

The Mercer Cluster

Published weekly by the students of the fourteen schools and colleges in the Mercer University System.

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PLAY BALL!

As the baseball season approaches, every man at Mercer who can play baseball at all should dig down into his trunk or closet and get out an old pair of Lizard Lope High School baseball breeches or any other kind available, and go out to make our team.

Soon the horsehide will be zipping up to meet the well-known willow. The smacking kiss of the bat and ball, the tantalizing zig-zag hop of the hard-hit grounder, the comet plunge of the line-drive, the graceful float of the outfield fly, the vanishing glide of the pitcher's curve and the thud of the catcher's mitt, all these will follow the familiar "Play ba-aw!"

The men who expect to make Mercer's team must go out for practice in the first workouts. Fifty or more men should be cavorting on the first day. But you cannot make the team in one day, nor in a week, nor per haps in a month. You've got to show your goods and your grit by sticking! Don't wait till the baseball season opens or go out for a few days and quit, and expect to beat out some fellow who has been plugging along for weeks at the job.

It's going to take a lot of practice to put you in shape to make the varsity. Every day's workout will make you that much more a finished ball player. Hard work, patience, attention to the details of the game, observing these conscientiously will make you a hard man to keep off the team. Go to it!

ACHIEVEMENT GROWS

Men now at Mercer have been told repeatedly that they should strive to uphold the traditions of our University, that they should maintain the records in all lines of achievement made in the past. But it is our belief that Mercer men of today should and can attain to greater accomplishment than any generation of students gone before.

In all lines of endeavor the attainments of yesterday enable the men of today to build for still wider success. Yesterday achieves; and her achievements fling to us the voice of challenge. Standards of today become the gauge of minimum work for tomorrow. The deeds of today will become tomorrow's stepping-stones to more lofty attainments. And so up through the days and years society, a nation or a college mounts upon the accomplishments of successive generations. Ideals once attained become vantage ground for yet broader vision.

All this is to say that Mercer men this year must make a greater record than in any year in the past. The man who puts not his shoulder to the wheel to add to the record of even the most successful year in the past is a second-rater. The leverage of yesterday's deeds leaves no excuse for him who will not move things today. Mercer men, behold the past! It is within your power, it is your duty and privilege to achieve greater things than have ever been achieved in the history of the institution.

Dr. Courtenay C. Weeks, president of the World Student Federation Against Alcoholism, addressed the British Medical Association and the Royal Sanitary Institute in 1921. Dr. Courtenay is recognized in England as an authority on alcohol and the human mechanism, as well as a very popular speaker on general phases of alcoholism. During 160 days of 1921 he addressed 260 audiences, many of which were medical associations, teachers' societies, and organizations of students.

TIPS AND TAPS

By Bob Gamble

In Life Worth Living?

One day last week we chanced to be running around loose and decided to take in a movie. "Is Life Worth Living?" was the name of the show at the Captiol, and being uncertain in our mind as to whether or not the sojourn on this terrestrial plane justified all the perspiration and disappointment necessary in the adventure, we decided to drop into the show and see what the other fellow thought about it. Eugene O'Brien was the so-called "other fellow," and was operating in the role of leading man, playing opposite Winifred Westover, a petite damsel of fascinating smile and winning way. The leading man had been unjustly accused of having poor eyesight in that he could not distinguish his own money from that of his employer. The accusation led to a trial and although the accused was acquitted, he was a branded man in the public eye. While perambulating around peddling typewriter ribbons (which reminds us that we wish the boss would donate a new ribbon for our jim-dandy moulder of public opinion), he decided that life wasn't worth living and hocked his bankroll together with his salesman's grip for a six-shooter, preparing to use it on himself and end it all. About this time the petite damsel above referred to, came into the life of the ex-typewriter-ribbon salesman and soon convinced him that life was worth living, but NOT alone, whereupon the leading man gave up his suicidal notions, meandered with the petite damsel to an apple orchard where said p. d. played on her banjo-nandolin some love song about apple blossom time, which struck a responsive chord in the bosom of the leading man. Pretty soon, he began to stroke her lily-white hand and in less time than it takes Josh Cody to eat an oyster cracker, she was locked in his embrace, their lips doing a full reel of mutual osculation the while.

Naturally, they lived happily ever after, and we can't say that we blame the leading man for reaching the decision that life was worth living with the p. d. as his soul mate. But what we started out to say was this: Miss Winifred Westover, the petite damsel in the above yarn, is now Mrs. William S. ("Big Bill") Hart, having married since she played opposite Eugene O'Brien in "Is Life Worth Living?" We can't help but wonder what "Bill" Hart thought and said if he saw that picture since he married the leading lady therein. We may be different and all that, but somehow or other, we don't fancy we would like to see a picture in which our soul mate became the bride of another Adamite, even "just playlike," for the movie camera recorded that the outward affection was genuine!

Have a Hart, Bill!

Romance Au Gratin

Can you beat it! This handsome Manly McWilliams, he of the stunning look and wicked line of sweet nothings, has certainly cooked our goose. Being so handsome and all that, this McWilliams person naturally is what Emmett Pope would term a "knockout" with the women. Why, they follow him around (mentally and by letter) in the same manner as a carpet tack is attracted by a high-powered magnet. Why, this McWilliams has such a winning way among the women that he is the whole cheese regardless of whether there be two or twenty other Mercerians in the crowd coveting a bit of damselled attention.

Well, this lady-killing specimen of the genus homo, in his clever manner inveigled some Wesleyan girls into inviting three members of the Mercer basketball team to take dinner at Wesleyan next Sunday, the trio including "Beau Brummel", McWilliams himself, "Consuello" Smith, who, by the way, is no slouch among the ladies; and the colyum chaperon, whom we are which. Now, isn't that a great trio? (Pardon our modesty.)

We can just picture that crew in Wesleyan's dining room among some 450 Georgia "peaches." Why, this McWilliams will have to employ a body-guard to keep from being literally vamped to death, he is that handsome. Smith will get along pretty well, if Mc doesn't want all the girls, but as for us—

Gee whiz! We'll have to borrow

the good looks of Wallace Reid, the symmetry of Apollo, the George Sparks smile and a volume of Percy B. Shelley's love poems before we will even rate a knife and fork! But we won't eat soup with our fork if we get one, and if they have soup. Mr. McWilliams accepted the invitation with the proviso that Mercer trims Georgia in basketball Saturday. One of life's ambitions of the columnist was to be on a team to defeat Georgia in Athens, which was realized January 27 by a score of 27-18. Another of life's ambitions has been to eat dinner at Wesleyan during the college year—but we're not dead yet. However, Mc has accepted the invitation and there's nothing for us but to go, nervous and gun-shy among the "chickens" tho' we be.

CAN you beat it!

THE LAW OF LIFE

John Milton Samples

The law of life is Change,
And what we term decay
Is but transition strange,
The order of God's way.

Mind, Matter, Force, and Soul
Forever keep the same,
Yet while the cycles roll
They play a wondrous game.

O'er all Creation's vast
And varied, unique plan,
From first unto the last,
Her crowning work is Man.

All matter waits on mind
To be transformed to worth,
Refashioned and refined,
Man's master-task in earth.

The atom thrills with life,
Likewise the molecule,
And in this realm of strife
The law of change holds rule.

We battle with the tide,
We cavil, fume, and fret,
Yet nothing may abide,
We learn, and then forget.

Is there for us no hope
Who toil and suffer pain?
Who mid earth-darkness grope,
Is there no good to gain?

No sacrifice is lost,
Where escort is sincere,
No matter what the cost,
O mortal, persevere!

The law of life is Change,
The lily springs from sod;
The scales of being range
From insect unto God.

AMEN, DOCTOR!

Dr. Weaver (speaking in behalf of Mercer at faculty meeting): "Brethren, this school has got to walk."
Prof. Railey: "Amen, doctor! Let her walk!"

Dr. Weaver: "Brethren, this school has got to run."
Dr. Flippin: "Amen, doctor! Let her run."

Dr. Weaver: "Brethren, this school has got to fly."
Prof. Jacobs: "Amen, doctor! Let her fly."

Dr. Weaver: "Brethren, it will take money to make this school fly."
Dr. Ragsdale: "Let her walk, doctor, let us walk."

In its successful campaign for a new stadium, the University of California put itself in the situation not of asking for donations but of selling seats in the stadium for the next ten years. The unit of payment to the stadium fund was \$100, each cash payment purchasing \$100 in scrip, redeemable in stadium tickets at the rate of \$10.00 for the next ten years.

Students of today take more interest in the affairs of the general community and are more useful as citizens even though younger in average age than those of ten or twenty years ago, according to the annual report of Henry A. Yeomans, dean of Harvard College.

Restriction of college attendance by some form of selection is finding many advocates now. Some presidents suggest personnel tests for Freshmen, some advise a strict weeding out of students during all four years, and some ask for admission only of students who have maintained a certain standing in high school.

LINES

By T. M. Hart

Do you yearn for olden romance,
And the days of long ago?
Days that we must think romantic,
Since the minstrels tell us so.

Do you pine for knighthood's flower,
Arthur and the Table Round?
When with chivalry and valour
Knights went forth to seek a crown?

Think you on the ancient Spartans,
Fighting at Thermopylae?
Or the Roman Bacchanals
Loving, feasting, all the day?

Or the days of Revolution,
Washington and Lafayette?
Washington who gave us freedom
Then disdained a coronet.

Many charms have long past ages,
Romance always haunts the past;
So 'twill be till time is ended,
Till the "First shall be the last."

Leave these thoughts, and in the present
Put your mind, your heart, your soul,
Greater far in charm and beauty
Is today than ages old.

PIEDMONT INSTITUTE

The Piedmont basketball quintet went to Brunswick last Saturday, where they were treated royally but defeated by a score of 25 to 11. The boys left Wednesday morning for a three days' trip, playing Tifton on Wednesday, Albany high school on Thursday evening and Albany "Y" Juniors Friday evening.

Our B. Y. P. U. is still booming. Group No. 2, under direction of Miss Lois McCool, put on a 100 per cent program Tuesday evening. No less can be said of the program rendered by Group No. 3, under the direction of Roy Bethune. There is quite a decided improvement in the interest taken in the Bible readers' course. We hope the interest will continue. No quarterlies were used in either of the three last meetings. Here's hoping that the next three will be likewise.

Miss Inez Brown, Expression teacher, is directing a fantasy "Garden Seed" at the Quarterman Street School. Ninety-two children are included in the cast, most of them being under ten years of age. It will be staged at the Central high school auditorium.

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