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"Tis the mind that makes the body rich."—Shakespeare.

"Be glad of life because it gives you the chance to live and to work and to play and to look up at the stars."—Henry Van Dyke.

"Reason elevates our thoughts as high as the stars, and leads us through the vast space of this mighty fabric; yet it comes far short of the real extent of our corporeal being."—Samuel Johnson.

"The ideal life is in our blood and never will be still. Sad will be the day for any man when he becomes contented with the thought he is thinking and the deeds he is doing—where there is not forever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something larger, which he knows that he was meant and made to do."—Phillips Brooks.

Speaking of courtesy, not only do we believe that every courtesy should be extended to visiting teams, athletic and debating, but we suggest also that we study to be more courteous among ourselves. Why can't Mars Hill be characterized by courtesy? Perhaps she is; but sometimes we may forget. A truly courteous person is courteous always to everyone. Let our slogan be "Courtesy Always"—student to student, student to teacher, teacher to student.

If the atmosphere of our campus is to be truly cultural, this rare grace cannot be neglected.

The most powerful forces in the universe are not the loudest. Frequently the most significant occurrences pass unnoticed. Perhaps there have been activities under one man's hat of more far-reaching import than the battle of Waterloo. All values cannot be estimated in dollars and cents, and all questions cannot be decided by majority votes; even though some people do seem to think so.

The time will hardly come at this stage of our development when as many people will attend a forensic clash as will turn out to a football game. Such a thing should not be expected. More persons enjoy a physical contest than a battle of the wits. The conclusion is obvious.

We were glad to see our auditorium crowded at the Furman-Mars Hill debate.

BEAUTIFUL BUT DUMB!

It is evident from a glimpse at the delinquent lists of the institution that there is a considerable number of young men and women who may be rated as dumb. Those who roam the campus, prizing beauty more than knowledge and elegance more than wisdom, may some time regret these mis-spent hours. A lady once requested of the Dean that she not require her beautiful daughter to take geometry. The mother remarked that she would have no use for it because her grandmother and mother had got married and lived happily without it, and she didn't want her daughter to bother her brain with hard studies. Beautiful but dumb.

In other words, you think I'm hinting that those who escape the delinquent lists are brilliant but ugly. No, far from it! The author intends no slander on the part of anyone. Nevertheless, do you know how you look to other people? Try viewing a mental picture once each day as well as many visual ones.

AN ESSAY ON WOMAN

(With apologies to the author of the recent "Essay on Man")

Woman is that which makes man her humble prey. Some men insist that they are born misogynists, but let us be advised that those creatures have never yet seen an Eve or a Cleopatra. Woman with her magic tools of tongue and grace carry man and leave him weak and helpless.

Women may be divided into four classes: loving brides, passionate old maids, aggressive man-hunters, and lonely widows—all of which are abstract.

Woman may need a new pair of hose and may crave a limousine, but she never needs or wants a new organ of speech.

Woman may have two or more lovers, but only one date at a time.

Women are to be pitied. Their dauntless tempers, their zealous obstinacy, and their biased payments of speech, usually coming due with compound interest, make them the wonder, but alas, the sorrow, of man.

If you spend too much money on the honeymoon, your bride gets uneasy about your "wad"; and if you are miserly, she insists—secretly for the time being—that you do not love her.

If, at the end of a hard day's work, you come stamping into the little cottage tired but happy, and you lavishly caress the idol of your heart, she is profoundly impressed; but, of course, she is sure it is too good to last long.

If your wife buys a new dress, she half-way expects you to buy a new hat. She insists your shoes cannot reflect the image your face, after you have spent exasperated minutes in fixing them for her sake.

If the baby pays more attention to you than to her, she is secretly displeased, but she soon gets over it. Still, she expects you to kiss the baby at least three times a day, no matter how much superfluous secretions may have collected on the little angel's mouth and cheeks.

If, in case you are single, you ask Jane for a date, she wonders if you are merely inquisitive; and if you insist, in your timorous way, that she should supply the need of the hour by her presence, she wonders if you are already in love with her or whether you intend to be eventually.

If you make reckless love to her, she seems to cherish the idea and encourages you to do your best in the skillful yet confusing art of love-making. If, in case she sees another to whom she presumes she can feel more devoted and one who can in return show the greater affection, she flaunts you and leaves you poorer in spirit than a church mouse in goods.

Woman has written these imperishable lines:

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so."
Let us add with urgent solemnity:
Let woman still pursue her course;
And man his heart keep true;
Then let them both united be,
To give each one his due.
—Ed. Harrell.

AT DAWNING

When eastern skies with beauty new,
Above the world do lie;
They're golden with a brilliant hue,
And sunlit clouds drift by.

While calmest clouds hang o'er the world,
And breezes gently blow,
And flow'rs their leaves again unfurl,
Her soul doth dawn bestow.

Our hearts are fill'd with rare delight
As sunlit clouds float by;
Our eyes have seen no lovelier sight
As golden skies hang high.
—Sarah Blackwell.

She: Do you go to college mister?
He (proudly): Yes, indeed.
She: Well, would you mind thinking up a name for my dog?—Williams Purple Cow.

INTERCOLLEGIATE

The present exchanges are indeed gratifying as to extensiveness as well as the high standard of work exhibited by most of the publications that reach our department. College publications are expected to, and do, maintain superior literary value; the extensive high school exchanges not only occasionally give us a literary contribution, but also exemplify a comprehensive survey of the sectional events. Both are respected and enjoyed.

Our extensive exchange list, including all the leading collegiate publications of the state and extending on the north to the New England states and on the west to the Philippine Islands, afford our department and student body the pleasure of catching the drift of life in any locality.

We take this opportunity to thank our exchangers both individually and collectively; also, we invite exchange with any who consider our publication worthy of bartering. We are also grateful to the following exchangers for recently enlarging our exchange department: Creek Pebbles, Campbell College, Buies Creek, N. C.; The Signal, Ouachita College, Arkadelphia, Ark.; The Wacoan, Washington Collegiate Institute, Washington, N. C.; Sky High, Asheville High Schools, Asheville, N. C.; Forest Leaves, Wake Forest High School, Wake Forest, N. C.; The Raleigh Student, Hugh Morson School, Raleigh, N. C.; The Edisto Messenger, Seivern, S. C.; S. A. A. News, Greenville High School, Greenville, N. C.

DID YOU EVER MAKE A FIRE WITH ICE?

Yes, this thing was done Monday night, February 21, at a meeting of the Science Club. Not only was a fire made of ice, but water was turned to wine, copper into silver, a flame was generated by the simple waving of paper in the air, and many other interesting things were done. The feats of magic and mystery were given by Mr. J. B. Crutchfield.

Mr. Gamble gave an interesting talk on the fastest living creature. This animal is the Cesphenomyia or deer bot-fly. The fly is a native of North and South America and of parts of Europe and breeds in the nostrils of a deer. It travels 815 miles an hour, nearly 14 miles a minute and 400 yards a second. Should one be able to fly like that, one could leave New York at 4 a. m., have breakfast over Reno, tea at Constantinople, dinner at Madrid, and arrive in New York at 9 p. m. in time for the opera!

Mr. Matheson gave a history of algebra, the methods of the Ancients 4,000 years ago, in working algebra, their signs and symbols.

These programs rendered by the members of the Science Club are of much value to the students of science as well as to those interested in the science of everyday life. Every member and also those students of science eligible are urged to attend these meetings.

"Well everything I say goes."
"Come in the garage and tell it to the Ford."—Arizona Kitsykat.

A go-gotter is a man who has enough money to hire someone else to get it.—M. I. T. Voo Doo.

He: You sure are a nice girl.
She: Yes, but I'm getting awfully tired of it.—Columbia Jester.

Methuselah probably lived to a rich old age to spite some girl who married him for his money.—Cornell Widow.

Our idea of a real Scotchman is a man who makes his aeria out of barbed wire so the birds can't sit there.—Lafayette Lyre.

Beneath the sod lies Willie Brown. He tried to reverse a merry-go-round. —Amherst Lord Jeff.

ALUMNI NEWS

Mr. Roswell Britton Recent Visitor at Mars Hill

Mr. Roswell Britton, son of the late sionaries, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Britton of Wushih, China, and who was born in that country, came to America at the age of twelve years. He later attended Mars Hill College and graduated in 1910. He then went to Wake Forest College and graduated. For several years he was in service for our country, and he attended Columbia University in New York. While he was there, he won the first prize in the school journalism; this gave him a scholarship which offered him the opportunity to travel and study in Europe for a year at any school, for the purpose of studying journalism. During that year he was present at the League of Nations. He was later elected professor of journalism in the University of Peking, China.

Mr. Britton is now editor of a magazine in New York, entitled Peking and Dragon.

Before he left Columbia University he was offered a position of editor on the New York Times; this was offered to him as a permanent job, on the suggestion of his professors only accepted this position for the summer before he sailed for Europe to the British Isles. He was said to have been the youngest editor that ever in the chair of the New York Times.

Mr. Britton was married to Miss Blanche McConnell of Asheville, daughter of Mr. W. C. McConnell, esteemed member of our board of trustees. While he was at Mars Hill College, he was a student of good standing. He has drawn himself nearer each one of us by his unselfish service.

Mr. Gerald W. Johnson, editor of the Baltimore Sun, has just offered the press a new book, entitled "What Is News?"

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Coffey, who were married recently in Raleigh, are now in Asheville and are at home 1 Worley avenue, West Asheville. Mr. Coffey was formerly Miss Thelma Watson of Raleigh. Mr. Coffey is an engineer with the Fisher Construction Company.

Miss Jacqueline Hill, a 1926 graduate is now superintendent of the Community House at Spindale, N. C.

Miss Allie Rymer, who graduated here in 1904, is now head of the All Rymer Entertainment Bureau, 610 West 115th street, New York City.

Mr. Tom E. Walters is now pastor of the North Rocky Mount Baptist church. Mr. Walters says that he has members Mars Hill as the greatest factor in his religious education.

Dr. H. P. Ledford, who was reared near Mars Hill, is now head of the Ledford Baby and Children's Clinic, 1310 Ninth street, Withite Falls, Texas.

Mr. R. E. Plemmons is at the present superintendent of the Craven County Farm Life School, Vanceboro, N. C. The principal is Mr. Frank W. Jarvis.

On Monday, December, 27, 1926, Mr. Charles Henry Morgan was married to Miss Martha Chandler, Clarksville, Va. They are now at home 408 Maple avenue, Richmond, Va.

Miss Virginia Mae Christopher was married to Mr. Robert Leslie Link on December 26, 1926. They are at home to their friends in La Feria, Texas.

Manuel Escobar Vega y Tienen honor de invitar a vd. para que se asistira a la ceremonia religiosa de Matrimonia de su hija Marta con efectuara en la Capilla del Hospicio Senor Don Roberto Richardson, que dia 11 del corriente a las 10 a. m. Quatemaba, Septiembre de 1926.