

THE MERCER CLUSTER

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CHAPEL!

It appears to those who have noticed the general trend of Universities throughout the country in relation to compulsory chapel, that such things are had for several reasons.

After having gone through this formality for two terms of the year, The Cluster is, as the Dean of North Carolina, according to the statement printed on the front page of this issue, of the opinion that a continued period is not needed.

Two terms have passed, men have gone day in and day out to get the benefits of chapel (so often not received after they get there) and spring weather has arrived.

Students at the University of Denver, College of Liberal Arts, will be compelled to go to chapel at least once a week, according to a new rule to that effect, made public last Tuesday.

In view of the fact that chapel does allow the only direct means of communication to the whole student body in a way it is necessary.

Personally, the Cluster favors one day's compulsory attendance. Do away with the other three for the spring term or make it optional.

SPRING FOOTBALL

With the end of spring football in sight, tomorrow marking the last day of active work, it can truly be said that this has been the most successful period of training ever gone through with by a Mercer team.

The attendance has been good, in a way, from both the players and spectators standpoint; the instruction has been excellent and the co-operation also up to the minute.

Under the expert direction of Coach Bernice Moore, assisted by Coaches Blair and Johnson, the Beas have been drilled in the fundamental points of the game which will allow them to take the field in the fall, familiar with the new rules which will go into effect and trained better than ever before.

In summing up the results of the training season, we can say that all in all it bids fair to be the means whereby Mercer's football stock will rise to the plane on which it truly belongs, at the head of Southern Colleges.

It's just about six months, a long time, but we predict it will be worth waiting for.

WITH THE MUSES

QUESTIONINGS

Come, Truth, and talk with me, Explain eternity; Does every dogma lie? If justice rules the cause, Then tell me of its laws; The whence, the hence, the why.

From only empty space The earth, the arts, the race? Our God-demanding sense? Begotten of one cell Our lore of heaven and hell? If not, I pray, then—whence?

A thousand planets came, The source of all the same, Our scientists proclaim, The plants, the land, the seas, And breath, and men, and trees, —One cell, they all explain.

This bird, this fish, this beast, The largest to the least, One germ of life begot, But Science—if you can, Tell where that germ began! —In circles runs the plot.

Poor explanation that! Not worth a Chaucer's raft! That truth e'en I forestall, Sincerely do I yearn, Dear Truth, I long to learn, To know the whence of all.

But do not tell me whence, O Truth, without the hence, For one would mock me so; 'T would only serve to seize, To torment, taunt and tease, My hungry wish to know.

What lies beyond the veil? What lot can death entail? Can graves win victories? Some prate of hunting grounds, And others dream of crowns; —But all are mysteries.

Some time I'll know, you say, Some distant, dazzling day; But what I want is—now, Two billions with me stand And all, as one, demand The whence, the hence, the how.

The bustle and the toil With commerce and the soil; The strength of mind and soul; Itsself its lone excuse? Can Truth none other loose? No sinner, sweeter goal? Dear Truth, tell naught of whence, Nor how, nor yet the hence, Unless you tell me why, I'm not content to know My source and where I go —And nothing of the why.

Now, Truth, I hear you speak; 'T is time—my hopes are weak; Now tell me—ere I die, You say it's God above? You say that He is love? —The Whence, the Hence, the Why? —Teedooops.

EXCHANGES

Because of the prevalence of April Fool numbers of the college papers, the editor of this give and take column is leery of printing extracts lest he be branded as a gullible individual and cause the next April 1st to be celebrated in his honor.

Maybe this offers an explanation of the football defeats the University of Florida has suffered at the hands of Mercer in the last three games.

The following taken from the Auburn Plainsman indicated that there are those who do not subscribe to the majority belief pertaining to the cause of student suicides.

"To say that modern psychology is responsible for the wave of student suicides is as unsound as to say that the Christian church is responsible for the refusal of mankind to live up to the teachings of Jesus.

"Arthur Lester Post, 30-year-old medical student at George Washington University, disappeared bag and baggage last Thursday after receiving a murder threat via the local police from one 'Jim Smith'.

A prickling sensation of doubt comes over most of us when we read this interesting bit of news in the Hornet.

"Police are working on the biggest robbery ever pulled off on the campus. A student was apprehended by masked men yesterday afternoon as he was returning for the third term, and in broad daylight was relieved of all his money and personal belongings.

A strong editorial appears in that excellent student publication, The Marquette Tribune, bringing out some of the highlights of fraternity initiations. We will quote a few of the phrases.

"Initiation practices are a heritage from the remote times of our uncivilized ancestors." "Such ordeals should have no place in civilized society. We may be accused of lacking the 'Greek spirit, but we cannot see any benefits derived from submitting to torture and humiliation for the sake of calling your prosecutor 'brother'."

"Many fraternity initiations demand that the initiate sacrifice his self-respect. Perhaps that is necessary to bring him to the level of the fraternity members."

"Only Eight Co-eds Out Of 1,000 At Marquette Need To Reduce"—Headline in the Marquette Tribune.

Mercer might beat this record if only the day students were counted in the canvas. However, owing to the limited number, one default would likely cause our percentage to be too great.

The Perfect Yell. What is a good college yell? Thomas Burke, the English author, who wrote Limehouse Nights, describes it as follows:

"I understand that the essentials of a good college yell is that it be utterly meaningless, barbaric, larynx racking. It should seem to be the work of some philologist who has suddenly gone mad under the strain of his studies and has attempted to converse with aborigines."

Mary had a wee young sheep, Columbo encountered a milk cow, Riley McKay has "ideas", But the wife of a pig is a cow.

SHUCKS

By COBB

All people are born illiterate, some rise to mere ignorance, and others become sufficiently enlightened to be ridiculous.

The administration is attempting, I am told, to throw enough information in the way of our freshmen to make it inevitable that they stumble over some modicum of it.

Well, Freshman H. H. Green had the beautiful experience a few days ago of running into a wall and getting up and looking around to discover (for himself) that he had come in contact with something.

Freshman Green had never attended a baseball game before the game with Michigan State a few days ago. When the players ran out on the field, Green's eyes threatened to divorce their sockets and he exploded.

Quill Sammons has been trying for the last twenty years to make an original remark containing a small touch of pith. Since I have been rooming with him, his efforts have been numerous but pitiful.

Sammons was discoursing upon the fact that the modern generation is superlatively frank, making commonplace and in perfect taste that which once was taboo and shocking—and even not "fit to print".

"It used to be a sin to speak the word 'halitosis', but it is so commonplace in conversation now that it will soon be a dishonor not to have it."

Billy Burton lacks a lot of being in a class by himself in the little matter of endurance. In the BIG DOINGS that held sway here a few days ago there were several Mercer boys who out-burtoned Billy at his own game of "sticking in there."

Every time I go to the theatre I get a big kick out of seeing the fatuous comedies termed on the silver screen "Educational Pictures".

They make us see more and more the growing necessity for a "Chair of Nonsense" in the modern university. It suggests the beauty and the charm about the literary nonsensical. It reminds one of the deep thought that it took to produce such immortal epigrams as the following:

"The cauliflower would be a very popular food if only it had been created in accordance with international law." "My cook makes biscuits that melt in one's mouth because he never beats his wife and always sells his ballot to the lowest bidder."

Or one might rise to poetry and sing such connected lines as some of the following:

It was midnight in the Ozarks, Not a schooner was in sight; The price of Lincoln's dropped to par,

So it snowed all day that night; or: Filmy figures, fleeting, floating; Fading fast, full features few.

Moonbeams moving, mourning, moping, Nursing Nature's nothing new.

How fantastic are these visions; How dissembling are our dreams; How elastic is our language; —Poetry's more than what it seems.

Mary had a wee young sheep, Columbo encountered a milk cow, Riley McKay has "ideas", But the wife of a pig is a cow.

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