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"God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

"The only genuine Thanksgiving Day was held in 1621, when an unhopd-for harvest saved the lives of the Massachusetts colony. All other Thanksgiving days have been imitations of this original and spontaneous outpouring of public gratitude, and the imitations get poorer and poorer year by year, until now it is a question whether the day has a right to the name."

At present this distinctively American holiday bears only a slight semblance of a day of thanksgiving. Is it possible that our conduct on Thanksgiving Day is indicative of our national character? The day of fasting which accompanied the first celebration was immediately rejected; whereas the day of feasting is retained till this day.

DR. JOHNSON'S NEW BOOK

We congratulate Dr. Johnson on the appearance of his book, Stewardship Vitalized, which is just off the press of the Sunday School Board. Perhaps, rather, we should congratulate ourselves on having in our midst a man who has such a message for his day.

Dr. Johnson has unquestionably thought further and more conclusively on this momentous problem than perhaps any one of today. This result is more significant to us because we see him living and teaching on our campus the truth which he here sets forth.

GREETINGS

Elsewhere in this issue mention is made of the fact that this week is the Study Course Week for the B. Y. P. U. But THE HILL TOP takes special pleasure in welcoming the Study Course faculty to our campus. If you have visited Mars Hill before, we welcome your return; if this is your first visit with us, we welcome you at first sight.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

The first article of the constitution of "The International Relations Club" is sufficient to convince one that this is something new in the realm of clubs. Article I reads as follows:

"This shall be designated as "The International Relations Club of Mars Hill College" and shall have the form of the United States Senate, carrying on all business and discussions in the same manner and under the same regulations as those that govern the aforesaid body.

"The membership of this club shall be composed of the male sex only and shall at no time exceed thirty in number all of whom shall be bona fide students of this institution; that is to say, a harmonious relationship, which will be characterized by satisfactory academical records, moral conduct, and an obvious willingness to abide by all rules and regulations that govern this college, must exist between each member and the college authorities."

Then Article II in part reads as follows:

"The purpose of this club shall be to further the study of Legal Science with special regard to the modern appliances thereof."

Some light on the procedure of the club is given by extracts from Article III:

"Every member, when becoming a member of this club, shall affiliate himself with any political party that he so desires. And every member upon his entrance to this club shall take a fictitious name; that name being the name of some senator belonging to the party with which he affiliates himself."

The membership of this club is very restricted, and each student should feel it an exceptional honor if he be lucky enough to be a member thereof.

CLEVELAND COUNTY CLUB ORGANIZED

The students of Cleveland county, who are attending Mars Hill, met at the beginning of the school term to organize themselves into a club. Heretofore there has not been a sufficient number of students from Cleveland county to have a separate club, but this term 16 members were found: Mattie Cornwell, Margaret Lattimore, Louise Patrick, Viva Parker, Mary Ellis, Mitchell Williams, Elizabeth Spangler, Tom Cornwell, William Hughes, Boyce Gillespie, Hulton Holland, Marvin Hamrick, Gleonard Warlick, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Roberts. Mr. Mullinax was unanimously elected as honorary member, with the following officers: President, Tom Cornwell; Vice-President, William Hughes; Secretary, Elizabeth Spangler; Treasurer, Marvin Hamrick. A social committee was appointed with Margaret Lattimore as chairman.

On Saturday, November 6, at five o'clock, the members of the club met in front of Spilman home to have their first social event. With Miss Pierce and Mr. Mullinax as chaperones, the club went to the Cascades to have supper. Wines and Marshmallows were toasted, coffee made, and a tempting lunch was spread. After a happy evening was spent, all came back to the Hill, and arrived just in time for the picture, which was to be shown in the auditorium. After giving yells for the chaperones and the club, the members parted, all having enjoyed themselves and determined to be together as often as permission was granted.

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WHEN TO STUDY.

It is mighty hard to study
When the sun is shining bright,
And the very earth is glistening
And a dancing in its light.
We just want to sleep and slumber
And forget the days gone by.
This is true, but I'm confessing
I don't know the reason why.

Then it's powerful hard to study
When the gentle breezes blow,
And the autumn leaves are falling—
Oh, so pretty, don't you know?
We just want to go and wander
And forget our daily task.
I would like to know the reason,
Can you tell me; may I ask?

There's the winter with its snowstorms
And its breezes cold and bleak;
'Tis the time when by the fireside
Only comfort do we seek.
That's no time for books I'm certain,
'Cause our minds will wander so,
Through the hills and over valleys,
As we watch the falling snow.

I've been wondering if the springtime,
Could of all times from the rest,
Be the time to seek for learning,
And to master books the best.
Still I'm sure that in the springtime,
When the birds begin to sing,
Books can never hold our fancy;
They will only worry bring.

Surely, surely, there's a season
Made for learning and for thought.
Still somehow I haven't found it,
Nor the spirit have I caught.
Books just seem to be a worry
Made to take our thoughts away,
And to keep our minds from seeking
For the truth in nature's way.
—Geo. T. Greenway.

THE OLD COLLEGE BELL.

(These lines were penned by Dr. O. E. Sams, now president of Carson-Newman College, one cold December night, thirty years after his school days on the Hill, and were inspired by the familiar old voice that rang out on the cold winter air. It is the prayer of the old students that the old bell may never be supplanted by a new modern electric apparatus that has neither music nor sentiment.)

Oh, the bell, the bell, the old college bell,
What a melody of memories its velvet tones tell;
Of days long gone when youth was bold,
And boys and girls ne'er dreamed of being old.
How they'd hurry and scurry and run pell-mell
At the clarion call of the cruel old bell.
There was Fuller and Ed, Luther and Lew,
Jerome, Peter, and Jim Clouse too;
Yates, Jud, Harry, and Lee,
Emmett Carl, and old I. E.
All left their games and came with a yell,
At the ringing and swinging of the pesky old bell.

Heutokah, Ethel, Lizzie, and Sue,
Were steady and studious with much

A TRIP FROM THE PAST TO THE FUTURE

"Backward! Turn backward! O Time in your flight." This seemed to be the motto of a large group of young people assembled in the college auditorium preparatory to the tour into the five different ages. The unique privilege of seeing five different ages in one night was bestowed upon the members of the college B. Y. P. U. Saturday night.

Our guide first opened the door and let us take a glimpse of the Elizabethan Age with its beautiful costumes and its romantic atmosphere. But our joy was cut short from the fact that we had to hasten on to the Puritan age. Instead of seeing the usual stern and serious aspect of the Puritan life, we saw the children of their school life and found that they were as mischievous as the children of any age. Our sympathy went out to the poor teacher and superintendent in their effort to impart knowledge to such children.

Before many minutes had passed the pages of history had quickly turned; and we found ourselves in the colonial period. Readings, songs, and pantomimes, made us feel that we were truly living in this age.

Such a change! We were allowed to view the modern period through the various programs of the five-night "Hill Top Chautauqua." Each phase of modern life was represented in music, lectures, dips in magic, Parisian views, and comedy.

But perhaps our greatest joy was in seeing the future. At this time we saw man no longer the powerful dominating figure of the age, for world had taken his place in the political and industrial affairs. Man tried to content himself with the domestic affairs; however, he was not content to occupy this meek position and was making efforts to regain his power. Whether he would gain this power was discussed at the political meeting of the women a week later.

The time allotted us was almost gone. We reassembled in the auditorium and greatly enjoyed a number of musical selections.

to do;
Zetta, Ida, Daisy, and Pearl,
Every one of whom an exceptional girl.
How they came skipping and tripping from wood and dell,
At the chiming and rhyming of faithful old bell.

Oh, the bell, the bell, the dear old college bell,
Its voice still lures with a magic spell.
How we wish it could be when work here is done,
And old Gabriel comes to call us home.
He'd put aside his trumpet for a little spell,
And sound out the summons by tolling of the bell—the old college bell.

—Oscar E. Sams
Carson-Newman College,
Jefferson City, Tenn.