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Be My Valentine.

—MHC—

Au revoir, Miss Pierce. Don't stay long.

—MHC—

Howdy, Miss Gregg. We're glad you're back.

—MHC—

Next. A larger library and reading room.

—MHC—

The editors are indebted to the author of "The Dirty Dozen" for a sudden increase in contributions.

—MHC—

We seldom contemplate the best in life. Our rarest blessings frequently go unappreciated, and our most indispensable possessions are accepted as a matter of course.

Take, for instance, Mr. Moore. We all considered him the heart of Mars Hill, or took it for granted, perhaps; but when he was separated from us a few days we knew that he was not only the head of our college but the heart also.

Now that he is with us again after a serious illness, we shall appreciate him more fully and remain more conscious of what he means to us.

SUN PARLOR COMMITTEE MEETINGS

It is hardly possible for the human mind to perceive the finality of anything; yet one is made to wonder whether there is a limit to the tendencies of those groups to personify impertinence while masquerading in the robes of Sun Parlor committee meetings.

In the fourth consecutive meeting of a committee of the aforesaid type everything from a plea of self-defence against the charge of being an "impudent devil" to an elaborate discussion on the theme of the constancy of love was abundantly bestowed upon the attentive and appreciative inmates of the Sun Parlor.

TO A COQUETTE

Yes, we say it's "plum" outrageous
If they use a little paint.
Oft' we pout and say we're angry.
But they know we really "ain't."

To the quick, they chop their hair off.
How we yell and swear we're through!

Yet the very facts of hist'ry
Prove our actions are untrue.

For the girl of by-gone ages
We are often known to cry,
But when one appears before us
We are quick to pass her by.

Even though she is a modern,
Still we really must admit
That we just can't help but like her,
And we'll never, never, quit.

—Geo. T. Greenway.

SPORTSMANSHIP

The students of Mars Hill College are usually very lavish in conceding to themselves the much desired distinction of being true sports; yet one is made to wonder whether their actions while witnessing a ball game in the gymnasium bear out or squarely contradict this concession.

The nearest approach to ideal sportsmanship that has been witnessed this season was at the game last Saturday night. When the majority of the spectators sat in the silence of disgust or distrust, after having yelled themselves hoarse for the winning team and having jeered themselves hoarse at the losing team, they at least showed one quality of sportsmanship.

The sad factor of our sportsmanship here is that some of the students of this institution do not seem to be aware of the fact that jeering a losing team is, in the realm of pure sports, the unpardonable sin.

HAVE FAITH

Have Faith, and the darkest year will turn

To one that is clear and bright;
And clouds that would hide the sun at noon

Will vanish away from sight.

Have Faith, and the loneliest day will pass,

Like moments we spend at play;
And solitude's spell shall bed in vain
For souls that would bear her away.

Have Faith, and the saddest hour will change

To moments in glad array;
And tears will be sweet as Morn's honeyed dew

That glistens at break of day.

Have Faith, and the Master's voice will speak

In tones that are sweet as song;
And show us the way He'd have us go
Through life with its pulsing throng.

—R. P. C.

"Some read to think, these are rare; some to write, these are common; and some read to talk, these form the great majority. The first pages of an author not infrequently suffer all the purposes of this latter class of whom it has been said, 'they treat books as some do lords—they inform themselves of their titles and then boast of an intimate acquaintance.'"—Colton

A wife should be like a roast lamb—tender and sweet, and finely dressed, but without sauce.

Note—The parody that appeared in this column under the title "I Cannot Pass" should have been marked Exchange.—Ed.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

(Note—As is indicated by the heading of this column, the Editors do not assume responsibility for the sentiments expressed below.—Editor).

THE "DIRTY DOZEN"

The die is cast. The inevitable challenge has been hurled at that "base" and "ungentel" organization, dubbed "The Dirty Dozen," by one of our esteemed friendly foemen. In view of this fact, I grasp the well known quill between the equally well known thumb and index finger of the well known "lunch elevator" and for the moment abandon my habitual cloister of silence and step forth in defense of my notoriously well-known colleagues, that decluded branch of poletariat who have descended so low in the scale of human depravity as to become a part of that organization known as "The Dirty Dozen."

I want it clearly understood that I am not a communicant of this infamous organization; and such an impression should not be conveyed simply because I rise to defend, not "The Dirty Dozen," but the group of boys who have been so harshly criticized by our worthy apostle of decorum.

I come not in defense of those who are disrespectful to our visitors, for I deplore the fact that disrespect and ingratitude are sometimes shown to visitors by some members of our student body; but the ones who thus offered can be counted on the fingers of a man who has only one hand, and two or three fingers off that.

I come not in defense of the man or men who would heap insults upon the fairer contingent. There are none so depraved at Mars Hill. Where there is no fire, no water is needed. So that's that.

I uphold to you, not a gang of "rough-necks," but a gang of honest-to-goodness, jolly, good sports.

I have yet to indulge in such an outwardly preposterous and monstrously grotesque form of entertainment as my opponent, namely, heaping coals of fire upon the heads of men who do not deserve such unfair criticism. I am adverse to the criticisms heaped upon my co-workers by my dear friend who is, beyond a doubt, unfamiliar with the tactics and antics of this band of merry-makers.

I am sure that my very dear friend does not see all the devices which are employed by the "Dirty Dozen" for entertainment. Therefore, in order to inform him of their habits, I hereby extend to him a cordial invitation to accompany me on my "annual inspection" of the roosts and dug-outs of this so-called "dirty dozen." Then he will surely see for himself that the playing of rook, marbles, hop-scotch, and hide and seek has no noticeable effect upon the morals of those who indulge or upon the morale of the institution.

This "gang," I am sure, thinks just as much of Mars Hill as does my dear friend; and there is not one who would stoop to defame its spotless name; neither is there one who would not rise in defense of its good name if the occasion demanded. My sincere hope is that all will conclude that "the gang ain't so bad after all"; for surely if this "gang" were to be dispensed with another equally as bad or possibly worse, would take the place of the deposed contemporaries. It is plainly evident that in a student body as large as ours there is the inevitable gang—whether good or bad, it matters not. Only the fact that it is there may be taken into consideration. I am of the opinion that this is a good "gang" and am in favor of leaving good enough alone. With this in view we are bound to come to the conclusion that this must be dealt with as a matter of course and not as something phenomenal.

There is no such organization as "The Dirty Dozen" at Mars Hill; but if there were, I am sure that they would heartily disapprove of putting on a wry face, gathering a few flowers, and then retreating to some corner to await the com-

AN ESSAY ON MAN

Men are what women marry. They have two hands, and sometimes two wives; but they never have more than one collar button or one idea at a time.

Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes: husbands, bachelors, and widowers. An eligible bachelor is a mass of obstinacy, tirelessly surrounded by suspicion.

Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest plastic arts known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope and charity—especially charity.

If you flatter a man it frightens him to death, and if you don't you bore him to death. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end—if you don't he gets tired of you in the beginning.

If you believe him in everything he soon ceases to interest him, and if you argue with him in everything you cease to charm him. If you believe he tells you he thinks you are a fool and if you don't he thinks you are a cynic.

If you wear gay colors and rouge and a startling hat, he hesitates to take you out, and if you wear a little brown coat and a tailor-made, he takes you out and stares all the evening at a woman in gay colors, rouge, and a startling hat.

If you join him in his gaudy pleasures, he approves of him in his smoking, swears you are driving him to the devil; and if you don't approve of smoking and urge him to give up his gaudy pleasures, he vows you are driving him to the devil. If you are the clingy vine type he doubts whether you have a brain, and if you are a modern, advanced, and independent woman, he doubts whether you have a heart.

You are silly he longs for a bright man and if you are brilliant and intellectual he longs for a playmate. If you are popular with other men he is jealous and if you are not he hesitates to make a wall-flower.

Gosh-ding men, anyhow!—Exchange

In the foregoing bit of exchange clipped from Old Gold and Black, a man, that highly complex, chemically united and decorated compound of the plastic realm, essays forth in an analytical and synthetic treatise on matrimony. And by letting her imagination loose forth into regions unknown (to matrimony even!), she sees that "mass of obstinacy shrouded in suspicion, moulded into model husband by the simple application of all the known arts of woman—flattery, flattery, flattery, fooling!"

Indeed, if we are to believe this elaborate mass of speculation, we must necessarily conclude that men are only what women marry, but also what they make! And then, as if exceedingly pleased with their wonderful creation, they marry him! This is, truly, the tragedy of it: they marry a man whom flirting frightens, flattery fools and flattery frustrates. They marry him, living with him occasionally, and then retire into their fairyland of slipperiness and dream away the time reading Mother Goose rhymes to the rising generation.

When women lift their voices to the tune of "Gosh-ding Men, Anyhow" then men needs must sweetly chime in to the strains of "Bye, Bye, Blackbird!"

We must admit, however, that "Essay on Man" tickled us where itched. And we are desirous that some dare-devil, as it were, who feels himself sufficiently versed with the complex creature known as woman, would vindicate man by showing woman as she really is.—Editor.

ing of the undertaker. We have ideas as to what constitutes a good time; we should grant others the privilege of doing the same thing; so we have the eternal conflict of opinion again, and it is here that we must persist or else repeat.

—W. T. Crawford