

Mercer Boys Rosy Along On Way to Forsyth and Then Find Other Flowers

"How 'bout a ride to Forsyth, Mister?" could be heard on most any corner of the streets leading to the Forsyth road last Saturday afternoon.

Now two particular Mercer boys of whose trip "we" relate, left their happy home, viz., Sherwood Hall, about 3 o'clock p. m. Catching a Vineville car they rode out to the end of the car line and then began their pedestrian journey. Not two minutes had elapsed before a Packard overtook them and gave them a lift.

They were rejoicing over their good luck and were having visions of waving at the other Mercers who had gotten an hour's start ahead of them, when their "host" informed them that he was bound for the Country Club and would carry them no farther. But our heroes cheered themselves by saying that the Packard wasn't the only pebble on the beach, and that automobiles were like street cars, one every five minutes.

They loitered along, picking flowers and indulging in conversation. One of them found a pretty pink wild rose and gave it a prominent place on his lapel. They walked on and on and cars passed and passed but they were either full or not inclined to stop. "If you'd throw that rose down maybe we'd have some luck," one of the pedestrians said to the other, so he promptly divested himself of the said rose and they walked on. No cars passed. They seemed doomed. They had missed their train and in a couple of hours they were due at Beattie Tift.

"I believe you threw our luck away when you threw that rose away. We aren't getting anywhere, so let's back and get it." So backward they turned in quest of their lost rose. Finally they found it and soon it was back in its place on his coat.

Presto! Luck changed. At that moment up rolled a Ford and asked them if they were going to Forsyth and if they wanted a ride. In they hopped, passed their fellow students who had led them before, and made a "triumphant entry into Forsyth" on time. Question before the house: Was it worth while?

Prof.: "What offers the less resistance to concentric pressure?"
T-hound: "A flapper"—Emory Wheel

A BIG MONKEY SHOW

There were six in a crowd, all drunk. One of the number passed out and had a d. t. fit. The others carried him to a nearby doctor and the doctor said to him:

"Young man, do you see any snakes in this room?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Do you see any lions or monkeys in the room?"

"No, sir."

One of the others called another off to the side and said:

"Hic—he's in an awful fix. Can't see any monkeys and—hic—the room is full of 'em."—Mugwump.

It was at the end of an imperfect hike, in which the colored outfit had tramped to Gehenna and back. One of the bucks footsore and otherwise sore, meandered on blistered feet around to the supply sergeant's office:

"Sarge," he demanded, "Ah wants a pair o' new shoes."

"Whassermatter dem yo' got on," retorted the sergeant. "'Pears lak deys plenty good enough."

"On top dey ain't so wuss," admitted the private, "but dem soles is worn so thin Ah kin stan' on a dime an' tell whether she reads heads or tails."—American Legion Weekly.



Captain Bob Gamble, who lead Mercer team on their S. C., N. C., Va., New York, and Philadelphia basketball trip.

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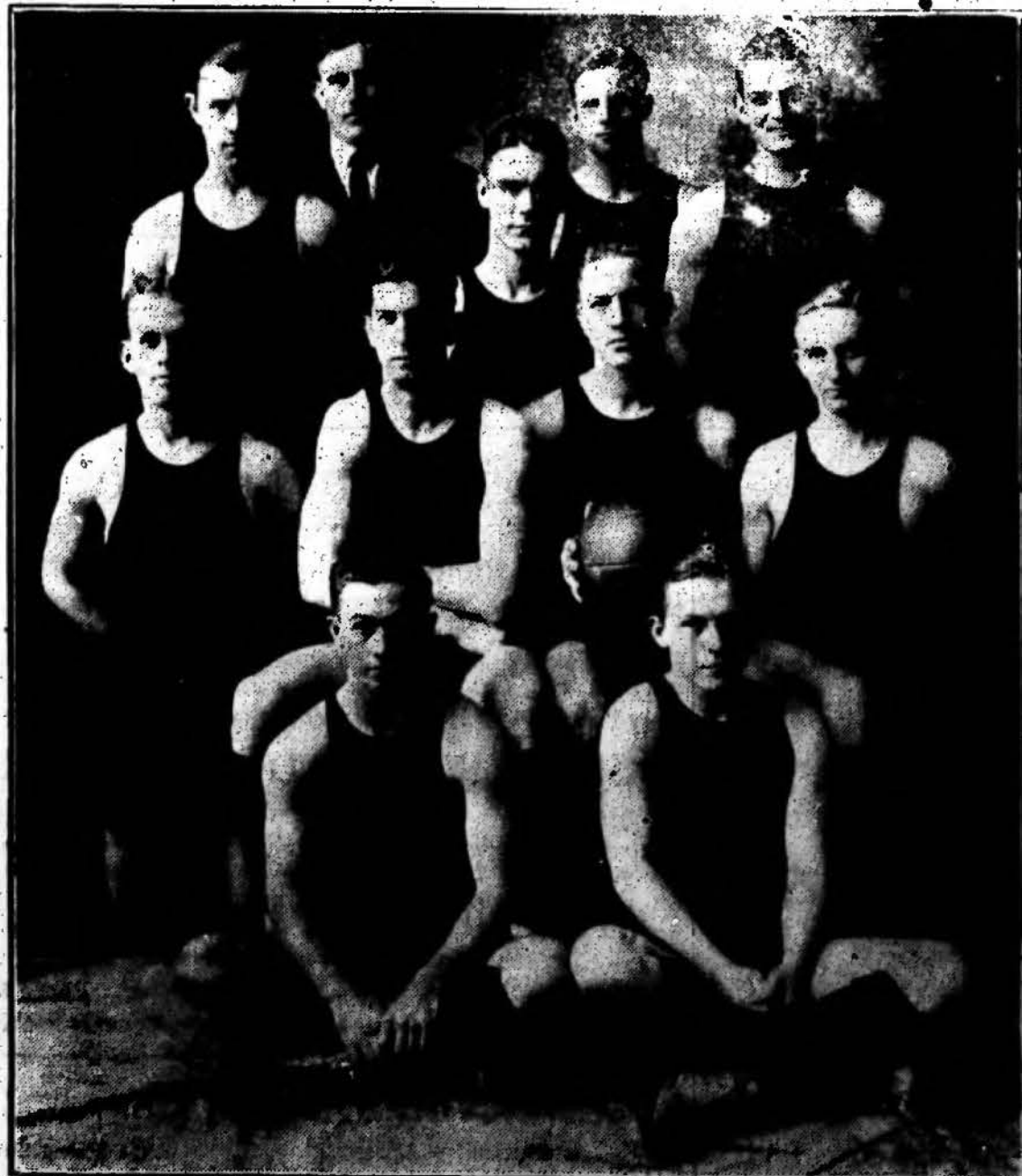
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