



Entered at the Postoffice, Mars Hills, N. C., as second class Matter, February 20, 1926.

Member North Carolina Collegiate Press Association

STAFF

Faculty Director MR. CORPENING
Editor J. GLENN TRAVIS
Associate Editor MARY HAMBY

MANAGERIAL

Business Manager CARL MEARES
Advertising Manager EDWIN HAYNES
Circulation Manager LLOYD CAIRNES
Stenographer BESSIE LEIBY

DEPARTMENTAL EDITORS

Religious REBA LOWE
Athletics SAM MILLER
Society ED HARRELL
Alumni WADE BROWN
Clubs BARBARA FREEMAN
Jokes O. JACK MURPHY
Poetry RAYMONIA GILLESPIE
Exchange ZELMA BENNETT
Community GLENN WHITT

REPORTERS

BONNIE CHANDLER ALICE ROYALL JONES
R. E. WEAVER BILL LOGAN

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

The young ladies have requested of us the smaller courtesies of the campus.

They have waited in the dining hall that we might not be hindered in our rush to the outside.

They have stood by the gym door following basket ball games rather than risk the possibility of being trodden under the foot of man.

But aside from the slight dip into sarcasm, we have only momentarily forgotten; however, let's start remembering today!

SIGNS! SIGNS! SIGNS!

Much has been said about marring the beauties of nature by commercial advertising. Some states have laws forbidding the placing of signs along the highways; others limit the number of signs.

A sign is not a signal, but in one way a signal is a sign, meaningful, suggestive of the thing just ahead. The railroads would be handicapped without a code of signals; the path of war would be comparatively easy to follow, robbed of its silent code; the great cities would have to employ a host of traffic cops without the system of light signals now used. Even the American aborigines valued the use of signals; they, too, had a code.

If signals have a very definite meaning to those concerned, just so; the numberless signs have their corresponding meanings to the visitors who chance to pass them. To gain the attention of these visitors, manufacturing concerns spend millions on the theory that "It pays to advertise."

They must get results; otherwise, advertising would die a natural death. To bring this theory closer home, do tourists remember Mars Hill? Can a tourist tell when he reaches Mars Hill and why such a place exists? A negative answer must be given.

Last summer this writer and a group of friends were sitting beside the library. Presently a group of New York tourists rode by. They stopped as something of interest attracted them and asked the name of the village and the cause of so many large buildings in so remote a location. Looking at the library they inquired if that happened to be the jail. The Editor of the Washington Outlook took a picture of the library. Not knowing any details, he was forced to write the librarian to find out the general situation before he could give a write up.

The letters on the small sign-board beside the highway in the gap at Little Mountain are entirely too small and too closely written. Many tourists mistake Mars Hill for Marshall. Why not construct a sign that would not only let the tourist know the name of the place, but one that would be a fitting advertisement? Why not place an arch, a pillar or a mere suggestion of a sign that would indicate the place at the entrances to the boys dormitories? Why not engrave the name, "Mars Hill College," in white letters on the hillside of the school properly facing the highway? Why not advertise?

"THE LOST POEM"

Working one day in the rustling, breeze-tossed corn,
Within my pondering mind a poem was born.
No pen and paper had I with me then,
That I might write, and pass it or to men.
My soul implored the phantom guest to stay,
But quickly as it came it fled away;
But oh, how sweet it was, and strong and bright,
The whilst it stayed! Like some celestial light
That flashes once from off a distant

shore,
A moment gleams, then fades to shine no more.
And now through all the days an years that flee
In vain I call the phantom back to me,
In vain implore!
The poem that came to me
Will to my yearning soul be born
Again no more!
Take not away the life you cannot give:
For all things have an equal right to live.

-D. S.
-Dryden

"ARE YOU TRUE?"

Christian, to your Cause be true
And come to Sunday-school!
For child and skeptic look to you
To set the Golden Rule.

Does not your heart for others yearn.
To see them saved from sin?
Then bring them here, where they may learn
Who died for sinful men.

Some one with weak and weary tread
Upon Life's rocky road,
Is fainting for that Living Bread—
The word, the Spirit's food.

How good it is, how true and sweet,
How pleasing to our Lord,
For children in His house to meet
And ponder on His word!

Down Sabbath-breakers' trodden lane
Who turns his steps today?
O gently turn him back again
Into the narrow way.

-D. S.

DO YOU NEED THE SUNDAY SCHOOL?

Why do we eat three times a day and exercise our bodies regularly? What results from failure to do so? A stunted and diseased body. Proper care means robust health, usefulness, and long life.

Why are we here in college studying hours each day preparing the assigned lessons? What can we expect at the end of the session if we neglect faithful study? Underdeveloped, narrow minds, and dwarfed manhood and womanhood. Proper study brings the development of wholesome, vigorous, keen mind, eager and ready for the challenging tasks ahead.

So, is there not an infinitely greater need for the development of our spiritual being, that eternal part of ourselves, the SOUL? As daily food and exercise are to the body, as daily reading and application to our studies are to the mind, even so are prayer, and the reading of God's Word to the SOUL. Failure here means a weak, selfish, undeveloped character—A LITTLE SOUL. While practice in these Christian activities means spiritual growth, strength of character, the "abundant life" here, and hereafter, "eternal life."

Just as cheerful companionship at meals stimulates and aids digestion, and as group discussions disclose new ideas and establish facts in the classroom, so the Sunday School affords a wonderful opportunity for studying together the truths and beauties of God's Word, enlightening our minds, strengthening our faith, and consecrating our personalities.

As I think on these things, the words of that great Christian leader Paul, come to me: Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together.

I am grateful for the Sunday School. Are you? I need the Sunday School. DO YOU?

THE WESTERN HILLS

The Western hills of Carolina
Hold in them beauty, yea, sublime;
They seem to beckon when you view them,
And challenge life's high upward climb.

I oft find joy and inspiration,
As toward the hills I lift my gaze
And wonder if all other travelers
See them with hearts in joy ablaze.

If in your hours of meditation
You yearn to have the heart made new,
The sight of hills will lend you challenge
And strength and hope will come to you.

-Nona Lee Ponder

One life;—a little gleam of Time
between two Eternities.
-Carlyle

TESTING THE LIBRARY

The ages have given to us a succession of principles that lead to greater knowledge. Men, of course, have to study these principles and test them so as to get the resulting factor of their goals. These results are written in books so that others may profit by the knowledge of those who have gained the result. To keep these books there must be some institution placed so as to attract and serve the most people. This institution must have standards by which it must always abide.

The following three points should help us, in a little way, to check up on our library to see whether it is functioning correctly or not:

First, there must be a sufficient number of books with a range wide enough that the need of each person concerned can be filled.

Second, if the knowledge is going to be passed on to others, there must be enough patrons to keep the books in circulation. The books must be taken care of.

Third, the building must be modern in every detail, including: floor space, shelves, offices, and desks.

Our library does not fulfill all of these requirements. It does not have a sufficient supply of books so that the students studying any subject here would have a wide range to select from.

Our library complies with the second requirement excepting the fact that the patrons should take care of the books. We do not care for our books as we should. We mark them up trying to find how many pages more must be read. This is one thing that must be overcome if we want to preserve our books.

Our building is modern concerning the floor covering, chairs, and shelves. The floor space should be doubled, and we should have offices for our librarians.

-W. B. Logan

AT HIS TASK IN RURAL NORTH CAROLINA

I am questioning who shall be at his task when life's journey shall have been finished? In the mountains of our South lives a people with many undiscovered forces. Talent is one of these forces. Roosevelt said, "All qualities both bad and good are intensified and actuated in the life of the wilderness." The social salvation of the mountains will not be won by putting its people forward as pawns to advance others; nor by using them as filling to make the highways of progress more smooth, nor will compulsion from without, however benevolent, even be a substitute for self-direction under the impulse of ideals voluntarily accepted. Yet from these great reservoirs of the hills are coming the prized workers of human endeavor.

Furthermore, what is his task? Is it to awaken youth from his sleep? Is it to make rural North Carolina predominant in leadership? If so, we are to help make leaders.

The hungry world is yearning for the imaginative faculties of man to be awakened. Look beyond the unbroken scene. Is there no objective in life calling us? Does no ambition rise up within us and seek to express itself through leadership? The North Carolina of tomorrow will suffer, will weaken, unless we, the youth of today hear the voice that is urging us to choose a life of true Christian leadership.

Picture the youth of rural North Carolina as he existed years ago. See him on his father's farm, walking with his father, talking about what he expects to be. Then see him in the bloom of young manhood as he unbars the gates to future success. Directed by his vision, he follows on and on.

"Let self be crucified and slain,

And buried deep, not rise again
And may I forget the crown I won,
While thinking still of others

With aching hands and bleeding
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;

We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 't were done.

Not till the hours of light return
All we have built do we discern
-Matthew Arnold

Kodak Finishing, Enlargements, Photographs, Group

(Every order guaranteed)

College Photo Shop

Mars Hill, N. C.

G. D. FREEMAN, Student, A

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITERS

Speed, Accuracy, Durability
Sold on Easy Terms

108-109 Miles Bldg.

Cor. Haywood and Government

H. L. LOVELACE

Representative Asheville, N.

Endow Your School

Jefferson Standard Life Ins.

Secure Your Credit

Ask or Write for rates

ALBERT H. CORPENING

OFFERING A CHARMING VARIETY OF GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

For wedding anniversaries, birthdays; in fact, for all occasions you will find an appropriate gift at Carpenter-Matthews. We shall be glad to assist you in making a selection.

N. Pack Square and Broadway



Holcomb & Tilson

Dry Goods, Groceries
School Supplies

"Selz Shoes"

"It Pays to Advertise Posters and Signs"

Have Your Slicker

"Decorated"

-By-

Robert Barnes

Brown 103

Mars Hill, N.