

# The Mercer Cluster

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## ON INFLUENCES

There are only a few who realize how far-reaching their influence is. Every one of you Mercer men is probably a hero to some little fellow, and his aim, when he grows up is to be like you. To him you are the biggest fellow he knows, and when he finishes school, at home, he wants to go to college like you do. It is true, lots of little fellows have chosen most every one of us a model by which he is going to measure himself.

Many of us will never know that we have been chosen by some little fellow, who is going to be just like us, and perhaps we never will. Don't you think we ought to feel proud to be elected as the wonderful man he is going to be like? Would you want any little fellow you loved to be just like you when he grows up? Do you suppose we would do a lot of things that are not just exactly right if we knew there was a little boy watching us with a fixed purpose to be just like us? If we would only hesitate and think of the child and its faith in us, the act would not be committed.

A word of kindness or encouragement to a little fellow from a man he loves means more to him than most of us know. If you will remember how thrilled you were when some man you held in esteem spoke to you in a nice way, then you will have an idea how good it makes him feel.

The Big Brother Spirit is not a new thing. Suppose one tenth of the Mercer men would give an hour a week to encouraging some boy whose opportunities in life are naturally limited, to higher things and ideals that otherwise he may never know about. Give him his first ideal and show him that there is more in life than so many people are able to see. Win him for a friend and then you can accomplish more than you think. Be a big brother to some little fellow. You will never forget it and neither will he. J. S.

## CLASS GAMES DEVELOP SPIRIT

Bruised noses, black eyes and game legs have become campus fads. It has well nigh reached the point where a man whose face is unscathed, whose walk shows no infirmity, is considered disloyal and unworthy of his class. Such stories of explanation, as "How I got kicked in the month," or "I skinned it on a flying tackle" are prevalent. These various abrasions and limps give visual evidence of the scrimmages between the various class football teams.

Several noteworthy points might be shown in favor of interclass athletics. In the first place the participants themselves are benefited. Many students have not the time nor the talent to make the varsity teams. They can enjoy the class games which are not so exacting. That a regular college course softens one is evidenced by the lame men on the campus.

Class spirit, a powerful campus aid, is strengthened. There is no better way of cementing friendship than to line up side by side with other members of your class who are drawn from other departments, and strive to attain the objective. The law student and the theolog, the commerce student and the journalist rub elbows in a friendly contact otherwise impossible.

The varsity teams are aided by class athletics. When one has participated in a game and undergone the identical plays that he views in

varsity games, he is better able to appreciate a tumble or an awkward play by the varsity man. Instead of complaining that the player should have done better, the tendency is to instill new courage by laughing the error aside and urging the player to greater efforts.

Whatever interests the college man in his class interests him in his college. Greater class spirit is but another way of saying greater college spirit. Scars and school spirit increase in the same proportion. Martin C. Burghard.

## ALL-SOUTHERN GLEE CLUBS?

For many years it has been the practice among athletic authorities, such as coaches and newspaper men, to select a composite team representing the pick men of all the contesting players in the conference, whether in football, baseball or basketball. Later by compiling the votes of sport writers all over the country, a composite All-American team is chosen. This selection is difficult, but the fans delight in it, and the possibility of being selected on the mythical team serves as an added incentive to a player to do superlative work.

Granting, then, that the custom is good; granting that it stimulates additional interest in the games in both patrons and players, the question arises, "Why confine it to athletics?" College glee clubs are now making their annual tours of the South. Why not choose an All-Southern quartette, or an all-conference orchestra, or a pianist? In other words, select a composite glee club which would be composed of the pick gleemen of all the various clubs. Mercer has two bass singers and other performers who would deserve places on any all-star selections made anywhere.

Caruso, of course, would be placed on the All-Italian and would be sure of the All-Time All-International. Rockefeller and Morgan would make the All-Wall Street, and go on through all the various phases of life.

Again our question: If the proposition of selecting the composite best is good for athletics, then why not for glee clubs, authors, debaters, and all the lines of human endeavor? Why not?

## TEXT OF HERBERT BRADSHAW'S ORATION TO CICERONIANS

All days are not alike. As we turn the pages of the calendar some dates stand out, symbols of sacrifice or significant of past achievement. They come in annual visits, sweetened with the sweetest sentiments and radiant with the magic touch of memory. Not

all of these dates are marked upon the calendar. Most of them have messages for only a few of us; they speak to an individual, or to a family, or, perhaps, to some charmed circle of comrades. These are personal calendars of men. They are dates written in the family Bible, jotted down in a dingy diary, or marked by a faded flower or toy.

Then there is the nation's calendar, whose dates throb with the passion of a people's patriotism, and speak of their pride in past achievements in war and in peace. July 4, 1776, and November 11, 1918, will be forever dates of pride to the soul of America.

Then there are world dates that recall names and deeds of those persons whom no nation or era can claim for its own. It is of such a day that I wish to speak—a day that has a peculiar significance for our society.

In order to get a true conception of the picture, let's for the moment dwell in the land of "make-believe." Our memory carries us back over the intervening centuries, and in fancy we are borne back to the little town of Arpinum in the Roman Empire. The year is the 106th before the Christian Era, and the day is January 3rd. There we find in a humble home, a new-born babe—a son who in after life is destined to bring both joy and sorrow to his parents. We watch him as he approaches boyhood—a youth of precocious talents but weak of body. We wonder at the ease with which he masters the Greek classics and rhetoric. Next we see him as he goes to Rome, to study law and philosophy under the greatest teachers of his day. In the year 81 B. C., when only 25 years of age, we find him beginning a forensic career, which perhaps has never been surpassed and few times equalled in brilliance, in all of the annals of history, by delivering an address of such value that it has lived through the centuries, and is today extant in its entirety.

We then follow him as he plunges into the political life of his day, following principles that served at once to bring him into national prominence and later into exile. We see him as he is recalled within a year, and is overwhelmed again with a deluge of state matters. We eagerly trace his footsteps as he attacks Catiline, Rullus, Mark Antony, and other leaders of his day—ever optimistic—firm in the belief that he was right, and that the principles for which he fought would eventually prevail. Then we see him—now an old man sentenced to die—offered an opportunity and urged by his friends to escape—take his final gallant stand, and reply to them, "Let me die in the country which I love and have often saved." Then we look on with unbounded horror and indignation at the unspeakable cruelty of the wife of Mark

Antony as she thrusts a sharp pin through his tongue, and of other persecutors as they wring his hands from his wrists, and leave the unflinching statesman to die.

Thus ended the earthly existence of mighty Cicero, but his work and influence did not end. They affected each succeeding generation and linger persistently until this day.

Again we must resort to fancy, and are borne over the 1900 years following the death of the brave Roman, and find ourselves again on our native soil, at old Penfield, Georgia, in the days of Mercer Institute. There we find a group of men gathered for a purpose. Every heavenly message has its earthly sign, and every divine truth has its human way of expression. The artist who sees a vision of beauty must carve it into marble or express it in color. He who is thrilled with a great thought or possessed with a splendid passion must find an utterance for his passion and a vocabulary for his thoughts. He who

hears mingled melodies from a far off spiritland must translate them into tone.

Thus these men saw the need of an organization which would aid them in translating their thoughts into words. Searching through the literature and history of all ages, they finally decided that the ideals and accomplishments of the illustrious Roman, of whom we have been speaking, were the most worthy of emulation. Therefore, they selected the "Ciceronian Literary Society" as the name of the new organization. These pioneers have blazed the way. They have thrown to us the torch of progress. Let it be ours to hold it high. Let us carry on the work to heights yet unattained, and when that time comes—as come it must—when we must leave these sacred halls, let us be prepared through our service here to face the battles of life with the zeal, confidence, earnestness and enthusiasm that have always characterized Mercer men.

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