

DAY BY DAY RED'S BETTER 'N' BETTER

Brickyard Blonde Shows Fighting Spirit.

By H. H. Shell

"Day by day, in every way Red is getting better and better."

This statement is certainly true of "Red" Simmons, the gigantic brickyard blonde from the sleepy village of Fayetteville, Tenn. The colonel, as most of the boys call him, was the joke of Southern basketball one year ago, and was called by some a typical clown, but today he is rated as one of the best basketball centers in the South.

"Red" was a member of the squad last year but did not make his letter as he received a sprained knee, as a result of a grappling contest with Father Time Cecil, just before the tournament, but the Tennessee Mountain Lily could not stay away from the tournament, so "Red" and the Honorable Dick Dasher boarded a fast freight for Atlanta.

No sooner had "Red" reached Atlanta before the sport writers began to feature him, as he is recognized as one of the best tackles in all Dixie. The colonel's henna head was decked with his cowboy hat which has been handed down from father to son for several generations in the Simmons family and is well known in the mountains of Tennessee.

During the Mercer-Kentucky State game when Mercer tied the score and then jumped into the lead, the colonel just could not stand the pressure any longer, so he sailed his historic hat right down in the middle of the court. "Red" liked the way the boys played basketball in the tournament, so he came back to Mercer determined to play in the annual event next year.

When Coach Cody issued a call for basketball men to report, "Red" was among the first to report. From the very first "Red" showed much fighting spirit and he was soon seen playing the role of standing guard. The colonel had always played center and as the season progressed he was stationed at his old position, and right here is where the story really begins, because the colonel was at home and began to "strut his stuff," and was the star of many games before the regular season was over, which included a road trip through the North, and the team played in New York City and several other large cities.

Then came the time to leave for the tournament and "Red" was among those present that left to represent Mercer. He starred in every game in the tournament, and especially so in the Mercer-Chattanooga game. The wonderful Bill Read, who opposed the Baptist Flame, and rated as the best center in the South, was held to one field goal until the colonel was forced to retire from the game on account of a sprained ankle.

Mercer and Chattanooga had practically the same uniforms, and the boys were getting a little confused, so Mercer called time out and decided to adorn the jerseys of the Freshman team. All of the boys except "Red" retired to make the change; he was so anxious to get back into the game, and did not care to lose any time; so, no sooner had "Red" received the bright orange jersey from the hands of Coach Cody, off came his jersey and on went the bright orange one. All of the Atlanta sport writers praised the stand taken by the colonel and one said, "Red" is my horse from now on.

"Red" was the reverse of last season and was a terror to every opposing team, as the colonel has developed the famous Simmons spurn to perfection, and this year instead of sailing his big hat around on the court he was tossing the round sphere through the basket for many two-pointers.

So let's repeat the old popular saying, "Day by day, in every way, 'Red' is getting better, and better."

ACROBATIC RED

By G. F. Alford

From office boy to bank president! This may sound like Horatio Alger, Jr., but in the case of "Red" Simmons, Mercer's star center on her famous basketball team, it is more like a dream.

Not that we didn't think that "Red"

was capable of big things, but contrasting his type of playing of last year with that of this year, no one would recognize him as the "lanky" fellow who did quite a few acrobatic stunts for us on the basketball court. It will be remembered that last year during the tournament all the Atlanta papers carried quite a few stories of "Big Red" Simmons, the guy who rode a fast freight to the Gate City and who paraded the street with a big sombrero the size that Tom Mix and all the other movie heroes of the western type wear.

But the publicity that Mr. Simmons received this year was quite different from that of last year. Morgan Blake just keeps raving about him, he went even so far as to say that he is All-Southern material and if it hadn't been for Bill Redd of "Nooga," who knows but what "Red" would have been the lucky guy.

It could be written over and over again and then we couldn't begin to tell of his ability as a basketball player. If you haven't seen him play then you have a whole lot to look forward to for next year, for in "Red" Simmons Mercer has a star that promises to bring her a lot of glory in the next two years he has to play.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES

By Milledge Leach

G. E. Snellgrove spoke at vesper service Tuesday evening. In the course of his speech the speaker gave several reasons why one should attend the Y. M. C. A. services.

Dr. Fox of the Biology department continued his series of lectures on Wednesday evening.

Thursday's vesper service was led by J. F. Barton. "Personal Religion" was the speaker's subject.

Only one service will be held next week on account of examinations. R. C. Young will be the speaker for Tuesday.

Everyone is requested to look on the board for a "vesper thought" every night. These thoughts will be placed on the board by anyone having one which they think appropriate.

MY HAPPY HOUR

By John Milton Samples

There is a rare and joyous hour That comes each night to me, When I can feel Love's gentle power— 'Tis when I dream of thee!

There everything seems fair and bright,

But, oh, the fairest is thy face, Flooding all the world with light, With its beauty and its grace!

Then I seem to feel your presence, And sometimes I almost start, Thinking that I hear your footsteps With the beating of my heart!

Restless in its bosom-prison, Surging like the heaving sea, Struggling toward its cherished idol, Striving hard itself to free!

Even now I seem to hear you! Do I feel your gentle hand Touch my own? O heavenly vision! Blessings of my bright Dreamland!

CO-ED

She was a daisy, Passing fair; With roll'd socks, And bob'd hair. I paused to look, I stopped to stare, Yet lingered not— I heard her swear. —The Ky. Kernel.

BESSIE TIFT CLUB GIVES BIG PROGRAM

Thirty Voices Sing in Mercer Chapel.

By R. P. Marlow

Bessie Tift Glee Club last Monday evening, February 26, rendered a program in Mercer chapel that both Mercer boys and many Macon people enjoyed very much.

The program consisted of songs, solos, and readings. Nearly thirty melodious voices sang over a dozen songs. Miss Leontine de Ahna, the director of the club, has a wonderful voice. Her solos were beautiful. The readings also were not lacking in quality. Miss Myrtle Poole maintained the attention of the entire crowd, and many times plunged the crowd into laughter. Miss Madge Sanders played for the club. She surely can spank the ivory. The entire number of vocal artists were encored time after time, which only proved that the program was of the very best.

Those on the club and who made the trip: Misses Smiley, Barton, Clarke, Filljaw, Walker, Baxley, Bell, Hart, Jackson, Lane, Lufburrow, Roberts, Wadsworth, Davis, Hagin, Johnson, Lilly, Tyler, Crawford, Danielly, Geiger, Hicks, Jackson, King, Mullriene, Stakemiller, Sanders and Miss de Ahna, the leader.

NO STAGE FRIGHT WHEN ONCE "OFF"

Feel Shaky But Then For the Ball.

By J. H. Bowling

How does it feel to appear before an audience of 5,000 people as a basketball player?

Talk about a shaky feeling, you have it when you know you are the center of attraction for 10,000 eyes and all of them looking to you to maneuver the old pill in such way as to insure victory," was the answer given to the above question by "Consuelo" Smith, one of Mercer's foremost basketeers.

"However, stage fright disappears soon after the sound of the whistle, the crowd is forgotten; the thing uppermost in one's mind is to work the old ball down the floor and run up the count," he said.

"I imagine it is something like one's first appearance on the battlefield, only to a very much smaller degree. Of course, the importance of the game has something to do with it, too, especially when the team's reputation is at stake," he stated.

"Let's go back!" suddenly rent the air immediately outside the door. Smith lifted himself slowly from his chair. "Time for practice; out you go 'Valentino'."

MY CREED

"To live as gentle as I can, To be, no matter where, a man; To take what comes of good or ill; To climb to faith and honor still; To do my best and let that stand The record of my brain and hand; And, then, should failure come to me still work and hope for victory; To have no secret plan wherein To stoop unseen to shame or sin; To be the same when I'm alone As when my every deed is known; To live undaunted, unafraid, To be without pretense or shame, Exactly what men think I am." —The Mississippian.

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