

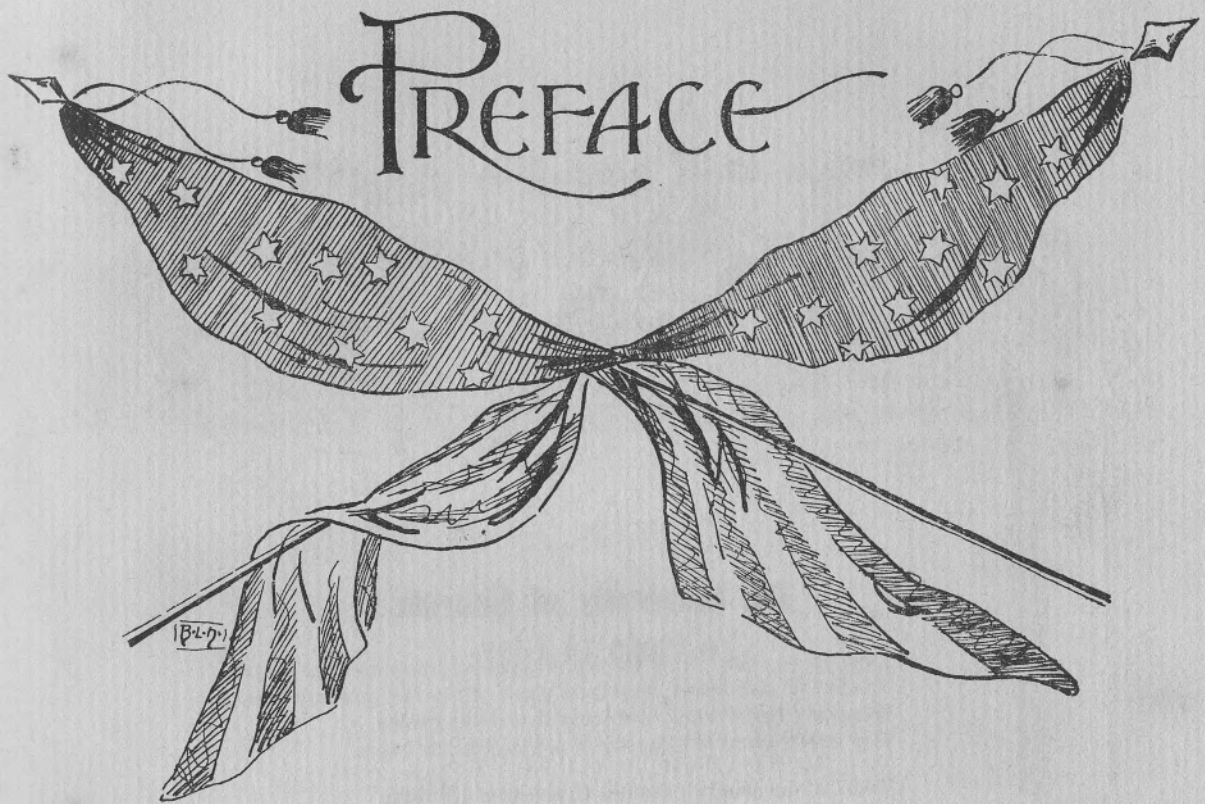
The University of Georgia.

Pride of our State! A thousand tongues proclaim thee bless'd.
Mother of statesmen, warriors, MEN! Unto thy queenly breast
Clasp thy brave sons—welcome those who praise
Thy wisdom and the beauty of thy righteous ways.

Pride of our State! Before thee knees are bent
In grateful homage for thy labours spent
In off'ring to that State which gave thee birth
The highest, noblest, truest sons of earth.
We honor all thy works—we magnify thy name
Exalted high upon the honor-roll of Fame.

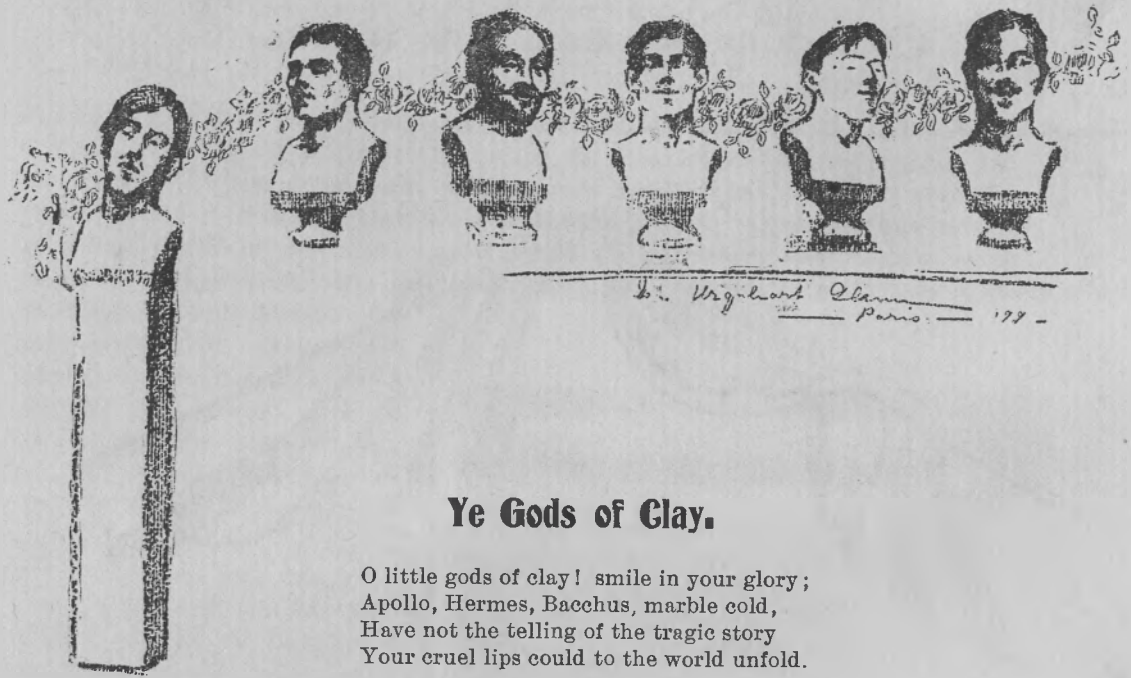
Pride of our State! Let not the jealous spleen
Of those who would with calumny thy name demean
Disturb thee in thy calm serenity,
Or mar the beauty of thy unstained chastity.
Now, as of yore, proud, resolute, sedate,
In glory move—pride of thy native State!

C.



THE fact that we have been able this year to get out a PANDORA at all is so astounding that a preface could well content itself with holding up hands of admiration and self-approval on this score alone. We are safe and free to say that no previous board ever labored under such terrific drawbacks as confronted the '99 editors. That we have overcome them is largely due to the excellent co-operation of the student body and our friends outside, and for this we give most hearty thanks.

But the book is out; it is before you, with all its points of merit and all its faults. We will not enter upon a discussion of these. We have done our best, and we leave it to the public for final criticism, as indeed that is the correct and proper thing to do.



Ye Gods of Clay.

O little gods of clay! smile in your glory;
Apollo, Hermes, Bacchus, marble cold,
Have not the telling of the tragic story
Your cruel lips could to the world unfold.

Could unfold, yes, if you but knew it truly,
The hearts that break beneath your sordid sway,
The tears that fall unreckoned and unduly,
For you, through you, O little gods of clay!

But you are silent, cold, uncomprehending,
Colder than all the marble gods, for they
Were never warmed by love divine, unending,
Such as you knew, O little gods of clay!

—MAUDE ANDREWS.