

# WITH THE MUSES

## LIFE'S FULL MEASURE

Let us drink of life's full measure,  
Drafts of joy and drafts of pleasure,  
For when we come to drink again  
Mayhap we'll sip the dregs of pain.

A taste of joy, a drop of laughter,  
Then comes sorrow stalking after.  
So let us drink the potion down,  
Drink of laughter. Soon comes a frown.

This life is like a passing day  
Which dawns and grows, then fades  
away;

As day is mingled sun and rain,  
So life is mingled joy and pain.

So let us drink of life's deep cup  
Until we drink the mixture up.  
The sweet-sour drafts of joy and pain.  
—St. Charles.

## ECHOES IN THE STORM

A roaring storm came with the dawn  
of day;

The walling wind blew strong, the  
thunder rolled

Across the dull expanse of misty sky  
and gray;

While I, within a city on the plain,  
Was there alone amid the restless  
throng.

Another storm had raged—though long  
before—

And other winds had blown and thun-  
ders rolled,

But I, among defending hills and  
peaks,

Had been secure beneath the angry  
skies

With loving mother, watchful father  
there

To lend unbounded peace, unlimited  
Security to calm a fearful heart.

Lightning had flashed and thunder  
crashed; the sky,

O'ercast with clouds, had dimmed the  
light of day,

While pelting raindrops surged in  
streamlets down

The slope, and splashed in puddles  
there like

Midget men at play in midget water  
pools.

A lighted lamp placed near by kindly  
hands

Had flickered and dispelled the dusky  
gloom

Of coming night, hastened by low'ring  
clouds.

A chapter had been read from Book  
Supreme,

A prayer went up from one with heart  
of gold,

And sleep had come with murmur'ing  
voices near.

The murmur'ing voices now are far  
away;

I heard their echoes in the storm at  
dawn

And sighed here in the city on the  
plain,

For hastening Time will still them in  
the grave.

I'm far away, far from the shel'ring  
hills,

I am alone; a cheerless pathway leads  
ahead.

—Em Quad.

## Gambrell is Hall of Terror to Lee; Seldom Visits it

Macón may burn to the ground; the faculty may resign; the student body may leave but it is almost a certainty that as long as the buildings and traditions of Mercer remain, so will Lee Battle, chief cook of the Mercer dining hall. For twenty-seven years he has been connected with the school. Men have come and gone during Lee's time. Faculties have aged and passed away until now only a few professors and Lee remain to tell us of Mercer twenty-seven years ago.

Associated with him are numerous stories. Stories connected with his zeal in supporting football teams, his ability as a financier and his skill as a rook player. Almost every night he can be found in someone's room—freshman or graduate, it matters little to him. On these visits he and three things are inseparable—his faded orange and black skull cap, his grease smeared apron and his deck of rook cards.

But there is one place on the campus that he visits very little. In the last six years the times have been few and far between that Lee Battle has been to Gambrell Hall. And those times were seldom at night. When asked why this was Lee, between laughs, told the story of a seemingly near fatal visit six years ago.

"Lordy sir," he exclaimed, "that night I was going up to play rook with some of de boys. Gambrell had'n't been there long and I used to go often." Here he suddenly stopped and be-

gan telling about how bad 'his boys' were going to beat Oglethorpe but, after another pointed question about Gambrell and being told where he had stopped, he continued:

"Well I started in de door and just as I got in front I heard some man say 'Don't you believe I am going to throw this chair at you?' Well I didn't say nothing but peeped and looked and sho nuf dere was a man with a chair swinging over his head. He just looked at me through the glass and said again, 'Nigger, don't you believe I will throw this chair at you?' Lordy, I didn't wait this time but started down de steps. When I reached de bottom steps I heard a noise and yes sir, that man had thrown that chair clear through de door and I heard him say, 'Now you believe me I reckon'. Gambrell Hall ain't so specially tractive to me now."

Lee was told that Gambrell had reformed now and that other nearby dormitories were earning the reputation that Gambrell, once enjoyed. Instead of commenting upon the reformation of Gambrell, Lee settled back into his chair and gave another reason for the infrequency of his visits there.

"That place ain't situated right", he declared. "De rooms are too little and are fixed so crazy dat I nearly get lost every time I go up there. Besides that I nearly freeze to death. Them there boys keep that furnace busted all the time."

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## JABBER

By Feoria Cleoman

Last week we had a few remarks to make about a club of young ladies in the city called the Ph. D's who have elected Phoney Smith their adviser. We saw several members of this said organization last week and they were all "hot up" so to speak because they said their names did not stand for Pretty Hot Damsels. However, they did not tell us what it stood for, so we had better make another guess. It might be "Phenomenally Dumb."

Also we would like to make another correction. We had their ages wrong; one is actually fifteen—she had a birthday since we came out last. They are on needles and pins for fear that Keenan Rand or Logan Lewis will see a Cluster and resign from their places as sponsors. Neither one knows that Phoney is "adviser."

And speaking of clubs, Mercer is now the proud father of a newspaper club. They had a meeting last night and discussed the school of journalism at this worthy institution. Papers written by all members were read.

The object of this club is to petition a national fraternity, and to entertain the Wesleyan pen wielders. Hope they do, it will give us something to write about.

The Glee Club went to Milledgeville last week-end, and the strange part of it is that all of the boys returned safely. The Central of Georgia, chartered a special train for them from Gordon. Guess it was to keep anyone on the train from thinking the asylum was getting a new assignment of nuts.

Tuesday night will mark their first Macon performance at the Grand theatre. Half of the balcony will be reserved for Wesleyan students and the other half for Mercer ladies. A huge representation of both schools is predicted.

Week-end trips are becoming unpopular in favor of sitting in the Library. Ho, Hum. We hate to think of it but we've got some parallels to get up, also.

Whispers are becoming very evident on the campus this week. There is some sort of a superstition that to have during exam week is unlucky. Maybe so, and then maybe the dear professors will be fooled into believing that we are so busy studying that we have not time to cheat. At any rate, we are going to try it as well as the rest.

## OF THE PH. D'S AGAIN AND A POSSUM HUNT

Last Friday night, there were flashlights and more flashlights being borrowed, begged and stolen, than a bow-legged housemaid could shake a broom handle at. The object was to have light on a possum hunt. Who ever heard of such a thing, light on a possum hunt when there are ladies along! But that is just what the Pi Kappa Phi's were dumb enough to want. Yep, they had a big hunt. As to the possums caught, that is another matter; the exact number could not be determined at a late date last night. However, it is generally understood that all they caught was a bad cold, and Blossom Ethridge got it.

Station B-U-L-L now signing off, eleven-thirty-two, eastern standard time. May you have a big Christmas and pass that exam. Goodnight!

## PALMETTO MEN FORM NEW CLUB

South Carolinians Organize to Induce More Home Boys to Enter Mercer

Mercer students from South Carolina met this week and organized a Palmetto State Club, the purpose of which is to induce boys from that state to enter Mercer. The members of the club hope that through organization this can be more easily accomplished.

The club decided to meet once every month. A committee has been appointed to draw up regulations for the government of the organization.

J. D. Salter, of Johnston, South Carolina, was elected president; Bill Bruner, Laurens, South Carolina, vice-president; James Westberry, Columbia, South Carolina, secretary and treasurer.

The members of the club are: James Carr, Florence, S. C.; Bill Bruner, Laurens, S. C.; Guinard Wilder, Sumpter, S. C.; William Wright, Johnston, S. C.; Ralph Posey, Ward, S. C.; Ralph Dodd, Charleston, S. C.; Paul Stewart, Campobello, S. C.; James Westberry, Columbia, S. C.; J. D. Salter, Johnston, S. C.; Charles K. Moss, Greenville, S. C.

A Norman Park Club, the members of which are Mercer students who once attended Norman Park Institute, was organized several weeks ago. A Norman Park Club was organized two years ago also. This is the first time that a Palmetto State Club has been formed at Mercer.

H A V E A C A M E L



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