

THE MERCER CLUSTER

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Harry Maugans Editor
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HERE'S YOUR CHANCE

As we glance over the news of the day one would get the idea that the whole world is trying to make the college boy rich. Without a doubt there are at present many opportunities which are presenting themselves, ready to produce, for the willing and tireless worker.

For instance we find that the Coca-Cola Company of Atlanta is soon to announce a contest, which they advertise, "should be won by college men," in which \$30,000.00 will be awarded in prizes. According to information received through a letter from the Coca-Cola people, full information will appear in the early May issues of Liberty, Saturday Evening Post, Literary Digest and other national periodicals.

Screen Tests Here: Again, from letters and clippings received from the College Humor, we are notified that First National Pictures Corporation, is soon to make screen tests upon every college campus including Mercer. From the prospects twelve men will be selected to make the trip, free and with all expenses paid, to Hollywood where final selections will be made. Do you want to enter the movies? Then, get your best smile ready!

Still further, the New York Evening Sun is offering five hundred dollars for the best explanation of why so many students are committing suicide. This essay must be of five hundred word length.

And now we receive word from College Cruise, the University Travel Association, that they are soon to announce a contest about which details will be forthcoming from the decision of 150 college presidents; whereby the winner will receive a \$2500.00 scholarship aboard the world wide college or floating university.

Yes, boys, the opportunities are here, get that brain to working. This all is not April Fool stuff, but facts.

WHAT IS JAZZ, ANYWAY?

"Jazz! Who knows what it is, who started it, or what will become of it? It is a thing, like its name, that came from nowhere, meaning nothing so far as definition is concerned," appeared in an article recently written by a Jazz musician. The article was more or less in defense of Jazz because of slams made against this modern institution by outstanding characters in other fields. The Right Rev. John Roach Straton was one of those who stated that Jazz was "hideous; a vicious rattlesnake that should be killed,

music of the savage, intellectual and spiritual debauchery, and utter degradation."

A voice is heard in Rockmart, telling the world what Jazz is. The answer to the above quoted question is made by the editor of the "Rockmart News" right on the front page, mind you, in the form of a criticism in which the review of the Mercer Glee Club performance was made. The whole question is whether the criticism of the Mercers' Orchestra was constructive or destructive, and it has the leader and members of the above organization reflecting on this particular performance and report.

In the editor's own words, "If time permitted, we would delight in commenting on every number, the truth of the matter is, the entire program was good. We presume the jazz was good for it combined the most frightful sounds that we have ever heard come from splendid instruments, we repeat, the jazz must have been good, for were we to compare it with the other splendid musical numbers; we should class the solos and choruses of the two first parts of the program as gems from some Heavenly choir and the sounds that emitted from the jazz orchestra as the shrieks of tormented souls in hell."

The boys that blow these horns referred to can't decide whether the writer has a nice way of saying that they were a little "hot" and strutting that night or if the writer is just coming right out and saying that it sounded like H—, well, just like he said it did. If it is the latter, the campus-musicians want to know where the editor got all of his data with which to do his comparing! Personally, we think the matter should be looked into from both angles, as it sounds like "spirits" are mixed up in this!

When the leader of the orchestra was shown the report, the informer expecting to see a worried brow and hear a few cuss-words, he merely laughed, saying, "Well, Jazz is just like life and women; you can make it what you want it to be!" This, too, bears investigation.

WHY SO, AGNES?

For the past few issues we have been attracted by a series of articles appearing in the Agonistic of Agnes Scott College, the subject of which is, "Does Big Business want men who are college graduates?"

We have watched each article in an effort to ascertain just what part the female of the species was to play in an article running in a strictly female college paper. However, now as the fourth or fifth one appears and still no mention to man's lesser half is forthcoming, we admit, we are puzzled. The Cluster asks the world, what are they trying to put over us at Agnes Scott? Can it be that they are conducting a husband-selecting campaign, and these articles are the outcome of an effort to make our poor college boys suffer? Or, too, can it be that they really have some male students there that we don't know about? Still further, it might be that the editor of our highly respected contemporary has a grudge against we poor unfortunates in college and is proving to the world that we are useless—hence, the consequence—Agnes Scott girls will snoot college graduates because of the lack of earning power.

But to take a more sane view of the affair, possibly the woman of today, or tomorrow (for they are as yet school girls) are going to not only enter into active competition with man in worldly life, but they are to influence each other to keep their off-springs out of college.

However, remember that this is April Fool's day and we haven't seen their April Fool edition, it may clear up the issue. The Cluster asks as a favor, don't draw any hasty conclusions for Boys will be Boys, and anyway we are all just old college boys and girls together. Why bother about what is to come?

Little Jonny said that Spring always makes him think of love and red-bugs. Wonder if there is any comparison. Of course you have to kill both before you get any relief.

EXCHANGES

The Cluster is glad to learn of the return of the expelled students to the University of Georgia. It also hopes that Ben Check will continue his thought provoking column in the Red and Black. Even such a conservative school as Mercer can appreciate the progressive tendency of this writing and is afraid such articles will be curtailed in the future.

If the editors of the Agonistic will oblige the students of Mercer, they will inform them just why a girls' college paper is printing each week almost two columns of matter entitled, "Are College Men Wanted." We could understand the reason if the title was supplemented and read "Are College Men Wanted on the Agnes Scott Campus" but we cannot understand the significance of the subject as it is R. S. A. P.

We learn that at the University of Texas, "Stags" at dances will have to pay a stag tax to make up for their lack of patriotism in not bringing a partner. This will particularly hit those men who, through public opinion, are forced to buy tickets and yet do no part toward making the affair a social as well as a financial success. Certainly such an assessment would be applicable to the Macon scrip dances attended by Mercer students. If the price for those bringing girls was less than for stags, couples would undoubtedly be more in evidence and the mob infesting the center of the floor would not look as formidable.

Well, well, the boys at Marquette University in Milwaukee are only human like the remainder of college youths. Witness this, gleaned from an obscure corner of the Marquette Tribune: "What has become of the proposal for a dormitory for Marquette co-eds? With so many women students attending Marquette, it is not more than fitting that they should have a 'common home' a place where they can make friends with girls. 'The boys want them near.' Considering the number of suicides lately the University might do well to weigh this demand."

This doesn't apply to Wesleyan girls does it?

We are glad there is some difference.

The gum-chewing girl And the cud-chewing cow Are somewhat alike.

Yet different somehow.

Now what is the difference?

There's a thoughtful look

On the face of the cow.

— Wake Forrest, Gold and Black.

New athletic shirts will be purchased again this year for the Harvard rowing crew. It is the custom of the winner of the Yale-Harvard race to receive the loser's shirts. In other words the losers are left out in the cold.—The Flat Hat.

"At Georgia Tech, selling candy on the campus on the honor system has worked very successfully, but at Vassar the collapse of the system has been complete. Heretofore, the girls have been left on their honor to deposit the price of the candy they took from the boxes displayed, in a box nearby. But many had paid nothing at all or only a fraction of the value of the sweets they carried off and the sponsors of the idea figured that they were averaging a loss of eight dollars a day. Therefore the wares will be displayed under glass cases. The system worked at Georgia Tech but couldn't at Vassar. Vassar is a girls' college."—The Polytechnic Reporter.

Could this system be tried at Mercer or would the students feel they must have their little joke similar to that played by Vassar girls?

SHUCKS

By Cobb

I am minded to answer by degrees the shower of imputations and caricatures that deluged me when the Senior Cluster was released.

A certain feature story marring that edition chronicled a hoax account of detectives' investigations concerning the several columnists of this publication. The author of that fatuous invention of a faking mind charged that I had been found ensconced in the folds of a mammoth, unabridged container of words. From this premise, he inferred to his readers that I am a user of "big words", a verbose writer. In defense, I must reply, by way of impugning the libelous commentary of that innocent nincompoop:

He who so dogmatically consigns me to the umbrageous spheres of pedantic pursuits manifestly has not purveyed himself with the species of cognizance that would, normal phenomena obtaining, conduce toward efficacious approach to my simplicity of style. Any one who has any vestige of acumen with which to interpret has already perceived that my point is that such language as I am guilty of may be found in many places other than in mammoth dictionaries.

For example, I got every bit of the language employed above out of a Remington typewriter.

A dictionary is not the only path to the clouds in the heavens of words.

Samson slew forty thousand with the jawbone of an ass. How many has your JAW slain or seriously injured?

She was a beautiful girl and meant well—but she majored in French.

He has the best time who can take a good time gracefully, without trying to swallow his fork with his morsel.

Absent-mindedness is not restricted to the professors of a college. A few nights ago one of the seniors of the institution out this way penned an epistle to his devoted damsel. Having spent the entire evening in writing only the one letter, his conscience began to hurt him for having neglected his mother. As he addressed his letter, therefore, his subconscious mind was dominated by thoughts of the neglected parent; and he wrote his mother's address on the envelope, and walked out to mail the missive.

He noticed his error—just as the letter slid out of his hand and irretrievably into the mail box.

When his mother reads that equatorial masterpiece—ouch! I feel, my friends, that it is my duty to prepare the student body for the shock of student suicides creeping into our midst.

It is rumored that at the height of the BIG DOINGS that held sway last week-end, Mr. Riley McKoy insulted one of the visiting girls by saying: "Will you marry me?"

Without the usual hesitancy, she replied: "Yes; what's your name?"

He was just an innocent lad—but he got big checks from home.

It is wonderful how the English language allows so many puns that are rich in connotation and exotic in sparkle. I encountered one the other day that shows the consummate possibilities of the English pun.

The conundrum was asked: how is a debutante like a letter?

Obviously (?), the answer is: because she has received the stamp of public approval and is ready for the male.

Any one but I would have quit on that. Pardon my individuality!

Princeton has forbidden students to drive automobiles. What an opening for a Ford agency.

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