

THE MERCER CLUSTER

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Harry Maugans Editor
Assistant Editors: Tom Cobb, June Ellis, Charles Cork, Robert Ware, Hab. Casson, V. V. Harris, Bill Stevens, Oliver Custer, Tom Hall Smith

Faculty Supervisors: Edgar E. Folk Editorial, C. B. Wray Business

Sidney Wellons Business Manager, Henry C. Jones Adv. Manager, Newton Jordan Circulation Manager, William O'Brien Asst. Manager, E. M. Turlington Auditor, L. A. Smith Collection Mgr.

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JUDGE FISH

There is something beautiful about the falling to sleep of a good man whose "good fight" has been smiled upon by a pleased God.

A flower plucked from its native soil at the height of its beauty and in the rarest richness of its fragrance pays a tribute to nature that the faded leaves which would have been heir to it cannot possess and cannot impart; so also does a man accord his greatest possible tribute to his God when he lives an illustrious life into his seasoned, ripened days and lies down in the full strength of his service to sleep the sleep of mystery.

Judge W. H. Fish has ended his scores of years of service on this world and we have been made poor by the loss. The students of Mercer hold in sacred veneration the name of the lamented patriarch. His intellect, his service, his lovable manner and his exemplary life have made him one of the most beloved men of the state; because of their more intimate and more peculiar contacts with him, the students of Mercer are bound to him with a more personal affection.

Majestic yet humble in life, serene yet unfaded in death, we shall remember him; and that memory will be an unspoken benediction; and that benediction will be an everlasting exhortation.

What greater life could mortal man contribute?

WAKE UP, RATS!

The other day a professor stepped into a room in one of the larger buildings. Not possessing an office with mahogany furniture and stenographer, he had been using this room for several years as his headquarters. Now three freshmen were in possession of it.

As the professor entered, they looked up but quickly went about what they were doing. The faculty member asked several questions, to which he got the replies, "Yep," and "Naw." They followed a remark or two which elicited no response from the rats. It was plain they resented the intrusion of this stranger, whom they couldn't remember having seen before.

Finally, one of them broke out suspiciously, "Say, are you a student here?"

"No," was the reply of the professor who began to fear he was going to get thrown out. "I happen to teach here."

"When yer teach?" again suspiciously.

He was told.

"Oh," exclaimed one of the other

freshmen, "is your name—? I've heard of you."

Deeply grateful for this latter speech, the professor departed suddenly to prevent further entanglements. Unfortunately, one of the subjects he teaches is a course the three youngsters must take in upperclassmen years.

Which may seem to point a moral, if any.

At least, it raises the question; should members of the faculty, especially the younger ones, be required to wear badges proclaiming the fact and their names? Or would it be wiser for freshmen to wake up and learn what it's all about here? Some of them have not, not only in matters like this but also in some other respects.

Of course, there are more than fifty professors and it may be asking a whole lot of some of the present crop of freshmen to burden their minds with such inconsequential things as names. But, rats, you are here primarily to study under these men, and since, as you will find out, a large part of what you'll get from each will be contact with his personality, the earlier you learn them the better.

This is aside from the Safety First argument. Think it over, rats.

WE PREFER POTASH TO SCOTCH

Two North Dakota Colleges have announced to Pi Kappa Delta National Forensic Society that they will not prepare debating teams to argue for an amendment to the Volstead act which would permit the sale of light wines and beers. "This college stands for law enforcement." Upon such a novel ground do they base their decision.

We cannot doubt that the names of these colleges will eventually be held up before the eyes of our great and liberal-minded nation as the saviors of democracy—They stand for law enforcement!

According to the basis for their decision and in line with its logic, if there were a law compelling old maids to cast their first born into Great Salt Lake all argument against the necessity and wisdom of such a law would be unethical and indicative of malicious intent. It would not matter to them whether the law was one which would serve man to adapt himself to his environment; the sole consideration would be that a majority of the voters (not of the serious thinking and unbiased public—nor even of the public as a whole since it has been found that only about half of the enfranchised public vote at even the most important elections) at one time, under any emotional stress whatsoever, voted in favor of the law.

The absurdity of their contention is obvious. What unbiased mind has ever seriously thought that a law existed that was incapable of improvement, that was unquestionable? The constitution before the passing of the Volstead Act had no clause which prevented a person from the usage of alcoholic beverages. Did these universities then hold that it was unethical for one to propose such an amendment? We do not think that they did, but if their policy at that time was the same as it is now it would certainly have required such an attitude.

We cannot agree that a change in law or advocacy of a change in law is unethical. We might agree with the ruling if it expressed a decision that no intoxicated individual would appear on the rostrum as a representative of one of the universities in debate; drunkenness in a public place is certainly against the law and may be said to be unethical. But discussing the merits of a provision of our constitution pro and con is certainly not unlawful as long as we maintain that small degree of freedom of speech which we now enjoy.

Rollins students have assented to the proposal that lectures be discontinued. Instead of coming to classes for lectures the students will attend for study. The usual 60-minute period will be lengthened to two hours. The students will study in classes under guidance of the professor and in constant consultation with him the purpose being to place academic life on a more practical basis by placing class attendance on a par with the hours and duties of a business office.

AN EXPLANATION

Hizzoner, Judge Pindar, felt indisposed this week and asked as a Christmas present to be excused from writing his column. The editor could do no more, without getting in contempt of court, than to allow the omission, but warned Hizzoner that The Cluster is presenting no presents and must "dock" him the week's pay.

After the holidays, The Cluster again will "Let George do it."

For that matter, so will Cobb continue his "Shucks."

The Cluster wishes every student, member of the faculty, and reader a very merry Christmas.

"SHUCKS"

By COBB

There was an essay written a few days ago arguing in favor of whatever reference Darwin did or didn't make to monkeys—and the evidence was the manner in which students select food at our new cafeteria.

This scientific treatise pointed out the specific point of the choice of slabs of pie from the counter, making much of the fact that every student, invariably, selects the largest piece of pie to be found. This statement was utilized as an argument to show that students are animalistic, rude, crude, and uncivilized.

In brief defense of myself and the remainder of the student body; the slabs of pie offered for sale are so infinitesimal that the largest slice is usually the only one which can be seen without the aid of a powerful microscope; moreover, if a fellow really is fond of pie (and he wouldn't select it if he were not), he would be a fool to take anything less than the largest piece—for a good thing calls for more of a good thing. (The defense rests its case.)

A man is the sum of what he has been, plus what he hopes to be, minus what he thinks he is—and this divided by what others give him credit for being.

I try to give a weekly pointer to the "setter" who is just sitting and waiting for all manner of advice as to how to become popular. (I have references to the female gender of popularity seekers). I overheard a significant conversation between two freshmen lady-lovers during the past few days. Some girl's name was mentioned in the course of their words, and one of the boys remarked: "I know that girl too well; I wouldn't go with her."

The other, a representative of the less conscientious but more prevalent type, rejoined frankly: "Say, is that right? Well, I would."

There's many a lip 'twixt the start and the slip. . . . I hope that is sufficiently ambiguous to carry a message to more than one type of reader.

In defense of man's right I am again inspired to sing:

Mary had a homely look; At first she was too coy and mild; She went into a barber shop And came out bold, and smart and wild.

Several nights ago one of our coeds joined our literary society. She was called upon for a short address. She began her response in this naive manner: "I'm not used to talking to so many men at once."

One of our professors (a "Doctor" too) confesses that he is from the country. He says that when he first went away to college he got up every morning at four A. M. throughout the first year. He believed in getting his A. M. before starting his M. A.

To him who might misinterpret and be offended by anything in this column, I answer by paraphrasing one of Spenser's famous lines:

The dumbest mind the most reverent has.

EXCHANGES

The Cluster wishes to congratulate Furman on its hundredth anniversary and the Hornet staff upon the splendid edition with which they celebrated the event. The paper was printed in purple ink in accord with the school colors and included many interesting features including individual pictures of each member of the championship football team of South Carolina, namely, Furman.

And while in the field of congratulations we mention the admission of Howard to the Association of American Universities whereby Howard graduates "may enter all great colleges and universities without entrance examinations."

Then Who Contests?

Students who smoke or swear cannot participate in oratorical contests at Baker University for which the will of Albert W. Limkin provided gold prizes, we learn from the Hornet.

O Horse! You're to be Envid!

When the second semester term of the University of Kentucky begins in February, that university will possess the most completely equipped and most up-to-date blacksmith shop in the United States, as the dean of the College of Engineering states in the Kernel.

The University of Wyoming is the only college in the United States to have twelve varsity debating teams practically equal to each other. During the year a debating contest is held to determine the superior debating team of the university.

On the traditional labor day at the University of California one thousand students helped to clear the site for a new building. It is reported that a saving of \$18,000 was made by this contribution of student labor.

—Blue Stocking.

Noting the success of the University of North Carolina "cheerios", Davidson has organized what they call the "Crazy Cat Club" the purpose of which is to improve spirit among upperclassmen.

A column of quotations from the Manhattan and Bronx telephone directory stared at the readers of the editorial page of the Columbia University Spectator. Over the column, which gave names, residences, and telephone numbers of a few New York "Smiths", was the heading "Casting Pearls." To those inquisitive enough to question the editor-in-chief as to the meaning of this riddle, this answer was given: "Monday night my managing editor and myself were expressing the view that few students read "Spectator" editorials, and that they would probably be just as likely to read an excerpt from the directory, so we tried it."

—Davidsonian.

And the Davidsonian's satire of modern advertising: "Suggestion for any college student who would like to be loved by a famous actress—call on her and take your pipe along."

Well, this is the last appearance of the column until after Christmas and we take this opportunity of wishing all miserable exchange editors a merry Christmas—and of suggesting with no facetiousness whatsoever that they send each other a pair of handcuffs for presents.

WHICH EXPLAINS THE INADEQUACY OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS ACCOMPANYING MR. PINDAR'S COLUMN OF LATE ISSUE.

"I'm still receiving mail: 'Dear Wally: Some of your jokes are so vague! Why don't you draw diagrams for some of them?'"

"I put your proposition up to the managing editor and he says that line cuts cost too much and that my jokes aren't worth the price. Besides he says that if the readers can't see the joke he doesn't understand how the staff artist can see them either to do the illustrating."—Boston University News.

HOLIDAYS ARE HERE!

Before you go home for Christmas you will want to buy some new campus style clothes, so the folks back home will know at a glance that you are a College Student.

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and admit it!

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Merry Christmas

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