

*Jabber*

OF "ADVISERS" AND A WEDDING

"After due consideration, we think it would be best to take Latin," says the well-known faculty adviser. At least, we notice that our worthy contemporary, Tom Cobb, thinks so. We all read his little satire on "advisers" last week. But wasn't it strange that he turned right around and became the "adviser" for the Freshman class in the flag rush! Yes, but it is a mule of a different color; forsooth.

We hardly know what to think of it, but The Cluster has a new office up on the third floor of the main building. Noting the absence of paper, hip deep on the floor, and other marks of civilization, we are forced to feel as conspicuous as the boy with his first pair of long pants (pardon, trousers is a better word), or a freshman having his first date in the Wesleyan parlor. We are all fussed up up here, you should come up for a visit. This used to be a frat hall, where licks were passed to the freshmen—now we merely pass the buck to the office boy. Yes—we got one of 'em—he's good looking, too—when in the next room.

The typewriter just hung up on us. Which brings to mind that to be a columnist, one must be an expert typewriter mechanic, an accomplished bull artist, and a prize fighter—or else a darn good runner!

Wasn't it a full week-end though? Now don't get your mind in the gutter—what we meant was, wasn't the week-end FULL OF ACTIVITIES? Besides they have raided all the places where they get what you were thinking about—naughty, tut, tut!

Some time ago there was an agitation for a "frat row." By that, gentle reader, we mean, a row of houses, not a general rough house—but to get back to the point. There is no need of it now, it seems, for Coleman Ave. has turned out to be almost just that. Starting from the corner of Adams Street and going up we encounter the following: S. A. E., K. A., Pi K. A., Sigma Nu, Alpha Lambda Tau, Phi Theta, and Kappa Sigma.

The reason they could get so many houses on this one street was because so many respectable people moved this year. A startling fact, but, indeed the truth. Whether the fact that the K. A.'s, Kappa Sigs, Sigma Nu's and Phi Theta's lived there last year had anything to do with this exodus, is a debatable question—but it seems likely.

Oh, Fudge! Blank, Blank, /%/\\$/;—and other expressions of rage, the typewriter has jammed again! Ah, now—we have it—here, office boy, a stick of dynamite please!

By the way, who was that freshman who got his trousers torn off in the flag rush? Wasn't he too cute for words—just like Apollo! At least that is what we heard a girl say who saw it.

Noble Arnold pulled a surprise on all of us this summer by getting married. But he has nothing on Harry Maugans—he got hitched too. Harry, you remember, was our editor-in-chief.

last year, member of the Alpha Lambda Tau fraternity (address all compliments to Coleman Ave.), and other organizations. But notwithstanding all of these draw backs, he was one of the best lads who ever wore out shoe leather, walking to a date, or the Dempsey pool room.

Ah, well do we remember—'twas a sweet romance that started some years back. Often have we seen them riding about here in her Hudson—but wait, we have almost forgotten to give her name. Merely an oversight, we assure you, because it is a very vital point. She is Mrs. Harry Maugans (sure, she is, don't be so impatient) and was formerly Miss Warren Hancock of this city.

They were spliced in Aiken, S. C., on the nineteenth of September, nineteen hundred and twenty-seven, A. D. (Anni Domini, i. e., Year of Our Lord) and have lived happily ever since. Harry came down to the football game Saturday, but kept the fact that he was a married man a deep dark secret, but the Telegraph, that excellent rival of the Cluster, exposed him Sunday with the announcement. But then, Harry must have his little joke, you know. Whoops, m' dears, let's wish them well—and by the way, Harry said that with those wishes, you might send some rice. No old shoes accepted—you can eat rice!

The spelling in this office is terrible, we just heard two Phi Delta Thetas arguing how to spell two words, "horse" and "donkey." They want to spell horse "H-o-r-S-A-E" and donkey "d-o-n-K-A." It's a shame we can't think of some greek word with Phi, etc., in it, but we are no Greek scholar—however, if we lived in certain kinds of houses we should take a bath in the cellar!

# Reorganization Sale

BEGINNING TUESDAY, OCT. 18th AT 10 O'CLOCK

THE ENTIRE STOCK OF DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, CHINA, AND SILVERWARE AT GREAT REDUCTIONS

ALL GOODS WILL BE SOLD AT PRICES REDUCED FROM 10 PER CENT TO 50 PER CENT

## MAX LAZARUS

JEWELER AND DIAMOND MERCHANT

353 Third Street

MACON, GA.

Established 33 Years

### And So the Day Was Utterly Ruined

By BRIGGS



# OLD GOLD

The Smoother and Better Cigarette

.... not a cough in a carload



15¢

© 1927, P. Lorillard Co., Inc. 1748

plus tax

### JUNIORS CHOSEN COURT MEMBERS

(Continued from page 1)

class ring of next year will be discussed.

A uniform ring design for all graduating classes of Mercer is being advocated and a committee which has been appointed to consider the matter will submit its report at this next meeting. Plans for the Junior banquet will also come under consideration at this time.

#### Officers Named

Officers of the Junior class are: Joe Estes, Gay, president; Parks Martin, Gaineville, vice-president and Darby Cannon, of Lavonia, secretary and treasurer. Charlie Wallace, of Waynesboro, and Buchanan Looser, of Nashville, Tennessee, are members of the Junior Council.