Alneteen Hundred
And Eleven
Volume One
THE CAULDRON

DOUBLE, DOUBLE TOIL AND TROUBLE.
The Charm: It was said by Lanier (ask the Freshmen) that, given the raw materials (ask the Ec. men): to-wit (ask the first year lawyers), wife, children, a friend or two, and a house, then the two essentials of a home are a fire and music; and since we can do without the fire half the time (ask the Dormitory boys), the one essential is music (ask the Band). Another American poet has insisted that our national note is his "barbaric yawp" (ask the Glee Club); and an English essayist speaks of the utterances of certain young journalists as "the magnificent roaring of the young lions" (ask the Editors).

Now, gentle reader, you will find the raw materials of this college life of ours inside the CAULDRON; you will find the fire underneath, if you have the spark still in you; and if your youthful college spirit has not wholly died out of you, the crackle of these few dry sticks in the flames will be music in your ears. As for the "yawp" and the "roaring," you see they are involved in the charm (ask President Lowell).

THE FAMILIAR SPIRIT: Now, if you should fail to divine the secret of the matter from any of the above named sources, we, the editors, would suggest, out of a full and rich experience, that you ask, not "the man," but the woman,—one who is not only a most competent librarian, but a whole library in herself, with a whole heart (and, incidentally, fancy free!); who, if ever a Freshman wants a theme to placate the gods of rhetoric, or a Senior a paper to satisfy the critics; who, if ever the Literary Club needs a program, or the Orchestra wants an accompanist, or the Sophomore a French dictionary; who, when the Mercerian is to scintillate, or the Orange and Black is to snap, or the CAULDRON to bubble;—who, in a word, whenever and wherever a plot-boiler just must be had,—is sympathetic and long-suffering, a very present help—

Miss Sallie Goetz Boone

—all things
to all college men if by all means she may save some from

"Double, double toil and trouble."
The Cauldron Editors—As They Were—
SAMUEL YOUNG JAMESON, D.D., L.L.D.,
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Mathematics.
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The Bible and Biblical Literature.

WILLIAM FRANCIS GIDLEY, B.S., Ph.C.
Materia Medica and Pharmacy.

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Physics and Astronomy.

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Philosophy and Education.
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Dean of School of Pharmacy,
Chemistry and Geology.

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English Language and Literature.
SOLON BOLIVAR COUSINS, A.B.,
Associate Professor of English.

JAMES S. SNODDY, A.B.,
Associate Professor of English.

CHARLES CRAWFORD STROUD,
A.B., M.D.,
Director of Athletics.
SENIOR'S HOPE
Senior Class

Motto: Go put your creed into your deed.

OFFICERS

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Last Will and Testament
R. L. Meeks
FRANKLIN JOSEPH AMIS, A. B., PH. G.  
"Doc."  
Newnan, Ga.

Graduate in both literary and pharmacy departments. President Phi Delta Literary Society, 1911; Alembic Club; Assistant in Chemistry, 1909-11.

"From the crown of his head to the sole of his feet he is all mirth."

CHARLES OTIS BAIRD, A. B.  
"Oats."  
Orchard Hill, Ga.

Entered Sophomore. Member Phi Delta Literary Society; Alembic Club; Student member Athletic Council, 1910-11; Business Manager Orange and Black, 1911. A. T. Ω.

"I dare do all that may become a man, Who dares do more is none."

HARLEY JACKSON BALLEW, A. B.  
"Reverend."  
Letitia, N. C.

Entered Sophomore. President Phi Delta Literary Society; President Ministerial Association, 1910-11.

"I hope, Trim, I fear nothing save the doing of a wrong thing."
AIDEN EMMETT BARNES, Jr., A. B.
"Emmett."  Macon, Ga.

Entered Junior Class 1909 from Auburn. Member Gresham High School Club; Macon Club; Groucho Club; and Tennis Club; Number Two Club. Σ. A. E.

"They say that best men are moulded out of faults, And, for the most, become much more the better For being a little bad."

THURSTON THOMAS BENSON, A. B.
"Bent."  Commerce, Ga.

Member Ciceronian Literary Society; Alembic Club; Number Two Club.

"He reads much; He is a great observer, and he looks Quite through the deeds of men."

CLAY BINION, A. B.

'Varsity Football, 1908-09-10; 'Varsity Basketball, 1910-11; Member Tennis Club; K. K. K.; Number Two Club. Φ. Δ. Θ.

"He who depends upon his wind and limbs, Needs neither cork or bladder when he swims."
JOHN JAMES BROCK, A. B.
"Jayjay."
Cornelia, Ga.
Member Phi Delta Literary Society; Assistant Biology Laboratory.
"A proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day."

EARLE CLARK CALHOUN, B. L., A. B.
"Earle."
Eastman, Ga.
Received degree of B. L. from Mercer Law School, 1910; Member Non-Fraternity Organization, and its President, 1909-10; Phi Delta Literary Society; Spring Term Debater, 1910; Impromptu Debater, 1911; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, 1908-09.
"Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much; Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."

ROY EMMETTE CALHOUN, A. B.
"Red."
Eastman, Ga.
Entered special class September, 1909. Member Phi Delta Literary Society, and Non-Fraternity Organization.
"He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic;
He could distinguish and divide
A hair twixt south and south-west side."
CLIFFORD CARPENTER, A. B.
"Carp."
Waleska, Ga.
Member Phi Delta Literary Society; Junior Law Class, 1910-11.
"So on the tip of his subduing tongue,
All kinds of arguments and questions deep—..."

JAMES HAMILTON CARSWELL, A. B.
"Ham."
Hephzibah, Ga.
Member Phi Delta Literary Society;
Ministerial Association.
"Every man has his fault, and honesty is his."

CLARK ERIC CLEMENT, A. B.
"Mark."
Morganton, Ga.
President Class, 1907-08; Member Junior Law Class, 1910-11; Phi Delta Literary Society; Fall Term Debater, 1908; Champion Debater, 1909; Blue Ridge Debater, 1909; Editor of "Books and Authors" department Mercerian, 1909-10; Editor-in-Chief-elect of Mercerian, 1910-11; Coach in History, 1909-10; Instructor in History and English, 1910-11; Mercer Literary Club; Senior Class Orator on Commencement Day.

"I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"
ABRAM BENJAMIN CONGER, A. B.
“Abe.”
Tifton, Ga.
Member Ciceronian Literary Society; Impromptu Debater, 1910-11; Champion Debater, 1910; Blue Ridge Debater, 1910; President Athletic Association, 1909-10; President Senior Class, 1910-11; Varsity Football, 1909-10; K. K. K. Social Club; Grouch Club. Φ. Δ. Θ.

"He has been picked out from the flock, as the particular wether to wear the bell."

STARRETT DOBSON COPELAND.
“Cope.”
Sugar Valley, Ga.
Entered Sophomore. Member Ciceronian Literary Society; Assistant Business Manager Cauldron, 1911; Editor “By the Way” Mercelian, 1909-10; Grouch Club, Mercer Literary Club; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, 1909-10.

"Of my merit
On the pint you yourself may judge."

PERRY FRANKLIN DAVIS, A. B.
“P. F.”
Newberry, Fla.
Member Phi Delta Literary Society; Ministerial Association; Glee Club, 1909; President Florida Club; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, 1910.

"Horatio, thou art e’en as just a man
As e’er my conversation coped withal."
HAL McCLUNEY DAVIDSON, A.B., Pox.G.
"Hal."
Greensboro, Ga.

Graduate in both literary and pharmacy departments; Member Phi Delta Literary Society; Assistant Business Manager Mercerian, 1909-10; Business Manager Mercerian, 1910-11; Varsity Football, 1910; Manager Literary Club.

"'Tis beauty truly bled, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."

JOHN MITCHELL ETHEREDGE, A. B.
"John."
Jackson, Ga.

Entered Sophomore. Member Ciceronian Literary Society; Member and Secretary Ministerial Association, 1910-11.

"Whose wit in the combat as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade."

JAMES CARSON FARMER, A. B.
"Jaysee."
Luella, Ga.

Member Junior Law Class, 1910-11; Member Ciceronian Literary Society; L. G. I. Club; Champion Tennis Club; Senior Class Poet. K. A.

"I have brought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people."
JOHN HORA GAUTIER, A. B., PH. G.  
"Grandpa."  
Macon, Ga.

Graduate in both literary and pharmacy departments. Member Macon Club; Alembic Club; Manager Basketball, 1909-10.

"With more capacity for love, than earth  
Bestows on most of mortal mould and birth."

ALTUS LOUIS BENSON GREENE, A. B.  
"Alphonso Leon Beowulf."  
Ball Ground, Ga.

Member Alembic Club.

"I am not in the roll of common men."

RICHMOND CLINTON GRESHAM, A. B.  
"Dick."  
Mt. Airy, Ga.

Entered Sophomore. Member Phi Delta Literary Society; Ministerial Association; Mercer Literary Club; Alembic Club; Tennis Club; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, 1909-10-11; Assistant in Chemistry, 1909-10; Athletic Editor Mercerian, 1909-10; Editor-in-Chief Cauldron, 1911; Manager Football, 1910; Winner Blalock Science Medal, 1910. K. Σ.

"Delivers in such apt and gracious words  
That aged ears play truant at his tales,  
And younger hearings are quite ravished;  
So sweet and voluble is his discourse."
JESSE EUGENE HALL, A. B.
"Jessie." Calhoun, Ga.
Member Phi Delta Literary Society; Ministerial Association; College Band; Non-Fraternity Organization.

"My only books,
Were woman’s books,
And folly’s all they’ve taught me.”

FRED HERNDON, A. B.
"Fred." Elberton, Ga.
Member Phi Delta Literary Society; Tennis Club; 'Varsity Football, 1910. Σ. N.

"While you live, tell the truth and shame the devil.”

THEODORE JUDSON HERRING, A. B.
"Protagoras." Pinetta, Fla.
Member Ciceronian Literary Society; Ministerial Association; Bachelor’s Club.

"He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one.”
ROBERTSON RILEY HOLLINGSWORTH,  
A. B.  
"Rail-Road."  Sylvester, Ga.  
Member and thrice President Phi Delta  
Literary Society; Fall Term Debater, 1910.  
"And while I at length debate and beat the bush,  
There shall steppe in other men and catch the  
burden."

GORDON B. HURLETT, A. B.  
"Gordon."  Point Clear, Ala.  
Entered Senior Class from Mississippi  
College; Member Ministerial Association.  
"The embodiment of him whom logic and sermons  
cannot convince."

JAMES EXUM JELKS, A. B.  
"Jim."  Macon, Ga.  
Member Macon Club.  Ф. Δ. Θ.  
"He is of a very melancholy disposition."
Grover Cleveland Kirkley, A. B.
"Trite." Wilsonville, Ala.
Entered Sophomore. Member Ciceronian Literary Society; Ministerial Association; Alabama Club.
"One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens."

Alexander Stephens Kytle, A. B.
"Kittle." Leo, Ga.
Entered Sophomore. Member and Treasurer Phi Delta Literary Society.
"Measure your height by the shade it casts."

Edgar Marvin Lancaster, A. B.
Vice-President Senior Class.
"Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster."
JOHN LAWSON LAWRENCE, A. B.
"Mugs." Clopton, Ga.
Member and President Ciceronian Literary Society; Ministerial Association; Impromptu Debater, 1910; Varsity Football, 1910.

"His Christianity was muscular."

JOHN HERMAN MCArTHUR, A. B.
Member Ciceronian Literary Society; Σ. A. E.

"A kind of excellent dumb discourse."

RALPH LEONIDAS MEeks, A. B.
"Bobby." Homer, Ga.
Member Junior Law Class, 1910-11; President Phi Delta Literary Society; Fall Term Debater, 1909; Impromptu Debater, 1911; Coach in History, 1911; Assistant Manager Football, 1910; Editor-in-Chief Mercerian, 1910-11; Champion Debater, 1911; Grouch Club; Mercer Literary Club; Testator of Senior Class.

"Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun
Who relished a joke and rejoiced in a pun."
GEORGE ELLIS MILLS, A. B.
"George." Calhoun, Ga.
Member Alembic Club; Grouch Club;
K. K. K. Social Club; Tennis Club; A.
T. O.
"Much study is a weariness of the flesh."

JAMES DEARING NASH, A. B.
"Jaydee." Norwood, Ga.
President Ciceronian Literary Society;
Spring Term Debater, 1910; Fall Term
Debater, 1910; Impromptu Debater, 1911;
Cartoonist Mercerian, 1909-10-11; Car-
toonist Cauldron, 1911; Member Mercer
Literary Club.
"Lo, those who know thee not, no words can paint,
And those who know thee, know all words are faint."

JOHN BROADUS NORMAN, A. B.
"Pee Wee." Norwood, Ga.
Entered Sophomore. Member Ciceronian
Literary Society; Historian Senior Class;
Σ. N.
"His locked, lettered brau-brass collar
Showed him the gentleman and scholar."

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CHARELS NEWTON OLIPHANT, A. B.
Member Phi Delta Literary Society; Mercer Literary Club; Alembic Club; K. K. K. Social Club; Tennis Club; ‘Varsity Baseball, 1909; Captain Baseball, 1911; Associate Editor Cauldron, 1911; A. T. Σ.
“Young in limbs, in judgment old.”

JESSE DAUGHTON OVERSTREET, A. B.
“Socrates.” Macon, Ga.
Member Ministerial Association.
“I venerate the man whose heart is warm, Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life Coincident, exhibit lucid proof That he is honest in the sacred cause.”

JAMES ARCHIE ROBERTS, A. B.
Entered Senior Class from University of Georgia; Member Junior Law Class, 1910-11; N. Π. B.; Φ. Δ. Θ.
“There’s nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.”
WILL EPH ROBERTS, B. L., A. B.
"Eph." Cedartown, Ga.
Graduate in both literary and law departments. Member Ciceronian Literary Society; Fall Term Debater, 1908-09; Member K. K. K. Social Club; Tennis Club; Grouch Club; Varsity Football, 1909; Assistant Manager Baseball Team, 1910; Manager, 1911; Senior Class Orator; Vice-President Senior Law Class. N. II.B.; K. A.
"Thou'rt such a touchy, tetsy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee."

WILLIAM GORDON ROBERTSON, A. B.
Entered Sophomore; President Phi Delta Literary Society; Secretary Class, 1909-10; Secretary Y. M. C. A., 1910-11; Assistant Editor Cauldron, 1911; Member Mercer Literary Club; Law Class Debater.
"So walked he from his birth
In simplicity and gentleness and honor and clean mirth."

WILLIAM RAYMOND ROBINSON, A. B.
"Kid." Carrollton, Ga.
President Ciceronian Literary Society; Spring Term Debater, 1911; Treasurer Y. M. C. A., 1909-10; Associate Editor Mercerian, 1910-11; First Editor-in-Chief Orange and Black, 1911; Member Mercer Literary Club; Σ. N.
"Of good natural parts and of a liberal education."
CHESTER SCRUGGS, A. B.
“Chester.” Hahira, Ga.
Entered Sophomore. Member Ciceronian Literary Society; Non-Fraternity Organization; Alembic Club; Tennis Club; Treasurer Class, 1909-10-11: Assistant Manager; Basketball, 1910-11. Grouch Club.

“His heart and hand, both open and both free;
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows.”

AUGUSTUS FRANK SELLERS, A. B.
Member Ciceronian Literary Society; Ministerial Association.

“In his duty prompt at every call,
He watch’d, and wept, and fell, and pray’d for all.”

TOM FORT SELLERS, A. B.
Member Ciceronian Literary Society; Tennis Club; Alembic Club; Secretary Class, 1910-11; Grouch Club; Mercer Literary Club; Σ. Α. E.

“A great man is made up of qualities that meet or make great occasions.”
WILLIAM MERRON SENTELL, A. B.
Member Phi Delta Literary Society; Ministerial Association.
"And (strange to say) he practiced what he preached."

WILEY HARTSFIELD SIMMS, A. B.
Entered with class of 1910, out of college, 1909-10; Assistant in Chemistry, 1910-11; President Alembic Club, 1911.
"Men of few words are the best men."

DRURE FLETCHER STAMPS, A. B.
"D. F." Carrollton, Ga.
Entered Sophomore; Member Phi Delta Literary Society; Spring Term Debater, 1910; Vice-President Ministerial Association, 1910-11.
"He hath a daily beauty in his life."
WILLIAM B. SUDDETH, A. B.

"Prep."
Winterville, Ga.

Member Phi Delta Literary Society; Captain Scrub Football Team, 1910; 'Varsity Baseball, 1908-09-10-11; Grouch Club; Tennis Club.

"A hit, a very palpable hit."

AMOS CHAPMAN TIFT, A. B.

"Mouse."
Tifton, Ga.

Member Tennis Club; K. K. K. Social Club; Champion Bowler, 1909; Scrub Football, Assistant Manager Basketball, 1909-10; Business Manager Cauldron, 1911; Mercer Literary Club; Φ. Δ. Θ.

"A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in arts,
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well."

TINY WALTER TIPPETT, A. B.

"Tip."
Tippettville, Ga.

Member Phi Delta Literary Society; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, 1909-10; President Class, 1909-10; Manager Basketball, 1910-11.

"He was the mildest manner'd man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."
JAMES HENRY WALKER, JR., A. B.
"Bubber." Griffin, Ga.
Entered Sophomore; Member Glee Club, 1909-10-11; Band, 1909-10; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, 1910-11; Coach in Mathematics; Head Assistant in Physics; Σ. N.
"Run if you like, but don't get out of breath.
Work if you will, but don't be worked to death."

NORMAN FRANCIS WILLIAMSON, A. B.
Member Phi Delta Literary Society; Impromptu Debate, 1911; Manager Freshman Football Team; Member Glee Club, 1910; Manager Glee Club, 1911; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, 1909-10; Vice-President Y. M. C. A., 1910-11; Member Mercerian Association; Athletic Editor Mercerian, 1910-11; Prophet Senior Class; Mercer Literary Club; Φ. Δ. Θ.
"Describe him who can—
An abridgment of that was pleasant in man."
In Memoriam

Paul Richmond Bower

1892-1910
Senior Class History

It is one of the rewards, and likewise one of the responsibilities of greatness to be written up and handed down for the delection of present and future readers, and if this high browed Class does not come under the head of Eleven the Great, then farewell all former definitions of greatness. As all makers of history know, there is nothing egotistical in claiming merited honors, and this record breaking Class of Eleven has had so high an opinion of honors and merit that when these desirables did not come fast enough, the Class simply went out in search of them and compelled them to come in. That is the kind of greatness that dares do all that may become a man. Following the custom that has obtained since the paleozoic age when records were chiselled and then rubbed in, and achievements were corralled so that the deeds of contemporaries and inferiors should be made to look like a fly on the elephant’s ear, the history of this Class of Eleven is to be set down in letters that even the swiftest base runner may read. The streets of Askelon may listen to this tale of greatness as it is proclaimed from the housetops, and even in Gath the story of what this Class has achieved may be shouted aloud.

From the days of its infancy when freshman foibles and freshman weaknesses might have been supposed to belong to the Elevens by right of birth and training, this particular classy product proved the mettle of its pasture by epoch making contests in chapel, campus and dormitory. Physical prowess had its innings by nines and double nines and when the blast of Soph-Fresh war blew in our ears, we stiffened our sinews, stretched our nostrils wide, bent up every spirit to its full height, and taught men of grosser blood how to war. Victory got into the habit of perching on the 1911 banner, and instead of standing poised on one foot ready for instant flight, she seated herself comfortably in the Morris chair imported for the purpose. Then after conquering all the knock-down and drag-out worlds, the Class settled down to subjugate new worlds and to acquire a different and even more distinguished reputation in the domain of unity. We became a band of brothers whose dwelling together in peace and harmony was as good and pleasant as the ointment that ran down on Aaron’s beard. And whenever there came any little rift in the lute, as in class meetings and other such storm and stress periods, it was only to bring into more effective relief our normal state of sweet bells chiming in perfect tune. In addition to the many other forms of greatness that have been achieved
and those that have been thrust upon us, the Class has made history both for itself and the institution by being the largest to graduate. One cannot have too much of a good thing.

Every member of this noble Class is fully aware of the fact that our exodus from the land of Mercer, and our entrance into the promising future land, is fraught with tremendous importance, not only to ourselves but to the workers already occupying this field of the world. There is no doubt about it, we are "going some" in the race for the plums and peaches of this mundane sphere, and the fellow who passes us will have to take a flying tackle, and then put some glue on the seat of his chair to hold him down after he gets there.

During this happy sojourn in the green fields and pleasant pastures of Mercerland, we hope we have absorbed the teachings, the traditions, the ideals that have permeated the atmosphere with true appreciation of the things of life that are best, in a way that will make us worthy runners of the race that is set before us. Now as we stand tiptoe, with one foot resting on the past that seems so sweet in the retrospect and the other just ready to step into the unknown that is always magnificent, we give a lingering word of farewell, straight from the heart to this noble foster mother, and we would put into that farewell the desire and the hope that the ties that have bound us will hold through all the after years and make and keep us Mercer men even as we have been Mercer boys.

Historian, '11.
Prophecy of the Class of 1911

Up in the Air, 1931.

O fly—whether on a train, in an automobile, in the realms of imagination, or in a flying machine—has a fascination that is irresistible to many. A few days ago the fascination caught me, and, for the sake of old times, I oiled and adjusted my old and somewhat neglected aeroplane and went out for a fly. It was springtime and the joyousness of youth was in the air. My thought turned back to the days when I too was young and when every fibre of my being had thrilled in response to the call of spring. As my machine gracefully took the breeze, I looked down at the receding earth, so fresh and beautiful, and as I looked I thought of the fellows of the class of 1911 and wished that by some power I might get a view of the whole world and see just where they were and what they were doing. As I was thus lost in thought, something happened to my aeroplane—the equilibrator got out of order—but instead of coming down the machine began to ascend very rapidly. Soon the atmosphere became so light I breathed with difficulty and I passed into a semi-conscious state, and the entire world appeared to my sight as through an immense telescope. I began searching for my fellow classmates.

Before I recognized any faces, I heard a voice familiar indeed. My eyes were at that moment resting on Russia and there in Moscow saw a street fair in progress. This voice was that of a speaker. What hair he had was dark, and a rather small mustache was of the same shade. A close inspection seemed to indicate that Hall’s Hair Dye had been used. As I looked, I saw the leader of the band, which was playing near by, go up to this speaker and ask him to please turn his mouth—he had no need of a megaphone—the other way as he made so much fuss the band could not play. Then in a fine, shrill, familiar voice the speaker said, “Beg Pardon.” The identity was revealed—Dick Gresham. He was speaker for “Fatiro,” the largest lady in the world.

My eyes wanted to turn to southern Europe, and as my view passed over Germany, I recognized Weissenichtwo University. I thought of Carlyle and Professor Teufelsdrockh. As I looked more closely I thought I saw a familiar name over one of the departments. A second glance proved that I was correct: Herr Hurlbutte, Professor der Diskutierens, which is being interpreted, G. B. Hurlbut, Professor of Discussions.

The brilliance and gayety of Paris next attracted my eye and ever was I alert for the sight of my old college chums. On Rue de Montparnasse this sign greeted me: J. Dear-ing Nash, American Artist. Wanted: Models.

As my glance turned towards Italy, I saw an American Band giving an out-door concert. Another look showed that Prof. Clyfford Carpenter, Band Leader, was touring Europe giving concerts.

Since the class of 1911 had given to the world a number of men with wonderful minds, I naturally expected to find my class-mates filling responsible positions and was not at all surprised to find a number of them in Universities. E. M. Lancaster had the department of Mathematics in Timbuctoo University. I found Dr. Chester Scruggs, Presi-
dent of Johns Hopkins. Prof. J. B. Norman was holding down the Chair of Latin at Wesleyan. Prof. A. E. Barnes, Jr., could not leave his Alma Mater. He was head of the Department of Psychology at Dear Old Mercer. Geo. E. Mills who had intended being a doctor could not break the hold which "Psych" had on him, but after leaving Mercer, made a special study of Psychology and wrote several text books on this subject. He made a fortune on his books, for they were translated into 57 languages and adopted by all the leading Universities of the world.

I had not heard from many of the fellows since I had left college, so to see them—though they did not see me—was very pleasant. I searched eagerly every where to find more of them. Soon my vision was turned to Mt. Vernon (Ga.) An alumni club had been formed. There were giving a banquet—a sight which brought some very pleasant memories—and among those present were several of the class of '11. J. H. McAulhur, F. J. Amis, T. T. Benton, J. J. Brock, J. H. Carswell, W. H. Simms, were all there—McArthur was toastmaster.

R. L. Meeks, after law courses running through Mercer and Harvard and even Columbia, had finally settled in Colorado. As my vision swept through the woman ruled region, an office door was seen with the gilded sign: R. L. Meeks, Legal Adviser of The Universal Woman's Suffrage Association.

A. S. Kytle also, had settled in the west. He was running a Possum Farm.

The scenery of the Rockies and the western part of the United States appealed to me, so my eyes lingered on those scenes. As I was looking, I heard a loud voice. On turning my eyes in the direction whence came the noise, I saw a fellow doing a tarantella on the summit of Mt. McKinley. On a second glance I saw it was Tom Fort Sellers. He was singing and dancing for joy—he had just found a new Biological specimen.

It was something of a surprise to find so many of the fellows west of the Mississippi. I saw Will Eph Roberts in Utah. He was a High Official in the Mormon Church. Fred Herndon was teaching a dancing class in San Francisco. But when it came to going west, J. E. Hall had left them all. He had developed into a Trombone Soloist and had located in Honolulu. About a thousand miles from Honolulu a solitary island attracted my attention, for it had on it a solitary building. On investigation, I found that it was a Mathematics Library and Chemistry Laboratory combined. J. H. Walker, Jr., had gone there so he would not be worried by any one and could study Mathematics and Chemistry.

I next turned my eyes back to dear old Georgia to see if some of the fellows were not still there. In Wilsonville, Ala., I saw Grover Cleveland Kirkley standing on a street corner with a monkey and grinding organ grinding out music and poetry. Crossing the state line, the sign attracted my attention: J. L. Lawrence, Finest Setters and Pointers in the World, Holmesville, Ga. R. R. Hollingsworth had turned his nickname into a nice reality. He had become a railroad magnate. Indeed and in truth he was now Railroad Hollingsworth. W. G. Robertson was President of Brenau College—an exception to the rule: a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. C. O. Baird was in the Hearticulture Business at Orchard Hill. In the quiet little village of Luella, J. C. Farmer had built him a cozy bungalow, and with Seraphina for inspira-
The, he was writing poetry which was making the world sit up and take notice. In Augusta I saw the natty, little form of J. A. Roberts as a Jockey for the National Association of Racers.

It happened, as I was looking over the state, that the Baptist Convention was in session. I could not keep from laughing when I heard that they were talking about moving Mercer. Some wanted it moved to Atlanta. Several places were mentioned: Brunswick, Hahira, Rome, Ball Ground, Ellijay, Shady Dale, Savannah, Pinetta. Among those taking part in the discussion were the old Mercer men, H. J. Ballew, P. F. Davis, J. M. Etheredge, A. L. B. Green, T. J. Herring, J. D. Overstreet, A. F. Sellers, W. M. Sentell, D. F. Stamps, who had fought, bled, and nearly died about that question years before.

In many cases the fellows had followed out the work which they had begun in college. From Editor-in-Chief of the Orange and Black, W. R. Robinson had become Editor of the "New York Herald." W. B. Suddeth was playing center field for the Chicago Cubs. H. M. Davison, who had managed the finances of the "Mercerian" to a fortunate finish, was now business manager of the "Atlantic Monthly." C. N. Oliphant was running a Matrimonial Bureau. T. W. Tippett, of Tippettsville, was Manager of a troupe of Educated Fleas. Clay Binion had won fame before the foot-lights and was taking New York by storm as leading man in the play, "The Queen of Gogginsville." Hon. A. B. Conger was known in Washington, D. C., as the "Jap Congressman" from Georgia. A. C. Tift was President of the World Corporation of Automobile Manufactures. In New York city, the windows of a suite of offices in a 150 story building bore this card: Calhoun & Calhoun, Corporation Law Artists. Boston was very enthusiastic over a comedian who had been playing before packed houses. A glance at the bill boards revealed a familiar face beneath which was written: Clarke Eric Clement, Charcoal Artist.

J. E. Jelks was President and Manager of the Gulf Stream Heating Co. By means of reservoirs along the coast, the hot air from the Gulf Stream was stored up and by pipes was connected inland for heating. S. D. Copeland was Proprietor of the North Pole Recreation Park. This park was connected with all summer resorts by airship lines.

In thinking over the fellows, I remembered that I had not seen J. H. Gautier. I covered several continents before I finally located him in South Africa. Soon after leaving college, he came into possession of a large, beautiful "Jewel." Later he added to his wealth a collection of small jewels; so he went into the jewelry business. He bought an interest in the Kimberly mines and moved there to live.

Gradually the view began to fade. It became very dim and then passed away. The sound of voices fell upon my ear. Some one of them asked, "Who is that fellow in that old aeroplane?" I opened my eyes and regained consciousness just in time to steer my machine safely to earth. As I did this I heard some one reply to the above question, "That is N. F. Williamson, aviator at large."

Prophet.
State of Georgia.
Bailiwick of Mercer.
In the name of God: Amen.

We, the class of 1911, of the state and bailiwick aforesaid by reason of the great physical pain mental anguish and spiritual travail of four long years of toil, trial and trouble; woefully weak and feeble of body, and brought now in our declining days to realize that our course in this Highway of Hades is almost run, yet being in full and free possession and control of our faculties, yea even of exceeding sound and disposing mind and memory. Now therefore, for the purpose of making known our wishes concerning the rites to be observed over our remains, on the occasion of our death and burial, and of providing for a wise and just and equitable division and disposition of our lands, goods and earthly possessions of every kind, for the mitigation in a measure of the demoralization, naturally consequent upon our probable demise, for the perpetuation on the face of the earth, of the bailiwick of Mercer when we no longer haunt it in the flesh, for the insuring comfort and competence in their old age to those here dependent on us, who might otherwise be left destitute and helpless, for the causes of charity and benevolence, and the expression of gratitude to those who have befriended us on our way and made the burdens of our journey easier, and for such other purposes, as the law may deem necessary and proper, do hereby declare, publish, ordain and establish this the last will and Testament of us, the said Class of 1911, to-wit:

Item I.

First: We devise and direct that our bodies be disposed of in a decent and Christianlike manner, with that high degree of pomp and ceremony befitting and suitable to our condition and station in life.
Second: To conduct our funeral obsequies, and be the master of ceremonies on that occasion, we hereby name and appoint the Moderator of Mercer, the Right Reverend R. Brown, M. G., and direct that he be paid adequately therefor.
Third: We further devise and direct that our winding sheet consist solely and entirely of one black robe, and of a black cap, reasonably distinguished in some material respect from the ordinary hang-man's cap.

Item II.

Recognizing the usefulness and need of play and recreation for the extremely young, and being naturally kind and compassionate to those of tender years, we hereby set apart and dedicate that three-story building of ours, which was built especially and solely for us, which was our own first home, where we first saw the light of this world, and which we first occupied and enjoyed, known as the Dormitory ex Purgatorio, to be held in trust by the Class of 1913, for the use of certain infants not yet in being, but who will be in existence in the course of Nature on September next, namely; the Class of 1915, who are the beneficiaries under the trust hereby created, the said building with all the grounds, fixtures and appliances thereunto appertaining, to be used by the said Class of 1915, and by all Freshmen, as a perpetual playhouse and romping ground, to be possessed, exercised and enjoyed by them in as full and ample a manner as it was possessed, exercised and enjoyed by us in our lifetime, to their own proper use, benefit and behoof forever.

Item III.

All our astuteness and genius for political schemes and manipulations, by the exercise of which it has been possible for us to promote and maintain our own power, and to execute our plans for the wise and just administration of affairs, we hereby give, devise and be-
queath to our dear friends and associates in life, the Class of 1912, to the end that they, the said Class of 1912, shall in the same manner take care of the common-weal in the trying time of the future.

Item IV.

In case we depart this life before the final determination and adjudication of the suit in equity now pending before the Hague Tribunal, in which we are the parties plaintiff to-wit, the case sounding the class of 1911 versus Billy Godfrey, Book dealer, for the recovery of large and unliquidated sums of money which have been wrongfully and fraudulently extorted and taken from us by threats menaces, intimidation and force of arms, and which we are seeking to recover on the well known and established maxim that no person ought unjustly to enrich himself at the expense of another, and that when one person has money which in equity and good conscience belongs to another, they will imply a promise to repay it, and compel him to disgorge. We desire and direct that our executor press this claim to judgment, and make the following disposal of the funds so recovered, to-wit:

First: We desire and direct that Seven Hundred and Nineteen Thousand Dollars of this fund be set aside for the use of the Mercer Athletic Association, for the purpose of paying the debts of the said Association and delivering it from bankruptcy, the remainder, if any there be, to be used for equipping and maintaining the Mercer Band, and for buying chewing gum for the players on the football team.

Second: For the payment of our just debts, consisting mainly of our accounts at Bill Abel's drug store, for the necessaries of life, such as cigarettes, playing cards, dope and other articles of merchandise too numerous to mention, we desire and direct that our executor use the necessary amount of funds, if the sum required for this purpose does not aggregate over Three Hundred Dollars. We also wish the Long Belt car line extended from the Dormitory ex-Purgatorio to the said Bill Abel's Pharmacy, with the privilege of free transportation forever to all the inhabitants of the Bailiwick of Mercer. For the conductor on this line, we select and appoint our revered and faithful friend, "Dutchy."

Item V.

Certain articles of personal property we give, devise and bequeath as follows:

First: The dancing ring of Will Eph, we set apart for the sole and separate use of Billy Godfrey.

Second: One automobile, known as Mouse's Machine, we leave to Professor Scott Murray.

Third: Carp's Legal lore we wish to be reduced to printed form, published in a set of a hundred and seventy volumes and placed in the Mercer Law Library.

Fourth: Nash's white Man's Burden we leave to whomsoever can carry it with the same degree of indefatigability and success that the said Nash has borne it.

Fifth: We leave the faculty to cast lots among themselves for George Mill's supplemental learning, Railroads roaring ranting, Mark Twain's cigar stubs, and Dick Gresham's verdant volubility.

Item VI.

And for the purpose of enforcing and executing all the provisions of this will, and distributing and disposing of all our other property not herein before especially devised and bequeathed, we appoint our faithful body servant, General Robert E. Lee Battle, excusing him on account of the great trust which we repose in him from giving any bond whatever; direct that he take for himself all wearing apparel of which we die possessed, as well as liberal payment for all services rendered by him as such executor.

Done in the Year of our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Eleven, and of the establishment of the Bailiwick of Mercer seventy-third.
THE CONSUMMATION

Class Poem

With buoyant heart a youth pursued his toil,
As far from crowded marts he turned the soil,
Save in what time he felt a vague unrest,
About the coming years—the years at best
   Like to the darkest night
   That hangs on mortal sight.
To him adrift, most poignantly
A longing came to clearly see
The path that's clothed in mystery.

Then hopes and yearnings that would never cease,
A-surging in his soul, dispelled all peace;
For storied greatness pointed to the place
Where men were plumed and belted for life's race.
   He answered wondrous calls
   That urged to learned halls,
Where eagerly he went in quest
Of all in life that's truest, best:
   And straightway peace—not vague unrest.

And here were woven friendship's holiest ties
In comradeship that never wanes nor dies.
He saw and felt and dared in manly strife,
With courage strong, to win the highest life.
   The light of untold ages
   He gleaned from countless sages.
All wonders of the world unroll,
Or brush, or pen, or what: its scroll
With rapture floods his conqu'ring soul.

J. C. Farmer.
Junior Class

Colors: Blue and White.
Motto: "Hew to the line: let the chips fall where they may."

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Yell: Rah! Rah! Rah!
Ru! Ru! Ru!
One nine one two
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Junior Class History

MODESTY, liberality, determination, truthfulness—these are the foundation stones upon which the junior class has securely established its position of undisputed preeminence in Mercer University. True, it has been no easy matter to demonstrate our superiority; for, single-handed and alone, we have had to fight our way to the top over the united opposition of all the other classes. However, spurred on by the unanimous predictions of the faculty, predictions made when we entered college,—they said that we were, beyond doubt, the ablest freshman class that ever entered Mercer and that we would, before leaving, assert ourselves as the most vital force in college,—and encouraged by the faith that was in us, we have triumphed; to which triumph the faculty with one voice bears witness in its “I told you so.”

In further substantiation of this proud claim, we desire to submit a few additional facts. When we entered college, because of conditions over which we had no control, we were assigned a lowly position; we were regarded as an inferior race by some three hundred fellows who, having had the good fortune to be born a few years earlier than we were, had preceded us here; we were given no positions, assigned no posts of honor, denied representation on the various committees which govern largely all student affairs; and, as an indication of the lack of discernment on the part of these worthies,—we say it with a feeling of pity for them—we were called fresh.

How is it today? Behold what time and we have wrought; for truth, like murder, will out! Because of our irresistible advance, these very fellows who once deigned to look upon us with contempt have been year by year shoved out into the cold and cruel world, denied the protecting care of their alma mater; and now only a remnant is left, a sixth, perhaps, of those who once lorded it over us. And what a sad spectacle they are! We have taken from them all the college honors: the events of both winter and spring have already proved that next year we are to run the Mercerian, the Orange and Black, get out the Annual, manage and captain all the athletic teams, and, in fact, do practically everything that is to be done around here. Poor fellows! look at them as they walk about the campus in these latter days, downcast, heavy-hearted, grieved over their fallen estate, beholding us upon whom they once looked condescendingly as we stand calmly, though firmly, upon the pedestal which was lately theirs. No wonder they are
making preparations for an early departure—these seniors! May peace and success go with them; for we, the victors, bear them no ill-will.

As a prrefutation of any possible charge of pride to which the modest account just set forth may give rise, we desire to say a word concerning our spirit of liberality. Having felt the thrill of triumph, having tasted the sweets of unstinted praise, having known the joys of undisputed power, we are content (or shall be when shall have indulged them awhile) voluntarily to resign them in order that others who are not so fortunate as we may enjoy them for a brief season. Not long shall we stay here; else the poor sophomores would have to leave college destitute of those honors for which they long so earnestly, those honors which, be it said to them, are dependent solely upon our bounty. As for the freshmen, poor, weak, trodden upon, despised, to them this year we have often been the Good Samaritan; and while there is a faint hope that they may advance somewhat beyond their present estate—they may conquer, for instance, the proud and haughty sophomores whose sounds of fury signify nothing,—yet we would solace them with the fact that it shall not again be given to man to achieve the greatness, the majesty the complete triumph that has come to the class of 1912.

HISTORIAN.
SOPH WINNER after the RUSH
Sophomore Class

Colors: Red and Blue.  
Flower: Red Carnation.

Motto: "Carpe diem."

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Powers, E. C.
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Snelson, J. W.
Sparkman, W. C.
Staton, M. K.
Tillman, B. E.
Tucker, M. B.
Williams, W. J.
Woodall, C. A.

Yell:  
Kick 'em up! Split 'em up!
Do 'em up Green!
Beat 'em up! Eat 'em up!
Soph. Thirteen!
History of Sophomore Class

OME wise and truthful man has said: "You can always tell a sophomore, but you can't tell him much," but no one has ever dared to limit the ability of a sophomore to tell things to others. Therefore, reader, bear with us while we modestly relate some of our varied experiences from prepdom to the ranks of the "wise fools."

On September 19, 1909, men from over this and adjoining states and some from unexplored regions began to pour into Macon. A peculiarly distinct class could be seen coming up the street with their clothes in a carpet bag or a "hope it don't rain." Their trousers had made enemies with their shoes and climbed higher. Their whiskers resembled the stubble of a newly mown wheat field. Decked with red neck ties, standing collars, black woolen gloves, and number eight brogan shoes, this gang would make you think that it was a troupe of trained comedians, but, good reader, these were Freshmen. Of the seventy-three assigned to Freshman pews, some came from prepdom, some from the red clay hills of the North, some from the gopher holes of wire-glass Georgia, and some were of doubtful origin.

This verdant gathering made their debut into Mercer society with an open air concert from the tree tops. All declared that, "Nearer My God to Thee" sung backward to the tune of "Dixie," was the best number on the program. The first few days were spent visiting Crump’s Park,—making friends with their brother monkeys; gazing at the grand three story buildings of Macon; and joining "Big Chief’s" order of "SAINTS."

The next memorable event was the class rush. First round—only few bruises and broken legs; second round—neck bent and a few dying; last round—all down and out except a few crowing Freshmen.

Shortness of space forbids our mentioning in detail the achievements of the gallant "Eight Hundred," the increase of "Pages," the frightful sallies of the "Ghost," the heartrending persecutions of "Sister," the daring bravery of "Pistol Jenkins," and the coolness of heart smasher "Beauty."

Good reader, to tell you of every notable achievement of the members of this class it would take volumes, therefore we will ask you just to watch the members of our class as they go out into the world to shine as radiant lights before men, and make for themselves a wonderful history—Valeté!
WELCOME

MERCER

NEW STUDENTS

EVANS
Freshman Class

Colors: Purple and White.  Motto: "Per Angusta ad Augusta."

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West, R. B. ..................................................... West, W. L.
Westmoreland, J. L. ........................................ West, W. L.
White, J. E., Jr. ............................................. Williams, J. K.

55
Freshman Class History

makon go Sept. 18 1910

My Dere Ma an Paw

i got hear today at Seven oclock but they aint got no Depo hear. the Trane run up
under a high house jest after the Conductor hollored out Makon but i never nowed we
wuz hear till he cum an tole me i wuz hear. i didunt kno whut to du nor whar the col-
ludge wuz so i axed a young feller with yallar an black ribuns on whar Mercer wuz.
He put me on a car and tole me to git off culludge Hill farmacie and i wud see the col-
ludge. when i got thar i saw a powerful big bildin with a hole pile ev gurls a settin
roun but i jest loved that they wuz the fellers Sisters so i went up the steps an when i got
to the door a Big Man met me an ax me whut i wanted. i told Him i wuz cum ter
skule and He says He rekuns not and He wud kick me ef i didunt go away that He
wuz tired of the Mercer Boys a hangin roun. i seen he wuz mad an the gurls wuz
erlaffin so I cum a way quick—i wuz walkin up the rode an wishin i wuz home with
you an my dogs an chickens an paw when a feller with ymca writ on him met me an ax
ef i wuznt goin tu Mercer. i tole him yes ef i cud ever git thar—an he brung me on
hear—he sho wuz a nice feller. the Colludge iz a hole lot uv brick an marbul bildings
an my rume iz on the 2-flore of the dumitory whar nigh on tu 2 hunerd Boys stay they
aint bothered me none yet tho they calls me fresh an hayseed an ef they dont stop im goin
to whup some uv em. dont let quene run no Rabits an feed my chickens.

Your Son

John

P. S. dont let ole Bulger in the hen lot He sucks aigs. i dont have tu take this
to the P. o. all i have tu du is jest tu drap it in a big box on the corner an it goes tu you.
Oct. 16, 1910

My dear Ma:

we have just had a awful scrap; them Sophomores had been a pesterin and a pesterin us; throwing water all over us, so Docter Jamerson said we wud fite it out, so they marked of a big place on the campus and put us at one end and them at tother. then they tole us to run at each other and to push them back from where they cum, but sum uv our fellers layed down and they pushed us back but it tuck em 3 times to do it. they hurt my nee orful and then they marched us all up to the gurls colledge Westaylon—I hope they aint goin to bother us no more. Some of the fessers don’t like me and I don’t no why, fessor Homes skeers me so I can’t read my latin. Fesser Edenfield dont skeer me, but his lessuns does. I wish you wud send me a box. I aint had any chicken since I left home.

Your son,
John.

P. S. Are you shore you are keepin Quene frum running rabbits.

Dec. 5, 1910.

My dear Pa:

Please send me twenty $ as it takes more money up hear than you wud think. I hope I will pass all my exams. Please send the money rite away.

Your son,
John.

Yell: Hak-a-rak-a-boom-a-light!
Hak-a-rak-a-Purple and White!
Hull a baloo la We are men!
Hack-a-rak-a-Freshmen!
The Special Class

Colors: Crimson and White.

Motto: "Esse quam videre."

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Clark, B. H.

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Flanders, W. M.

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Oliver, W. O.
Schofield, S. R.
Smith, J. W.
Smith, R. J.
Sullivan, J. B.
Thorpe, W. H.
Voss, J. D.
Walters, A.

Yell:
Zit! Zit! Rah! Rah!
Zit! Zit! Rah! Rah!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Rah! Rah! Special!
LAW
STUDENT.

IF HE DONT
HUSH ILL BE
HUNG FOR
SOMETHING I
DIDN'T DO
Law School

FACULTY

S. Y. JAMESON, D. D., President.

EMORY SPEER, L. L. D., JUDGE U. S. COURTS, Dean.
Lecturer on Constitutional and International Law.

WILLIAM H. FELTON, JR., A. M., B. L.
JUDGE SUPERIOR COURTS, MACON CIRCUIT,
The Principles of Evidence, Criminal Law.

ORVILLE A. PARK, L. L. B., OF THE MACON BAR,
Pleading and Practice, Constitutional Law, Federal Procedure,
Equity, Jurisprudence, Corporations.

ANDREW W. LANE, A. B., OF THE MACON BAR,
Common and Statute Law.

EUGENE P. MALLARY, B. L., OF THE MACON BAR,
Real Estate, Commercial Law.

MALLIE A. CLARK, A. M., M. D.,
Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence.

ARTHUR H. CODINGTON, B. L., OF THE MACON BAR,
Judge of Practice Court.

60
Senior Law Class

AB CLINE ADAMS.
Dresden, Missouri.
"Out of my lean and low ability
I will lend you something."

JAMES MONROE BUSSEL,
Abba, Georgia.
"Still you keep on the windy side of the law."

CHARLES HANES GARRETT.
Macon, Georgia.
"When he speaks, Heaven, how the listening throngs
Dwell on the melting music of his tone."
RUFUS MARSHALL GIRARDEAU,
McRae, Georgia.

"And through the heat of conflict keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw."

LOYD TALMAGE HALL,
Deepstep, Georgia.

"The man worth while is the man who can smile
When everything goes dead wrong."

CARTER BRADLEY HOGG,

"I never knew so young a body with so old a head."
DAVID CLEVELAND JONES,
Register, Georgia.

"Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer?
Where be his quiddities, his quillets, his cases, his
tenures, and his tricks?"

HUGH LASSITER,
Vienna, Georgia.

"Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round."

WILL EPH ROBERTS,
Cedartown, Georgia.

"With temper calm and wild,
And words of softened tone,
He overthrows his neighbor's cause
And justifies his own."
### Junior Law Class

#### OFFICERS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Position</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Spurlin, G. C.</td>
<td>President</td>
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<tr>
<td>White, W. P.</td>
<td>Vice-President</td>
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<tr>
<td>Murphey, W.</td>
<td>Secretary</td>
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<tr>
<td>Roberts, J. A.</td>
<td>Treasurer</td>
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<tr>
<td>Carpenter, C.</td>
<td>Historian</td>
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#### MEMBERS

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<thead>
<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Allen, G.</td>
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<td>Johnson, J. A.</td>
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<td>Langsdale, H.</td>
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<td>Simms, W. A.</td>
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<td>Solomon, M.</td>
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<td>Spurlin, G. C.</td>
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<td>Smith, W. H.</td>
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<td>Taylor, A. B.</td>
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<td>White, W. P.</td>
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Junior Law Class History

Junior Law Class," rather a new term on the Mercer Campus, only one class before us enjoying such a distinction. It has been ours to study law nearly one scholastic year, and I would venture to say that we have absorbed so much law in such a short time and in such short order that it is oozing out of our finger tips, just as that notorious courage belonging to the famous Bob Acres. One might ask a Junior Lawyer, and he could tell him all the law he knew in a few words.

The first day marked an epoch in the lives of many of our men. Having to register up town at the "Lane Park" library, we caught sight of our first real law office. It was strange; the long rows of sheep bound books, the working table with serious minded occupants dealing out annotations with impartial mind. A short stay in that place made the elevator feel lighter coming down than going up. That was the day we paid tuition and bought our first law book.

Then came a long siege of work. It was said in the class, that the scope of Elementary Law was unbounded. Others referred to it as really a broad book. In it is where the phrase 'De bonis asportatis' was confused with some kind of Irish potatoes. In that book it was not hard to confuse executor with executioner, and also on examination it was asked what an 'administrator' de bonis non with the will attached' some declared that they had never heard of such a thing.

Since that time we have been busy. Indeed, it might be said that the present Junior Class is a bit studious. If one should call around to a Junior's room (while he was in), he would find him at work, and at the same time the aforesaid Junior could give him a good description of what was up town that day. This is evidence that a Junior Lawyer has a mind to take in Macon and all the law at the same time. They are equally digested.

Thus we have had an eventful history so far, and we hope you will read the continued story in the next issue which will be "in personam" literature.

Historian.
Senior Pharmacy Class

FRANKLIN JOSEPH AMIS, A. B., Ph. G.
"Doc."
Newman, Ga.
Prophet Class, 1910-11.
"Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it."

HAL MCLUNENEY DAVISON, A. B., Ph. G.
"Happy."
Greensboro, Ga.
Last Will and Testament—Class, 1910-11.
"You behold in me
Only a travelling physician;
One of the few who have a mission."

JOHN HORA GAUTIER, A. B., Ph. G.
"Grandpa."
Macon, Ga.
Historian Class, 1910-11.
"This is the way physicians end or mend us, Secundum artem."
JOHN WESLEY JACOBS, Ph. G.
"Jakey." Grayson, Ga.
'Varsity Football, 1909; Second Assistant Football Coach, 1910; Organizer College Band, 1910; Leader Band, 1910-11; Alembic Club; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, 1909-10; President Class, 1909-10.
"There is wisdom in this beyond the rule of physics."

SAMUEL ROY McDaniel, Ph. G.
"Mac." Conyers, Ga.
Ciceronian Literary Society; 'Varsity Football, 1910; President Non-Fraternity Organization, 1909-10; Alembic Club; Captain Freshman Football Team; Captain Senior Basketball Team; Secretary and Treasurer Pharmacy Class.
"A wise physician skill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal."

FREDERICK ALTON ROACH, Ph. G.
"Fred." Callaway, Ga.
'Varsity Baseball, 1910; Alembic Club.
"Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary,
to sweeten my imagination."
WILLIAM WINDSOR WEBB, Ph. G.
"Mutt."
Americus, Ga.
President Class, 1910-11; Alembic Club.

"I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwell."

HENRY WILSON, Ph. G.
"Baby."
Pine View, Ga.
Vice-President Class, 1910-11; Alembic Club.

"Presumed to call himself a physician."
History of the Senior Pharmacy Class

The fateful eighteenth day of September, 1909, witnessed the assembling of this “Unknown” (the Class of 1911), in its first attempt to establish a new pharmaceutical era. A feeling of strangeness, uncertainty, and uneasiness pervaded the hearts of the members and a “verdant hue” was hovering about and scintillating from their heads. The experience of one of its “ingredients” is the best proof of the color of this “Unknown.” He came to Mercer direct from the country, and, due to his youthfulness, has ever borne the “synonym,” “Baby.” During the first Laboratory period, Dr. Gidley instructed him in the use of the Bunsen gas burner, an instruction that seemed to bear little fruit, as the next morning he inquired if he should “make his fire.” The hue of “Unknown” changed rapidly, however, as the Professors added “reagents,” but we regret to say, that some of the “ingredients” proved to be “incompatible” with said reagents, and were “precipitated” therefrom and “filtered” out.

Dr. Gidley, fearing his “Unknown” would run out and wishing to maintain its “strength,” began on a new one in the summer of 1910, and after “precipitating” one ingredient, which, hitherto, had given a greenish tinge to the “Unknown”, he reached the stage in the “separation process” at which he had left the first “Unknown” and added it to this. The “Solution” was thus strengthened and increased and the result was the largest product that has been turned out in years.

The one aim of the class and Professors has been to “standardize the solution,” by “concentration” (of minds) and “filtration” (of inert matter), making a “standard normal solution.”

On the football field the aforesaid “solution” has been represented by three of its constituents, who, by their “rapidity of penetration” (of the line), have won honor and glory. One of the number has starred in the baseball department, and his “quick and reliable ‘basic’ action” has proven that he has followed the example of some drugs. Others have been managers, presidents of clubs, leaders in college, and “constituents” of society, and have ever followed the motto: “Efficiency and accuracy” taken from the best drugs.

Whatever degree of dignity we have attained, whatever greatness we, the “Unknown,” have achieved, we attribute to our respect for the profession and the department which we represent.

We sometimes imagined we were infallible, but sooner or later, Dr. Gidley demonstrated that our craniaums were, at times, hard to “penetrate” by Therapeutics.
We are ready to leave the old "lab" with its profuse acrid fumes and deafening roar of the blast-lamp; but we hope and believe that the strong ties that bind us to our dear old Alma Mater will last many years after the stains of Qualitative and Volumetric analysis have been removed from our hands.

One last look at the "Unknown" and behold what is found when Professor Sellers adds his last reagent. Lo! it is now purple in hue and the exclamation is heard, "The purple of Cassius! I have as my final residue the rarest of metals—'gold.'"
Junior Pharmacy Class

Motto: "Noblesse Oblige."

Colors: Gold and White. Flower: Carnation.

OFFICERS

Giddings, J. I. President
Webb, E. L. Vice-President
Stewart, R. G. Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Bulloch, S. T. Giddings, J. I. Stewart, R. G.
Bruce, J. B. Lanier, C. F. Waller, R. J.
Edwards, L. T. Mims, E. D. Whatley, H. C.
Fleming, S. L. Rowell, C.
Ministerial Students

OFFICERS

BALLEW, H. J. . . . . . . President
STAMPS, D. F. . . . . Vice-President
ETHEREDGE, J. M. . . . Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Adams, W. S. Futch, A. J. Kirkley, G. C.
Ballew, H. J. Gibson, G. C. Lawrence, J. L.
Banks, W. S. Goare, J. T. Martin, R. O.
Barrett, W. H. Gresham, R. C. Moore, J. C.
Baskin, E. L. Grice, H. L. New, R. S.
Barron, Z. E. Grimes, J. C. Overstreet, J. D.
Bryan, B. T. Guillebeau, J. J. Page, J. G.
Burch, N. H. Hall, J. E. Sellers, A. F.
Carswell, J. H. Hall, J. R. Sentell, W. M.
Carter, J. M. Hamic, S. N. Smith, J. W.
Chism, W. J. Hamic, W. R. Snelson, J. W.
Clark, B. H. Henderson, C. S. Sparkman, W. C.
Clement, C. G. Henderson, C. W. Stamps, D. F.
Cline, A. T. Herring, T. J. Walters, A.
Davis, D. F. Howard, D. A. Ward, G. G.
Dennard, D. S. Hurlbut, G. B. Warnock, H. D.
DeVane, C. A. Hurlbut, G. R. Wheeler, G. R.
Donehoo, R. M. Jenkins, J. H. Williams, W. J.
Edwards, J. T. Johnson, H. D. Young, W. O.
Etheredge, J. M. Johnston, P. L.
Flanders, W. M. Kimsey, L. C.
THE Y. M. C. A. CABINET
Top Row—H. J. Ballew, W. G. Robertson, Sec.; J. H. Walker, Music; H. L. Grice, Pres.;
  N. F. Williamson, Vice-Pres.; D. F. Stamps, Bible.
Bottom Row—E. L. Baskin, Treas.; W. C. Sparkman, Missions; A. B. Conger, New Students;
  G. C. Gibson, Personal Work; R. C. Gresham, Membership.

Y. M. C. A. ORCHESTRA
E. P. Lee,  J. W. Jacobs,  D. E. Jackson,  J. R. Hall,  E. R. Scarboro,
The Y. M. C. A.

If all the good things at Mercer, what is better than the Y. M. C. A. hand-shake? Six nights in the week, just after supper, the boys meet in the Y. M. C. A. building for a short service at which they pray, sing, speak, and, after the closing prayer, shake hands. Where can a fellow find more genial smiles, more friendly greetings, more good will, more genuine democracy, than at these evening services?

The Y. M. C. A. has sought throughout the year to impress upon the boys the manliness of Christianity. It has tried to be a vital factor in the college community, but in such a way as not to encroach upon personal property, nor gain for itself the reputation of straight-laced Puritanism. It has made a quiet but steady appeal to "plain living and high thinking," and records with much pleasure the abundant evidences of consecrated living among the Mercer boys.

The year now closing has been one of great prosperity for the Y. M. C. A. The membership—185—has been, perhaps, the largest in its history. The Association has given several receptions during the year that the students might be brought into closer relationships with one another. Several mission study and Bible study classes have been conducted with success. A revolving book case has been placed in the reading room of the Mercer library. It is being filled with one hundred and fifty volumes of books dealing with all phases of missions. Quite a number of other activities dealing with less prominent but equally important features of college life have engaged the time and the attention of both the officers and members.

H. L. Grice.
Literary Societies
History of the Phi Delta Literary Society

By their work they shall be known,” and equally true that, “they shall be heard for their much speaking.” To the individual members as much as to the society as a whole is this to be applied, for the work of the society is absolutely dependent upon the work that the individual members put into it. There is little for a man to gain when he puts only a little into it. The training offered by a well conducted debating society, to those who expect to take part in any phrase of public life, is of almost incalculable value.

Foreseeing the value of such training in connection with a college education, the students of Mercer Institute soon after it was founded at Penfield, Ga., in 1833, organized the Franklin Society. The next year, whether on account of some contention among the members or by mutual consent, two societies, known as Phi Delta and Ciceronian, were formed. (The names have suggested that possibly some desired to pursue the Grecian style of oratory while others that of the Romans). Whether the motive was classical or otherwise, the result has been most advantageous, for from that day there has existed a generous rivalry between the two societies. Consequently, both have flourished.

The Phi Deltas have always had a characteristic spirit of loyalty and fidelity to their society interests, meetings, halls, and representatives on public occasions. Owing to this loyalty of members many laurels have come and are still coming at this good day, both in contests with the sister society and from representatives of other colleges. During the years of the present Senior Class, Phi Delta has lost only four out of the fifteen debates. Even since this history was begun another victory over the Ciceronians has been won. This record within itself goes to show that Phi Delta not only has done, but is yet up and doing with a heart for any contest.

Phi Delta has sent out men whose influence in theology, medicine, education, literature, science, politics, agriculture, and the commercial world, has been helpful not only throughout the state but to the South, and Phi Delta’s loyal members are more than ready at all times to accord a large measure of their success to the training in those old days of speech-making in the dear old hall at Mercer.
Fall Term Debate

"Resolved, That a system of postal savings banks is desirable in the United States."

Affirmative—Ciceronians.
Nash, J. D.
Clement, C. G.

Negative—Phi Deltas.
Hollingsworth, R. R.
Grice, H. L.

Spring Term Debate

"Resolved, That there should be a constitutional amendment requiring a uniform Federal divorce law."

Affirmation—Ciceronians.
Robinson, W. R.
Chapman, E. M.

Negative—Phi Deltas.
Stamps, D. F.
Cline, A. T.
The Ciceronian Literary Society

The pages of the Ciceronian Society’s record, now yellow with age, indicate that it was organized as the Ciceronian Literary Society August 15, 1834. On that date the Franklin Literary Society was, by mutual consent, dissolved and from its membership the present Ciceronian and Phi Delta Societies were organized. No doubt the advocates of this movement realized the importance of having friendly rivalry as an impetus to the attainment of the highest development in literary society work. At any rate such has been the result. On the historic old grounds at Penfield, where Mercer was founded, still stands the old Ciceronian hall.

Along with the development of Mercer and the progress that oratorical matters have made, the Ciceronian Society has steadily grown and gained prestige. Among its members there have been statesmen, senators, governors, and men of high responsibility. The Ciceronian society points with pride to many prominent Alumni, among whom are Hon. T. G. Lawson, Ex-Governor W. J. Northern, S. G. Hillyer, Noah K. Davis, and John Roach Straton. At present our society feels justly proud of having, as an honorary member, Governor-elect Hoke Smith.

The critic’s report of debates furnishes facts that would throw any “grouch club” into fits of laughter, or perplex the minds of the most learned. Thirteen times during the year, 1835, it was unanimously decided that hoop skirts were a menace to society, and, strange to relate, just exactly sixty-five years afterwards it was a source of no little applause when the judges brought forth a verdict that hobble skirts were to be admired. On two occasions during the Reconstruction days, it was decided that the invention of the bicycle was the height of perfection in the world of inventions. One hundred and twenty-three times women were denied the suffrage and yet the question confronts our assemblage no less than half-dozen times a year. In solemn manner it was agreed that Mercer should stay in Macon and the Capitol remain in Atlanta. The future finds hope only in the fact that these decisions are not final.

The Ciceronian Society has enjoyed reasonable success during the past few years. It is true we have not been as victorious as we were during the preceding decade, yet we have reason to boast of our present record. Since the institution of the Hardman Medal, offered for excellence in oratory, we have lost only two such medals. During the last few years we have won several debates over our rival society. There is every reason to believe that the future has even greater things in store for the Ciceronian Society.

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"Resolved, That the judges of the superior courts and the courts of appellate jurisdiction of the states, should be appointed by the state executive."

"Granted: That the appointment be ratified by the state senate."

Affirmative—Ciceronian.
Johnson, H. D.
Clement, C. G.

Negative—Phi Delta.
Meeks, R. L.
Grice, H. L.
Law Class—Phi Delta Debate

"Resolved, That Woodrow Wilson, rather than Judson Harmon, should be next Democratic Presidential nominee."

Affirmative—Phi Delta.
Jackson, V. T.
Robertson, W. G.

Negative—Law Class.
Mason, T. S.
Lassiter, H.

Impromptu Debate

"Resolved, That the United States has reached the zenith of her greatness."

Affirmative—Ciceronians.
Clement, C. G.
Nash, J. D.
Chapman, E. M.
Etheredge, J. M.
Conger, A. B.

Negative—Phi Deltas.
Grice, H. L.
Meeks, R. L.
Calhoun, E. C.
Kelley, G. F.
Williamson, N. F.
SOME SUBJECTS SUGGESTED FOR THE IMPROMPTU DEBATE; WITH SOME REMARKS ADDED

"Resolved: that a boy should have a better education than a girl."—C. M. Miller. (He evidently has many sisters at home.)

"Resolved: that woman should propose to man."
The above was an anonymous communication, but it is strongly thought that it originated in the Department of Physics.
(This man also has many sisters, but they are not at home.)

"Resolved: that the capitol should be moved to Macon."—P. L. Johnston.
(A newspaper man after a story.)

"Resolved: that the United States Government should have complete control of her railroads."—H. L. Grice.
(This man is trying to bootlick the Professor of Economics.)

"Does the ox push or pull?"—J. G. Harrison.
(Has he learned by experience, or is he the Professor of Logic?)

"Resolved: that corporal punishment in the public schools should be prohibited."—J. H. Carswell, Jr.
(He speaks from a painful experience. Must be in a coaching class, or must expect to teach a school where there's a big boy.)

"Resolved: that the barbarian's life is happier than the civilized life."—Zach Collins.
(He has heard the call of the wild.)

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."—W. A. Galt.
(We all know what his condition is.)

"Is life worth living?"—George Mills.
(This man belongs to the near-suicide club.)

"Resolved: that character is influenced more by heredity than environment."—A. S. Kytle.
(He's an ugly man, who has tried mustache dye and hair restorer unsuccessfully.)
ECCLESIASTICAL TRIOLETS

HENRY M. DARGAN.

I.
Where I sit, in a pew
Back by the door,—
Tho' the sermon's a bore,
Back by the door
I can see a small shoe
(And a little bit more),
Where I sit in a pew
Back by the door.

II.
In church, we ponder
Of angels on high;
So I will—by and by—
Of angels on high,
But just now her eye
Seems this way to wander.
In church we should ponder
Of angels, on high.

III.
Although when I watch her
She's very devout;
By her frown and her pout,
She's very devout,
Yet sometimes I catch her
Smile peeping out;
Although when I watch her
She's very devout.
Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity

Founded at the University of Alabama, March 9th, 1856.
Georgian Psi Chapter Founded, 1870.

Colors: Royal Purple and Old Gold. Flower: Violet.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE
S. Y. Jameson, D. D., L. L. D.
W. H. Felton, B. L.
W. E. Godfrey, A. M.
A. H. Codington, B. L.
J. G. Harrison, D. D.

CLASS OF 1911
T. F. Sellers
J. H. McArthur
A. E. Barnes, Jr.

CLASS OF 1912
W. H. Thorpe
R. J. Taylor, Jr.
P. T. Bryan

CLASS OF 1913
R. G. Mansfield

CLASS OF 1914
J. M. Cutler, Jr.
H. C. Kendall, Jr.
E. H. Taylor
W. M. Murphy

LAW CLASS
A. L. Dasher, Jr.

PHARMACY CLASS OF 1912
L. T. Edwards
Phi Delta Theta
GEORGIA GAMMA CHAPTER
1911
Founded: Miami University, 1848.
Established at Mercer, December 15, 1871.

ACTIVE MEMBERS

SENIOR CLASS
C. B. Hogg

JUNIOR CLASS
P. O. Holliday
W. A. Murphey
A. J. Jacobson

SENIOR ACADEMIC
Clay Binion
A. B. Conger
J. E. Jelks
J. A. Roberts
A. C. Tift
N. F. Williamson

JUNIOR ACADEMIC
C. E. Wills

SOPHOMORE ACADEMIC
A. A. Jelks
E. Y. Mallary, Jr.
J. F. Norman
W. K. Davis
J. T. Coates, Jr.

FRESHMAN ACADEMIC
W. A. Chappell
J. B. Cobbs
O. R. Jelks
M. F. Morris, Jr.
F. B. Vincent
Kappa Alpha

Founded, 1865.
Established at Mercer, 1873.
Colors: Crimson and Old Gold. Flowers: Magnolia and Red Rose.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE
E. T. Holmes
A. W. Lane

ACTIVE MEMBERS

1911
J. C. Farmer
W. E. Roberts

1912
S. E. Groover

1913
J. C. Dixon
J. J. Farmer
A. W. Lane, Jr.
T. B. Martin

1914
M. A. Farmer
C. L. Farmer
M. H. Farmer
D. L. Henderson
V. M. Lane
O. S. Maret
Percival Plant
L. T. Stallings
J. L. Westmoreland, Jr.
J. E. White, Jr.
Kappa Sigma

Founded at University of Bologna, 1400 A. D.
Established at University of Virginia, 1869.
Alpha Beta Chapter established, 1874.
Colors: Scarlet, White, and Emerald. Flower: Lily of the Valley.

1911
John Hora Gautier
Richmond Clinton Gresham

1912
Hewlett Edwin Aderhold
Jefferson Davis Farrior, Jr.
Clancy Montague Jackson
William Pierce White (Law)
Ernest Holman Finch (Law)
Milton Pinney Gaines
Melville Abbott Smith
John Thomas Kellars

1913
Hugh Inman Alford
James Wilburn Foxworth
John Arthur Kelley
Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity

Founded at Richmond, Va., 1865. Colors: Old Gold and Sky Blue.

FRATER IN FACULTATE
Carl W. Steed, A. B., A. M.

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE
1911
C. Otis Baird
George E. Mills
Charles N. Oliphant

1913
T. Hentz Smith

1912
Ralph Clark
William A. Galt
Roy J. Smith
Robert G. Stewart

1914
William R. Hamilton
Tom O. Hand
Paul J. Orr
John R. Smith, Jr.
William W. Williams, Jr.
Sigma Nu Fraternity


FRATER IN FACULTATE
Solon B. Cousins

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE

CLASS OF 1911
Fred Herndon
Jas. H. Walker
J. Broadus Norman
W. Raymond Robinson

CLASS OF 1912
Steve P. Kenyon
John W. Snead
J. Judson Pilcher
Raymonde Stapleton
Howard G. Rice
Amos M. Stephens

CLASS OF 1913
John R. Hall, Jr.
Herbert S. Rice

CLASS OF 1914
Archie W. Hill
John C. Kenyon
Frank W. Hodges
Horace H. Manley

LAW CLASS OF 1911
R. M. Girardeau

LAW CLASS OF 1912
George G. Allen
Nu Pi Beta

Founded at Mercer University in 1908.

Colors: Scarlet and Gray. Flower: Forget-me-not.

HONORARY MEMBERS
Judge Emory Speer          Hon. O. A. Park
Judge W. H. Felton           Hon. E. P. Mallary

MEMBERS

1908-09
C. G. Mills          Jas. A. Fort          H. C. Miller
J. B. Harris         Green S. Johnson      Frank B. Willingham
John Walker          T. F. Farmer, Jr.     H. O. Jones
G. W. Evans          L. T. Rosser, Jr.       P. M. Cleveland
F. C. Tucker         S. D. Dell             J. Crawley

1909-10
L. C. Connally       D. C. Betjeman          H. W. Baldwin, Jr.
J. W. Johnson         W. R. Gignilliat       C. J. Taylor
J. L. Wimberly        E. T. Burson           A. Jordan
J. H. Wood            J. E. Morris, Jr.      C. B. Hogg
H. S. Strozier        H. G. Bailey           D. L. Rogers

1910-11
R. M. Girardeau      D. A. Roberts          A. B. Conger
P. O. Holliday       M. R. Lufburrow        W. Murphy
j. C. Farmer         H. Langsdale           W. R. Clements
W. E. Roberts        G. G. Allen             W. P. White
LOOKING ACROSS CAMPUS TO MAIN BUILDING
" 'Tis like a star of hope that shines
Within my gloomy bachelor's den—
That filmy handkerchief of hers,
That once ensnared the eyes of men.

There lingers still within its lace
A trace of perfume rare and sweet,
That wakes within me memory's train—
How lightning swift the years, and fleet!

With her I strolled beneath the moon
And breathed the words that lovers say:
Memento sweet I needs must have—
I bore this handkerchief away.

This dainty piece of cambric fine,
(The sign of Cupid's rise and fall),
Might be incased in caket rare,
But ah, it's pasted on the wall!
Non-Fraternity Organization

By searching in the archives where Mercer's ancient history is preserved, one may read of thrilling campaigns waged between the Greeks and the Barbarians(?). However, this is not the day of the dead, but of the living; and these musty records which tell of the heroic deeds of former Mercerites concern us not. Therefore, let us consider for a moment affairs nearer the Land of Now.

The Non-Fraternity Organization is strong in numbers—it embraces about two-thirds of the entire student body. As it is also strong in intellect and manhood, one can easily understand why so many of its members are leaders in university life and occupants of many of the positions of prominence in the various college activities.

The Organization is conservative, though firm, in its policies; it has convictions in regard to college problems, but it grants to every man the right to his own opinions; it stands for unfettered democracy and whole-souled comradeships formed upon natural bases. Standing as it does for the principle that the social life of the college should be based on these democratics tenets, knowing the vigor of deep breathing and the joy of hearty living, it extends a hearty welcome to the rugged mountain boy who has lived the life of freedom in a north Georgia valley; it gives a hearty handshake to the wire grass native of the southern plain, who comes here in his simple dress and unsophisticated ways in search of knowledge; and to him who knows the smiling face of fortune, it gives friendly greetings, and assures him that he is among his friends.

Because of all this, the Organization is loved by those who constitute its real membership, and honored by those who are proud to champion its aims and ideals.

HOMER L. GRICE.
Non-Fraternity Organization

Beginning at the top and reading to the left.

Group I.

T. J. Herring, '11    A. C. Adams, '11    F. J. Amis, '11
S. D. Copeland, '11   J. D. Overstreet, '11  R. S. New, '11
J. L. Lawrence, '11   L. T. Hall, '11    W. B. Suddeth, '11
Non-Fraternity Organization

Beginning at the top and reading to the left.

Group II.

V. T. Jackson, '12  J. B. Bruce, '12  W. J. Warren, '12
C. W. Henderson, '12  W. H. Smith, '12  C. F. Lanier, '12
F. C. Staton, '12  C. G. Clement, '12  R. Donehoo, '12
W. J. Waller, '12  D. S. Dennard, '12  M. R. Little, '12
C. E. Watts, '12  T. S. Mason, '12  A. J. Futch, '12
E. B. Owenby, '12  E. L. Webb, '12  G. W. Evans, '12
G. J. Gearin, '12  F. Carter, '12
W. S. Adams, '12  T. B. Conner, '12
Non-Fraternity Organization

Beginning at the top and reading to the left.

Group III.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Class Year</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>J. C. Grimes</td>
<td>'13</td>
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<tr>
<td>C. A. DeVane</td>
<td>'13</td>
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<tr>
<td>E. C. Powers</td>
<td>'13</td>
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<tr>
<td>L. D. Newton</td>
<td>'13</td>
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<tr>
<td>H. D. Johnson</td>
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<td>A. D. Mitchell</td>
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<td>W. T. Bloodworth</td>
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<td>J. B. Sullivan</td>
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<td>W. T. Smalley</td>
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<tr>
<td>G. C. Gibson</td>
<td>'13</td>
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<td>H. A. Cason</td>
<td>'13</td>
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<td>W. C. Sparkman</td>
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<td>R. H. Pirkle</td>
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<td>M. K. Staton</td>
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<td>L. R. Golden</td>
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<td>Z. Collins</td>
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<td>W. S. Banks</td>
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<td>T. H. Davis</td>
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<td>J. H. Pool</td>
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<td>J. I. Kelley</td>
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<td>N. H. Burch</td>
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<td>J. H. Jenkins</td>
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<td>N. V. Dyer</td>
<td>'13</td>
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<tr>
<td>H. Cason</td>
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<td>W. O. Oliver</td>
<td>'13</td>
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<tr>
<td>D. A. Howard</td>
<td>'13</td>
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<td>W. J. Wililams</td>
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<tr>
<td>P. McConnell</td>
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<td>W. G. Coffee</td>
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<td>J. W. Jenkins</td>
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<td>G. F. Kelley</td>
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<td>L. J. Farmer</td>
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<td>M. B. Tucker</td>
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<tr>
<td>Z. Adamson</td>
<td>'13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. P. Lee</td>
<td>'13</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Non-Fraternity Organization

Beginning at the top and reading to the left.

Group IV.

J. W. Smith, '14  
W. T. Huff, '14  
R. B. West, '14  
J. C. Moore, '14  
H. L. Grice, '12  
W. M. Flanders, '14  
J. W. Snelson, '13  
C. S. Henderson, '13  
C. H. Hollingsworth, '14  
P. M. Haulbrook, '14  
J. M. Garner, '13

J. T. Edwards, '14  
R. E. Rivers, '13  
M. E. Chastain, '14  
R. H. Moss, '14  
L. S. Youngblood, '11  
E. V. Pool, '13  
F. A. Moss, '14  
A. Carswell, '13  
J. J. Guillebeau, '14  
J. A. Kennedy, '14  
Wm. Henderson, '13

C. M. Huguley, '14  
P. L. Johnston, '14  
J. E. Morgan, '14  
H. Bell, '14  
J. H. Edwards, '14  
C. J. Green, '14  
R. B. Plymale, '13  
A. J. Andrews, '13  
W. L. Davidson, '14  
F. A. Richter, '14  
J. W. Granade, '13
"Cut and Come Again"

The College boasts a new committee grave,
Whose object is the Freshmen wild to save
From shark-infested pool-rooms, dope and dice,—
The things which give their college life its spice,
Two times each week, they meet in session dire,
And weekly twice with terror grim inspire
Each tender Freshman who with ravished ear,
Has hearkened to the click of pool-ball dear,
Or moving-picture show where thrilling view
Showed red-skin run and cow-boy bold pursue,
When Daily Record showed, if he would pass,
He should have been in Math. and Latin class.
The grim Committee, thronged in solemn state,
Within the college office, deals out fate
On Monday afternoons and Thursdays too,
To culprits sacred, who pass before its view.
There Doctor Forrester so wise presides,
With Gidley trig and Carver at his sides,
And when the student comes his fate to learn,
They stake the well-worn dice-box, each in turn,
And shake and throw three dice with fateful hand.
If two throw over nine, with manner grand,
They tell the shaking student he’s excused,
Who straightway leaves the office much amused.
But if the two throw less than nine they say:
"Bad student, you must go to class each day,
For unexcused this cut must ever be
Till Gabriel’s trumpet sounds o’er land and sea."
And thus they deal impartial justice out
To those who cut and loaf and gad about.

Roy E. Calhoun.
ANDSLIDES in spirit have become the order of the day as much as land-slides in democracy. Bring forth evidence of the fact, you say? Why just look at Mercer, that's all the proof you need. At all the athletic contests since last September, there has been such an increase of college spirit and enthusiasm that it overflows into every nook and cranny and effects each particular dweller, whether book lover or sport lover.

This rejuvenation in matters athletic, got its first start last summer when the gymnasium was attacked by the improvement microbe and the impetus which Dr. Jameson's advocacy of more complete athletic advancement sent the stock up in the above par region. Giving opportunity for athletic participation by all students instead of restricting it to a few, was one of the ends to be served. Then at the beginning of the school term, the whole thing was given a stronger push, and the right of way, with no speed limit. And the reason of this infusion of ginger and snap into the circulatory organs of Mercer? Well, I suppose, the main one can be put in one word, "Stroud," and if you are more of a Missourian than we think and need more reason still, then add "C. C." with a "Dr." to complete the whole combination. He came from Rochester, N. Y., and his advent has brought joy of various and sundry kinds to all his departments. That word "departments" must be put in the plural, because Dr. Stroud is that rare individual who can coach all teams, teach in the literary department, and supervise the physical well-being of his students. The possession of an M. D. degree, from Tufts Medical College, is evidence of the knowledge that enables him to give wire direction to the ambitious young athlete and bring first aid to the injured. A great personality he is! Sometimes that personality just shines out in a bright smile, and then again it bubbles over in a cheery laugh, or the even cheerier greeting.
But you ask for some material evidences of an enlivening spirit? Why, the easiest thing in the world. First look at the old gymnasium, within it of course. See the new balcony that was built around the sides which has increased the seating capacity, and also provided a track for future Marathon runners. With all the improvements that have been added this year, the Mercer Gymnasium is one of the best equipped among southern colleges, and the crowd of boys that fill it every afternoon in spirited pursuit of healthful athletics, shows how eagerly a good thing will be taken up.

To fully appreciate the present baseball standing, we must become a bit retrospective. Last year the spring practice was started under the brightest auspices. Seven old players returned, and every position on the team was sought by two or three good men. The new material filled the vacant positions creditably, and soon we had a team that was picked by several sporting scribes to win all-southern championships. The prophecy did not come true, but it can not be denied that we did have the best individual team in the south. Three of our players were picked for the all-southern nine and several more received honorable mention. What caused our loss to Tech. no one can say. It was not a better team of the Yellow Jackets, but their better luck. It must be granted that we did "come back" with Georgia and win some of the laurels dropped in Atlanta, and that's far more than Tech. could do with the Athens bunch.

FOR 1911?

As to the record our team will make, we haven't enough of the poet in us to imagine or of the prophet to predict. However, it is something unusual for Mercer to put out a weak baseball team. This game has always been the sport of sports here, and our success in baseball during the year gone by has depended largely upon the great enthusiasm and hearty support given it by the student body. It is true that we lost three all-southern players, but seven of last year's 'varsity returned. With these old players as a nucleus, Coach Stroud will surely fill in the gaps with promising new material and put out a strong scrappy team. Just watch the team that will represent Mercer this year.
Look at this Deal in Figures for 1910

Mercer 13 vs. Dahlonega 1
Mercer 12 vs. Dahlonega 1
Mercer 9 vs. Gordon Institute 2
Mercer 8 vs. Gordon Institute 4
Mercer 1 vs. Macon (S. A. L.) 3
Mercer 0 vs. Buffalo 3
Mercer 7 vs. Chattanooga 0
Mercer 9 vs. Chattanooga 2
Mercer 6 vs. Georgia 2
Mercer 4 vs. Tech 7
Mercer 0 vs. Tech 10

Mercer 7 vs. Trinity 4
Mercer 7 vs. Chattanooga 1
Mercer 3 vs. Chattanooga 4
Mercer 8 vs. Auburn 3
Mercer 3 vs. Auburn 1
Mercer 1 vs. Auburn 2
Mercer 1 vs. Tech 3
Mercer 0 vs. Tech 2
Mercer 2 vs. Auburn 7
Mercer 5 vs. Auburn 6
Mercer 4 vs. Clemson 2
Mercer 9 vs. Clemson 1

C. N. OLIPHANT
Captain 1911

119
The Night-Shirt Parade

When battle's spoils as victor's right we take,
We make the earth to deep foundations shake.
In ghostly vestments pale, in spook's array,
In sheets and night shirts white we wend our way
To town, in serpentine formation dire,
And on the way the souls of men inspire
With terror lest some freak of nature might
Have spewed the legions red of hell to light,
Or cemetery opened in the night
And showed to mortals ghastly Death's grim sight.
We form in double columns, close our files
And go to Wesleyan seeking maidens' smiles.
With yell and horn and bell we sound our joy,
We prance in vast delight,—each Mercer boy.
On Cherry Street we raise up Lee to spiel
His clarion voice sounds clear as bell-note's peal.
Proclaiming Mercer's worth to all the world,
In accent strong his words abroad are whirled.
And then when break of morn is near at hand,
From loss of breath and weariness we stand;
And then disperse to Student's Hall, our home,
Where still in dreams through Macon's streets we roam.

ROY E. CALHOUN.
Football Team

OFFICERS

R. C. Gresham .... Manager
R. L. Meeks .... Assistant Manager
Tutt Dunaway .... Captain

Grice, Center.
Burns, Kelley, and Herndon, Right Guard.
Conger, Left Guard.
Dunaway, (Capt.) Right Tackle.
Burns and West, Left Tackle.
Davison and Lawrence, Right End.
Hogg, Left End.
Zellars and Cook, Quarterback.
Binien, Right Half.
McDaniel and Marett, Left Half.
Norman and Foxworth, Full Back.
FOOTBALL

MERCER might be called a youngster in the game of football and her fame is yet to be made in this line. Consequently most of the good experienced prep school players prefer to go to those colleges whose fame is already assured. A college boy just naturally loves a winner. It is hard for us to get a good start so long as the so-called big teams have experienced men from which they pick their elevens, while we have to develop our players. However, the team last fall showed such remarkable improvement under our new coach that we have all become optimistic as to our future in football. Why, in the first big game of the season our boys came off the field of scrimmage with Clemson’s scalp. Tech gave us the worst defeat of the season, but the real strength of our team should not be judged by this game. Let us remember how, later on, we held Georgia to less than half as large a score as Tech made against us, and after this Georgia won a brilliant victory over the Yellow Jackets in Atlanta. Mercer played even harder in Athens than the score indicates, for over half of our opponent’s points were gained on fluke plays. Howard was the last bite of the cherry that we took, and it proved to be a pleasant mouthful. It was a grand finale indeed to see how the orange and black, so persistently ploughed through the opposing line. But read the official digest:

Mercer 32 vs. Locust Grove 0
Mercer 3 vs. Clemson 0
Mercer 22 vs. Georgia Medical Col. 0
Mercer 0 vs. Tech 46
Mercer 14 vs. University of Florida 0
Mercer 0 vs. Georgia 21
Mercer 0 vs. Chattanooga 6
Mercer 23 vs. Citadel 0
Mercer 28 vs. Howard 0

But why is the old gymnasium lighted up at half past eight o’clock in the night, and what means the mingling within of multitudinous voices in deafening cheers? No one ever dreamed that basketball could awaken so much enthusiasm, especially in one season. Such a well coached classy little team, however, could not help but arouse the interests of a student body and serve a surprise package to their opponents. Why, they moved about on the floor with the ease of graceful dancers, and shot goals with the accuracy that characterizes the work of a German critic. That Mercer five improved in every game it seemed, and could they have played later in the season several of their hard games which occurred first on the schedule, there would have been ever fewer defeats for
us. The greatest game of the season was the one with Georgia on our own floor, and the way our boys played on that memorable night will remain "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Such a nerve-blazing hair-raising contest was, to say the least, not altogether befitting the temperament of a nervous woman. Hats off to the Champion Inter-collegiate Basketball Team of the State, and three lusty cheers for the record they made.

Our track team is yet in an embryonic state, but from the present interest manifested, you can count on Mercer having a team even next year that will make her neighboring colleges take notice. A large number of the boys answered to the roll call of the gym. class to engage in preliminary track work, and on several occasions Coach Stroud has given hare and hound chases and cross-country runs. Already we are trying to arrange a meet with Emory about the first of May. Keep up your spirit fellows, and a representative track team will inevitably follow.

There it is—the whole Mercer record—to read, to mark, to learn, to inwardly digest and find good to the taste. And it is gratifying to know that the record was made by four-square playing, not by sending out into the highways and hedges in quest of players whose ability was advertised. We are never worried with import duties on players, nor devising of schemes to get around the rules of inter-collegiate sports. But the game played for the joy of playing is the exciting cause and fairness equally to the other fellow, and to ourselves is the principle upon which we conduct the athletic campaign. May our standard remain to this one thing constant ever, while the score rises on the stepping stones of our past scores to higher things,

"to one divine far off event
Towards which the whole of Mercer moves."
Basketball

RECORD FOR 1911

Mercer 8 vs. Atlanta Athletic Club 49
Mercer 46 vs. Fifth Regiment 16
Mercer 35 vs. Savannah 16
Mercer 15 vs. Jacksonville 23
Mercer 28 vs. Thomasville 14
Mercer 42 vs. Dawson 10
Mercer 9 vs. Columbus 61
Mercer 28 vs. Georgia 26
Mercer 19 vs. Central of Kentucky 42
Mercer 40 vs. Augusta 22
Mercer 27 vs. Georgia 24
Mercer 25 vs. Vanderbilt 26
Mercer 71 vs. Macon Amateurs 7
COOK, Guard

WESTMORELAND, Forward

RODDENBERY, Guard
BINION, Center

CARSON, Center Guard

VOSS, Guard
Athletic Association

OFFICERS

C. E. Wills                  President
W. C. Sparkman               Vice-President
A. T. Cline                  Secretary and Treasurer

ATHLETIC COUNCIL

Prof. R. W. Edenfield, Chairman
Prof. G. L. Carver           W. A. Galt
C. O. Baird                  H. L. Grice

Yell:  Breckety-yex, Koax, Koax,
       Breckety-yex, Koax, Koax,
       Whoa-up, Whoa-up,
       Parabaloo, Mercer,
       Rah! Rah! Rah!
       Rah! Rah! Rah!
       Rah! Rah! Rah!
       Mercer! Mercer! Mercer!
Wearers of the "M"

FOOTBALL
W. T. Dunaway
H. L. Grice
R. N. Burns
J. W. Jacobs
G. F. Kelly
F. Herndon
A. B. Conger
W. L. West
H. M. Davison
C. B. Hogg
J. L. Lawrence
J. T. Zellars
R. E. Cook
C. Binion
S. R. McDaniell
O. S. Maret
J. F. Norman
J. W. Foxworth
R. C. Gresham

BASKETBALL
M. P. Gaines
R. E. Cook
J. L. Westmoreland
J. B. Roddenbery
H. M. Carson
C. Binion
J. D. Voss
I. W. Tippett

BASEBALL
C. N. Oliphant
W. B. Suddeth
L. E. Baker
F. A. Roach
C. E. Wills
J. D. Voss
C. B. Hogg
Evolution of a College Man.
Mercer Glee Club

N. F. Williamson . . . . . . . . . . . Manager
Prof. G. L. Carver . . . . . . . . . . Leader

MEMBERS

FIRST TENOR
Carver, Prof. G. L.
Lee, E. P.
Pool, E. V.
Pirkle, R. H.
Morgan, W. N.

SECOND TENOR
Vincent, F. B.
Scarboro, E. R.
Williamson, N. F.
Hurlbutt, G. R.
Gaines, K. A.

FIRST BASS
Newton, L. D.
Powell, C. E.
Clark, B. H.
Giddings, J. I.

SECOND BASS
Lester, W. M.
Sellers, T. F.
Conner, T. B.
Lane, V. M.
Moore, J. C.

E. M. Chapman . . . . . . . . . . . Reader
J. H. Walker . . . . . . . . . . . Accompanist
The Mercer Band

The music falls on college walls
And rival teams both old and gory,
The Profs and boys fill streets and parks,
While dulcet band leads on to glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the brass echoes flying, flying, flying,
Victory, Mercer, victory, crying, crying, crying.

The Mercer band, the brightest, breeziest organization in college, the pride of every Mercer student. It was organized in February, 1910, by its present capable leader, Mr. Jno. W. Jacobs, and has become an accompaniment always in demand. In its early days, Dr. S. Y. Jameson and Mr. B. D. Williamham were the friends who contributed most to its founding. By the labors and sacrifices of its hard working members, the band now enjoys the distinction of being the best in this part of the state. The instruments alone cost approximately $800. It had the wind, it had the men. It had the money, too. That's why it is a success. It had to succeed.

It plays to beat the drum and vice versa. Its repertoire includes music from the alluring and classical to the inspiring and stirring. Its members get no trips, no "M's" and no salary, but they play just the same and just as well. No organization in college deserves more support and encouragement than the band. It stimulates interest, alleviates the drudgery and monotony of this business of getting an education; it refreshes weary minds, stirs the hearts of athletes by beating time, time, time, In a sort of ragtime rhyme; it rouses the spirit that leads on to victory. Here's to the Mercer Band, long may she blow.

The following are the members:

C. R. Beale, Sec. and Treas., Clarinet.
G. G. Maughon, Solo Cornet.
J. J. Farmer, 1st Cornet.
J. R. Hall, Jr., 1st Cornet.
C. Carpenter, 2nd Cornet.
A. J. Hargrove, 2nd Cornet.
N. F. Williamson, Solo Alto.
R. H. Pirkle, 1st Alto.
M. K. Staton, 2nd Alto.

D. E. Jackson, Solo Trombone.
J. E. Hall, 1st Trombone.
H. C. Whatley, 2nd Trombone.
E. R. Scarboro, Baritone.
W. Henderson, Bass.
G. W. Evans, Tuba.
J. R. Smith, Snare Drum.
L. E. Bowen, Bass Drum.
Jno. W. Jacobs, Leader.
Purpose: The erection and preservation of the classical and the antique in Mercer's traditions.

Watchword: Diligently dig so as to efficiently erect.

Meeting Place: Attic of Brick Hall.

OFFICERS
Cincinnatus Erasmus Clement .......... Eminent Antiquitarian
Walentinus Ephorus Roberts .......... Eminent Archaeologist
Seneca Granade ......................... Eminent Archivist

FELLOW ANTIQUES
Hellanicus Edetani Aderhold
Aidoneus Emmenes Barnes, the Younger
Jason Rufus Batchelor
Staphylus Dardanus Copeland
Jugarius Roscius Garner
Gravicus Cleoxenus Kirkley
Rameses Leonides Meeks
Gelon Euagetus Mills
Atlantiades Derbies Mitchell
Guttones Cascellius Spurlin
Gordon Institute Club

Binion, C., President.

MEMBERS

Binion, C., Φ. Δ. Θ.  McDonald, M., K. A.
Cousins, Prof. S. B., Σ. Ν.  Smith, M. A., K. Σ.
Galt, W. A., A. T. Ω.  Taylor, R. J., Σ. A. E.
Hogg, C. B., Φ. Δ. Θ.  Trimble, C. Q., K. Σ.
L. G. I. Club

OFFICERS

Amis, F. J. . . . . . . . . President
Chapman, E. M. . . . . . Vice-President
Stephens, A. M. . . . . Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Adamson, Z. Hodges, F. W.
Amis, F. J. Huff, W. T.
Baird, C. O. Jenkins, J. W.
Burch, N. H. Johnston, P. L.
Cason, H. A. Lee, E. P.
Chapman, E. M. Long, F.
Compton, R. T. Mallary, E. Y., Jr.
Dixon, J. C. Mason, T. S.
Etheredge, J. M. McDaniel, S. R.
Farmer, M. A. Plymale, R.
Farmer, M. H. Smalley, W. T.
Farmer, C. L. Snead, J. W.
Farmer, J. C. Stephens, A. M.
Granade, S. W. Tippett, T. W.
Grimes, J. C. Tucker, M.
Guillebeau, J. J. Walters, A.
Norman Park Club

OFFICERS

HERRING, T. J. .......................................................... President
SCRUGGS, C. ............................................................ Vice-President
CONGER, A. B. .......................................................... Secretary
OVERSTREET, J. D. ..................................................... Treasurer

MEMBERS

Conger, A. B. ............................................................ Foxworth, J. W.
Crouch, J. H. ............................................................. Herring, T. J.
DeVane, C. A. ............................................................ Norman, J. F.

Motto: "For Mercer first and then for Norman Institute."
The Florida Club
"Just a Bunch of Crackers"

OFFICERS
Davis, P. F. . . . President
Farrior, J. D., Jr. . Vice-President
Sparkman, W. C. . Sec'y and Treas.

MEMBERS
Davis, P. F. . . . . . . . . Kelly, J. A.
Farrior, J. D., Jr. . . Langdale, H.
Foxworth, J. W. . . . . Smith, T. H.
Herring, T. J. . . . . . Sparkman, W. C.
Hogg, C. B. . . . . . . . . Tillman, B. E.
Alabama Club

OFFICERS

Grice, H. L. ........................................ President
Sellers, T. F. ........................................ Vice-President
Neighbors, Q. J. .................................... Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Gautier, J. H. ........................................ Hurbutt, G. R.
Hamic, S. N. ........................................ Sellers, T. F.
Hurlbut, G. B. ....................................... West, R. B.
The "Squeal-Squeal" Quartette

"ABE" CONGER—Lead.
"BUB" JELKS—Bass.
"TANK" NORMAN—Tenor.
"QUAD" MALLARY—Baritone.

"If music be the food of love sing yourself crazy."

"Abe" Conger, our able lead, was bought by the club on account of his great ability in this particular line. He was first noticed at the Ga. State Fair, and since then has rendered good service in this capacity.

"Bub" Jelks, our proficient bass, whose quality of voice is only excelled by his love for the fair sex, came among our midst only after a promise from the other three that the practice on Saturday night would be dispensed with, as his time then was fully occupied.

"Tank’s" great skill was first discovered at the football game on Thanksgiving day between Mercer and Howard; as he was seen plunging through the line he raised his voice in defiance of their united efforts to stop him.

"Little Quad" was admitted after being found one morning sitting on the back of a bench in Chapel, when he learned that he had passed Greek, giving vent to his feelings in song.
Mercer Tennis Club

OFFICERS
C. N. Oliphant President
C. E. Wills Vice-President
J. B. Roddenbery Secretary

MEMBERS
C. N. Oliphant
J. C. Farmer
Hugh Cason
J. B. Roddenbery
S. P. Kenyon
Chester Scruggs
J. L. Westmoreland
R. J. Smith
C. E. Wills
R. E. Cook
R. C. Gresham

A. C. Tift
B. T. Bryan
W. B. Suddeth
W. E. Roberts
H. I. Alford
A. E. Barnes, Jr.
G. E. Mills
Clay Binion
T. F. Sellers
Fred Herndon
Greater Macon Club

OFFICERS
MALLARY, E. Y., Jr. . . . . . . President
JELKS, J. E. . . . . . . Vice-President
SELLERS, T. F. . . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS
Barnes, A. E., Jr. Mallary, E. Y., Jr.
Brown, J. H. Martin, T. B.
Chappell, W. A. Miller, C. M.
Cobb, J. B. Moore, J. C.
Daughtry, G. Mulling, A.
Gautier, J. H. Murphey, W.
Henderson, Wm., Jr. Rice, H. G.
Hertwig, C. C. Rice, H. S.
Huguley, C. M. Rowell, C.
Jelks, J. E. Schofield, S. R.
Jelks, J. R. Sellers, T. F.
Johnson, H. D. Stallings, L. T.
Johnston, P. L. Taylor, R. J., Jr.
Jones, T. M. Thorpe, W. H.
Kendall, H. C., Jr. Vincent, F. B.
Lane, M. West, W. L.
Lane, A. W., Jr.
Hours: 11 A. B. to 6 X. Y. Office: No two nights the same.

Cable address: Big Night To-Night.

The Dormitory Cascarets
Motto: "We work while he sleeps."

PELLETS:
J. W. Granade
F. M. Carson
W. T. Dunaway
E. M. Lancaster
J. M. Garner
J. R. Batchelor
J. B. Roddenbery
J. T. Zellars
D. E. Jackson
S. W. Granade
H. E. Aderhold
R. H. Pirkle
J. W. Hogan
C. R. Beale
J. R. Garner
K. K. K. Social Club

Motto: Kuss Kause Kan.
Object: Kut Kapers Konstantly.
Color: Blue Ribbon.
Flower: Roses (Purity).
Mumm's the Password.

"Song: "We won't be home until morning, for we need the morning air."

Yell: What's the matter with K. K. K.
He! Haw! Hey! She's O. K.
We're the boys of the K. K. K.

Places of meeting: Korners, Kafes, and Kottages.
Time of meeting: Klouty Knights.
Time of adjourning: Kock's Krowing.

MEMBERS
Khorus Kutter .......... Clay Binion
Kollege Kastaway ....... Roy Smith
Konstant Kaver .......... Geo. Mills
Keg Karrier ............ Abe Conger
Kar Konductor ........... Amos Tift
Kab Katcher ............ Eph Roberts
Kwart Konsumer .......... Jim Farmer
Konecited Kid ............ Wesley Davis
Krazy Kusser ............ Bradley Hogg
Korn Killer ............. Frank Norman
Kafe Kid .............. Charlie Oliphant
The Grouch Club

We're thirteen men who think there's nothing right
On Earth, in Heaven or Hades, day or night.
Whene'er we meet we sit and growl at fate,
And spout our pessimism mixed with hate,
At all things known or thought by God or man,—
At things we do not know nor ever can.
Our members are Jim Jelks who hates mankind,
And gruffly growls at all of different mind;
And Chester Scruggs for gloomy face far-famed;
Then Conger dark,—"The Black" he's justly named.
Our Bobby Meeks has never smiled we know:
With grim despair he views this world below.
Just mention good to Barnes of wondrous growl,
He'll yell and grin; with rage he'll fairly howl.
And then "Prep" Suddeth fills our hearts with glee,—
A pessimist of darkest dye is he.
And Will Eph Roberts! he's a lawyer grim,
He likes misfortune,—it means food to him.
Then Copeland, once a preacher, swells with ire,
If he but sees a smile,—his wrath's afire.
In sour sublimity we have George Mills;
In snarling majesty we see Ned Wills;
And Tom Fort Sellers, snappish in his wrath,
Growls loud at good when'er it's in his path.
Our Little Nolan sits with cynic's pride
And barks and scoffs at all things far and wide.
Then Kenyon, lovable, completes our ring,
Who's never seen the good in anything.
With pessimistic cynicism dire
We Grouchers each the others thus inspire.

ROY CALHOUN.
Alembic Club

Object: Study of Chemistry.

OFFICERS

Prof. J. F. Sellers
W. H. Simms
J. H. Walker
T. T. Benton
C. E. Wills
T. F. Sellers

Honorary President
President
Vice-President
Treasurer
Secretary
Historian

CHAPTER MEMBERS

Benton, T. T.
Lancaster, E. M.
Scruggs, C.

Sellers, T. F.
Simms, W. H.
Smith, M. A.

Trimble, C. Q.
Walker, J. H.
Wills, C. E.

NEW MEMBERS

Amis, F. J.
Baird, C.
Davison, H. M.
Gautier, J. H.
Gidley, Dr. W. F.

Greene, A. L. B.
Gresham, R. C.
Jacobs, J. W.
McDaniel, S. R.
Mills, G. E.
Oliphant, C. N.

Roach, F. A.
Voss, J. D.
Webb, W. W.
Wilson, W. L.
Youngblood, L. S.
Mercer Literary Club

Professor C. W. Steed  Professor S. B. Cousins  Miss Sallie G. Boone

1909

H. M. Dargan  J. S. Brown
C. W. Coleman  J. S. Pruitt
C. E. Clement

1910

W. T. Knox  S. D. Copeland
N. F. Williamson  R. C. Gresham
G. P. Whatley  P. M. Cousins

1911

T. F. Sellers  H. L. Grice
H. M. Davison  R. Stapleton
W. G. Robertson  W. R. Robinson
C. N. Oliphant  J. D. Nash
R. L. Meeks  W. A. Galt
A. C. Tift
The Senior Class Meeting

It was the tenth of November, and as night closed in, a wayfaring Freshman even though a fool would have known that some great event was impending. You could see it in the scurrying clouds and feel it in the heavy atmosphere. The moon cast only frightened glances upon the University grounds, and the birds about the old Main Building nestled close to the ivy covered walls.

The gloomy campus was deserted by all except those bold and fearless Seniors who that night had been called upon to do or die. Here and there huddled groups of these grim warriors conversed in undertones and now and then, as some leader became too enthusiastic over his self appointed task, a word of portentous threatening would project itself on the night wind. In the brightly lighted Library the more confident had gathered. Here were to be found some of the eleventh hour politicians, passing about shaking hands with classmates, assuming towards every one a more friendly attitude than they had ever before shown. Others sat back in all the dignity of a Senior, their eyes fixed on the fanciful pictures that were wreathed in the ascending and descending curls of the three-for smoke.

The Seniors, with that sink or swim, survive or perish, fight to the finish look on every face, filed slowly and solemnly in, and when finally the president called for order

By fists beating in air,
And the Calhoun's red hair,
We could see through the night
That the class was all there.

Then did Babel come upon earth again and pandemonium reigned supreme. For a time the air was so dense with voices that one could hardly breathe. But finally by means of sawing the air and pawing the floor, the president brought some kind of order into the assembly, and the business ran in somewhat the following manner:

Mr. Barnes: "Mr. Temporary Chairman, that's what's the matter with China now-—."
President: "Gentlemen, first Mr. Roberts will read the report of the committee on the Annual."
Mr. Benton: "Mr. Chairman, the object of this meeting is to elect class officers."
President: "First, Gentlemen,—."
Mr. Barnes: "Mr. Temporary Chairman, in China—."
Mr. Ballew: "Mr. President, I rise for a point of information. Isn't China irreverent to the question?"
Mr. Carswell: "Mr. President, I move we table this question."
President: "Mr. Roberts will now—."
Mr. Barnes: Mr. Temporary Chairman, China—."
Mr. Meeks: "Mr. President, I rise to a point of order—."
President: "Then sit down and keep order. Mr. Roberts proceed with your report."
Mr. Roberts: "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, I am prepared to read the following report. We, the Committee, believe that the Senior Class should elect four Editors-in-Chief, five business managers, each to receive a salary of forty dollars a month, and seven cartoonists; that four pages of the Annual be devoted to each member of the Senior Class for pictures, history, and general remarks; one entire page to the Junior Class, one to the Sophomore Class, one to the Freshman Class, and one to the Special, Junior Pharmacy, and Junior Law Classes; one page to the faculty, including Brown, Lee, and Mary Jane, for pictures and any matter which we may see fit to put thereon, and one half page to buildings and grounds; thirty pages to cartoons, fifty to jokes, and two full pages to serious matter; finally, that the Senior Class, subscribers, and the gullible public, bear the expense of getting out the Annual."

W. E. Roberts
R. L. Meek
Committee J. D. Nash
F. J. Amis
W. H. Simms

Upon motion of Mr. Gresham the report was unanimously accepted.

Next in order was the election of class officers. Here are some of the nominations.

Mr. Hollingsworth: "Mr. President, I rise to nominate for president a man esteemed by all; a man from this fair South land of ours, from the land of brave men and fair women, the land where sleek Jerseys graze and fat Berkshires wallow, where magnolia breezes kiss the Florida Keys. I refer to Mr. Abe Conger."

Mr. Scruggs: "Mr. President: Mr. President, I rise to get up Mr. Lancaster for vice-president."

Mr. Oliphant: "Mr. President, for class poet I nominate Mr. W. E. Roberts."

Mr. Roberts: "Mr. President, I don't want that job."

Mr. Oliphant: "Then, Mr. President, I don't make that nomination."

In somewhat the same manner the other officers were nominated, and upon motion of Mr. Tom Sellers, the whole paraphernalia was voted on at once.

The storm is past. The gloom lifts. The battle is done. But on the battle field lie scattered the spoils of war, broken pledges, blighted ambitions, twisted heart strings, dissipated oratory. And now, as through the wee sma' hours the glittering stars keep silent vigil, victor and vanquished pass out into the night.
THE FACULTY FOOTLIGHT CLUB

WILL APPEAR SOON.

THE FACULTY FOOTLIGHT CLUB

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THE FACULTY FOOTLIGHT CLU
A Great Event

Not many days ago the Dublin Basketball Team unexpectedly appeared upon the campus to try their luck with the Mercer Scrubs. As the second team was in a sort of a down and out condition, it was soon seen that they could not meet their worthy rivals. Then, what was to be done? For a time it looked as though the brawny Dublin players would have to leave without their hoped for scalp. But just at this point the remarkable thing happened. The Mercer Faculty decided to play the visitors.

The Coach at once began a canvass of that august body to find the fortunate five. To begin with Dr. Jameson was gone, who, had he been present, Woe to ye Dublin center! The second obstacle to present itself was the barring from the game of Messrs. Holmes and Edenfield, the latter as manager of the Athletic Association was ineligible, and the former was excluded on the ground that he had played summer ball. Next, Carver was passed by for the simple reason that he might be run over by some of those husky Dublin players. Finally, Uncle Scott was admitted to the game, but with grave fears lest he be continually fouled for rough work.

At length Coach Stroud, in his usual cool headed manner, lined up the following team: Uncle Jeff, center; "Foxy Grandpa," right forward; Little Boy Steed, left; Uncle Scott, left guard; and Billy, right.

When all was ready the whistle's shrill voice ran out through the crowded Gym. Then those fleet footed warriors rushed together like unto the head-on crash of two locomotives. The first half of the game was uneventful, neither side getting a score, but as the last half advanced things began to liven up. Dick Holmes began to root as never man rooted before. His derby in one hand and a cowbell in the other he occupied all positions in the gallery, shouting and encouraging the defenders of the orange and black. "Tough luck Harrison, old boy, but come on, play the game from a psychological standpoint."

"Stick to him Steed. I know you are little, but you're game and your "motif" is good."

"Get in the game Murray. Do it like the Greeks did it."

"Come on, Billy, make a famous star out of yourself."

Thus he exhorted them.
In due time the whistle announced the game's finish, and according to Pinkey Johnson the whole affair stood thus:
Uncle Jeff very hot and tired.
Goalboard bit once by Harrison.
Steed's hair very badly ruffled up.
Dublin score 1 (made on a foul).
Mercer 0.
Referee: Forrester.
Score boy: Gidley.
Time: An hour and a half.
Mercer stars: Uncle Scott and Billy.

E. B. Owenby.
Contributed By and On the Faculty

(The editors decline any responsibility for the age of these contributions.)

Dr. Harrison: "It's bad enough for young girls to paint, but my gracious alive, it's awful when the old women do so. I see 'em down town nearly every time I go, and they look like ancient paintings running about. What can they mean?"

Dr. Stroud: "Why, Doctor, they are after the old masters."

A question in a recent history examination was, "Who was Joan of Arc?" One answer read thus: "Joan of Arc was a French pheasant." The instructor, reading this to the class, observed "possibly he thought she was a bird of a woman."

In a discussion about undebatable questions, the following was submitted: "Resolved, That the Renaissance has contributed more to civilization than the French and Indian war, because one was dependent on the other."

Query, which was the dependent?
Hear Us.
Mercer's Six Best Sellers

"Lost in the Rush," or "A History of the Vanquished," by W. L. West, F. R. E. S. H.
A thrilling tale of the great conflict waged last October by two warring factions. The book is to be highly prized, not only because of its historical value, but also because of its graphic description by one of the few survivors of the losing clan. We feel it due Mr. West, though, to say that he was only a semi-active participant in the campaign.

"Dualism vs. Individualism," by J. Hora Gautier, A. B., Ph. G.
This distinguished author needs no introduction, as his former works on social question make him an authority. In the above volume, Mr. Gautier clearly and conclusively shatters the doctrine of unicellularism.

"Whisps of Weeds," a Treatise of Poems, by G. Cleveland Kirkley, Litt.—M.
This daringly original book of poems by America's most eccentric man of letters, is sweeping over the country like weeds in an unkempt field. Mr. Kirkley's latest theory is that people should dress in solid colors, the color to be chosen because of their temperament. Mr. Kirkley always appears now in green.

"Biological Evolution: A Record of Personal Experiences," by H. Lamar Grice.
A new figure in the world of letters, but one which promises to be unique. His first literary effort is marked by seemingly impossible facts, which are substantiated by actual photographs. The scientific value of the work can not be over estimated.

Gogginsville," by Clay Binion.
This novel, probably the best this popular author has yet produced, has its setting in a delightful Southern village, where a most beautiful romance finally comes to a successful culmination. The reader will again be enthralled by the charm of the author's style; while the beautiful heroine is so realistically shown that she appears as a divine creature of flesh, rather than a character in fiction.
"Aviatoritis," by N. Frances Williamson, F. I. A. S. (Fellow Infernal Aerial Society.)

A learned dissertation on a hitherto baffling malady by one who knows by reason of experience—it is confidently believed that this volume will be the means of ridding the world of that unfortunate class of people known as "hot air" artists.

It is understood that the present Senior Class is using the treatment prescribed in the book on "Mugs" Lawrence and "Dick" Gresham.
“Pink Johnston”

Behold our Pinkie, august in his pride,
Perambulate the college campus wide!
His eyes, spike-pointed, seek for bits of news
And almost diabolically choose
Each interest kernel from its useless shell
Of extra matter, thrown around it well
By numerous discussions pro and con
And sundry grave opinions thereupon.
Astride his nose, to aid his wondrous sight,
A pair of gleaming spectacles loom bright.
Within his hands a paper pad is pressed;
Behind his ear his pencil finds a rest
Except when interest-laden item calls it forth
To scratch upon his paper Merter’s worth.
When glory-laden laurels deck her brow,
He tells the world of why she won and how;
But when the lash of stern defeat she feels,
He boasts her up with sympathetic spiels.
Besides these weighty things in college life
He tells of little things with interest rife,—
When’er a student has a cough or cold
Minutest facts in his report are told;
Or when some scholar spends at home a day,
The Telegraph is sure to mark his stay.
And then Pink’s nose for smelling news is trained;
His huge proboscis keen is never strained,
But scents for news in every passing wind.
The powers of Darkness seem their aid to lend;
For this reporter far and wide is known
As one whose right to fame is clearly shown.
Rejoice, Oh, Mercer, in your famous son;
Rejoice aloud, for fame he’s surely won!

Roy E. Calhoun.
Every community has its list of celebrities; and it is only right and proper for us to tell out loud the favored and near-favored sons of Fortune here at Mercer, so that civilization may be given an added impetus, and many may strive to emulate the example of these, our own men.

Away up in the mountains of North Georgia there roams—where there’s no stock law—a strange creature known as the “razor-back.” This species of porker—we almost said poker, of course we mean polka, never touched a card in all our life—but to get back to the subject, this species of porker is like the old “moss-backs” of the “wire-grass” regions—the “razor-back” ought to come from the “wire-grass”—in every way, save that his lean back is less sparsely settled with bristles; only two or three to a vertebra. In our world here, is one like unto a “razor-back” in—certainly we were not going to say appetite—; well, anyway he resembles a “razor-back” in that his head, like the pig’s back, is sparsely settled with hairs. But, never mind Bobby Meeks, if you haven’t got much on the outside of your head, you have more than enough inside.

Just because the swish of silken skirts is not heard rustling their way into our recitation rooms, is no sign that Mercer is not co-educational. For, although the powers-that-be—pretty good term that, we think—have not as yet let down the bars, so that delightful
"beauts" of femininity could wander in our green (made so by numerous freshmen) fields of learning, yet we are co-educational. The present senior class boasts—that's not all it does either, brother—or sister if you happen to be such—of having let down the gap, in that Jessie, the heart-breaker is one of them.

Youth and love have ever been hand-in-hand; the younger the youth, the more devoted the lover. But one of our greatest ones shatters this theory, for "Grandpa, the youthful lover"—pretty paradoxical kind of a statement, but nevertheless true, if you please. Yes-sir-re-bob, old gouty Grandpa can give any other fellow here a handicap of four months, and then best him to the altar. "All the world loves a lover" and so do we; the senior class especially, for they have put him away up in the G's.

A great crowd closely clustered together, an air of intense excitement prevailing all. What means it? Stop. Wait. Listen. Ah-h-h! Now you understand. The impassioned tones of a fiery young man sway you as all the rest. And now as he soars in an aeroplane of eloquence, your soul mounts up with it! Oh! the power of a tongue like this, for it will not only hush the silvery-throated song birds of the glorious, golden Georgia hills as they pour forth the sweetness of their happiest melody to the listening air; but it also will stir into quietude the watery grunts of the finny creatures of Father Neptune's domain, as they bask in the gleaming, glistening waters that wash Georgia's shores. Railroad, the boy orator! Hats off everybody and three cheers for him—Hip! Hip! Hurrah!

Is Tiny W. Tippett a little big man or a big, little man. This is the question that has put us in a quandary, a deep quagmire of a quandary; for Tiny W. Tippett is too big a man to be left out of the great and near-great, yet his own name presupposes him to be pretty tiny—now that starts another discussion; but we think we are pretty safe in saying that Tiny W. Tippett is not pretty. But a halt or more trouble will come. Still we are undecided as to whether Tiny W. Tippett is a little, big man or a big, little man.

All great men have some distinguishing, descriptive adjective placed after their cognomens. All through history we find this to be true, there's William the Conqueror, Attila the Hun—wonder if he was any relation to George Cohan, the honey boy?—Rufus the Red, Alaric the Goth, et cetera, ad infinitum—did we get that verbatim? Herman the Silent is our worthy representative in this glorious galaxy of histrionic stars. During his four years sojourn here he has not averaged more than ten days to a word. His counsel is eagerly sought, but rarely ever found.

Far across the great green rolling stretch of pasture land comes the sweet, clear, home-like tinkle of a bell. "Tis the old "wether that has been picked out—to wear the bell" leading the flock of lambs to pleasant and safe feeding places. What's the con-
connection with "who's Who and Why?" Why simply this, Abe Conger is the old "wether" that has been "picked out" to lead the senior class—which at all times does not resemble a flock of lambs, yet we will keep our metaphor—to pleasant and safe feeding places. P. S. If Abe doesn't wear a bell it isn't because his neck isn't big enough, it's because he's waiting for a marriage bell!

A certain colored preacher was in the habit of putting into his sermons a good many big words that his flock could not understand. The members stood it quite a long time, but finally one of the deacons went to the pastor and asked for the meaning of several big words that had cropped forth during the sermon, one of which was phenomenon.

"Well, yo see, it's dis er' way mah bruther," explained the preacher. "'Yo' see 'u ole cow er eatin' in er paster? Well, dat ain't no fenomernon."

"Um ah, Ah sees dot," responded the deacon.

"An' continued the preacher, "Yo' see er bird er sittin' on er lim' uv er tree jes ar singin' his froat away; dat ain't no fenomernon. But mah bruther, ef yo' was ter see dat ole cow wif her tail wrapped roun' de lim' uv er tree, er singin' like dat air bird, why, dat's er fenomernon."

Dick Gresham is our "fenomernon."

Billiken is no beauty and it is far from us to accuse either the "god of things as they ought to be" or his prototype here in our midst of possessing this quality. In another respect are these two alike: Billiken—the god, you know—has never changed his position, nor has our Billiken changed his position at third base since he was put there one day in April, two years ago. The god has never changed his position because he's too lazy; our Billiken has never moved from his position because he's too industrious.
WIM AWIT.

OF A COLLEGE MAN YOU WOULD THINK
JUDGING FROM THE EXPRESSIONS
NG-a-ling-ling rang the alarm clock at fifteen minutes 'til five. Sam grunted and turned over in bed. In about a half minute he was again aroused by the clock as it repeated its alarm. He growled as he snuggled closer under the sheet. But there's no rest for the wicked. Just as he was beginning to dream of Lucille, that devilish ding-a-ling-ling broke in right at the crucial moment.—Lucille was listening to his sheepish yet impassioned declaration of his love with an approving smile on her face. Could anything be more provoking? What were repeating alarm clocks made for anyhow? They disturbed a fellow at the most inopportune times. It might have waited five minutes and given a fellow a chance. Such were the thoughts that flitted through Sam's brain as his lips pouted and his face assumed a much-injured look,—that is, as much as so a sleepy man's face can. Suddenly a look of resolve came into his face. He opened one eye slowly and rolling over to the side of the bed, he reached under and got the alarm clock. With a muttered anathema against alarm clocks in general and repeating alarm clocks in particular, he raised himself on one elbow and threw it out of the open window. Then with a sigh of content, he slid back under cover and was soon snoring sonorously. But visions of Lucille had vanished and in their stead, stern images of Bob Edenfield with his quiet smile, "Dick" Holmes with his bass voice and fear inspiring frown, "Uncle Scott" Murray with his flashing eyes and burning sarcasm, and Prof. Steed with his piercing gray eyes rose to confront him.

Sam was aroused by the breakfast bell at seven o'clock and leaped up with the hopeless, empty feeling that he didn't know his lessons and had no time in which to prepare them. He barely had time to get his breakfast before his math. recitation at eight o'clock.

He was praying that he would escape when Prof. Edenfield began to call the names of those he was sending to the board: "Mr. Cunningsby, Mr. Clement, Mr. Carson, Mr. Davis, Mr. Dandridge, Mr. Dawson, Dr. Dent." He stopped. Sam's heart beat a joyous tattoo as Edenfield stood with his pencil poised over his class book; but that joy was short-lived, for like a thunder-clap came: "Mr. Denton." His heart sank with a thud. He felt like a lead plummet sounds when it hits the bottom of a cement reservoir, and although he scratched his head vigorously and taxed his memory to the utmost, his board was blank when the time came to explain his proposition. Edenfield worked out the problem and, though he said nothing, his quiet smile made Sam wish he was a terrapin and could draw himself into his shell.

At nine o'clock, he reported to Prof. Holmes' Latin class. The men were arranged alphabetically and Sam sat on the front seat. His evil genius prevailed upon Dick to start at the beginning of the roll. Andrews, Benton and Carson read, leaving seven lines at the end of the lesson. Sam had seen what his fate was going to be and had looked up the meanings of some of the words while the others were reading, but when his time to translate came, he gave a version which must have made Cicero turn over in his grave and groan "D——." Dick's red-brown eyes gazed straight into the depths of Sam's guilty soul and his brows were drawn together in a frown as he said: "Ingenious, Mr. Denton, but incorrect. You must have forgotten to study this lesson last night." The boys laughed and Sam felt like kicking himself. During chapel he felt like a whipped cur.

At chapel, after scripture reading and prayer, Dr. Jameson turned around and faced the faculty seated on the rostrum. "Are there any announcements?" he rolled forth in loud tones. "Bo" Carver came forward and made an announcement concerning the Glee Club and then Dr. Harrison looked around hurriedly, came forward quickly, stopped jerkily and announced: "I'd like to speak to Mr. Denton right after chapel." Dr. Jameson waited a few moments and then asked: "Are there any other announcements?"
No one responded and Dr. Jameson eyed the assembled students over his glasses for nearly a minute and then said: "You're dismissed."

When Sam went up to the platform, Dr. Harrison button-holed him and said: "Mr. Denton, after looking into the matter, I find that you'll have to stand examination to get credit for your Freshman German." Sam asked: "Can't I get out of it anyway, Doctor?" Mr. Harrison scratched his head meditatively and at last said: "No-o-o, Mr. Denton, I couldn't give you credit unless I get that examination, and my supplementals come next Thursday. If it suits you, you can stand it then." Sam stammered something as Dr. Harrison walked off, and had just started to escape to think over the stunning fact that he had a year's work in German to review in half a week, when Dr. Jameson stopped him. He patted Sam patronizingly on the back and said: "Mr. Denton, I'm not getting a very satisfactory report on your work. You'll have to get to studying." The Doctor looked at him sharply from under his eyebrows, and then turned and started to talking with Prof. Murray to Sam's inexpressible relief.

Then Sam reported to Physics, and for thirty minutes, listened attentively while "Billy" played about the center of gravity and played with his little ten-cent barlow. Then Billy sent some of the boys to the board to work out problems. Sam was the first one called on. He didn't even try to work his and went away after class swearing he'd learn his Soph. English before time to recite it. He spent the next hour in "boneing" up on the text, and when the recitation hour came, he went to class hoping he'd get called on.

Just as luck would have it, Prof. Steed called on him for a question in a back lesson, and Sam immediately launched forth into a stream of generalities and spelled for five minutes. When he had finished, Prof. Steed's sharp gray eyes dwelt on him for a moment and then returned to his class-book. As his pencil point went around and around the zero, he said:

"N-o-o-o, Mr. Denton, you don't get the point. Mr. Davis, we'll try you."

When he got out, Sam indulged in a hearty fit of swearing. Ye Gods! Was it never to cease. Surely "Uncle Scott" would pass him by. But after dinner when he reported to Freshman French after "Uncle Scott" had traced a French verb back through all the known languages and had at last treed it in the Sanscrit, his thin, subdued voice said:

"Mr. Denton, will you read for us?"

Sam swore softly to himself, but started in and floundered along some sort of way until "Uncle Scott" stopped him with:

"Mr. Denton, I think with a little practice, you'll become an excellent sight reader."

The excoriating sarcasm in his tone was as salt to Sam's wounded spirit. If he had been in a poetic mood, he would have agreed with Shakespeare that: "When troubles comes, they come not single spies, but in battalions," but as it was, he merely swore again.

At three thirty o'clock, he started to his room with the praiseworthy determination to study all his lessons before supper, but again his evil genius intervened in the person of "Tubby" Wilson, standing on the library steps, who hailed him with:

"Hi, Sam! Less go over to Bill's an' get a dope."

Sam refused and informed "Tubby" of his intentions. Tubby replied:

"Aw, come on! It won't take but a few minutes and you'll feel fresher for your work. Don't be a grind!"

For a few minutes, Sam's resolve struggled with "Tubby's" entreaties, but at last he yielded, consoling himself with the thought that he could work better after he had had a dope and a cigarette.

After the dope had been incorporated and the cigarette smoke inhaled, Sam and Tubby got into a discussion of Mercer's chances in athletics and finally of the relative merits of Mercer's players. The hardest point to decide was whether Bill Wilks or Steve Allen had a better chance for fullback on the football team.
By the time this knotty problem was solved, it was five o'clock and Sam suddenly remembered he had to meet the Absence Committee. He went over to the college office and took his place in the line. His turn came after he had waited about a half an hour and he entered with knees shaking.

Prof. Gidley turned to his list and pointed out the absences to Dr. Forrester, who said:

"Mr. Denton, I see you were absent from Sophomore Mathematics and Sophomore Latin last Monday. What was the matter?"

Sam fumbled his hat nervously and at last blurted out:

"A-A-I was sick Doctor."

Dr. Forrester wrinkled up his forehead, stroked his beard and drew down the corners of his mouth, while Professors Gidley and Carver, merely smiled. Then the Doctor asked:

"What was the trouble with you, Mr. Denton."

"Er-A-I had er- the stomachache, Doctor."

The Doctor thought a minute and then said:

"Well, Mr. Denton, we'll have to excuse you this time, but don't let that stomach get to aching too frequently."

Sam said: "No sir," and darted for the door.

It was nearly supper time, so Sam decided to wait until after supper to begin studying. How much beef, biscuit and coffee Sam disposed of is not recorded, but after supper, he had just put on his eye-shade, propped his feet up on the table and started to translating Latin with his "jack," when a knock sounded on his door, which threatened to destroy that very necessary part of his domicile. He reached over and slid his "jack" under the bed-cover and yelled:

"Slide under!"

Sprog Henderson fell into the room with:

"Hey, Bo! Less go to The Merry Widow!"

The Merry Widow was known in college circles as a "peach," and though Sam protested feebly, "Sprog" collared him and soon they were aboard the street-car.

At 11:15, Sam found himself back at his room minus eighty-five cents with no lessons learned. He picked up his Latin, secured his "jack" from under the bed-cover, read a line or two, yawned, nodded, and about fifteen minutes later woke himself up snoring. He jumped up, rubbed his eyes, scratched his head, stretched himself, thought intently an instant and then opened the door and went down the hall.

He opened 'Sprog' Henderson's door upon being invited to climb through the transom, and said to 'Sprog' with a sheepish grin:

"Sprog, I've got to get up soon in the morning. Lend me your alarm-clock."

ROY E. CALHOUN.
English as She is wrote by the Mercer Freshmen.

"Personification is making an inanimate object or a beast speak."

Personification is putting your personality into your writing and not copy another. It is one's style.

"Personification is the placing of man in the form of an animal."

"Personification is bringing out the resemblance, not as strong as a simile or metaphor, but it is just implied."

"Personification is personal in writing when you come out and be personal."


Question: What is one's vocabulary? Answer: "One's vocabulary is made up of English words."

"A provincialism is to be careful about your theme and do not use any words, phrases, or clauses that will be a hindrance to your theme."

"The first American newspaper appeared in 1690, but died after three years."

"An idiom is a word or phrase, generally those worn out, and should not be used."
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The Mercer Man

In days gone by the floods rose high,
And higher rose it every hour,
But higher still a spire arose,
Old Mercer’s storied tower!
For there were men in distant days,
And we must all concur, sir,
That though the years may come and go,
The men are made at Mercer!

Beneath fair Mercer’s honored walls
Rich in life’s true ebb and flow,
We learn to wage life’s battles stern,
And feel warm friendship’s glow,
And tho’ asunder far we roam,
Our lives unite in Mercer,
Nor space nor time can e’er dissolve
The fellowship of Mercer.

And when a thousand years have flown,
Mercer’s glory still shall shine;
Still shall the host of Mercer’s sons
Pay devotion at her shrine.
Then swell the song, both loud and long,
Till rocks and forests quiver:
Long live our Alma Mater dear,
Old Mercer live forever!
The CAULDRON is the first one of its peculiar kind. Volume One is the distinction that is engraved on its first page. This does not mean that the Annual has not budded and blossomed on Mercer's campus before this year, for the old Kinetoscopes are treasured in the archives as examples of the fun and frolic of those years of the late nineties and early twentieth century. It only means that this is an old friend with a new face and name.

For a stretch of several years there has been a series of blanks in the annals of Mercer Annuals, and it was reserved for the Class of 1911 to bring once more into its own this happy feature of college life, this gathering together of all the things that have made the college world a memory to be cherished in the after years.

The response that met this effort of the Class has been so hearty that those upon whom the responsibility of giving it form and comeliness had fallen, have felt their labors most pleasantly lightened, and the "double, double toil and trouble" which have filled every cauldron since the days of Macbeth have "suffered a sea-change into something rich and strange." It is hoped that this particular "Mercerized" CAULDRON is destined to be known and read of all Mercer men by reason of its much picturing and describing in line and letter of the things that have made old Mercer dear.

To each and all of those who have helped so materially to bring its publication to pass, the most hearty thanks and appreciation are given, and it is earnestly hoped that the volume will have its number increased for many years to come, and that each new year's number will mean added brilliancy and power to the bubblings in the CAULDRON.
HE was a girl, fresh, hearty, winsome. He was a successful young inventor, of that clean athletic build which men avoid unless they are looking for trouble.

He had come to take her for a flight in his airship,—the perfection of three years of hard labor,—to show her its fine points. He got a good start on the hard clay road and as the big machine rose gracefully above the ground, she caught his arm and exclaimed:
The Undivine Comedy.

Paradise—
A shaded room,
An open fire,
A cozy nook,
And your heart's desire.

Purgatory—
The self-same room
With lights a few,
The self-same nook
With ma there too.

Inferno—
The room, the shade,
The nook, the fire,
The blessed chance,
And enter——Sire.

"Oh, Jack, I'm afraid."
The machine wobbled slightly, but he brought it up with a jerk and replied rather hurriedly:
"There's no danger, Helen. I've ridden in it a hundred times."

His eyes wandered from the steering gear to her hand still resting on his arm, and he wondered why one girl's little hand could make a man who had never flinched on the 'Varsity football line lose his nerve.
"How high are we, Jack?" she asked, gazing fearfully over the side.
"Oh, about a thousand feet, I guess," he replied.
"A thousand feet!" she gasped, "Go down lower this minute! I know we shall both be killed."

The appeal in her voice thrilled him strangely. She depended upon him. She was under his protection. He gripped the steering wheel tighter as he brought the machine to about a hundred feet above the ground. Now, Jack had started out with a very
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HE KNEW SHEEP.

A city young woman went out to teach a country school. The class in arithmetic was before her. She said, "Now, children, if there are ten sheep one one side of a wall, and one sheep jumps over, how many sheep will be left?"

Then up piped the little tow-headed daughter of a farmer: "No sheep, teacher, no sheep."

"Oh, oh!" cried the city young woman reproachfully. "You are not so stupid as that! Think again. If there were ten sheep on one side of the wall, and one sheep jumped over, nine sheep would be left. Don't you see that?"

"No, no, no!" persisted the child.

"If one sheep jumped over, all the other would jump after. My father keeps sheep." Then, seeing the puzzled look on the teacher's face, the little tow-head explained apologetically, "You know mathematics, teacher; but, you see, I know sheep."

—London Tit-Bits.

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sprinkled with wild violets.

They flew past farms and woods and streams, and his heart was often made glad by her merry laugh or her exclamations of delight.

He became more talkative, but was still shy on the one subject that to him would have been most important and interesting.

After much circling, they came over a little log cabin with a dark green semi-circular
“You see,” said the little man with the dyed beard, as he munched an apple purchased from the train boy. “I am a vegetarian.”

“You mean you try to be one,” answered the stranger on the seat beside him pleasantly.

“Sir! What do you mean by that?”

“Simply that there was a worm in that apple and you got it.”—Judge.

As the new minister of the village was on his way to evening service, he met a rising young man of the place, whom he was anxious to have become a member of his church.

“Good-evening, my young friend,” he said solemnly. “Do you ever attend a place of worship?”

“Yes, indeed, sir; regularly every Sunday night,” replied the young fellow, with a smile. “I’m on my way to see her now.”—Judge.

In his effort to see the calf, their heads came very close together as he glanced along her extended arm in the direction in which she was pointing.

sweep of pines for a background.

“What a lovely little house, and in such a romantic place, too. Oh, do you see that dear little calf? she cried.

“No, where?” he exclaimed, catching her enthusiasm.

“Yonder,” she said, pointing, “to the left of that big pine tree.”
Little Jefferson had returned from Sunday school and was deep in thought. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Mamma, if I am made of the dust of the earth, how did I come from heaven?"—Judge.

Mary had a hobble skirt.

So tight, 'twas bound to tear.

She sewed it up, and then she had a "harem skirt" to wear.

—Red Hen.

"Do you see it?" she asked, turning her head.

Instead of trying to reward her patient efforts to show him the calf, he was gazing straight into her eyes at a dangerously close distance. His head began to buzz louder than his motor, and forgetting everything except those eyes and lips, he seized her in his arms and kissed her.

Crash! came the aeroplane to the ground in a confused heap. When he tried to
A LIFE LESSON.

This lesson take to heart, my son:
Into each life some rain must fall;
Tis better to have loved and won
Than never to have loved at all.
—Judge.

ACCORDING TO SCRIPTURE.

Mather came with slow and silent step from the sick room and said to little Robert, "Your little baby brother is very ill. Robert, dear, and I am afraid he will die."
"Well, mamma, if he does die he won't go to the bad place."
"Why, Robert, what makes you say that?"
"Oh, I know! You see, he can't, mamma, cause he ain't got no teeth to gnash."—Judge.

rise, he found that his right leg would not support him. She was uninjured except for some bruises, though frightened almost into hysterics.

The next June, on the night before they were married, she asked him, as she snuggled up against his shoulder:

"Jack, dear, do you remember the first time you ever saw me?"

"Yes, Helen," he replied, "it was love at first sight. I'll never forget it. And it
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will be equally as long before I forget the first time I ever kissed you. That first kiss was worth the limp it cost me.

"Would you pay that for it again?" she asked thoughtfully; and as soon as she was allowed to get her breath again, she objected, archly:

"But, you see, we're not in the aeroplane tonight."

ROY E. CALHOUN.
THE END.

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