

The Mercer Cluster

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

George M. Sparks... Managing Editor
C. J. Broome..... Editor-in-Chief

Associate Editors:

Robert M. Gamble, F. R. Nalls, Jr.,
K. F. Brazington, J. P. Leggett, I. G.
Wilkes, F. M. Holland, H. E. Little-
field, R. B. Morris.

Circulation Manager, H. H. Ware, Jr.

Subscription Rates, one year, \$1.50.
Advertising rates on request.

FORGET YOUR TRAINING?

Every Sunday afternoon from a hundred to a hundred and fifty FRESHMEN park out on the front campus and yell at the passing automobiles, or make fresh remarks about the pedestrian, loud enough to be heard a block away. Right now is the time for all of us to "chip-in" and buy some beefsteak for this big black-eye this practice is giving to Mercer.

When the term "Freshmen" is used, please do not restrict the meaning to the first year men. There are a few "Rats" in the crowd, but is made up mostly of fellows who have been here long enough to know better. Not only do these "funny" (?) remarks lessen the public's opinion of Mercer, but it also reflects discredit on your earlier training.

Save all this surplus energy and come out to the spirit meetings and help Cheney, Caylor, Hogan and Harvey with the yells. In this way you will be helping Mercer two ways. Boost Mercer "stock." Let's be "Every man for Mercer, ALL the time."

Just Freshman.

GREAT POSSIBILITIES

Now that radio is so broadly recognized its future usefulness offers much speculation.

It was Arthur Brisbane that said that the rich man's hobby today will be the poor man's necessity tomorrow. This is true of the wireless. People realize that the wireless is a wonderful invention. But they look at it as only a novelty; as only an instrument by which to hear concerts.

If you were an American ranch owner in South America wouldn't it be a comfort for you to sit in your parlor and talk to your parents in Georgia and in a few seconds be conversing with your brother or friends in New York? Wouldn't it be a great help for you to sit back in an easy chair and get the market reports from East Pittsburg? Would it benefit you to be able to give orders to your managers, hundreds of miles distant? Of course you would appreciate the concerts, too, but that is only one phase of the wireless.

Now let us look to the future possibilities of the wireless. The sending of a photo by wireless is nothing new. What really happens is this: a photo is not really sent by wireless but another photo is made, at the other station, by the electrical impulses, caused by the different shades of the picture. If a man escapes from the penitentiary his picture can be wirelessed to all nearby stations and the police can be waiting for him, with his picture in their hands, twenty minutes or less after he has escaped. Does it not seem probable that a movable picture, occasioned by the shades of a reflection of a person, could be wirelessed in the same manner as the picture is wirelessed? It will only be a few years until the wireless mirror is perfected.

Wireless-controlled vehicles are already perfected. An airplane has recently been flown across the English Channel with no pilot in it: it was controlled by radio. A small ship has been sailed around in a lake performing various maneuvers by wireless. An automobile has been guided through a busy street by wireless.

Contemplate the power of a nation whose army and navy could be equipped with radio controlled airships or dirigibles! Especially so if the wireless mirror were perfected. One man could sit in an office, thousands of miles from the scene of battle, and actually see and direct

the shells from the manless craft. A fleet of these craft, say about ten feet long, could bomb Berlin while their director sat in an office in New York City.

As for from war purposes they would be useful in different ways. How would it suit you to sit in your parlor, send your radiobile out the window, look steadily into a mirror on the table and see the traffic of the streets, as you flew your radiobile up and down the streets. You could send it down to look over the news posted on a bulletin board in front of some newspaper. Probably you would see something of the revolt in India.

"Ho! Hum!" you would yawn. "I believe I'll look into this Indian question!"

So saying you would bring the radiobile back home, fit a compass beside the altimeter so you could see it with the movable mirror, start it across the ocean and settle back to smoke or read, glancing into your table mirror to see that all was well, or moving the mirror on the radiobile to see how many ships were in sight, or probably to ascend and read the name of one. Finally you would arrive in India, look over the place, give Ghandi the once-over, and start back, probably intending to stop over in London to chat with a friend by means of the telephone on the radiobile.

Of course this article is imagination, founded on facts and possibilities, but it will set the readers to thinking of wireless and help them to realize its great possibilities.

H. E. Littlefield.

HONOR LINTON COLLINS

Linton M. Collins, a graduate student at Mercer and applicant for the Master of Arts degree, read a paper on "The Activities of the Missionaries Among the Cherokees" before the Georgia Historical Society at its annual meeting held recently in Savannah.

The paper read by Mr. Collins is only one phase of the thorough investigation he has made along the line of historical information on the relations of the Cherokee Indians with the State of Georgia.

In addition to research work done in Macon, Atlanta, and the Public Library and the De Renne Library at Savannah, Mr. Collins has spent some time at the Library of Congress in Washington, D. C. The thesis required for a Master of Arts degree is being prepared upon this subject by Mr. Collins.

BAD PRACTICE

A member of the faculty at Mercer has suggested to the Cluster that an editorial be written relative to a pernicious practise engaged in by many Mercer students. The practise is that of congregating in front of the university on Sunday afternoons and shouting at young ladies passing by. The Cluster thinks that the suggestion is a good one and that it deserves some comment.

The drive out through Vineville and back by way of Ash street is one of the most popular in the city for automobilists, and on Sunday afternoons there is a continuous stream of cars passing in front of Mercer. Many of these cars have in them young ladies dressed in their Sunday finery, who ride around to see and be seen. The same desire to see and be seen is probably the motive that prompts Mercer students to occupy a vantage position where these cars with their fair occupants pass. And this is not to be censured; indeed it is perfectly natural, and if a young man sees a young lady of his acquaintance it is no more than proper that he speak to her. But the practise of shouting and making personal remarks to ladies, most of whom are strangers and many of whom are married, is certainly to be condemned.

The ladies are frequently not only annoyed, but really embarrassed by being made the target of these remarks. They look upon them as being rude and discourteous and they have a tendency to resent them. One prominent Macon lady was recently heard to say that the Mercer student body at times acted in a very ungentlemanly manner, to say the least. This sort of criticism hurts Mercer. Macon people are now more squarely behind Mercer than they have ever been before, and we want

to keep them there and do everything we can to increase this feeling of intimacy.

If the boys would only change viewpoint they could understand why these remarks are resented. Suppose that you were out riding with your mother, your sister, or some very good friend, and a crowd of boys shouted at them in loud and boisterous tones; would you like it? The chances are that you wouldn't, and that those boys would fall several degrees in your estimation.

So let's all try to understand how the people in the cars feel about this, and then govern ourselves accordingly. We do not want to bring discredit upon Mercer.

W. M. Space.

HOLD 'EM THERE

College life is really getting serious when a student has to study before going to classes. Something must be done to stop such imposition on the poor "chaps."

The reason that girls are not cold in winter even though wearing short skirts and silk stockings, is the number of hot remarks everybody makes about them.

Camp Benning 1; Mercer 11.

She: "You have been drinking! You can't kiss me—"

He: "Please—"

She: "Until you tell me where you got it."

Keep up the good work, team.

SEZ WHICH?

He: "I know a man who has been married twenty years and who stays at home every night."

She: "Ah, that is true love!"

He: "Nope; rheumatism."

His girl goes to the opera house, Mine goes to the movie show.

His girl wears silks and satins, Mine wears calico.

His girl is gay and frivolous Mine's demure and good.

Do you think that I would change with him?

You bet your life I would.

—Mercury.

SHE HAD HIM DOWN

"This is my water, Lou," gurgled Neptune, as he dodged his mermaid wife.—Juggler.

Mercer's baseball team looks good.

"Why did they arrest the blind man?"

"The cop saw him blush when the co-ed passed."

YEAH?

Scientists claim that sleeping outdoors makes one beautiful. That must account for the hobo's charming appearance.

Boost Mercer all the time, everywhere.

A GAY LIFE

Kitty: "Can a girl live on love?"

Cat: "Yes—if she stays single."

DOES THIS APPLY TO MERCER?

"Any school will go to the dogs if it has too many social hounds." We hope not!

NAW!

"Wonder why she reminds me of a California orange."

"Must be that she is 'Son-kissed'."

SO SAY WE ALL

Ye Freshman states that if party dresses become any more abbreviated, sorority pins will have to be worn in the form of stickers.

If you can't boost Mercer, don't say anything at all.

Be loyal to Mercer even though you did go to another college first.

OUCH! THAT WAS A FAST ONE.

She: "But you will admit that I have a pretty face."

He: "Even a barn looks good when it's painted."

Madam Rumor has it that due to the advent of long skirts in Paris some two hundred college comics are going to fall for lack of material.

YEA TO WILKES

"Mercer Cluster,
"Mercer University,
"City.

"Gentlemen:

"Please convey our congratulations to Mr. Giddens Wilkes, and inform him that a \$5.00 rebate on any suit in our store awaits him in return for the home run he turned in in Thursday's ball game.

"Sincerely,

"DAVID J. WACHTEL, JR."

THE SLEEPING CITY

John Milton Samples

I gaze on the sleeping city
Still under starlit sky,
And I think the God of pity
Looks down from His throne on high.

Does He weigh amid the slumber
The deeds of the parted day,
Does He count the sins without number
And what does the verdict say?

I know He knows the sorrow,
The joy, and alike the pain;
He scans the coming morrow
And sees the loss and gain.

I wonder oft as I ponder
On the city's slumber deep
If the angels fair up yonder
Their nightly vigils keep.

Do they shield each care-worn sleeper
From the terrors of the night,
Till the voice of the God world-keeper
Proclaims, Let there be light!

I gaze on the sleeping city
Still under the starlit sky,
And I'm sure the God of pity
Looks down with a kindly eye.

MY PRAYER

John Milton Samples

Lord, let me lift the burden
That my fellowman must bear,
And let me with warm sympathy
His load of suffering share.

Let Love forever be my creed
And may I always show
An humble, contrite spirit while
I journey here below.

Lord, let me speak the cheerful word
And may I not refrain
From giving joy where'er I go
To soothe life's siege of pain.

I do not ask for riches here,
I only beg Thy love
To keep me always calm and sweet,
Like Him who reigns above.

And when at last my form I lay
Beneath the sod to sleep
Feel sweet assurance without fear
That Thou my soul wilt keep.

WESTBOUND TROLLEY

When the westbound trolley's stopping
At the end of Cherry street,
And you're tired and almost hopping
From th' pain that's in your feet;
And you hear th' joyous ringin'
As th' bluecoat rings your fare,
Ain't it a grand and glorious feelin'
When the trolley leaves from there?

O you're tired from endless tramping
On the burnin' hot concrete,
Of an evenin' you've been ascending
Aloafin' in th' street,
Awatchin' all th' ladies,
And th' gurlies as they pass;
O when you take the trolley,
It's a joy you can't surpass.

Some day when life's long evening
Is a drawing to a close;
And your body's tired and aching
From all these earthly woes;
You'll be takin' of th' trolley
That heads out towards th' west,
And you'll heave a sigh of pleasure,
For it means eternal rest.

By Milton Wallace.

R. H. Smalling's Sons
GENERAL CONTRACTORS
AND BUILDERS
Phones 1102-J and 4002-J
Macon, Ga.

Bibb Printing Company

258-260 Second St.

Phone 1671

Equipped for Efficient Service

NASH'S Meat Markets

12 of Them

All in Rogers Stores

The best in meats at the lowest possible prices

—but quality is never sacrificed to price.

SEE—

—what you get
—where it comes from
—how it is weighed

CONVENIENT TO MERCER

NASH'S MARKET
739 College St.
MEAT MARKETS

IT'S A PLEASURE TO SERVE MERCER MEN

We want you to feel at home, fellows, in our store.

Drop around any old time, whether you trade or not.

Tattnall Square Pharmacy

1% of our gross receipts go to promoting Mercer athletics.

Phones 2691 and 2226

AMERICAN PRINTING CO.

Reliable Printers

666 Cherry Phone 286

An Opportunity

We still have openings for a limited number of energetic men for the summer. Unlimited possibilities. Your protection is a guarantee of \$525.00 for 75 days work.

National Map Co.

See ODUH or DYER now