

Homegoing Students Given Instructions For Railway Travel

Student Dispenser of Railroad Pasteboards Interviews Self.

By "Clank"

The Cluster, ever solicitous to the wants of Mercer students and ever anxious to bring them any information or advice that will save them any embarrassment or time in their trips to and from school, has gone to great trouble to prepare the following rules and regulations relative to purchasing railroad tickets home for Christmas.

Freshmen particularly have frequently proven themselves woefully lacking in all knowledge of railroad technique, they are, therefore, urged to pay especial attention to these simple rules, which have been carefully revised by the Cluster staff. The monumental importance of obeying these regulations can hardly be estimated, and they are based upon actual observation of the etiquette observed by prominent traveling men. The rules are:

(1) Be careful in your selection of names by which to address the ticket seller on duty. It is considered proper to use any of the titles in the following list: Brother; Say, Bud; Boy, or Old Boy; My Dear Brother; Say, Cap; Chawkie; All Right, Doc; Mr. Agent; Friend, or Old Friend; Fellow, or Old Fellow; Listen, Jack; Say, Guy; Oscar; Old Top; Old Pal; Pardner; Mister; Sport, or Old Sport; Skybo; Boss Man; Kid, or Kiddo; Shorty, or Big Shorty; or Chief. It is deemed best to memorize these names, and for goodness' sake do not disgrace the college by attempting to spring a new name to which the clerk is unaccustomed.

(2) Always knock on the window with a heavy article like a half dollar or a knife (Seniors always use canes) if the agent is busy waiting on some one else, knock a little harder and louder. The agent is expecting it, and this thoughtfulness on your part always cheers him up and makes him feel better. He is pleased for you to show this kindly and audible interest in his speed in finishing his work.

(3) As long as it is possible, keep your destination a secret from the agent. Call for a ticket without designating what point, and let the agent look at you and try to guess what section you are from. It flatters his intelligence as a mind reader for you to do this.

(4) To keep the agent in the good humor that was caused by rapping on the window, ask him one of those old gags, like: "What time does the 8 o'clock train leave?" or better still, "Why is a lower higher than an upper?" He has probably not heard them many times and would be delighted to hear them again.

By obeying to the letter these simple rules, any Freshman can make his way anywhere, and even the veritable oil-can among the student body can stroke for a ticket with scarcely any friction or difficulty. Your contemporaries and fellow townsmen will look upon you as a Modern Ancient Mariner, or a Sinbad, or a Gulliver; in short, as a muchly traveled young man.

FORMER MERCER MAN PURCHASES PHARMACY

Stanley Dumas New Owner of Nearby Drug Store.

The Tattall Square Pharmacy, for many years owned by Dr. J. L. Edwards, changed hands on December 1, Dr. Stanley Dumas, graduate of Mercer in the class of '17, being the purchaser.

There will be no changes made, it is stated. The Tattall "Square Meal" will still be operated for the benefit of Mercer students.

Dr. Edwards, it is said, is contemplating going into the coal business and will be glad to furnish coal to the students of Mercer University instead of winners.

JUST FROM WESLEYAN

By Special Correspondent

Well, another g-g-glorious basketball time and Thanksgiving day are over, and hard work, otherwise known as parallel, has overtaken us again. There is, Wanted: A book with every thing there is to know about English or history in it, in order that a brain-muddling card system and a heart-breaking number of weighty volumes might be abolished forever.

But Thanksgiving isn't entirely forgotten, particularly by those we freshmen who got a box just a little too large for "just their same size," for basketball is still in the atmosphere and the championship has not been decided yet. Look out for the final game any day this week!

And then, of course, inconsiderate pedagogues will insist on requiring term papers, to pass away dull time. They don't realize that Y. W., Glee Club, Vesper, and various other meetings just simply must be attended to. How in the world can valuable time be spent on studying that ought to be used in getting a college education?

Just as everybody is about to get happy here comes that college hoodoo—"exams." It is just barely creeping into the most extreme end of the back campus up here, but 'tis rumored around that it is looming like a forbidden cloud across your horizon. This is an exceedingly trite subject, but it will force itself upon the minds of the best of us and stick there until "Earth's last 'zam pad is burned up, and the pens are broken and dried"

It has been discovered, from the latest new-style calendars used only by freshmen, that it is now one week, five days, twelve hours, thirty-one minutes and fifty-two and a half seconds until Christmas, which lasts from December 19 to January 2. Did you know what?

The Watchtower is now a real honest-to-goodness newspaper. Why? Because it now has an office—palepot, scissors, and all! It is all of five feet long and three feet wide, but you just ask a member of the staff what her head is swelled over, and listen while she says, "It's the new office, come on and see!"

We will now bid you a "Merry Christmas" like the one you read about in the December magazines that come out June 15th.

And to all a good-bye,
Mary Anne.

GREAT MEN

(Editor's Explanatory Note.—Beginning this week and continuing until we get tired, the Cluster will publish each week a short article dealing with the salient facts in the lives of those whom the world considers great. For obvious reasons, George Washington has been chosen as the subject of this week's article. The reasons are that he is the only great man whom we could think of without recourse to an encyclopedia.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON—George Washington was born in the South and consequently ran on the Democratic ticket when he decided that he wanted to be president. George had at one time quite a reputation as a woodchopper. It is said of him that he never told a lie, which is quite some record we'll admit, but history fails to record what he told his wife when he came in at 3 o'clock in the morning. His favorite occupation was said to be rowing, and he considered the Delaware river, at dead of night, an ideal place in which to attempt to lower some records. In spite of his proclivity for rowing, however, there is no record of his having made the varsity crew at his Alma Mater. After becoming grown, George married Martha Curtiss and in due time became the father of his country.

C. D. T.
(Next week—LUKE ARNOLD.)

Dr. Rufus W. Weaver, present President of Mercer, is the University's thirteenth president. Mercer has had thirteen presidents and two acting presidents.

"Not a bad car you have there, Brown; what's the most you ever got out of it?"
"Six times in one mile."

BEAUTY CONTEST

The following letter which was received at the Cluster office this week is certain to be of interest to all entrants in the far-from-beautiful beauty contest. It is dated Nov. 31 and bears the postmark of Squedunk, Wisconsin.

Dear Contest editor,
My name is William Marmaduke Jones. I live on the farm with paw and maw in Squedunk. What I want to tell yew is that the other day a frate trane passed threw hear and dropped a queer lookin' box containing the dad-gumdest animule I ever sped. It wuz marked for the Mercer Cluster in the Bewty Kontest.

Well, I didn't no what it wuz all about so I opened the box in kwestion, to see what was in it. The thing was sent from the jungles of Afriky, akkording to the label. They called it a dingy-pus. It was a critter with two horns on it something like our old long horn cow that paw bawt from a man last weak. Paw didn't no what it wuz fer and nether did I. I want to tell yew it has cazed more trouble on this farm than anything since the county fare last year when our old sow got loose on the grounds and like to have torn up the widmay. This hear dingpus, or whatever its name is, got loose as soon as we undone the box and tore up Paw's corn patch, et up all the collards, and rooted a hole out under the stable and old Bess our mare got loose and run away to town.

Of corse this made Paw as mad as blazes and he thretened to kill the blame animule, but I perswaded him not to, as I thot maybe youd want to use the plagued thing fer that bewty kontest yew are having at Mercer. We caught the dingypus down in front of Bill Hightower's drug store and have got it penned up in last winter's bare trap now. We don't no what to do with it and of it staze hear much longer Paw is goin to kill

"Where are you headed for, Big Boy?"
"Headquarters, of course—TATTNALL SQUARE PHARMACY, where you can get a good hot lunch Toot Sweet."

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it with an ax. So ef yew want it you had better hurry up and send fer it, as we can't keep it much longer. Hit won't eat hardly nothing at all and we don't no what to feed it.

Maw and Cynthia are all het up over the thing and they say they won't stay in the house any longer if the dingy-pus ain't taken away.

Plenze let me no what to do with it and plenze hurry up or Paw will kill it.

Yours truly,
William Marmaduke
Washington Jones

In view of the fact that the dingy-pus is essentially necessary to the success of the Beauty Contest, it is thought that something should be done at once. Therefore we hereby appoint a committee composed of Ben McWhorter, Max Lassiter, and Baxter Coke to entrain immediately for Wisconsin to recover the dingy-pus and bring to Mercer. Until they return nothing further can be announced.

Watch for next week's issue of the Cluster as startling, sensational and heretofore unthought-of developments will be forthcoming.

Lee Battle, erstwhile Mercer cook and caretaker of the interests of Mercer students, is authority for the fact that Dr. James Worsham, husband of Mrs. Worsham, the manager of the Mercer kitchen, and himself were born the same day, the same hour, the same month, and the same year. Lee doesn't remember where he was born.

Doctor: "Your mother-in-law's condition necessitates a warmer climate."
Newlywed Young Man (after reflection): "You do it, Doc; I haven't the heart."

Ellen Statenmiller: "Jo, have you a little green bow?"
Jo Allen: "No—all of my bows (beaux) are white."

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\$250 in prizes

For the best estimate of ten words or less on the value of the Williams Hinged Cap, we offer the following prizes: 1st prize, \$250; 2nd prize, \$100; 3rd prize, \$50; 4th prize, \$25; 5th prize, \$10; 6th prize, \$5. Any unexpired or graduated student eligible. If we receive more than one identical slogan deemed worthy of prize, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each. Contest closes at midnight March 14, 1929. Winners will be announced as soon thereafter as possible. Submit any number of slogans but write on one side of paper only, putting name, address, and school and class on top of each one. Address letters to Contest Editor, The J. S. Williams Co., Montgomery, Conn.