

KRANK KOLLUM

By Hugh Awtry

This department, claiming to have not more than the maximum of vanity conceded those unfortunates who can claim not more than the minimum of polchritude, must perforce sadly chronicle its humiliation and chagrin that, though Leap Year is nearly a month gone, nothing has leaped its way—nor has a single sweet-nothing, even remotely resembling a proposal from the one-time weaker sex, been wafted to this sanctum of the uncertain currents of the year divisible by four. Ye Krank is sorely troubled. For three years we have waited in joyous expectancy for the coming of 1924, when, like mere man we believed, at least one dare would be forthcoming from some member of that most mystifying classification of the species supported by high heels and man.

It may be Leap Year for some people, but for us 'tis only another turn of the wheel with a new souvenir calendar on the wall. Taken by and large, and without prejudice of position, this department is disappointed in itself and love. The cruel injustice of this vale of tears is easily exemplified, when following upon our own woeful narrative it is learned that Ben McWhorter and Joe McClain have already turned down and spurned with utmost nonchalance a score of offers from as many sweet charmers—some personally and others received special delivery. This is drinking the rock bottom dregs. Woe are we, ye verily, twice Whoo!

So intending to end it all and depart this mortal coil, we have resolved to join the Junior class grid eleven (if that many) and institute one line plunge against the Senior forwards. We have always preferred lilies of the valley and morning glories.

Ham Steps Out

Says a local paper: "Mr. B. Hand-some Grant of Mercer is spending the week-end with friends in Quitman." Boy! A large size bucket of that beauty mud.

A music chart hanging on the wall of a room in Sherwood is headed, "Saxophone-Made Easy." But how about the neighbors. Seems like a Maxim silencer ought to do the work.

Evolution of a Stude (A la dining hall)

September: May I have the potatoes, please? Thanks.
January: Pass the potatoes. 'Blige.
June: Say, Jack, the spuds. 'Smatter with yuh, paralysis?

FAMOUS POSTS

-office.
-bellum.
-man.
-haste.
- Left at the
- Telephone
- Saturday Evening
- Guy Bates
-script.
-Toasties
-Diluvial
-um
- Goal

—Clank.

MY PLEASURES

These are the things that I hold most dear:
A cold clear night in the fall of the year
When the moon rides forth like a charioteer,
Driving her steed through a star-lit land,
Where, Queen of the Skies, she holds command;
A cold clear night when the wind is free,
Singing his song with a lightsome glee,
Making a lyre of every tree,
Rushing the blood in a flood to the face,
Tossing the hair with a fairy grace—
I love a clear night in the fall of the year.

And these are the things that glorify:
The great expanse of a cloudless sky
Lit, with stars that flicker on high;
And the cool, deep woods of oak and pine,
Trellised and woven with fragrant vine,
Where dark shadows show 'gainst a moon-flecked floor
Of the fallen leaves from Autumn's store;
Through the forest aisles I love to roam,
Breathing keen odors from the wind-kissed loam—
Exultant! I call the woods my home.

And these are the things my hopes inspire:
The crackling blaze of an open fire,
Sending showers of sparks higher and higher,
Higher to greet the rays of the moon;
Brighter to be the wayfarer's boon;
Each spark to me seems a living soul
Rising on high to greet its goal,
And some fall short, are lost by the way,
But many far off the winds convey—
Bear me up, O winds, bear me up,
I pray!

But what are the woods and skies divine,
And what is the fire, or the moon-bathed pine,
Without a love entirely mine?
A love whose heart with mine would beat
As the sparks uprising on pinions fleet;
A love whose ruddy face would glow
As the fire-thrilled blood through her veins did flow;
A love who loved each vine and tree,
Who loved clear nights when the wind is free,
Who, loving all these, most loved me.
—Emceebec.

With Our Exchanges

By C. D. Tounaley

Among the new exchanges which have been received since a list was last published, are: The Chowanian, from Chowan college; the Esprit de Corps, from Blackstone Military Academy; the Blue and Gray, from Lincoln Memorial University.

The Wesleyan Watchtower joyfully announces that exams are over once more, with no casualties reported. Letters home will carry a message, the substance of which will be the same as that famous one which said, "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

The Technique, on the other hand, sorrowfully announces the approach of those dread enemies of all college studes: final exams.

The football team of Rollins College is conducting a highly successful tour of Cuba. The basketball team, which is accompanying them has not been so fortunate, some rebuffs having been encountered.

1st Soph: "A girl is known by the clothes she wears."
2d Ditto: "Nobody knows my girl."

A golf team is being organized at the University of Florida which will stage meets with teams from other colleges. Golf teams are rather new in Southern collegiate circles, but there seems to be no reason why they should not be as successful as other athletic teams. Imagine, if you will, a group of undergraduates chanting in unison "Sink that putt, sink that putt."

Can This Be True?

A kiss, a sigh,
A long good bye,
And she is gone.
A glance, a curl,
Another girl,
And life goes on. —Ex.

Ark Newton, member of the mythical 1923 All-Southern football team, has been selected to lead the Florida 'Gators next year. Newton was an outstanding player at Florida the past season and his election to the captaincy was unanimous.

The latest issue of the Technique carries a strong editorial urging upon students the duty of patronizing its advertisers. This same advice is applicable elsewhere, for the majority

of college publications are dependent upon advertisers for their existence. It is only just that the man who is willing to support your school should in turn receive your support.

The January 23 issue of the Birmingham-Southern Gold and Black will be a "green" edition, being edited entirely by members of the freshman class.

The Red and Black has this to say concerning the basketball tilts scheduled with Mercer:

"The games with Mercer in the Central City on February 22 and 23 will, in all probability, prove the most colorful on the schedule and should draw fine crowds, including a number of Georgia students."

Mah Jong Appears On Mercer Campus

Somehow, we had hoped to avert it, and we had looked upon its growing popularity with alarm. In fear and trembling lest it should seize Mercer campus in its talon-like grasp, we had fought it with the vengeance and

bitterness of one fighting for honor and justice.

But it was no use. It has come. The end is near. The dread thing has struck Mercer campus like a whirlwind, bringing destruction and insipid dissolution to all who have felt its influence. Mercer studes, oblivious of their peril, have allowed this pernicious thing to seep into their lives and fascinate and charm them to the exclusion of all else. Like babes in the woods, little realizing their danger, they have wandered innocently into the jaws of the fiery dragon.

Four Mercer students had entered the Freshman's room where the ghastly deed was being done.

"Well, we gotta stay in till the whistle blows tonight," one whispered hoarsely.

"Yep," another replied, "we must put up a terrific fight if we win this game!"

"It's terribly fascinating, isn't it?"

"Well, it oughta be. Mah Jong has been the national game in China for twenty centuries."

"Cut out the talk, and play. We've got a hard struggle tonight."

Mah Jong! Mah Jong! The words ring in our ears.

Jenkins, the gas, please.

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