

The Junior Class.

O, willing muse, how shall you tune your
Harp to sing the aspiring junior?

See him entering the gate
With a look that's quite sedate,
While he strives to emulate
All the seniors as they pass,
And would overleap his class
If he could but shine—alas!

In their sight!

See him strut and see him stare;
See him striving to appear
Just as if he didn't care
For the seniors—while his mission
Is to get to their condition,
And he longs for recognition

Day and night!

O, junior! junior! much we owe thee,
But we know thee, yes, we know thee!

Class of Ninety-Four.

COLORS—Black and Blue.

FLOWER—Peach Blossom.

YELL—Hoop! La! Hoo!! Hoop! La! Hoo!!
Ninety-Four! Ninety-Four!! Black and Blue!

Officers.

JAMES H. BUTNER	President.
DAVID C. BARROW	Vice-President.
OSCAR C. TURNER	Secretary.
THOMAS A. MCGREGOR	Chaplain.
BYRON B. BOWER	Historian.
H. C. BROWN	Captain Football Team.
G. P. BUTLER	Manager Football Team.
L. D. FRICKS	Captain Baseball Team.

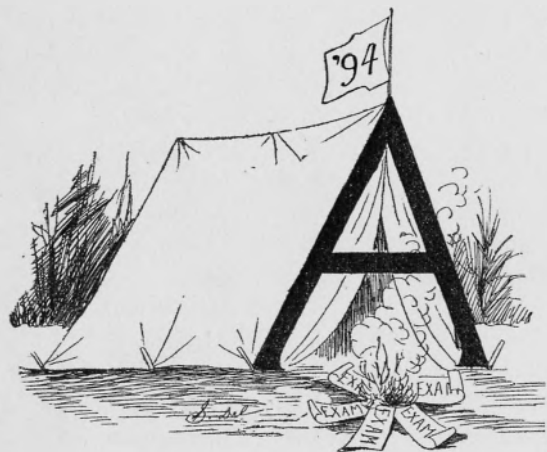
Members.

Joseph Akerman Σ Ν A. B Athens.
 William B. Armstrong Χ Φ A. B Atlanta.
 William Thomas Bacon A. B Lexington.
 Benjamin Smith Baldwin Σ Ν A. B Cuthbert.
 George Phineas Butler Σ Α Ε B. S. Augusta.
 *James Henry Butner Σ Ν A. B Macon.
 Robert Cicero Cleghorn Φ Δ Θ A. B Summerville.
 David Lowe Cloud Δ Τ Δ B. S. Thomson.
 Edwin Davis Κ Α A. B Greensboro.
 Jasper Newton Dorsey Φ Δ Θ A. B Gainesville.
 Paul Lamar Fleming Χ Φ A. B Atlanta.
 Lunsford Dixon Fricks Σ Ν A. B Rising Fawn.
 William Alford Fuller Χ Ψ A. B Atlanta.
 William Pickens Harbin Χ Ψ A. B Calhoun.
 John Madison Harrington Κ Α A. B West Point.

* Left College.

David Crenshaw Barrow 3d Σ Α Ε A. B Athens.
 Byron Beaufort Bower, Jr Κ Α A. B Bainbridge.
 James Ewell Brannen A. B Iric.
 Henry Crowley Brown Κ Α B. E Augusta.
 Cicero Decatur McCutchen Σ Ν A. B Dalton.
 William Alex. McDougald Κ Α A. B Columbus.
 Thomas Alonzo McGregor A. B Mt. Vernon.
 Noel McHenry Moore Σ Α Ε A. B Augusta.
 John Deidrick Stelling Α Τ Ω B. E Augusta.
 John Vivian Stubbs A. B Cedartown.
 Lamar Chappell Toomer Χ Ψ A. B Portsmouth, Va.
 William Morrill Wadley Κ Α B. E Bolingbroke.
 Arthur Wrigley Κ Α B. E Macon.
 Samuel Benjamin Yow Φ Δ Θ A. B Avalon.

History of Ninety-Four.



rather a serio-comic based on fact. The curtain rises. The title is "The Class of '94." Place, University of Georgia. Time, Junior Year—from September, 1892, to June, 1893. The actors step upon the stage. 'Tis difficult to tell the hero. All are stars, and each plays well his part.

The scenery is grand and imposing. Scene first represents a spacious recitation room, the class assembled, truly a fine body of men. At a desk, in front and facing the class, sits the beloved professor, who, though young, has the mark of strong intellectuality stamped upon his brow, and that "high

LL the world's a stage, and all men and women merely actors;" all history a drama, and historians but playwrights. So let it be. Yet think not this chronicle a farce, but

born eye that checks low mirth yet lacks not courtesy." The class is called upon and recites, each and every member performing his part with ease and precision. The class goes through the general routine of class work, and after a short while a bell rings. The class rises to be dismissed. The professor rises, but before dismissing exclaims, as his face beams and his eyes sparkle: "Well done, my good and faithful friends! Would that your examples were emulated by all other classes."

The curtain drops.

It rises again, displaying a large rectangular field. Across this field are drawn long white lines, dividing it, seemingly, into other smaller rectangles. No seer is needed to interpret or explain these hieroglyphics, for all recognize at once the football field. The two teams are seen to come upon the field. Both are composed of men true, trained and tried, young giants, with their flowing locks, large chests, broad shoulders and clear cut limbs. Their uniforms are black and old gold, and black and blue.

With their handsome faces, their rounded forms and their dignified and self-composed mien, the Black and Blue boys are the cynosure of admiring eyes and the general favorites.

The Black and Old Gold boys have won every game played

up to this time and meet for the first time the Black and Blue boys, who boast of never having lost a game.

The referee, a little man with a nervous step, calls off the two captains, speaks a few words to them, and they begin to form their teams, having tossed for sides. The Black and Blue win choice and take the northern end of the field, the Black and Old Gold occupying the opposite side. The referee pulls his watch and calls the game. The Blue and Black form a wedge and come dashing over the field. But look how the Black and Old Gold line up to meet them! They meet—they halt—they tug—they sway—and the wedge goes through for ten yards. The ball is down—hard fighting on both sides. Each man has a foeman worthy of his steel. Black and Old Gold get the ball, but fail to gain anything. The ball soon goes to Black and Blue and they gain five yards. After much scrimmaging the captain gives 14-300-96-45-10, and a Blue Black bucks the center for ten yards. The boys in Blue and Black are slowly but surely carrying the ball towards the enemy's goal. Both sides are exerting their utmost. Now they are lining up. Black and Blue have the ball. Her center snaps it back and a Blue Black streak goes round the enemy's end, past all pursuers, safe behind the goal posts touching down. And then pandemonium ensues. Such yelling! But clear above the din and louder and louder is heard:

Hoop-la-hoo,
Hoop-la-hoo,
Ninety-four, ninety-four,
Black and Blue.

Curtain drops once more. The curtain again rises, this time on a scene magnificent and never to be forgotten. There is a sound of revelry by night. The beauty and chivalry of Georgia is gathered here. The brilliant lights, the beautiful decorations, the spacious ballroom and the groups of lovely women and handsome men seated here and there remind us of the splendid levees of some powerful king or mighty emperor.

Over on the opposite side of the room, just under the bowing leaves of some palms, is a couple which attracts more than passing attention. She is fashioned with all the grace and loveliness of her sex—"a daughter of the gods divinely tall and most divinely fair." On her breast she wears a large rosette of black and blue. He is tall, straight as an arrow, and has a well rounded figure, a splendid dome shaped forehead which would do honor to a Caesar. He, a typical man of '94, with his fair partner, is to lead this German, the last and most elegant of a gay commencement. Directly they face about to the crowd, and noticing the multiplicity of black and blue around the room, he smiles triumphantly. A shrill whistle stops the laughter, and as the sweet strains of a dreamy waltz from invisible musicians float to their ears, they glide out on the smooth floor, followed by others, and the curtain drops.

Thus may every member of '94 glide through life with the object of his hopes attained, on the smooth floor of prosperity, to the music of his invisible approving conscience.

THE HISTORIAN.