

THE MERCER CLUSTER

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NOTHIN' T' NOTHIN'

Say, Bud, don't let anybody try to tell you that you can get something for nothing. And listen, don't let them persuade you into believing that you will get nothing for something.

Be contented with what you've got like the cow is with her cud and see if you'll get much farther than she does. DISCONTENT is the spirit of progress.

And for every reward there is the prerequisite, adversity. When Bill Shakespeare said, "Sweet are the uses of adversity," he was speaking of the anticipation of reward in adversity.

To take something you must put something. Surely everyone wishes happiness—and happiness is a composition of something—not nothings; a composition of difficulties and adversities.

FOOL-PROOF EDUCATION

A proposal made at Rollins College suggests that the system of college class meetings be changed, and by "changed" is meant radically changed. The idea suggested is that instead of going to class and listening to an hour's lecture by the professor, the periods be increased to two hours and be made into a study period.

This system, it is claimed, will eliminate the cry of the athlete that classes take all his outside time, and will leave him and others free to follow their outside activities at will.

Perhaps this will work out. Under the supervision of the instructor, or man acting in that capacity, the pupils will study two hours at a time in every class. But the question will then naturally arise, why go to college? Is it a boost for the correspondence schools or an effort to cut expenses? It means that under this system, a man could either "order off" the instructions on how to study to gain a college education and thereby save the hundreds of dollars a man would pay for the mere necessities and privileges of being affiliated with a college organization.

cutting expenses, is very logical. Under this plan it would possibly bring an uprising from among the holders of Ph. D.'s, if such a thing is possible. Any plumber, grocer, etc., with one educated man at their head, could each day take the text-book, with the more important items marked by the Ph. D., and conduct study periods.

Among the problems, as set down, in carrying out this new plan, is that the class-rooms would become tiresome and uncomfortable for such long periods at a time. This, it seems, is easily remedied. The money saved by the riddance of the high-salaried Ph. D.'s could be applied towards equipping class rooms with Morris chairs with foot rests and easy arms.

Well, the world is still moving. This may be Agnes; you can't tell. This looks like a fool-proof way to get an education.

DON'T KID YOURSELF

When should a boy cease to be a boy and become a man? This is one question which should be settled. It seems, before a man goes off to college at least. Yet stop and question yourself rather closely, conscientiously, are you really a man? Are you really conducting yourself as a man should? Or, on the other hand, have you still your high school and even grammar school habits? Do you have a desire to throw chalk in class rooms, to hit the man on the head in front of you and all such childish habits?

Be your age. Read one sentence in the Bible, that perhaps will help. Read the verse which reads as follows: "When I was a child, I thought as a child, I spake as a child and understood as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things."

Just a few more years and you, I, and all of us will be out in the world and we will all be engaged in the same pursuit, fighting the wolf away from our door. Do you think that then, if a business man who comes to see you gets a bit boring, it would be the proper thing to do to hiss him? If you are feeling fidgety and nervous, could you afford to cough so loud that he would be forced to stop talking?

When you go into your boss's office are you going to hit him in the back with a piece of paper and then look childish when he turns around? If so, bud, better put in your application at the County Lodging House; you will need something to support the family which will be depending upon you. When you enter chapel, you are entering the equivalent of the assembling place, in later years, of business men. When you go into the class room, it is, as you will enter the office later. Better get right while here at Mercer.

DISORDERLY CHAPEL CONDUCT

The recent conduct of certain students in chapel exercises has provoked from several persons who are vitally concerned and interested, much unfavorable comment. The spirit of extreme antagonism, which these students have manifested, has been conducive only of misunderstanding and dissension between the student body and the faculty, as well as between the students themselves. It seems that certain students are so thoughtless as to give such expression of their discontent and dissatisfaction at chapel programs as to render it a literal impossibility for those who do desire to derive benefit and enjoyment from the programs to do so.

To anyone who has had even slight experience in public speaking it is a well-known fact that the mere sign of antagonism from an audience is very disconcerting. It is difficult enough, under normal circumstances, to face a group of young, restless college men and speak to them on any subject of a profound nature. How much more difficult it must be to attempt any worthwhile subject when a large portion of the audience evidences anything but a receptive mood!

Follows, disconcerts all modes of speaking, as exemplified by the student who, in the presence of a large audience, was unable to utter a word, or who, in the presence of a small audience, was unable to utter a word.

FROM HEAD TO TOE

The College Outdoes the Circus. Cherry Street got the sight of its life last Monday, as did the few passersby who happened to be abroad at the time.

Can Such Things Be?

The magnificent bobins of Noble Arnold's bass drum, beaten with a fine disregard of cadence, kept the thousand odd (some odder than others) marching feet atingle with the effort to keep step.

Pilgrim's Chorus

An invigorating breeze kept whipping forty or fifty gowns into the air, making it an open secret that trousers were worn underneath.

Kalar's Kwaint Kompany

First came the band (to frighten away traffic, presumably), playing its tune even better than of yore. Then came Dr. Weaver, making a successful attempt to resemble his chapel portrait.

Salvo Facultate!

Next came his cohort of scholastic aides, all wearing that dogmatic expression which a mortarboard cap inevitably gives. All carried their tin cups in which to receive offerings.

The Procession (Im)Proper

Last came a horde of students and athletes.

A Bumper J. P. Crop

And the law school was there in full blast, many of them displaying that momentous walk acquired sooner or later by the profession. Gene Cook bore aloft the appropriate placard, nevertheless manfully pretending that there were finer fellows among the throng.

Our Perpetual Senior

Bill Freeman managed to stay in also, until the scent of a Cauldron-Ad prospect lured him into an adjoining store.

Here the Censor Poises his Pencil

Farther down was the theological seminary, including the Rev. Edwin Tribble, O. D. D. Haloes were generally visible at this point in the procession, and the great numbers bade fair to overcrowd the rural pulpits.

The Core of the Collegiate Apple

And the team was present, in heroic garb; and here Prof. Holtsclaw committed his first tactical blunder of the season.

A Matter of Precedence

Attempting as he did to group the crowd in the order of their collegiate rank, he should have had Phoney Smith at the head of the procession, then the squad, then Dr. Weaver, then Lee Battle, then Prof. Robinson, and so on down, letting the Science Department bring up the rear amid ecclesiastical grins.

The Greeks Bearing Banners

But strange to say, the fraternity banners were on the uttermost end of the procession. This was outright cruelty to the Macon bootleggers, making them stand waiting till the last before being able properly to place their applause. The Line-of-March Committee might have had more consideration for this prosperous class of citizenry.

Chewing up the Prisoner

Thus passed the parade; after having gone by in succession all the jails which the city of Macon can boast, and giving their occupants enough laughs to last a week, it broke up in front of the Municipal Recreow, and the writer failed to remain hanging around long enough to observe whether the faculty marked home in their leaving salute, or stopped behind the telephone park to divert.

George A. Fisher.

EXCHANGES

We are pleased to receive an exchange Wo-Co-Ala News from Alabama Woman's College, Montgomery. It is a very interesting paper sufficiently sprinkled with humor.

In regard to the request of the student council of the University of North Carolina that the heads of the "Carolina Magazine" resign, the open forum column of the "Tar Heel" carries two interesting letters, from which we reprint extracts:

"As for the sketch, 'Slaves,' in the last issue: that was a local contribution, (from a campus writer of some note) and it has stirred up more stench than a bombshell. But that was not literature; it was a puerile effort at prurience, likely inspired by the author's part taste for salacious reading. That was a good sketch measured by the standard of where it belongs—in some lurid publication of the infamous MacFadden group; but it was sadly out of place in a magazine published by the students of the University of North Carolina."

And on the other side of the proposition:

"I have discovered a certain student at this University reading a volume of William Shakespeare. I was struck with horror! Shakespeare! The name alone is enough to arouse disgust in the breast of all moral people. I was shocked to find a Carolina boy who would stoop so low. But, sir; imagine my horror and indignation to discover that this book was the property of the University Library. Every Carolina man must be aroused! It is his duty to oppose this."

"To those of you who do not know—to those of you who have not yet learned of the terrible ways of the world—Shakespeare speaks about SEX! I must apologize for having to revert to such crude language, but the world must know—one must throw aside all refinement in speaking of an awful condition."

"I ask that this book be immediately removed from the shelves of our library and suggest that a dozen more copies of 'Pilgrim's Progress' be ordered."

NO FELONY

The defendant, Slason by name, was on the stand. Unfortunately he stuttered.

"What is your name?" the judge asked.

"S-s-sis-ah-ah-s." He was growling red in the face.

"What is this man charged with?" the judge demanded of the bailiff.

"Sure, and I think it must be soda-water, Your Honor."—Polytechnic Reporter.

The Spanish Clubs of Wake Forest and Davidson are contemplating a debate this year in Spanish.

We wonder if the head-writer who originated the following realized his cleverness:

THE FROSH-SOPH TIE-UP BIG HIT —Gold and Black.



RENT A NEW CAR—Drive it Yourself CHRYSLER Open and Closed CHEVROLET Open and Closed FORDS Open and Closed

COMPARISON

Value received will compare goal

Men Welcomed

Newest Things in Town

Back Skin Lumber Jackets \$5.45

New Fall Fur Hats \$3.95

Fancy Broad Cloth Shirts \$1.49

"Tom Wye" Make of Jersey Sweaters \$3.95

Still Selling the Best Dollar Shirt in Town

KASSNER & CO. 464 Cherry St. Macon, Ga.

"BAYNE'S"

Means "Drugs" in Macon

Welcome, Mercer Boys

Fancy Cord Wool Hose 50c pair 3 pairs \$1.35

COLLEGIATE MODEL \$4.00