

JUNK SEARCHED BY PHYSICS PROF. FOR EQUIPMENT

Mercer's First Science Teacher Made Own Laboratory Apparatus

Science students, thank your lucky horoscope that you did not have to take physics in the days when Mercer was in her infancy.

Some Mercerian imbibed the Mercer spirit and called those days the "good old days" and in some things they might have been but in others they were not. They could not have been truthfully called the "good old days" when the speaker had reference to the scientific branch of the university. In those days, before the good Baptists of Georgia had been persuaded to rindow the institution, there was very little laboratory equipment to be bought and what little there was cost too much to be owned by a struggling denominational university like Mercer.

The lack of this equipment, seriously hindered the research work of the Rev. John Hillyer, in those days the professor of science and mathematics and a man who has been described as one that could spend days on a disobedient equation and finally reduce it to an equality, that is, if it was reducible.

When he found that he needed the equipment he did like the professor would do today, he went to the president and explained his needs. The president sympathized with him but in a gentle voice explained that the University could not afford to buy it.

Did that answer daunt the doughty professor? You bet your month-old hair cut that it didn't, he went to work and made it. It was not the work of an amateur for it worked to perfection.

The first instrument he wanted was a theodolite, at that time a very costly instrument. So, agged on by his love of mathematics, he made one. In case our dearly beloved professors would wish to make one today to try their skill, we will tell exactly how the professor made one at a cost of not more than ten cents in money, but with much sweat of his brow.

He searched around through the junk piles of Penfield until he found a piece of white pine plank from which he cut a circle with a diameter of 15". He covered the circle with a sheet of white paper and then divided the paper circle into 360 degrees and thence into halves and quarters.

For the tripod he procured, what some of our professors who hailed from the country would call, a Jacob's staff. The staff was about 6' long and 2" in diameter. He hollowed out a cavity on the topmost part of the staff and presto chango, he was ready for work. After he set it up it is said that he could determine horizontal angles with an amazing degree of acuity.

In order that he might use it to measure vertical angles he bored an auger hole in the Jacob's staff about 5 feet from the ground and when he inserted the pin in it he was ready to defy anyone to show him a vertical angle that he could not measure.

He next made an air pump for the Physics Lab, also at a nominal cost. If anyone wants to see what a job professor Hillyer had before him, let him go down and ask Dr. Fountain to show him the air pump that he has down in his scientific sanctum. It is a labyrinth of parts and pieces, valves and pistons. Professor Hillyer didn't make the stand and buy the remainder, for everything but the glass bell was of home brew, not bootleg, by any means. As a proof that the contraption would work, Professor Sanford, who later came to the university as professor of Mathematics and science said that he used to startle all of the countryside by asphyxiating rats—not freshmen—lizards, and such animules.

All hail to the Rev. John Hillyer, who was the daddy of the Mercer University scientific laboratory! Hail! Hail! Hail!

When you purchase an article, do not forget to mention the ad in the Cluster.

First Stude: "Get up, it's time for class. If you don't I'll kick the seat of your trousers out!"
Second Ditto: "Go ahead, they're hanging on that chair."

WITH THE MUSES

A serious epidemic has broken out on the campus which the college infirmary is unable to cope with. Contrary to past customs, the Cluster wishes to do all in its power to make this latest outbreak become acute. This new epidemic is known as Spring Fever, the malady which produces melodies, the inspiration of love lyrics. Beginning with this issue, the best of the poems handed in will be published in this column.

Mercer's outstanding literary school of the South should produce the leaders of Southern literature. It is hoped that this column, in its humble way, will have the honor of publishing the first poetical efforts of a second Sidney Lanier or Edgar Allan Poe. Editor.

BALLADE OF LOVE'S UNWORTHINESS

I'll sing no more of love's desire
That long my erring pen has led—
A flaming, yet a dying fire
That vanishes when charms have sped
The passion that is overfed
When beauty like a flower dies,
It is not of the heart or head,
It knows no master but the eyes.

Though famous bards have tuned the lyre
To themes of fancy, ere 'tis fled,
And chronicled their soft desire,
Of thoughts that from their midnight bed

Have winged unto their lady's head,
"Eternal Love"—sweet foolish lies!
Such love's not to the spirit wed;
It knows no master but the eyes.

A soul unworthy to admire
We are by charms of body led,
And poets and lovers oft aspire
To beauty where the spirit's dead;
So let it then no more be said
That love true worthiness desires;
Accept this sad precept instead:
It knows no master but the eyes.

CONTRIBUTED.

CONTEMPLATION

Are the vast depths
Of pensive thought
Unfathomable?
Or may one
In lonely solitude
And pseudo-dreaming
Measure them?

I sat dreaming
And thinking
Of my true love,
The night was black
As an angry heart
Unlit by compassion.

I sat dreaming,
The mist
Called thought
Cleared and shone
Like a child's tooth.
I wandered down and down,
Like jutting shelves or pegs
Were answers to many queries.
But I went deeper, deeper,
The utmost seeking.

I sat dreaming,
For ages, aeons?
The eye still traveled
Bottomward,
And then I saw
The brilliance of a diamond chandelier,
In iridescent splendor,
And there
On the bottom
Was my love's face.

CONTRIBUTED.

ON LONGING

Somehow it seems that the sun is cold,
Although he brightly shines;
Somehow the bird on the topmost limb
Sings melancholy lines.

Somehow the air seems damp with gloom,
Though this is the spring of the year;
And my eyes somehow seem trying,
Trying to relieve with a tear.

Oh, love, speak the word, and the sun will warm,
And the bird will change his tune,
And the air will thrill, and the tear will fall—
Oh, love, lip the word, speak soon.

CONTRIBUTED.

ON NATURAL PHONOMENA

As I walked a-field this morning
Soft fingers I felt in my hair;
And I turned about half-startled,
Expecting to find you there—
But no! 'twas the wind a-blowing,
And I shivered deep in despair.

Seated alone in the sun-shine,
I thought that I heard you sing;
So up I arose o'er yearning
For the message of love you'd bring
But no! 'twas a bird in the bushes,
Which startled, swiftly took wing.

On my couch lay I-reclining,
When I felt warm lips pressing
mine;
And I opened my eyes for the vision,
For I knew, my love, they were thine—
But no! 'twas a dream I was dreaming,
The shadow of a wish divine.

CONTRIBUTED.

(The following toast was proposed to the Greek-letter Fraternity sponsors by Adiel Jarrett Monerief at the Pi Kappa Alpha dinner party held in the Rainbow room of the Dempsey Hotel).

A PANHELLENIC SPONSOR TOAST

Here's to the fair Greek Sponsors
Whose names you hear all around,
This to the "Ladies of Quality,"
To the finest girl in town.

Here's to "Pike's" fair princess,
Her health and happiness too;
And here's to the sweet little lady
Of the muscular Sigma Nu.

And here's to the "sweetheart of old K. A."

As pretty a girl as you ever saw,
And here's to the fair little sponsor
Of the Alpha Lambda Tau.

This to the lady of Pi Kappa Phi,
And "Kappa Sigma's Dream girl,"
They bring to the heart a sigh.

Here's to the sponsor of Theta fame,
Gentle, graceful and pretty,
Quite worthy of the name.

This to the sweet ATO girl
With charms many I see,
And this to a little brunette,
The girl of old S. A. E.

Here's to the sponsor of Alpha Omega
So sweet and gentle and more—
Here's to Adono's fair sweetheart,
All girls that we just adore!

CONTRIBUTED.

TRIOLET

Two Wesleyannes to walk did go,
Two handsome Mercer lads rode by;
They slowed and stopped to say hello;
Two Wesleyannes to walk did go
But now they ride instead, "No, no,
We're not that kind of girl" they cry—
Two Wesleyannes to walk did go,
Two handsome Mercer lads rode by.

CONTRIBUTED.

EMPLOYMENT FOR STUDENTS

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HOME COOKING IS CAUSING STUDES MUCH "SICKNESS"

Boys Like to Take Medicine at College Infirmary; Get Square Meal

(By Carey Pickard)

Medicine isn't always a pleasant thing to talk about—

If a student takes a course of medicine at the Mercer Infirmary, Mrs. Rycroft, the congenial lady in charge, feeds him from the "Diet" kitchen three meals per day, of that good old home cooking for merely taking a few doses of medicine. And he doesn't have to go to bed either. Just take the medicine and the food is his! Flocks of Mercer students undergo this pain to be counted in at the infirmary "Diet" call. (This word "Diet" is a technical infirmary name for biscuits and food you can get only at home—so statistics go.) Yes, flocks of ambitious "studes" take the medicine as a sacrifice for the "rations."

Infirmary Praised

"This infirmary we've got is THE THING, though," according to remarks made by the patients. There's no homesickness for victims of disease. Good eats seem to be the primary cause of this happiness there—as has been proved. Next is that sublime happy-making material called music. Sure. A human quartette. Daily! Yes! Mr. Rycroft, the all-time patient of Mrs. Rycroft, is a song leader. Consequently he has friends musicaly inclined. Joyous over a chance to practice, they gather daily in the drawing room of the infirmary, and the melodious strains of a well trained quartette float up stairs to the patients and all pain and sickness is vanished. You remember that song during the late war: "I Don't Want to Get Well." Song writers, here's a chance for a masterpiece!

Aside from the good eats and music, and chances of luxury for worn-out Mercer "men," there is much else that could be said concerning the hospital facilities. Why there was a time when ill students stayed in their dormitory rooms with contagious diseases such as mumps, smallpox and measles, to be spread among others. Dr. Kuk, the infirmary physician, who was Mercer's doctor long before the infirmary was established, says that he has attended patients in the dormitories when their temperature was 103 and 104 degrees and found food laid out for them such as collard greens, and that "hot dogs" were brought to them by sympathetic classmates.

Benefit Derived

But since the infirmary was put into operation a year ago this month, things have progressed. The diet kitchen is rated A No. 1. Cleanliness is the motto. The food that each particular case calls for is provided. A physician's service is always at hand, and Mrs. Rycroft, Chicago graduate nurse, mixes her knowledge with her humor and wit, and day and night is at the command of a bell from any of the sick "studes." Her husband, although not officially connected with the infirmary, but matrimonially connected, assists in the work at times. There is a colored mammy to attend to the diet kitchen.

After every football game last fall there were an average of 5 athletes "laid up" from injuries received. The infirmary aids in putting the men back on their feet, and therefore increases the potential efficiency of the teams. A special athletic physician is at hand on such occasions.

The preacher families use the infirmary to a great advantage in times of illness. It is especially beneficial to them in the fight to prevent sickness.

With pardonable pride Mercer should congratulate herself on the progress she has made in providing an up-to-date infirmary.

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