

THE MERCER CLUSTER

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QUIT??

This is to be a story, a story built from facts which occur in life of each of us, either one time or another. In some it appears during high school age. There it is the hardest, there it takes effect more readily. In others it attacks the being after he has reached college age, has attended college and is a college man. At this age it is the most deadly. Should the man utter and succumb to its calling, its urging, its beckoning, he receives far more harm than would have been the case back in high school. He is further along, supposed to know more and in reality is superior to the man he was a few years back.

But it, what is this? The urge, the feeling to quit in our effort to obtain an education and start out to conquer with whatever knowledge we have accumulated up to the time the feeling grasps us. The feeling to quit, no other word will describe it, the only chance that we will ever have to get what's coming to us in an educational way.

Why do we get these rebellious spells, rebellious against those who are to the best of their efforts trying to make better men and better citizens out of us?

Is it that we are conceited enough to think that we have learned all there is to learn or all that can be taught us or is it the feeling that we can't learn what is to be offered us?

The next time you get that feeling that it is hopeless to remain in school trying to grasp something that to our own belief will be useless in the business world, stop and think this over. That old tramp you saw down town the other day, that man who cleans the street in the dead of night, or that man who approaches you on the street with the request that you help a fellow get a cup of coffee, they never got the finishing feeling. They can't recall when they ever finished a job. Years ago they failed to finish their education, consequently they are still plodding on, never finishing anything. The street cleaner always toiling, never finishing, and the beggar, always begging and never finishing.

Anybody can be a quitter but it's the man who finishes. Next week our man, Tomped, is going to feel the urge and start that feeling in him to quit. He goes out in the world to conquer but wait—that's next week's story.

DR. A. H. NEWMAN

With fifty years of service behind him and the young ministers of Mercer still looking to him for instruction and inspiration in their work he still journeys on, this Grand Old Man of Church History. His life has been spent in the work of his Master and he is yet unwilling to lay aside his armor. Still he battles and works despite the four and seventy years that have been spent in God's work. On the Mercer campus there is no figure more familiar than that of Dr. A. H. Newman, instructor of Church History at the University. He has grown with the students and with his work, and they, in their turn, have grown with him. But it is not here only that he is known. Throughout the world his works have been read and appreciated, and his books taught to thousands of young ministers throughout the land.

Today Mercer offers to him a tribute of respect and love which has grown for years in the hearts of those whose privilege it has been to sit at his feet. Some are not here, but they, in their various stations, will also think back on the time spent with him. They will feel just a little more deeply the debt they owe to him, and the love that should be his. These others, who have gone out long since to work for their Master and his, must remember for a moment the old days at Mercer and the friends they left when they went away. Among these friends Dr. Newman will rank first.

His work and his words have spread abroad. His ideals have been carried to many fields by the hundreds whom he has inspired and taught, and still the work goes on. With the dying of man, and of Church History will Dr. Newman die, but not before. His name has been too deeply engraved in the hearts of men and in the History of Christian religion, to be erased by time alone. He has played well his part in life, but still he journeys on.

A Co-ED'S IF

Following is a poem composed by one of their number:

If you can wear a boyish bob, And yet be dignified, forsooth; If you can bluff a hard-bolled prof. As a seeker after truth; If you can get your credits straight And pile your units high; If you can stand a cold rebuff And smile when you want to cry; If you can sit with a class of boys And stand their frowns when you study; If you have an easy-running tongue, And mental depths not muddy; If you can attain such high esteem That you can join a "frat"; If you're willing to wear a freshman cap Instead of coquettish hat; If you can go in with all the men And hold your seat at chapel; If you can manage to elude Two weeks the initiation scuffle; If you can give with the best of them The "systematic clap"; If you can cease to fear they may Call you a poor little female sap; If you can go down to the dining hall And stand two hours in line; If you can stand all there is to stand And yet keep in spirits fine; If you can recite with handsome lads And keep your heart inside; If you can march in the long parade And keep the manly stride; If you can hold your side of the argument In extempore debate; If you can act as if nothing's wrong When you enter the classroom late; If you can write ten thousand words In an English theme each week; If you can make all A's and B's With unadorned cheek; If you can read all the parallel Required by professors wise; If you can do all the college stunts While time so swiftly flies; Then, my girl, you'll surely see— A goodly so-and you can be.

STUDENTS HONOR JOHN H. MURRAY

Attendance at chapel exercises last Friday was not compulsory but nevertheless the chapel building was practically crowded. For the students had met to honor the memory of one of their number who no longer mingled with them. Memorial exercises were being held for John Hall Murray, beloved student of Mercer, who was killed in an automobile accident during the holidays. After Dr. A. P. Montague had read the scripture, the Glee Club quartet sang, "Asleep in Jesus."

Thomas Cobb, on behalf of the student body, made a fine tribute to Murray, speaking of his gentleness, his kindness, and his love for his fellow-students. Cobb said that close friends of John said that nothing too good could be said about him.

Richardson Speaks

Dr. B. P. Richardson, director of the Glee Club, of which Murray was a member, spoke in tender terms of the departed student. He began by saying, "The drums beat no more, there is only a hushed silence. Our drummer-boy is dead." Dr. Richardson referred to him as "My Boy," saying that on all the trips the Glee Club had taken he had never called down or reprimanded Murray, that in every way and at all times he had been a true gentleman.

Resolutions drawn up by a committee were read by Frank Twitty, and these were immediately adopted. Following are the resolutions:

"Whereas, it has pleased God to remove from our midst our friend and fellow-student, John Hall Murray, of the student body of Mercer University:

Resolutions

"Be it resolved by the student body of the University, in special session here assembled:

- 1. "That while we bow in humble submission to the will of our Heavenly Father, we do give expression of our sincere sorrow because of the passing away of one who was loved by all who knew him.
2. "That we commend to the students of this University consideration of the life of this noble student who won for himself the place of highest esteem in the hearts of his fellow-students, and may those who had the pleasure of knowing him profit by the kind of life he lived.
3. "That copies of these resolutions, signed by the president of the student body and the appointed committee, be sent to the family of our honored fellow-student, and one be filed with the secretary of the student body."
(Signed) Charles W. Walker, Pres. Student Body, Frank Twitty, J. E. Cook, T. D. Cobb, Committee.

PLANS ARE MADE FOR SOCIETY DAY

At the meeting of the Ciceronian Literary Society Monday night a committee was appointed to meet with a like committee from the Phi Delta society and draw up plans for Society Day. The Ciceronian debaters for that day will be John Gilbert and Roy Hale while Charles Martin and Fred Forrester will be the orators.

The society was entertained by a well-delivered oration by Kenneth Brown. The subject for debate was "Resolved, that the United States Should Cancel the Debts of her Allies". The affirmative was upheld by B. L. Bond and Paul Calhoun while the negative was championed by Fred Salter and F. L. Settle. After a warmly-contested discussion the judges decided in favor of the negative side.

Eugene Renna was admitted into the society and responded with a short talk. It was announced that the trial of "Little Bit" Pierce, charged with conduct unbecoming a Ciceronian, would be held next Monday night.

"SHUCKS" By COBB

Note—The mock drama below is founded upon actual incidents which occurred during actual relations of the term which ended before Christmas.

Scene I—The Administration building—Professor Harrison's classroom. Enter a host of students boisterously. Prof.—Come in, young gentlemen, we have a very difficult assignment for today and we must be about it.

Mr. Rudisill—Professor, what time is it?

Prof.—It is now five minutes of two, Mr. Rudisill. Why?

Mr. Rudisill—I just wanted to know. And, by the way, roll call should not start before two o'clock.

Prof.—Young gentlemen, I am conducting this class. You will please make known your presence when your name is called. All right, answer! Cleghorn, Davis, Loner, Lunsford—is Mr. Davis still here? McKay, Meinley, Rudisill, Sammon, Spinks—is Mr. Rudisill still here? I shall not continue with the roll call, young gentlemen; if Mr. Davis and Mr. Rudisill both are here, surely no one is absent. Mr. Davis, what is the lesson about?

Mr. Rudisill (answering for Davis who has vacated)—Professor, some one purloined my book.

Prof.—Very unfortunate. Then, you tell us Mr. Rudisill.

Mr. Rudisill (coughing vigorously and rising)—Ker-choo, ahem, professor, may I be excused, ker-choo, ker-choo, my cough is troubling—ker-choo—your class.

Prof.—Certainly. Mr. Rudisill, I hope you will not be sick.

Remainder of Class—This is an education.

(To be continued)

Many a thought has escaped while its author was busy adjusting the ribbon on his portable.

A dormitory neighbor of mine set a long distance record last week, staying under the water longer than Gertrude Ederle. But it was a shower he was under! After he had been beneath the deluge several hours many of us rushed to succor him, but he refused to listen to reason. We told him that scientists have found that too much of bathing—or of any good thing—is weakening to the one indulging.

I do not think, however, that he need fear, because he was without doubt the "strongest" man in the dormitory at the time—one scent of the word, at least.

The students in the school of Commerce need not content themselves with a study of mere theory. Practical business strategy is being demonstrated before our eyes every day. For example, who can say that it is bad business for the cafeteria to blanch the heads of lettuce previously served and go up in price two cents per head? O tempora! O mores!

Speaking to the cafeteria, one cannot but notice another pronounced feature of the service. I have often heard barbers abused in word and seen them mocked in newspaper caricature with regard to their ardent solicitation of the privilege of performing accessory service for a patron. My unprejudiced observation leads me to aver that barbers are retiring, unobtrusive, timid folk by contrast with those who stand behind the counter at the cafeteria, recommending that we partake of each and every variety of the viands they purvey.

THERE'S A LOT IN A NAME.—News item—"What magic there is in words! Putting in as old as civilization. In fact, civilization began when the caveman left his club in the cave when he went forth to woo."

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