

**THE MERCER CLUSTER**

Published weekly during the college year by the students of Mercer

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**THE POLITICAL SYSTEM**

Those few students who took enough interest in their own affairs to attend chapel last Monday and vote on the new political system displayed a progressive spirit unusual in activities of the under-graduate body here; and their acceptance of the act will probably mean that more interest will be shown in the future. The Cluster carries in its news columns this week an article outlining the plan adopted.

The new system is admirable in several respects. In the first place, although it will not destroy dirty politics, it will tend to bring them into the open—and fresh air is salutary. Those students who have become disgusted with political practices here in the past will rejoice that the students at last have awakened to the situation and have done something about it.

A secondary effect of the act will be to encourage a more substantial organization of the student body. Only 35 students attended the meeting Monday, yet with the unorganized state of the body, that number constituted a quorum. The new act rules that at least 150 students must be present to make an amendment.

The Cluster, holding to the traditional democratic doctrine of government, would not support the act if its thorough attention to detail led to suppression of individual rights. But such is not the case. The law merely established an intelligent system by which the individual may take part in student government. Careful examination will prove this to be true.

To Charles Cork, Quentin Davidson, W. A. Wommack and Buford Boone, who wrote the document, The Cluster offers thanks and congratulations.

**LOVE**

"A book of Verses underneath the Bough,  
 A Jug of Wine; a Loaf of Bread—and Thou  
 Beside me singing in the Wilderness—  
 Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!"

Tennyson hath it that in the spring a youth's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of the title hereof. The author hereof hath it that in the spring a youth's fancy lightly turns from thoughts to the title hereof. Of course it depends upon who the youth is. It may be that he has had no thoughts from which to turn. In that case we make our most respectful bow in deference to Mr. Tennyson: We make a more deferential bow if the youth does not know what the title hereof is, which he does not. Because the author hereof does not. Because Mr. Tennyson did not. Because nobody does. Who can put his finger on the title hereof and formulate a group of words, a paragraph—nay, a book—which will define it? Almost anyone may, with or without thought, depending upon the "almost anyone," label a few of the characteristics of the title hereof. For instance, like Napoleon's army, the title hereof cannot travel far upon an empty stomach. It can travel a block or so upon hope, a block or two upon faith, and still another upon charity, but in the long walk it must have beef-steak it hath a big stomach. So too, it must have wings. Why? we will not, but the poet thus hath spoken. The title

**SPORTSMANSHIP**

In the Sophomore edition of The Cluster was a reference to the comparison between English and American sportsmanship. The Cluster believes the point well taken, yet, due to the difference in the nature of the Englishman, and the nature of the crowds who attend the sports of the different countries, we believe that a little editorial comment would not be amiss.

The Englishmen who attend sports are usually interested in the game itself rather than in the players who are participating. They have either played the game at one time or another and know the rules and fine points, or have followed the sport itself for a long time. In other words the outcome of the game holds practically no interest for them. For that reason they will sit and applaud with equal fervor either side, whether or not they want them to win.

On the other hand, Americans who attend games are usually, in the case of amateur sports, intensely interested in which side is going to win, regardless of the methods involved or the fine points of the game, whether neglected or not. Again, the majority of them have never played the particular sport involved, and, even if they have, the chances are they forget the rules when the encounter becomes hot. They have a distinct personal interest in the outcome of the game.

We are not saying that we are better sports than the English, they are excellent sports, but when we take the difference in the view regarding the outcome of the game, there is no actual basis for comparison. In our way we are good sports.

We do believe that an improvement could be made in our attitude towards referees and visiting teams, but preserve us from the phlegmatic interest of the Englishman.

**REPAYMENT**

It has been the policy of The Cluster for the past several years, and this policy is in force now to a greater degree than ever before, to confine its attempts to solicit advertisements to those merchants whom it deems worthy to have the trade of Mercer students. The advertising department by no means solicits advertisements from anyone regardless of his character for reputable business dealings.

A number of merchants, and others, who contribute a substantial part of the advertising which The Cluster secures, feel that in paying for the advertisement they are really making a gift to the university, that they do not receive the value for which they pay, thinking that the students pay little attention to the advertisements in The Cluster. This feeling materially lessens the amount of advertising which they take, for they feel that they cannot afford to make large gifts with any degree of regularity.

We feel that this situation, if the opinion of these merchants is correct, although unfortunate, may be remedied, and that the students owe it to the merchants who advertise in their paper to give them their business whenever practicable.

As said above, none but reliable advertisements are knowingly printed in The Cluster, and precautions are taken to secure none but honest advertisers. This being so, it could not possibly react to the detriment of any students to take notice of the advertisers, and to direct their trade to them. In so doing, The Cluster thinks that they will not only increase the credit of The Cluster as an advertising medium, but also to better protect themselves from mistakes and imposition which might be worked upon them by unreliable persons.

The advertising in newspapers and magazines is just as much news as are the stories which appear in the periodicals. Information is news, and the advertiser informs one of what he has which will interest the buyer, where it can be obtained and for what price he offers it. When you read the news stories in The Cluster, you are not yet through. Read the advertisements, all of them each week, and support the business institutions which help support your paper. Tell them that you saw their ad in this paper, and that is the reason you have come to see them.

hereof must have privacy, it must have publicity it must be freed from artificial stimuli, it must have food, it must be self-sustaining, it must have song, it must have quiet, it must have laughter, it must be serious, there must be but one "thou," there must be two "thous," it should be natural, but the artificial must often be in order to produce the natural, it is blind, but a most jealous guard.

These are a few of the ingredients and concomitants of the title hereof. Its consequence are thought to be too serious to mention at this date. What is it?

No matter. It is.

**FRESHMANS PEEPS' DIARY**

**Editor's Note:** Though this man has been registered at Mercer for some time, it was only recently that he identified himself and agreed to let The Cluster print certain portions of his most charming diary. It is to be hoped that his diary will prove an interesting and instructive to the Mercer students as has the diary of his father, the Modern Peep, and that of his mother, Mrs. Peep, have to America. Freshman Peeps is a direct descendant of the great Samuel Peeps.)

Feb. 19.

This morning, it being very cold, I was up with great ceremony at 8:35, put on my blue suit (having worn the grey one recently), and with some hesitation looked over a number of ties. Finally chose one with a number of red stripes running across it, and in doing this, marveled at the great ease with which I tied a tie and the way neat apparel could add to a man's appearance. Being then arrived on the campus, I found the air quite cold, and so to class. I am quite temperate, except on occasions, and never eat breakfast. Being in time for an 8:30 class, I thought some of the time I had saved in dressing, having gotten up from my bed at 8:35 or a little later. This matter of saving time occupied my mind during the whole class, for the lecture was very dry, the professor being more concerned with the names of books than the books themselves. I concluded during the course of the lecture that I should dress several times a day, thereby supplying myself with extra time when needed. To my opinion this is not very practical, but I have never before seen better humor. I am a fool.

Feb. 21

To chapel where there was much talk about the Mercer family and the future value of the diploma. The Mercer president made much discussion over these words: "The value of your diploma ten years from now depends upon the value of the then Mercer." He said much about a song service which should come after chapel, at which I didn't care to be on account of my poor voice, and was criticized openly and I think unjustly for getting up and leaving. Thus they perplex things. In my opinion there is no need of staying and adding to the general confusion. On the outside, having complimented a friend of mine on his poetry, he insisted that I have an Eskimo pie with him. I was as good company as ever. The siren! I am plagued with classes, often thinking that students spend too much time in the class room to ever get an education. Having started toward the class room, my mind suddenly turned to excused absence. They are certainly our best and dearest of friends.

Feb. 23

Not much of note today, except that I dined at the cafeteria where there was quite a mixture of people. I was this night with the editor of The Cluster, to whom I gave the very excellent idea of writing an editorial deriding cafeteria grit. Then we had a lengthy conversation of cafeteria coffee, he complimenting me much on the value of my ideas on the subject, saying that he would never more speak against me.

Feb. 25

I have been too lazy these past days to write to my diary. Having once started, it now seems like getting back with an old friend. I was down town tonight, and it seemed that many Mercer students were waiting to see a moving picture. I went to the theatre, the Scott-Manfield players putting on plays there which I think are excellent. You would laugh to see how cautious I was in doing it, asking every creature in sight if it were the proper thing. I am beginning to realize that one must be conventional. Yet I can never see why one will go to a movie when he can go to the theatre. Especially since the Vitaphone came in. Having always idealized the actresses, it was somewhat pain-

**CAMPUS VERSE**

**Sadness: An Aspiration**  
 Sadder hearts than mine have lived,  
 Sadder hearts have died;  
 a Moses on a craggy height,  
 viewing lands denied;  
 a Jesus reft of Absalom;  
 a David crucified.  
 O would that I were sad enough  
 to write a famous ode;  
 or leave to all posterity  
 a deifying ode;  
 or else, exalting sadness,  
 attain a God's abode!  
 —Martin Burghard

**ALMA MATER**

Shades of night and college buildings  
 Spires stand grey against the sky—  
 Leafless trees all fog-enveloped,  
 Lifeless, they forbear to die.

Dreams of footsteps long forgotten  
 Laughter's voice in mild decay—  
 Songs of love and beauty's sonnet,  
 Live their death of yesterday.

Yet from out this seeming stillness,  
 Lost to learning many years,  
 Pity, love, sincere devotion,  
 Moves the blatant youth to tears.  
 —William Frederick

**PIGMENTS**

The roses all were living red,  
 the shroud a pure and spotless white.

The coffin wherein you lay dead  
 was black as is the blackest night

I now enjoy the greening sea,  
 and lucid sky's transparent blue,

For red and white and black to me  
 recall that death has taken you.  
 —Martin Burghard

**MOONLIGHT MADNESS**

(Hence Quite Loomy)  
 While others dance in lighted halls  
 I harken where the moonlight falls—  
 Consumed by ego circling men  
 And women twirl about inside—

But I await without and hear  
 The music of the moonlight clear,  
 While wick-like clouds waft subtle  
 notes  
 Through pale white lovely light—  
 And only madmen stay with me.  
 —Harvard Brown

**DESOLATION**

Song of the whippoorwill—  
 Love's own last dying note,  
 When will that song I hear,  
 When will love's fancy go:

Maiden I love so dear—  
 Made by the Gods for me,  
 How can I hope to hold  
 you in humility.

But should I fear to lose  
 Her whom I dare not win,  
 Why do I wish to reach  
 Summits not made for men.  
 —William Frederick

**Written on a Friday Evening**

Dark night—  
 No flickering candle breaks the  
 gloom.  
 The night is dark—and still—  
 Depression comes creeping.

Away—  
 For you are the mother of death,  
 Depression! the lustful mother  
 Of a more lustful son.

Dark night—  
 My soul cries out against the dark-  
 ness;  
 For my soul would be glad and gay,  
 And would leap with the winds,  
 —But the night is dark.  
 —William Frederick

ful to me to find that some of my  
 most dearly beloved ones had harsh  
 voices. Having found that, they  
 ceased to be beloved. In my opinion,  
 a harsh voice never helps a woman  
 I have no more news.

Feb. 26

It being my birthday, I bought a  
 pack of peanuts of a small boy on  
 the streets by way of celebration.  
 And so to bed.