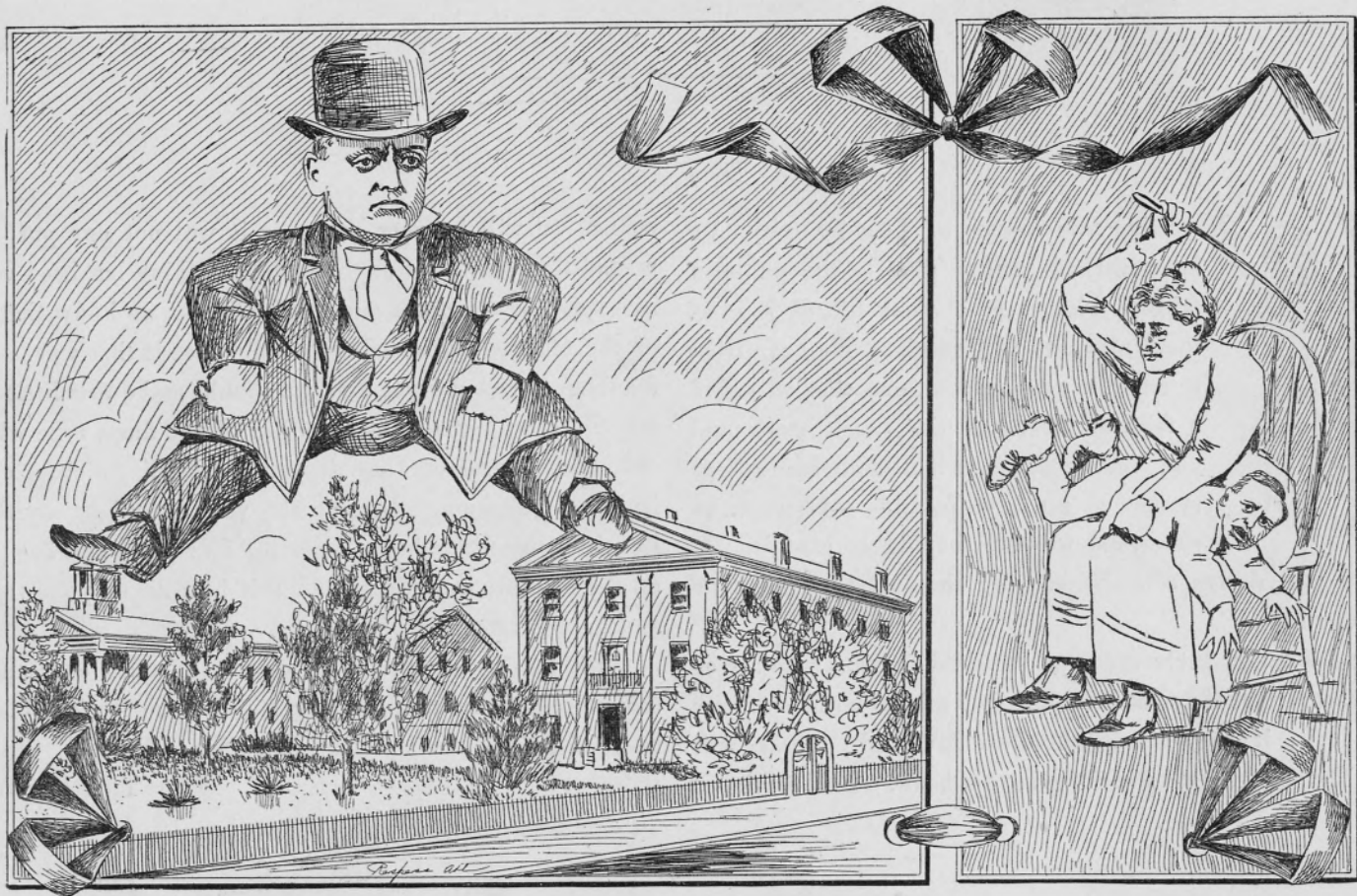
IN editing this volume of THE PANDORA we have worked hard to give to the public a faithful picture of student life *as it is* at the University of Georgia. We have tried to make a good annual, one that will give a faithful record of the year's work and one that will entertain and amuse our readers as much as possible. If we have succeeded we shall be highly gratified; if not we will derive consolation from the fact that we have done our best.

We know that there are some diseased humans who are so constructed that they cannot appreciate a joke, no matter how good it is, if they are in the least involved. They will probably get mad at something in this book. If they do, of

course, we will be very sorry, as it was not our purpose to wound the feelings of any one. Everything has been written in a spirit of sweetness and good will, but we know that some of the afflicted ones can not possibly see it that way. Well, for them it is but right that we should make this little statement. We have a fighting editor of the finest type who has complete control of that department. His address can be had on application. Just by the way, we might say that he has eaten boarding house hash for four years and has played on the football team for two. Tell him about your troubles and he will attend to your case.

With this little "damper" for the offended ones and our thanks in advance to all of our friends who receive this little book with favor, we lay down our office. Ta, ta.

THE EDITORS.



"BRER" CANDLER TRIES TO "JUMP" ON THE UNIVERSITY—BUT—MRS. FELTON DISAPPROVES AND CHASTISES HIM ACCORDINGLY.