

## CAULDRON PICTURES FOR MANY GROUPS

Students Pose for Camera Year-book.

Fair and cooler! That was the only weather forecast that the editors of the Cauldron desired, to make the announcement that pictures would be taken for the year-book.

Time was taken out from the regular class work in order for the students to pose for the cameraman, all those having classes from the chapel hour until noon being the fortunate ones as far as getting out of a class was concerned.

About thirty-five groups were made. All group pictures of the societies, clubs and of the Freshman class were included. All the individual pictures for the annual have been in the hands of the engravers for sometime, and now that all pictures have been taken the editors are sure of placing the Cauldron on sale by the first of May.

More books have been ordered than before, in proportion to the student body, excluding the influx of first-year men. Those giving their order are destined not to become disappointed since the managers have planned many new and unique features for this year's book.

he's met all the corners that the broad Empire of Rome had furnished and ain't never once took the full count.

"Spark Plug", as I have affectionately nicknamed him, ought to have stayed in Rome and not ventured below the Smith & Wesson line, for I ain't never yet seen a sphetgetti eater that I can't lick. He was a nice boy and I hated to muss up his coiffure, but sentiment ain't got no part in business relations with me."

M. K. Wallace.

## HORN FOR HARMON

Nashville Sport Writer and Wade Select Mercer Man.

This all-Southern basketball five purred forth by Atlanta critics does not seem to be meeting with popular acclaim. How Harmon of Mercer was omitted is mystifying heaps of people even though the stellar guard was forced to work with a bandaged finger.

Here's a team that is more to the liking of Wallace Wade:

- Bell (Vandy), forward.
- Carter (Ala.), forward.
- Redd (Chattanooga), center.
- Harmon (Mercer), guard.
- Gatchel (Aggies), guard.

"Carter played at center for Alabama, but worked like a forward and was one of the most valuable men in the tournament. Harmon cannot be left off an all-star team—not in my opinion."

## PLAY AT B. T. C.

"The Ladies of Cranford" will be given on Friday night, March 30, by the Bessie Tift Junior Class. It is the annual custom that each Junior Class give a play.

The girls are working diligently and Miss Ulmer, head of the Expression department, is coaching it.

The following is the cast of characters:

- Miss Mathilda Jenkins, the rector's daughter—Kitty Burdett.
- Miss Mary Smith, her visitor—Ruth Sims.
- Miss Jessie Brown, a new resident—Naimi Sykes.
- Miss Pale, a friend to Miss Jenkins—Louise Chandler.
- Mrs. Forrester—Sara Smiley.
- Miss Betty Barker, a retired milliner—Mildred Robuck.
- The Hon. Mrs. Jamison, a leader in society—Una Jones.
- Marth, maid to Miss Jenkins—M. F. Johnson.
- Peggy, maid to Miss Barker—Irene Howard.
- Mrs. Purkis, a country woman—Helen Crosswell.
- Little Susan, her daughter—Elma Poole.
- Jenny, a country girl—Mary Lee Ayres.
- Little Sally—Fae Tuten.

## TENNIS COURT MEN CLAMOR FOR SPACE

Players Must Decide Upon the Locations.

With the four tennis courts which are soon to be constructed on the Mercer campus, the thirty-five members of the Tennis Club will have in all six courts on which they may display their racket abilities. This does not include the courts in Tattall Square Park, which the boys have been using all the year.

Funds are already available for the expense of grading and laying off the courts. Action on the part of the players is all that is needed now, for there is soon to appear four splendid tennis courts, which the players need so much.

It is for the boys to decide just where the courts will be located. There are two excellent places that may be used. The vacant lot between Sherwood Hall and the Daniel Marshall dining hall affords a suitable place for the courts, but in the opinion of some of the players the ground beyond Tryon Hall is the more suitable place.

M. A. Powell, who is president of the Tennis Club, seems very enthusiastic over the idea of building the new courts and he predicts an unusual successful year for the club, especially if all the members will get together and lend their interest in seeing that the courts are built.

## PROF. ALFRIEND PRESIDENT

Prof. Kyle T. Alfrend, head of the Bessie Tift department of Education and Psychology, has been unanimously offered the presidency of G. M. C. by the board of trustees. Prof. Alfrend is a former Mercer student.

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## TUT WAS AN ATHLETE SAYS NUT

(By Ima Knut, now delving into the hitherto unexplored tomb of King Tututhamen.)

The most startling discovery of my whole mad quest for the mummy of Tut came yesterday when my faithful body-guard, Ep I. Lepsy, whom I brought with me from my suburban home in Hephzibah, Ga., stumbled upon a stone tablet, chiselled in the masculine hand of Tut, himself. When I say "stumbled," I do not mean in the literal sense of the word, though as a matter of profane history, Ep really stumbled over the marble tablet.

I presume that it is the young King's diary, for inscribed across the top are the letters "D-I-A-R-Y," which my powers of deduction readily lead me to believe that my presumptions are correct.

You, more or less gentle reader, was laboring under the same misapprehension that I and the other archeologists were, believing that Tut was a modest, unassuming young chap, who drank his prune juice with a chaser and laughed hilariously at the innocent sport of the gladiators who playfully jabbed one another with lance and spear. But not so. Even the best of us are oftentimes mistaken. Tut was an athlete of marked ability.

Following is the translation taken from the marble tablet:

"Monday. Arose this morning with the headache. Must have drank too much prune juice at the party. Took a dip in the Nile with my pet crocodile. (Ed. note: You will readily see by the clever use of the nouns crocodile and Nile that Tut was no ordinary person, but had a rare aesthetic temperament which struggled to express itself in rhyme.) Later in the day, I gambled about on the Sphynx (probably meant "gambled"), and took a ride in the afternoon in my stone chariot. The old man has threatened to deprive me of its use if I don't quit racing my oxen, as he's old-fashioned enough to think it dangerous. Saw Cleo (probably referring to Cleopatra), who promised that she would be at the ringside tomorrow night when I meet Kid Sparticus, the Roman gladiator.

"Tuesday. Arose this morning and took a little sprint around the Sphynx cinder path, and then wrestled with my pet camel until lunch. Had my picture engraved on the Pharaoh Times. Well, tonight is the night of nights. I am going to hit this Kid Sparticus, whom I have nicknamed 'Spark Plug', with everything but the referee and the sponge.

"Wednesday. This Kid Sparticus sure has a nifty left if I do say it, but when old King Tut lands that right, they're all knocked for a row of pyramids. That was also a nifty speech he made before the scrap, in which he said that everybody called him chief and that they didn't make no mistake to call him chief, because