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But just in proportion as we are not satisfied with ourselves, not contented with our grades and influence do we strive to be better, to do things better, to find a worthier course in life. This is the reason that the end of an old year or a passed term brings a sense of relief in that all shortcomings and failures are now to be left completely behind, while the approach of a new year and another term suggests the hope of bigger, better, finer things in the path which we are about to tread.

—Adapted from the Sunday School Times.

"Let us give the new year nothing to keep which will not prove an honor to God's name and a blessing to the world; nothing which we shall not be willing to learn of again when we stand before the great white throne."

—J. R. Miller, D. D.

"Whatever the past year may have meant to you, make it dead history. But let the new year be a living issue. With a big, fresh sponge, dripping with the clear water of forgiveness, wipe clean the slate of your heart. Enter the year with a kind thought for every one. You need not kiss the hand that smote you, but grasp it in cordial good feeling, and let the electricity of your own resolves find its connecting current—which very often exists where we think it not. Make the new year a happy one in your home; be bright of disposition; carry your cares easy; let your heart be as sunshine, and your life will give warmth to all around you. And thus will you and yours be happy."

—Ladies' Home Journal.

"Sometimes I marvel at our capacity to resist the finest influences that come to us."

—Mr. Moore.

"If your appreciation of finer things isn't going to grow at Mars Hill, you might as well quit."

—Mr. Moore.

"If you fail in the face of adversity, your strength is small."

—Mr. Moore.

"You have done beautifully this year."

—Mr. Moore.

Science Club Stages Election of Officers

On Monday night, the Science Club found itself confronted with the problem of electing officers. The following were elected: President, Vann R. Powell; Vice-president, Glenn Freeman; secretary, Emma Henderson; Treasurer, Robt. Barnes.

A little investigation ensued which gave the initiating committee work to do. Mr. Robert Barnes was immediately carried through the initiating process. He is now getting along nicely, and it is hoped that he will survive.

A motion was made and carried that the program for the next time be postponed on account of examinations.

With the new group of officers the club is hoping to make great progress during the spring semester. However, the hearty cooperation of all members is absolutely necessary. With everyone working together the club can be made a "howling" success. Members, do your share!

Sunday School Study Course For Next Year Is Being Planned

It was learned at the Sunday School Conference at Greenville, S. C. that Mr. Perry Morgan, new Sunday School Secretary for North Carolina, has already begun making arrangements for the Sunday School Study Course next year. Mr. Morgan has been arranging the B. Y. P. U study Courses. This gives assurance that the program will be well planned and a success from the start.

Miss E. Riddick Parker Will Be Librarian This Semester

While Miss Bowden is completing the course for her degree in library work at Columbia, Miss E. Riddick Parker will be librarian in the College. Miss Parker has had experience in this field. The College is indeed fortunate to have her here.

The Value of Life

Some years ago we saw several hundred boys and girls learning the modern dances in a pavilion on the Pacific Coast. That did not inspire us. More often we have seen as many and more boys and girls assembled for religious instruction. Their upturned faces are a unique inspiration. The greatest congregations in the world are not composed of men and women or war veterans or congresses or conventions or any other adult assembly. These are all important gatherings in a well ordered society. But, an assembly of boys and girls—the citizenship of tomorrow—is of paramount importance.

That untutored child you pass on the street; those tenement children in yonder distant city, whose clothes are only rags, whose hair is matted with grim dirt, whose food is just enough to keep body and soul together, whose only playground is a few feet of narrow crowded sidewalk; that lonely little girl of tender age scrubbing with her care-worn mother at the washtub; the sons and daughters of the rich, who know no rags, who know no dirt, who know no hunger, and who are given all that they may choose to ask for; see them line on line, rich and poor, weak and strong, trained and untrained, they are of every class, profession and trade. They would encircle the globe.

In this army of child life are the farmers, the business men, the professors, the physicians, the lawyers, the ministers, the politicians, the presidents, and the fathers and mothers—all marching on into the tomorrow. What an incentive! What an inspiration!

Each life is of inestimable value because of the heritage into which it was born. The heritage of experience, knowledge, and progress of past generations is the possession of every child. Disease may not destroy his life, for in a few minutes or hours at the most a physician trained in a modern university can be at his side. Although he be reared in a farthest valley or on a distant mountain side or barren plain, he need not remain ignorant. A little money will bring to his hovel much bound knowledge and some other father's machine will carry him closer to an institution of learning. There the professor awaits his coming. There he will find awaiting his recognition heart beats and blood stains written into the records of past civilizations.

He comes into a modern world, not an uninhabited plain. In a civilization are great cities, beautiful homes with every convenience, schools, colleges, and universities for his education and personal culture, parks for recreation, art galleries whose walls are covered with the masterpieces of the centuries, factories in which he may work, automobiles and airplanes for his travel, great department stores in which he can buy anything that he desires, hotels for his comfort, magnificent churches for the culture of his soul—a rich beautiful civilization awaits him, in the building of which he had no part. A valuable addition indeed to a valuable life.

Moreover, each life is valuable because of its individual possibilities. Each life that has come into this rich inheritance, left by forefathers, has a distinct possibility that no other life has. Yonder lies a book, call it Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress or Milton's Paradise Lost or Shakespeare's dramas or Emerson's essays. Perhaps to-morrow one of these little ones may dream a new dream, and pen a new vision that will catch the imagination, and be read with a new passion by the whole world. In the words of Berton Braley: "The greatest books have not yet been written."

Scientists have remade the civilizations of our forefathers. To-day

every speed record made on land, sea, and air is made to be broken by another record more wonderful than the first. Almost every week a new discovery is brought forth. The end is not yet. Valuable powers are still going to waste. Disease still reaps its harvest of human life. But yonder mountain boy may find use for the powers now going to waste, and he may discover cures for humanity's diseases that our generation cannot find. Moreover, in the history that is yet to be written there may be an especial need of an orator who has the genius and power to sway even the governments of the nations. It must be someone's child, for the greatest orations have not yet been delivered.

Some time ago in Detroit I sat in the Masonic hall which seats six thousand or more people. The hall is built after the style of an ancient Roman amphitheatre. My seat was in a distant row. With the exception of the few seats behind me and those nearest me on either side, I could see that great mass of six thousand people. The noted violinist, Kreisler, was to play that evening. Master of his art and master in personality. How he played! He challenged, he inspired; our eyes became wet with tears; he soothed, and only each listener knew what visions crowded in upon his soul in those enchanted hours. He was applauded again and again. The hour was late when the concert closed.

Kreisler may play his violin, and Pederewski his piano; but who knows that yonder distant, ragged, tenement child does not possess a surpassing genius that will overshadow these great artists, for the greatest music has not yet been played; and, God knows, the greatest sermons have not yet been preached. These possibilities may be in any unknown to-day but known to-morrow.

Life is also valuable because it is life. I cannot think of anything that would be valuable if there were no human life. Would gold be valuable? Would the wheat, the forests, the cattle, the flowers? Here values cease. It is human life that makes the diamond necklace valuable, the rubies and the pearls. There is no beauty in the rose unless there are human eyes to behold it. The Lily of the Valley—the symbol of purity—loses its fragrance without the appreciation of some soul. Through the centuries human life has built a civilization that is can use. Other generations would not know how to use it. What God and man have made is of no use without God and progressive man. Therefore, life is valuable because it is human life.

While we develop our inventions, build massive skyscrapers, magnificent churches and cathedrals, lengthen our stakes in commerce, supply our homes with modern appliances, clothe ourselves in costly apparel, and tour the world for pleasure, do not let us forget that after we have finished these great accomplishments in art, in business, in building, and in invention, there is a task which is even greater and in our day more difficult to perform than any of these accomplishments which I have just mentioned. This task is our valuation of life. The civilizations of to-morrow will depend far more upon the value which we place upon the child life of our age than they will depend upon the buildings, the books, the business, the homes, and the inventions which we leave here. Each life is valuable.

James Buckham realized the value of child life when he wrote these lines on the "Child of To-day":

"O child, had I thy lease of time!
 Such unimagined things
 Are waiting for that soul of thine
 To spread his untried wings!
 Shalt thou not speak the stars, and
 go on
 Journeys through the sky?"

And read the soul of man, as clear
 Now we read the eye?

Who knows if science may not
 some
 Art to make thee new,—
 To mend the garments of thy
 when
 Thou hast worn them through?
 —Albert E. Coe

For life is a mirror of king and
 'Tis just what we are and
 Then give to the world the best
 have,
 And the best will come back to
 —Madeline Bridg

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