

THE MERCER CLUSTER

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THE CAULDRON DEDICATION

The time when Mercer is at the highest point in its career and is planning by means of its national centennial campaign to establish a far greater future is exceedingly appropriate for the Cauldron staff, voicing the sentiments of the students whom it represents, to dedicate their achievement to the man who has played the leading role in enabling the present book to be so large.

He cannot be a small man who has raised an almost unknown university to a place where it now occupies a leading part in Southern educational affairs—and that in spite of the small financial resources available to him for carrying out this purpose; nor could the Cauldron, representing that institution at the highest stage in its development, fail to give recognition to him who has so unselfishly devoted himself to the interests and welfare of Mercer and its student body, Dr. Rufus W. Weaver.

ASHBY FUSS

As a rule when a man is called upon to referee contests in which his Alma Mater participates it is difficult for him to render just decisions. One type will be influenced to give the edge to the team on which he has once played. Another type of man will be inclined the other way, lest popular opinion should impute favoritism to him.

But there is another type of man who is bothered by neither of these influences, who will render a true decision as far as his senses will allow him upon every occasion. This man is infrequently found, but never have we seen a more nearly perfect exemplification than we see in Mercer's present basketball referee, Ashby Fuss.

Not only the Mercer students, whose judgment might be biased, but every spectator who has voiced an opinion on the subject is firmly convinced that the type of refereeing which he has displayed in the contests which Mercer has played here this season is as impartial and accurate as is possible for a human being to give.

Ashby did not get his ability in a short time, however, nor has he yet ceased to accumulate knowledge of the game. In 1917 he played as forward on Mercer's team, with considerable experience over them, ten years ago. Since then he has played on various squads in Macon and returned many seasons when he was not playing. We are to be truly congratulated in having secured so competent an official for our home basketball schedule.

WESLEYAN TO RIVOLI

It is with the greatest of interest that The Cluster notes the fact that actual construction on Greater Wesleyan is to start at an early date. Our congratulations to this great movement. Although we are glad to see our (almost) sister institution of learning take this forward step, it is with a "deep down in the boots feeling" that we think of the day when there will be no attraction on the other end of College street.

Life won't be what it is, now to the some eight hundred Mercer men who annually, at one time or the other during the year, (at least twice a day) call upon our fair neighbors.

Just to illustrate the point, have you ever noticed in the spring, when the trees are blooming and the colors are running wild on old Wesleyan's campus, what a stimulant it is just to ride by and get a glimpse of the blending colors with fair damsels thrown in to boot?

But go a little farther, did you ever notice too, after you have made it a practice to ride by and get this refreshment every afternoon for a week or so, how dreary, how dead, how much like a house where there is a funeral, everything looks when spring holidays arrive and the girls fit home for the few days of leisure?

Yet again in a little while they are back and life takes on a new aspect. Oh, boy! ain't it a grand and glorious feeling? But it won't be like this many more months. One of these days we are going to miss them, our neighbors, and they are going to stay gone never to come back again, then it will be—Greater Wesleyan has moved to Rivoli.

CHOOSE NOW MEN!

Vice is a monster of so frightful a mien as to be hated needs but to be seen; seen too oft, familiar comes the face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

From among the myriad of factors that have entered into, and played a leading part in man's life, four have slowly elevated themselves above their brothers. Honor, wealth, vice and pleasure have taken their places at the head of the cortege. In strength they are equal, and in their universal appeal they are likewise evenly matched.

For the college student it is essential that a goal be set. He must work for a purpose, must prepare himself for a life of service; or for a few years of gaudy pleasure that will net him misery and sorrow in the final reckoning. He must choose a friend from among those four leaders and by that choice will his entire life be colored.

But when is the choice to be made; in the last year of college; in the years that come after college; or at the present? The question is easily answered with one word, "Today." Tomorrow may be too late. Tomorrow may mark the turning of one's entire life. The examinations and daily recitations of college life are small problems, small battles which must be won or lost today. They are miniature counterparts of the great battles that will come in the years of struggle that must follow these carefree days of college life.

Never will there be a time more appropriate than now for the beginning of preparation for a straightforward, honorable life of service. In the classroom and on examination the moral fibres may be strengthened by honest work. The student of today may prepare himself so that the man of tomorrow will depend, not upon trickery and deceit, but upon his own honest efforts to gain the prize for which he fights. And a prize so won is doubly dear to him. It is one which he can look upon with pride and not with that tinge of self-reproach and humiliation which must surely accompany the value of anything bought with the price of his own honor. If one would get the most out of his student and young years and not be cheated, and will play well the game that is his, he will suffer defeat at a later date rather than the humiliation of having failed that he is not fair with himself and with others.

"SHUCKS" By COBB

ACT Three. Scene 1: Professor Harrison's Psychology class-room. Enter the venerable tutor five minutes late. The students are standing and appear oblivious to his presence.

Prof.—Young gentlemen, is not this the class I am supposed to meet this period?

Students (in chorus)—Why, no, we just stopped in this room to rest from the straining routine of the day.

Prof.—Please pardon me, young gentlemen; I seem to have confused the stimuli which instruct me in the details of my daily decorum. I must begin to discipline consciously the laxness of my synaptical control. My class for this period evidently is in some other building. EXIT.

Prof. (returning after a vain search in all of the other buildings—(he meets the students emerging from the class-room, after having waited the required fifteen minutes for the instructor)—(You rascals—er, young gentlemen, come back in this class-room. You were duping me, were you not? You are trying to confound my efforts. I will have n'more of it. Take your seats and answer the roll-call—Now (after roll-call)—Mr. Huletto Estes, I notice you have turned in an excuse for your absence. This is acceptable, Mr. Estes. I am always delighted to excuse any one who is away preaching as was Mr. Estes. (Students burst into laughter at the clever device for removing absences utilized by the more alert members of the class.)—That's all right, Mr. Estes. Don't you let their rude laughing bother you. I am very proud of you. Now, Mr. Estes, what is the lesson about?

Estes—Well, er, it is a very interesting lesson; I enjoyed it very much. You say what is it about? Oh, it is about fifteen pages.

Prof.—Very good-jesting, Mr. Estes. Now go ahead and tell me what is the subject matter of today's assignment.

Estes—It is about the psychology of college professors forgetting that they were once college boys and being unable to take a joke on their dignified heads.

Prof.—Strike one! Estes—Well, then, it is about the psychology of absent-mindedness.

Prof.—Strike two! Estes (desperately)—The lesson is about the psychology of the superiority complex.

Prof.—Strike three! You're out! Now, Mr. Sammon, tell us briefly how you would rear a child, should you have one in your care up until its seventh birthday.

Sammon—I would hire a nurse and farm them both out to the minor league.

Prof.—What is this aspersion you cast upon the Epworth League? That is blasphemy. The class is adjourned; the term is ended; and I thank the constellations that I am at last rid of this terrible class of ultra terrible boys. EXIT—ET ETIAM FINIS.

There is a local filling station which has the following in colored letters on its sign:

STOP Get Gas LADIES' REST ROOM Who ever heard of ladies having to stop and replenish the gas supply?

A wise bit of counsel to any one who is ticklishly interested in a doctor's (all 37 varieties) wife is: be ritualistic in eating an apple a day.

Never may we have produced a better looking man this year, but the is the greatest number of tall men a

There are two suggestions that if a man is to be successful in the world he should pay half the cost of his education to the right to any one who is willing to create a

EXCHANGES

As an example of the growth of tolerance among college students we may cite with approval the action of students of Duke University in forming an "Al Smith for President" club. They believe that by supporting Smith they will have influence in other Southern universities where they hope to destroy the egotistic notion entertained by far too many Protestants that a Catholic is not worthy of being President of the United States.

The freshman at Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute who wrote the following was evidently very happy—over the suspension of freshman regulations:

It is rumored that Columbia University is considering the purchase of "The New York Times" for use in supplementing the course given in the school of journalism. The course will be made co-operative, the student spending half his time in the services of the paper, covering assignments, writing up copy, writing heads and editorials, and learning to set up the dummy as well as linotype and compose, and sell papers. They will be paid the usual rate for their services, seventeen and a half dollars a week. We must congratulate Columbia upon this unique plan, though we sadden at the spectacle of a world-famed paper "going to the dogs."—Pyrotechnic Explosion.

In an article describing the various jobs by which Marquette students pay their way through college we encountered this reminder of the "Glory That Was Rome"

The secretary at the Student Union who helps the boys get work told of a want ad which she had listed in her ledger. It read:

WANTED: Ambitious young fellow working way through college, to fill evening dates. Subject to call any night. Must be handsome, preferably a blond, about five feet eight inches tall. Evening expenses will be paid, and individual will be paid for his time. Only fraternity men need apply.

The boys who take the jobs as "dates" prefer to be anonymous, but all agree the "work" pays well.

We wonder, if we may be permitted, what happened at the University of Georgia to cause the dispute between the male students and the co-eds as to the relative abilities of the two sexes. At any rate a great opportunity has been offered to the tactful one—which may or may not have been the motive of the individual who started the "so-are-you."

The "Red and Black" urges the formation of a "Soap Club."

There will be one Phil Beta Kappa student. His title will be "Ivory Soap" because he must have an average of not less than 99.44-100 per cent. There will be one social light, a lady-killer to make us popular with the co-eds. He will be denominated "Soft Soap." There will be one member of the intelligent in our midst, for whatever may be said against our club, it cannot be called bourgeois. The selection of this member is to be placed in the hands of James Branch Cabell. His cognomen will be "Gargery's Soap," etc. ad coesum.

We notice that the sign of the Dispensary at Macon, Georgia, lists

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