



THE FRESHMEN PULL UP THE SENIORS' TREE AND DEPRIVE IT OF ITS CHRISTENING FLUID.

The Freshmen.

What causeth thee, my little man, to weep?
Come, leave thy tears, and sit upon my knee—
Here, take a handkerchief, and dry thine eyes,
And now confide thy troubles all to me.

Have they unkindly hit thee with a stone
For playing marbles on the baseball ground,
And said thy head, when by the missile struck,
Gave forth an echoing hollow sound?

Perhaps thou hast been handed a cigar,
Which secretly thou didst attempt to smoke?
Thou should remember when they give thee such
'Tis less a favor than a cruel joke.

Or say they that thy class clap is so loud
Its echo can be heard for quite a way,
And did it not thy manners match so well,
They could not let thee wear it for a day?

Or have they made a rule at Lucy Cobb
That nothing less than Sophs can walk thereby?
I know that this would grieve thy very soul—
Thou say'st 'tis none of these that make thee cry?

Then 'twas the gravest danger of them all
That did thy little Freshman's life inclose—
Thus be thou warned, in spite of all we do
The college old maid sometimes will propose.

Class of Ninety-Seven.

Yell.

Ninety-Seven! Hip! Hooray!
G-E-O-R-G-I-A!
Georgia!

Colors.

Black and Orange.

Flower.

Daisy.

Officers.

WALTER S. COTHRAN,	President.
BEN CRANE,	Vice-President.
FRANK K. BOLAND,	Secretary and Treasurer.
WALKER WHITE,	Historian.
F. CHISOLM FERRELL,	Captain Football Team.
PINCKNEY A. STEINER,	Manager Football Team.
ROGERS B. DAVIS,	Captain Baseball Team.
FRANK L. FLEMING,	Manager Baseball Team.