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Greeting Cards and Booklets will be more popular this year than ever. We carry the largest assortment in the South.

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A horribly hackneyed phrase, but we gotta say it—

"Patronize Our Advertisers!"

"FELLOW FRESHMEN"

is an old gag, but we hafta depend on you—Mercer Men and Friends—to help us make The Cluster bigger by buying from our Boosters.

Mention The Cluster when you trade!

A Good Place to Eat
NEW YORK CAFE
Best Coffee in the City
314 Second St.

"Y" BOOMS

The "Y" began its vesper services for this year on September 28 with S. Emmet Stevens, of China, as the speaker. Rev. Stevens is a returned missionary and is now a student at Mercer. He spoke in a forceful manner of the problems which face a missionary on the foreign fields and showed that consecration is the greatest qualification for service.

Captain A. I. Foster, the "fighting parson" of the Thirtieth Division, who is also a Mercer student, was the speaker at the second vesper service. He has a great way of getting next to the men with his message, which on this occasion was "When I would do good evil is with me." He drew a picture of the great destructive power of evil and its inevitable consequences.

Tuesday, October 4, A. B. Couch spoke on the one definite aim in life, "This one thing I do." Discover, develop and do were the three ideas which he brought out in his message.

Thursday, October 6, Professor Ray, of G. A. B., spoke on the old Greek adage, "Know thyself." He used numerous illustrations to show that a man can be what he wants to be. His destiny is in his own hands.

Friday, October 7, P. E. Murray spoke on public opinion, showing the difference between what men say and what they really think.

The singing of the Dunbar Quintet at the service Tuesday evening was one of the most interesting of the programs given at the "Y" this year. The fellows showed their appreciation of the program rendered by their large attendance and by the numerous encores.

ARE YOU DODGING LATIN?

We have a brick to sling at anybody who stands between a school child and a course in Latin. We do not assume that Latin ought to be studied solely for the classical interest. That part is worth little.

But the thing which hurts us and brings us to fighting humor is the fact that those who try to dodge Latin will insist vehemently that there is nothing in it except a better opportunity to get close to Rome historically in the periods of highest Roman civilization—for instance one might read Livy's History of the Tunic Wars in the original and thus become better acquainted with the Roman of that day. Well, that is all balderdash. Of course, we are not so much concerned about classic Rome. That is not it.

Dr. Emil de Sauze, director of foreign language study in the public schools of Cleveland, is reforming the study of Latin. He is throwing out the senseless sentences for beginners, the "examples of conversation unheard of in heaven or earth, which do not mean anything and do not get anywhere."

Dr. de Sauze believes that when he gets through, Latin will not only be very valuable, but extremely interesting to the pupils. He maintains that the student's dislike for it is due wholly to bad methods used in teaching it.

In this he is probably right. All knowledge is of interest unless it is made boring by bad teaching. The specific reasons why Latin is worth study, aside from unlocking the door to its literature, are given admirably by Dr. de Sauze in a few words:

"Latin remains the most valuable subject of study, save only mathematics. Like mathematics, it teaches precision and clear thinking and provides mental discipline. It teaches a regard for the niceties of words. It develops a feeling for speech which nothing else can do."

It is said that the English is made up of a hundred thousand words or more—that of these the greater portion, over half, possibly, are Latin bodily or rooted and formed from Latin. Is this not enough reason to study Latin? Whether you think so or not, it is—surely is.

The pupil without a knowledge of Latin might as well slip out and dispose completely of the matter of good English, for we know and all other students of the language which is destined to become that of the civilized world, know well that only those who lay a real foundation ever know anything about English.

Not all students of English become forceful in the use of the language through the study of Latin, but likewise it is more true that those who refuse to take Latin never master their own good English.—Cordele Dispatch.

FRESHMEN VICTIMS OF PHRENOLOGY

Soloist Pharr and "Rat" Hailey Are Chief Victims.

The "chair" of phrenology is the latest establishment on the Mercer campus.

This extraordinary study appeared upon the campus about the noon hour Saturday. As is the usual manner of Freshmen, all the "greenies" tackled the proposition immediately and without sufficient investigation. The chair was not in the form of a recognized and legally established type but was that of a wandering variety. The phrenologist who attracted so much attention was T. E. Gibson, blind, but yet industrious, as was shown when he tested the craniums of several "rats."

Many humorous answers were given at the expense of the underclassmen who were under the strain of investigation. "Rat" Pharr was one of the earliest of the victims. Seating himself in the designated spot, with his hair soon clasped in the hands of the phrenologist, Pharr presented an amusing spectacle; yet with all this his face portrayed a look that betokened satisfaction as the test commenced. As the director proceeded "Soloist" Pharr was seen to shudder for he was told that an old bachelor's life was to be his lot as his intellectual ability pointed to achievements other than captivating the representatives of the feminine tribe. Having disposed of this rat, the phrenologist directed another to take his place. This was 225-pound "Rat" Hailey. Following is a substance of the phrenologist's statement as to this Freshman's future:

"My friend, you are indeed blessed with an abundance of hair, yet your hair does not cover sufficient mental material. You should be working in a lumber camp or putting hoops upon barrels, or else you should be out digging wells. But never mind, my friend, for you can control men as well as the next one; you can do anything but that which is good; you had best let the women alone, as they will lead you and you can only be as the little poodle who is led around by a string. "Hailey" felt so downcast that he took the usual fee and bought him a book on "How to Get Rich Quick."

Many other first-year men were examined but these two furnished the humor for the occasion.

PREACHER POETRY

A certain Mercer preacher whose talents run somewhat to making verse, was trying to write a poem on the subject of woman's variability. After much hard thinking he penned the following lines:

"Woman is like the weather vane
That shifts with every breeze.
One day we bask in sunny smiles,
The next we're apt to freeze."
When this masterly stanza was completed the Mercer preacher looked up to find his wife reading his verse over his shoulder. Rather startled but equal to the occasion, the young versifier hastily dashed off the following as a conclusion to his poem:
"So sang a poet who thought he had
The picture true to life;
But plain it is he ne'er had seen
A woman like my wife."

PLUCK WINS

Pluck wins! It always wins! though days be slow
And nights be dark 'twixt days that come and go.
Still pluck will win; its average is sure;
He gains the prize who will the most endure;
Who faces issues; who never shrinks;
Who waits and watches, and who always works.

LET HER SLIDE

Let the howlers howl, and the growlers growl,
and the prowlers prowl,
and the gee-gaws go it;
Behind the night there is plenty of light,
and things are all right—and I know it.

—Heart Throbs.

Some men are called the pillars of the church when they are only the sleepers.