

BESSIE TIFT BEAUTIES HOLD MASQUERADE

MISS WEBB STARS AS ENTERTAINER

Mercer Boys, New and Old, Are Highly Entertained.

COSTUMES BIG FEATURE

Whistling Girls, Acrobats and Confetti Battles.

By Robert M. Gamble

An' the goblins will get you, of you don't watch out!

To have been appropriated by such charming "goblins" as those at the Hallowe'en Masquerade at Bessie Tift College last Saturday night, however, would have been a pleasure to bring thrills to the hearts of the many Mercer students who went to Forsyth to join with the B. T. girls in the party.

Long before the word of welcome was ready to be announced, the Mercers were hovering close by the campus of the college, eagerly anticipating the signal to "Come on, boys."

Finally, after whiling away the long hours, "which seemed to have the length of five long winters," the boys were allowed to assemble on the campus and then to invade the parlors of the several halls, where there waited for each Mercorian a charming lady faire.

Arms Full

Masks were the order of the evening, and almost without exception, the false faces were declared to improve the appearance of the Mercer boys, the exceptions being the upperclassmen! (Ahem.)

With a lovely B. T. girl on his arm and some of the boys with lassies on either arm, the Mercer horde hastened to the brilliantly lighted recreation hall, where the festivities were held.

The first thing to greet the Mercer boys (after the girls had been given the several times over) was an improvised cafe, made of trellis work, covered with smilax and decorated with palms, affording a delightful place for refreshments. The cafe, beautifully made and made even more beautiful by the daintily dressed girls, seemed a miniature cabaret. Pretty girls were everywhere, and not a stop to think!

Not only was the cafe cleverly formed but some educated dietitians evidently had been planning and executing their plans (along with the ingredients), for there were served by the petite and charming waitresses (dressed apropos to the occasion) most delicious sandwiches, punch, salads, and other things relished by the appetite of man.

More Flutterings

In addition to their fitting costumes, the B. T. waitresses were there in every way, playing the role in perfect style. With goo-goo eyes and other optical contortions calculated to produce undue flutterings beneath masculine coats, they won their way into the hearts of the guests whom they served.

Another touch of cabaret style was given by the Junior orchestra which was all jazzed up for the occasion. Miss Katherine Webb, dancer extraordinary, whose suppleness might be exceeded by a rubber band, entertained the diners with several dances, the pure art exhibited in them and the charming coquetry of Miss Webb winning genuine applause from all and prolonged applause from the Mercer boys.

After enjoying the contents of the menu, the entertainment afforded by the musicians and graceful Miss Webb, the college girls, still accompanied by the Mercer boys, strolled frequently the "midway" was obstructed by the form of some lovely protegee of President Foster. All the names of the pretty damsels were not

(Continued on page six)

FRESHMEN RAIDERS VIEW FAIR SIGHTS

Arabian Nights and Headless Woman Visited.

Howard Littlefield

The night of the Mercer-Stetson game the road in front of Sherwood Hall was filled with a seething, impatient mob of boys, "rearing to go" to the Fair. I was a rather gleeful member of this mob, as I was to go to the Fair despite the fact that I had made a bad investment by buying a stamp to send a touching letter home.

Louie Lane, who could not accompany us on account of a law lesson, gave us some good advice and got permission for us to enter the fair gates free, provided we would not "cut up" or rush any shows. This relieved quite a bit, as I have had an abhorrence of climbing fences every since the time I left the bosom of my trousers hanging on one.

We finally got started and after a march to stop at Wesleyan (as usual) we proceeded on to town. It stirred up our ire to see the manager of the Criterion hastily close up the doors and peep out at us. I suppose he thought we were going to kidnap the heroine or lynch Fatty Arbuckle.

We reached the fair grounds, but were halted before the gates until they could be opened and then passed on in. We gave a yell for Julius Otto, president of the Fair Association, and for some other fellow who was responsible for getting us in. I didn't catch his name, so I used the name of a lady friend of mine in the yell. We had been urged to stick together and we did. We walked around the midway grounds and gave some yells for Mercer.

We were first attracted by the outside exhibition of a show called "Arabian Nights." An Arabian (whose nationality was probably created with a light application of shoe polish) shot a pretty presentable line for us. He performed a magic trick with some dice. After much bartering with our leaders he decided to let us in the show for ten cents per head. He was immediately swamped with dimes and the ticket collector was borne down and trampled upon by the influx of boys—so much, in fact, that I couldn't find him!

After the fighting over the front seats had somewhat subsided, we gave a yell for the show. The same bull-slinger came forward and performed some tricks which were calculated to arouse our wonder—as to how he had the colossal gall to present them to us! He was applauded away and a dusky, but somewhat corpulent, maiden began to prance over the boards to the tune of an Arabian flute. (I reckon it was a flute; I didn't look to see!) She was succeeded by another maiden who also had the ague. A few colored lights were thrown on the shivering dancer and we were informed that the big show was out and over and that we should go to the "Autodrome."

It was with a feeling of relief that I arose and fought my way out, for I had been really alarmed for fear the last dancer was going to throw some bones out of place or shake herself apart.

The "Autodrome" promised a thrill so I pressed up the gang plank and went in, giving my "Arabian Nights" ticket to the ticket collector in the confusion occasioned by my discovering that I had forgotten to get a ticket. A young man, by the riding name of "Irene Dare," was scheduled to ride an auto around a large cylinder until she was horizontal. We were at the top of this cylinder trying to figure out how many would be killed if she were to run out the top, when a man mounted a motorcycle and rode around it. Another fellow got on one and raced with the first. We all got cricks in our necks by watching him and it was rumored that Freshman Lansdell discovered a bowknot in his neck at the end of the act. Several had their eyes out of focus by trying to watch both riders at once. But they got them back in

(Continued on page four)

MERCER STUDENTS INVADe FAIR GROUNDS AND CIRCUS

OLD "BRICK HALL" DATES FROM 1872

Building Has Served as Dormitory, Chapel and Dining Hall.

Penfield Hall, formerly known as the Old Brick Hall, once served as the main dormitory and chapel building for Mercer students.

This building was built in the year 1872. At that time it was a structure twice its present size. It had facilities accommodating about fifty boarding students. The arrangements of this building was somewhat unusual, the dining hall was in the front, from which a hallway lead to the room in which chapel exercises were held. This was a room something like fifty feet square. On each side of the hall were the rooms where the business manager and his family lived. In the rear of this were the rooms occupied by the students.

The Old Brick Hall was the only building on the campus at that time except the Main Building. It was used for the above purposes until in the 90's, when it was torn down and reconstructed into its present shape.

MERCER UPHOLDS USUAL STANDARD

University Students Complete Elberta Program.

Macon and Mercer University played an important part in the second Northeastern Regional B. Y. P. U. convention, now in session in Elberton. Dr. William Russell Owen, of Macon, is president of the state organization, and attended. He delivered one of the most masterful addresses of the session.

Marvin Pharr, president, a student of Mercer, led the singing. Colonel J. D. Mathewson, of Hartwell, regional vice-president, is presiding. He is also a Mercer man. On the program were Rev. John Webb of Monroe, Prof. W. T. Smalley of Locust Grove, and H. L. Batts, field worker for the B. Y. P. U., all three Mercer men. Rev. Emmett Stevens, missionary to China, addressed the body and at the sunrise exercise Dr. J. Ellis Simmons, of Rome, was the speaker. Mr. Stevens and Dr. Simmons were classmates and roommates at Mercer.

GEOMETRIC PROBLEM

Given: Me.
To prove: That you love me.
Proof: "All the world loves a lover." I love you, therefore you love me.—Agonistic.

QUARTET TAKES IN SIGHTS AND SHOWS

Upperclassmen Have Trouble in Controlling Freshman.

SOPHOMORE IS SWINDLED

Circus Employee Short Changes Soph Out of Two Dollars.

F. R. Nalls, Jr.

We went to the fair, the four of us; an ignorant Freshman, a high and mighty Soph, a cautious Junior, and a benign, watchful Senior. The said Senior, being a scion of a well known and influential family, had obtained passes for four to the Fair and to the circus, which was to be held inside. Unfortunately for our pocket-books he did not have passes to the shows. However, we put on our glad rags and started out with fullest expectation of having the time of our young and innocent lives—and we had it, decidedly.

When first we reached the inside, we strolled around to see what was what, and where it was. We walked around through the "Merry Land," and would have enjoyed ourselves exceedingly but for the fact that the Freshman was continually getting lost. Soon we came to a candy shop, one of these places where you lay down a nickel about ten times and maybe win a box of candy. We all tried our luck, and after having spent enough to pay for the man's stock of candy, the Freshman won a half pound box. The rest of us, realizing that too much candy was not good for a Freshman, relieved him of the box and divided it equally, disregarding his plaintive pleas.

After having disposed of the contents of the box in a suitable manner we strolled on down the line. There we came to a man on a platform, who was spouting about the unheard of wonders which we could see by simply paying him one quarter, five nickels or two dimes and one nickel. He claimed that he had inside the tent a fire-eating man, the shortest man, the tallest man, the fattest woman, and the choicest boy of Turkish dancing girls in the world.

Quite Alluring

Influenced by these alluring fascinations, we deposited "two bits" apiece with the man and entered into wonderland. Imagine our consternation when we found only a nigger band playing "Are You from Dixie?" Our fears, however, were soon allayed, for the fire-eating demon came in and performed for us. He frightened and astonished us by putting into his mouth time after time burning pieces of wood. The Freshman

(Continued on page six)

SHIRLEY AT SAVANNAH

Rev. H. H. Shirley, while visiting "friends" at Savannah, preached at the First Baptist church for Dr. R. L. Christie last Sunday.

Following Mr. Shirley's trip to Savannah and his supplying for Dr. Christie comes the news that Dr. Christie has resigned the pastorate of the First Baptist church. It is believed that there is no connection between the events except a very remarkable coincidence.

Mr. Shirley reports "a fine time had by all" on his trip, especially while out on the beach with "friends."



Calvary Baptist Church, New York City's biggest Protestant church. (Insert upper right) John Roach Straton, Pastor, Mercer alumnus and now a national religious and press figure.