

Y. M. C. A. NOTES

By Milledge Leach

Tuesday evening of last week the first meeting of the Vesper service was held with Hoke Shirley as speaker. He made a very fitting speech for the opening service, his theme being "New Year Resolutions." Several important resolutions were suggested by him which would be of benefit to any college student.

Dr. Fox of the Biology department began his series of lectures Wednesday evening. Dr. Fox will give one of his lectures every Wednesday night at 6:30 at the "Y."

Professor Railey, head of the Department of Sociology, was the speaker for Thursday evening. "Monuments" was the speaker's subject. "We should live that our lives will be monuments to future generations," declared the speaker.

The following have been appointed as members of committees for the Y. M. C. A.:

Executive: Josiah Crudup, chairman; Ragan Callaway, Sylvester Sauls, Roy Davis and Milledge Leach. Missionary: Sylvester Sauls, chairman; Tom Harville, Charlie Berryman.

Program: Ragan Callaway, chairman; Milledge Leach, Jimmie Clegg. St. A.: Roy Davis, chairman; Tom Glover, Homer Hasty.

Music: Milledge Leach, chairman; King Evans, Robert Eubanks.

Social: M. K. Fuqua, chairman; Rabun Brantley and Paul Lawrence.

VARIOUS EVENTS IN CELEBRATION OF ANNIVERSARY

(Continued from page one)

been made dean of the Mercer University Law School. His inauguration last night at the anniversary banquet was his first public appearance in Macon since leaving the Supreme Court bench and he declared that he really felt himself promoted when elected from the bench to deanship.

"I was born in Macon and have come back to scratch and fight and crow for Mercer University," declared the judge in concluding his address.

Bessie Tift College was allotted part of the program and included numbers by the glee club, a reading by Miss Louise Wells, of Sylvania, and an address by Dr. Aquilla Chamblee, president of the Forsyth college.

Mercer's part of the entertainment for the evening included songs by the glee club, the new Alma Mater song, numbers by Marvin Pharr and Roy Bethuns. E. Powell Lee was in charge of the Mercer musical program.

Will Howell, great grandson of Daniel Marshall, presented a gavel to the University, made from the tree under which Daniel Marshall first addressed a Georgia audience, 150 years ago. Dr. Chamblee, son-in-law of Dr. Beck, second oldest graduate minister of Mercer University, offered the dedicatory prayer in dedicating Daniel Marshall Hall.

Descendants of Founders.

N. L. Willet, of Augusta, descendant of Billington M. Sanders, first president of Mercer University, said that his grandfather was one of the first three white men to settle in Macon. The other two were Flanders and Davis. He was seated with his brother, Hugh M. Willet, of Atlanta, president of the Mercer University Alumni Association.

Adiel Sherwood Mercer, of Mineral Springs, Tex., appeared at the banquet, having heard the university was celebrating the ninetieth anniversary of his ancestor, Jesse Mercer. Other descendants of the founders of Mercer University introduced included Hillyer Straton, Mrs. Kelly Allen and E. Y. Mallary, Jr.

Letters and telegrams were read from Senator Walter F. George, former President W. L. Pickard, Mrs. E. D. Pollock, former President Charles Lee Smith, A. J. Battle, Jr., L. D. Newton and John T. Boifeuillet.

Morgan Blake, sporting editor of the Atlanta Journal, paid a big tribute to the Mercer basketball team, declaring that the team was composed of the best bunch of sports in the country and certainly knew the basketball game.

Judge Malcolm Jones, speaking for The Greater Mercer Program, said that there was no hamlet so poor nor public office too exalted to not to have had a Mercer graduate.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

Ain't it awful

The way this whiskered Bird, Bill Hohenzollern, The well-known Ex-Kaiser who occupied The center of the stage Of this world of Ours for about four long Years and made France Sit up and take notice And ran through Belgium For a touchdown, and Jerked a knot in the Tail of John Bull's well-known Lion, and got A transatlantic voyage For a couple of million American boys, and Caused at least a Hundred changes in National boundaries and Rulers and in fact Knocked the whole darn World for a row of Beautiful plush-lined Cuspidors—gets married To "His Herminé," and Now the papers say Bill's Henpecked, and one Woman has done a good job Bossing the guy that All the world and Alvin York couldn't spank for About a thousand, six Hundred and fifty days!

GROWTH TRACED FROM PRIMITIVE PENFIELD ORIGIN

(Continued from page one)

Dagg, N. M. Crawford, H. H. Tucker, A. J. Battle, G. A. Nunnally and P. D. Pollock, while the early teachers of this group included Shailer G. Hillier, Shelton Sanford, J. G. Ryals, J. J. Brantley, P. H. Mell, Joseph E. Willet and E. A. Steed.

The present president, Rufus W. Weaver, is a nationally known figure in the educational world, while the faculty, gathered from the best schools of this and foreign countries, now each in the several academic and professional schools of the university. A recent survey of the literary work of the faculty members shows that a total of twenty-seven recognized volumes have been written by them and that their test in the field of scholarship is maintained by the fact that fourteen of them appear in "Who's Who in America."

Mercer University during the ninety years of its growth has given to public life many Governors, Senators, Congressional Representatives, celebrated jurists who have served the State and Nation upon the bench, literary men who have won national and international recognition, teachers who occupy leading chairs in foremost universities of America, physicians, journalists, captains of industry and many, many leaders in civic, professional and religious life.

Will Celebrate at Forsyth.

Such institutions as Baylor University, Bessie Tift College, Brenau College, not to mention others whose records have not been so successful, came into existence under the inspiration of ministerial graduates of Mercer University, so in the Founder's Day celebration of today Mercer University is also celebrating as the parent of many other universities and colleges, founded by Mercer graduates.

"I'd do something for that cough if I were you, old man."

"That cough, my dear boy, is indispensable. Whenever a life insurance agent calls to see me I turn it on and he never stays longer than three minutes."

All were quiet in the cinema watching the comic man counterfeiting intoxication. The silence was broken by a small boy's shrill voice: "That ain't the way to be drunk, is it farver?"

Jack: "I've got a good girl."

George: "How'd ya know she is?"

Jack: "I met her walking home from an auto party."

Kitty: "Really, I seldom cross my feet in a street car."

Katty: "I hardly ever wear silk ones either."

We hear much talk now about the professional women. Personally, we have never met an amateur.

REMONSTRANCE

By T. M. Hart

"How have you spent the golden days That now are gone forever In learning's quiet simple ways, Or pleasures' vain endeavor?"

So asks the sage with solemn face, And counsels us to fear The dire results of pleasures' waste That so beset us here.

Another message, I desire To give you, if you will And to my aid invoke the lyre That message to instill,

Chanson.

When all the world's in springtime bloom And life is in its May, When songs of love enchant the night And pleasures speed the day;

When nature calls the heart of youth To worship at her shrine, To taste with her the fruits of love So sweeter far than wine;

Can he resist her luring call, And spurn the joys she gives? Can he who learns know half the joys That comes to him who lives?

So Spring is calling to the youth To live while yet he may, Such pleasures in a few brief years Forever pass away.

When all the world's in springtime bloom, With flowers newly sprung, Oh, that's the time to live and love When all the world is young.

DIXIELAND FER ME

John Milton Samples

Dixieland is my land, Its lowland, its highland, Its cotton fields and corn, Sweet with the dew-kist morn— From mountain height to sea, It's Dixieland fer me!

Dixieland is my land, For her my sires once bled, Who sleep as sainted dead Beneath the grass-grown sod In peace with man and God; To them all honor be— It's Dixieland fer me!

Dixieland is my land; Her maidens are the neatest, The purest and the sweetest; Their faces are the fairest, Their graces are the rarest That ever eyes did see— It's Dixieland fer me!

Dixieland is my land, Its sunshine and its flowers, Its golden, dreamy hours Where all the whole day long Life seems a grand sweet song, This is my prayer and plea— Give Dixieland to me!

SOMETHING WORSE

Once a friend of Mark Twain's was conversing with him regarding a terrible affliction of a person known to them both. The friend said:

"Can you imagine anything worse than having diptheria and scarlet fever at the same time?"

"Yes," replied Mark, "I can easily imagine something worse than that—for instance, rheumatism and St. Vitus' dance."—Everybody's Magazine.

A NARROW ESCAPE

The Irishman said: "The bullet went in me chest here, and come out me back."

"But," said the friend, "it would have gone through your heart and killed you."

"Me heart was in me mouth at the time," said the Irishman.

GOONNESS!

Daughter: "How do you like my new party gown, father?"

Father: "Why, daughter, you surely aren't going out with half of your back exposed?"

Daughter (looking in the mirror): "Oh, father! How stupid of me! I have this dress on backwards."

New Star: "Why is it that all the nicest Masonic brothers are married?"

Married Star: "They weren't always, nice, dear. They were just caught early and trained."

THAT SCRAPPING

MERCER TEAM

By "Sid" Wingfield

Come build your biggest bonfire, boys, Go gather lots of flowers; For we must cheer with life's fond joys That scrapping team of ours. They've trimmed the champions of our land, They've done their best for us. And we must cheer with generous hand; We'll back 'em or we'll burst.

Proud Wabash came to "rope us in." They thought they'd have a "crip." What did those Baptists do but win? They gave the champs a slip. And so with pen in hand I sit, I count the dragging hours. When I can do my "wee" small bit For that scrapping team of ours.

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LONG MEALS

Thomas A. Edison is not much given to humor—he is far too busy for that—but he has one pet yarn that he is never tired of repeating.

A man from the country one day came to town and put up at a first-class hotel. He went to the office and asked the clerk what were the times of the meals.

"Breakfast, seven to three; tea, three to six; dinner, six to eight, and supper, eight to twelve."

"What!" shouted the astonished visitor, "When am I going to get time to see the town?"—Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

OPEN AND ABOVE BOARD

"Johnnie, the stork has brought you a little sister."

"Aw, g'wan. Stork nothin'. It was the milkman brought it. Doesn't he say on the wagon, 'Families Supplied Daily'?"

With women voting, it is no longer in order to say that "Politics makes strange bedfellows."

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