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The Challenge

In this day of wonderful industrial development in the country at large, but especially in the South, there comes the call for men who care and will equip themselves for positions of responsibility and trust.

We need only to recall that many Northern manufacturers of cotton goods have in recent years moved all, or a part, of their plants to our Southern states; that the German manufacturers of synthetic silk have been able to pass our tariff walls that seemed almost insurmountable...

The opportunities for healthful and profitable employment are numerous and will be greatly increased; so why not equip men and women for the best of these opportunities? Why not arrange to train them for leadership in these industries that are being located in our midst because of climate, pure water, and stable labor conditions?

Dr. Samuel Crowster in a recent article in the SATURDAY EVENING POST gives a write-up of Mr. Thomas A. Edison. This, the greatest of our citizens, who holds more than one thousand U. S. patents and whose brain and hands are giving employment to nearly two millions of people in enterprises worth approximately twenty billions of dollars says: "Prohibition laws are reasonably well enforced. I think we have about 60 per cent enforcement, which is rather higher than the enforcement of many laws. We can never expect a 100 per cent enforcement of the prohibition or any other laws. It should not be difficult to raise the enforcement to 80 per cent. In that case we should have a sober nation. We have a fairly sober nation today, so much so that the European nations which are not sober are beginning to get very much worried. They already find that they cannot compete with us and are taking steps to regulate the control and consumption of liquor. It is a serious problem in Great Britain. If we get an 80 per cent enforcement no country can compete with us in anything. In these days there are so many things to do that it is not necessary for an idle man to turn to drink. We are steadily developing to a point where drinking will not fit into any of our programs in or out of the shops."

The opportunities are ours; a new day is dawning, and if we will but be ready to accept the responsibilities and burdens in a thoughtful, serious manner, we can reach heights as yet undreamed of. The challenge is before us.

DR. VANN.

Entering the Home Stretch

Any good horseman will tell you that the real worth of a race horse will come to light, not when taking the first hurdle, but when he has cleared the last water jump and is entering the long, nerve-straining home stretch. It is the same with a good track man. The real winner of a distance run is not determined at the very outset of the race but in the last, long quarter mile, and it is the man with the most "grit" and stamina who comes out in front.

We are approaching the home stretch of the first semester. Christmas was the last jump that we had to hurdle. We have come thus far in the school year and it remains to see what we can do with the remainder of it. Some of us have faltered perhaps but are still striving toward the goal that is now fairly in sight.

It is now time to make a last desperate spurt to close the gap that stretches between us and victory. Just two weeks, two strides, that is all that remains for us to do. Two strides—have we the grit, energy, determination and stamina to pack into these two strides all the learning we have accumulated and pound across the line in the fore?

As to those who are faltering, limping along, let them remember that it is only the finish that counts. So buck up; run your best; and if you fail, fail cleanly, fairly, and honestly. No one can look down on a man who lost while trying his best. Remember, two more strides and the race is won—or lost. It is for you to make it what you will. Which shall it be?

What Will the Raising of the Endowment Mean?

What will the raising of the endowment mean? It will mean that seventy-five thousand dollars must be raised in less than a year's time. It will mean that every student will have to work hard; that every student will have to give; that every student will have to get others to work and give. As far as endowment is concerned it will mean that Mars Hill College will remain in the Southern Association of Junior Colleges for the next three years. Mars Hill will then have one hundred thousand dollars invested in a permanent endowment which will yield five thousand dollars each year in interest to spend on improving and running the institution; thus the college will have better equipment and will be able to do even better work. For when the college has more money to spend, it will be able to extend its courses, thus being able to draw more students in different fields of education. It will make Mars Hill better and more widely known. It will make you proud to have been a student of Mars Hill College. Let's raise it.

Speaking of Flu

Speaking of flu (although no one has it) it might be well to recall Dr. Vann's chapel talk the other day on the prevention of this disease. It would certainly do no harm to try the simple directions that are available, for often these will be sufficient to prevent one from having this disease. It is time for cooperation. We know that we can never do anything well unless we all cooperate. That is what we must do in this case. We must avoid the things that are said to perpetuate this disease.

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" is an old maxim that is hard to beat. If we would only really go to work and prevent this disease from gaining a hold on our campus, we should be in a position that would enable us to gain much more from the year. Let's all pull together and prevent the flu from gaining a foothold here.

Patronize Our Advertisers

I am just wondering if there are any students who really appreciate the Hilltop. If there are, they should also appreciate those who advertise with us and trade with them, for they are the ones who make the Hilltop and Laurel possible. For my part I am grateful to our advertisers for their hearty support, and the firm that gets a dime of my money will be one who advertises in one of the two publications. I wish this were true with more of the students.

Students, notice the advertisements in the Hilltop. Also, on the bulletin board are the names of those who are helping to support the Laurel. Trade with them when making a purchase, and mention the fact that you saw their ad in our publication. This will make the merchants feel that they are getting value received and are not simply making a contribution to a charitable cause. Then they will be more eager to continue advertising in our publications, and it will aid greatly in financing the two publications.

Hilltop Approved by Asheville Merchants' Assn.

Members of the Hilltop staff and many others have been striving for several months to bring our paper up to the requirements of the Asheville Merchants Association. To be approved as an advertising medium by this association a paper must be published at least once a month the entire year and have paid-in subscriptions from 500 subscribers. The staff is very proud to announce that our paper has met all of these requirements and has been accepted by the Merchants' Association. To be thus recognized is an honor, not only for our paper, but also for the college.

Paragraphics

We are sorry—yet we are glad. We are sorry that Miss Pierce is leaving us. We are glad that she can leave to get her Master's degree, and we are glad that such a capable substitute as Miss North could be procured. We are sure that the presence of Miss Pierce on our campus will be direfully missed, but we are equally certain that the presence of Miss North will be felt in all lines of work. Through the medium of the HILLTOP Mars Hill bids you farewell, Miss Pierce. And to you, Miss North, we say welcome.

Did we win a game? Well, I should smile! The basketball boys "did themselves proud" in their first game. Every man, even to the lowest substitute, deserves commendation. The game was, of course, not absolutely flawless; but it was a fine first appearance and gives promise of better things to come. Stronger opposition will be met, but a more perfect team will meet it. Mars Hill seldom has a poor basketball team, and this year seems likely to prove no exception.

Isn't Mars Hill getting lively? What about a movie and a basketball game all on the same night? If that isn't going some, and how! Several comments have been made to the effect that if this keeps up the supply of entertainment might be exhausted before the end of the year. Our opinion is "let 'er rip." It certainly is good while it lasts.

Not wishing to throw a damper on the above paragraphic or anything, but exams are just ahead. That kinda cools things down a bit or warms them up. What we do know will come out in the end, and not what we have pretended to know. Fooling time is over. Now is the time of the final reckoning. About the only advice that can be offered is, "Go to the ant, thou slug-gard, consider her ways, and be wise." In other words, study as you never have before except at other crises like this one.

One fellow has learned a lesson. He has taught that lesson to others. McCager F. Brown is the fellow, and college boys are the others. Brown, although not "bumming" was severely handled by strange men with whom he was riding. He had hired these strangers, and he paid the price. Take warning, young "bummer", or your doom is sealed. This incident should at least discourage students who "bum."

I CANNOT PASS

Examinations are my pests; I cannot pass. They make me to lie down in sleepless beds; They lead me into troubled waters; They torment my soul. They lead me into the paths of forgetfulness in spite of fate; Yea, though I study all night to rid myself of thy presence, O, Ignorance, thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me—not. Thou preparest no answers before me in the presence of my teachers. Thou fillest mine eyes with tears; My brain runneth empty. Surely ignorance and stupidity shall follow me all the days of my life, And I shall dwell in the same grade forever.

MISS PIERCE GOES TO COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Miss Ella J. Pierce of the English department is leaving about the first of February for Columbia University where she is to finish work leading to a Master's degree. It is with regret that the students learn Miss Pierce is to leave. She is loved by everyone, and she will be missed not only by the students in her classes but by all others. Miss North of Guilford College is to take her place.

IT MUST BE TRUE

What makes you sit alone and stare At wooded fields or empty air? What makes you sit before the fire And notice not a passerby? What makes you find and hold a book And never read, but only look? From your eyes You're in love. Why do you never say a word, But act as though you never heard? Why do you never with us play, But only say, "Why, not today?" Why do you tramp the mountainside And to its soul your thoughts confide? From your actions You're in love. How is it that you never know A thing—just wander to and fro? How is it that you want to bless Just anything you can caress? How is it that 'most all the time You seem to have some thought sub-lime? From your ways You're in love! —Chas. A. Maddy.

Joe Webb: "I just had a date with the most tropical girl in Mars Hill." Walter Chiles: "Boy, that's nothing. My dame might be compared to a red-headed bolshevik with scarlet fever in a crimson bathing suit, shovelling dynamite into a fiery furnace in the stoke-hold of the battleship Vesuvius on the Red Sea."

The Nocturnal Visitation

(Pearl Justice)

'Twas the first night of the Year. Stillness prevailed over the tire third floor. The alarm ticked away each second into a past never to be lived over. The night was cold, and blankets were in evidence. Heat turned on, and light bulbs sizzled.

Suddenly, there was a sound—only one sound, but a series of piercing the stillness in room. Cry out for help? No; it was burglars with murder lurking in minds. It seemed not only but probably since the bulb mysteriously disappeared. The terror to the hearts of the girls, mysteriously awakened by the Should they talk in audible No; if they were found to be perhaps only a few minutes left to them. However, there were few, very few words however delivered amid gasps of breath were coming shortly and What was it? Where—was it a thief—under bed! Light!

Again the mysterious sound heard. Should they raise up in try to discover the intruding or person? Indeed not; as they crouched down under the cover their heads about the middle bed, the cover was grasped on side so that nothing could be the occupants of the bed. No the air! Had they been dreaming they would have thought the crossing the equator—k-ch! k-ch! Heads began to be more tightly, breath became words ceased; and girls were ended to the point of hysteria.

After a while—it seemed came the whisper, "What time is it?" "Nearly time for rising think," was the answer.

But darkness still prevailed the earth. Intent ears were to every sound, and, if spirits been gliding about, they would have been heard—k-ch! k-ch! on the side of the room. Moments of ending silence followed. K—the window. In a few moments k-ch! under the bed.

Soon silence became intent the sound ceased. The girls sleep, dreamed of bandits, robbers, thieves; they dreamed of captured and carried off. But was not prolonged. It seemed they would awake at the same instant. "Where? Know what it was? Silence—k-ch! Blankets were pulled over heads again and hearts stopped beating. Such fright never been experienced. Will the bell ever ring? The long night not endurable. But can it be? The same tones of the bell had been heard for four long years came floating through the room. But they could not get up. There was no light. What was to be done? A few moments movements of the body heard, followed by steps in the room. But what could be done? Said "Gladys, hurry, open our door!" yelled a neighbor. A sleepy girl was heard. She was called again the call was in vain. It was time for breakfast and the door still closed and something was heard. "Mary, please open our door!" "In a minute." The girls knew they were being deceived. "Who wants their door open?" Mary called. Two voices answered "30."

The door slowly opened and should be ready to rush for the hall and to freedom but the family cat! Shoes and slippers were hurled in quick succession until the poor thing ran to the floor and to safety? The cat knew that its life was in danger, sulked by threats made against it should it come back for another night.

The old saying is that what happens on the first day of the year happens all through the year; girls, some especially, seem to think that it would be a matter of course to get rid of all cats and buy mouse traps if they are needed for nights, such as that one, spend awake and in fear is enough to cause nervous prostration.

Floyd Williams (to Pearl Justice): "Do you catch cold easily?" "Easily?" replied Pearl. "trim my fingernails too close to the skin?" "most catch pneumonia." Williams: "How delicate are you?"