



Entered at the Postoffice, Mars Hill, N. C., as Second Class Matter, February 20, 1926.

Member North Carolina Collegiate Press Association.

STAFF

Faculty Director: J. A. McLEOD
Editor: CARL MEARES
Managing Editor: JAMES BAILEY, JR.

MANAGERIAL

Business Editor: DE FORREST HASTY
Circulation Manager: ELLEN ROYAL JONES
Typist: SEDALIAH PROPST

DEPARTMENTAL EDITORS

Religious: FRANCES RICH
Athletics: RAY BOWMAN
Society: FRANK HUSKINS
Alumni: BARTLETT HAGER
Poetry: D. L. STEWART
Exchange: SARAH BLACKWELL
Reporters: MADELINE MAY, JAMES CHERRY, WILLIAM CAPEL, PEARLE JUSTICE, THERON KING

It seems that there is no use crying over spilt milk and no use of apologizing for the grade of jokes printed by the Hilltop in the last issue. It was all a mistake, and the Hilltop regrets it.

The Western North Carolina Basketball Tournament held at Mars Hill is always a time of rejoicing for the college students. Some of all grades of basketball will be witnessed, the playing getting better and better as the elimination progresses.

Chivalry is coming back again. Both men and women of this college are strong for its return, but there seems to be a slight controversy between the sexes as to the nature of this new kind.

The Senior Class is very grateful to the staff for the opportunity of editing the Hilltop this time. And perhaps the staff is thankful to the seniors for relieving it of the usual worries that would be its lot.

Aspiring to be a senior is not an easy task. Being a senior is still more difficult. But at last the Class of '29 has reached its zenith at Mars Hill.

The basketball tour proved disastrous both to the season's record and to the morale of the team. The team just had a slump. That's all there is to it. No excuses are needed.

A new thing on the campus is the general assembly at Sunday School before the classes. From numerous comments it may be deduced that it has been a howling success.

To be sure there has recently been a revival of the "Paul C. Hundly and Oscar Jones" haircut. One member not to be outdone and to establish a fad of his own has set a new medium for fellow students.

Is it lawful to throw snowballs? That all depends on the place in which one is located. Certainly it is not lawful to break out window panes with that which was intended to be a "pain" to a fellow creature.

It seems that Mr. Furches must have read the plea for "early chaperones," for he surely was on the "job" last Sunday. Thanks, Mr. Furches, you are paving the way to greater times on the soupline.

AT A FIRESIDE

By E. T. H.

Thou God of Love, who hast loved the poet's soul through all the ages, be near tonight, a smile to weariness. To whom else could I cry, O Lord? I love thee most in hours like these, when saddened windows of the soul there. Oh, the earthly loneliness of it drop to and leave no kindred being all! Tears burn my eyes, for one who can enter with me my world of dreams and thought and feelings.

them but paint, with new colors, touched even lightly with Heaven's hues, the scenes I love and worship from a thirsty, eager soul. Let me roam tonight over a bathed and flooded mountain-top where Thou hast sent to hover about Thy night queen. Or, let me know the fuller grandeur of Thy night Hermit, sinking into a golden cup, made golden by the kindness of thy hand.

Must I live to feel alone, when souls could love the things I do? Must I weep and, others knowing, not perceive a glimpse of hurt? Where, Masterful Master, is my soul-companion? But if I have to bear it all, give expression to my pen that some-day lonely souls may find their Olympian crown, their luxury of smiles amidst weariness such as this tonight.

FORUM

Seniors! Yes, after two long years of study and work and concentration. Once they were green freshmen; but they have grown to the rank they now hold. Yet, what does it profit them? A person is no longer able to tell a senior from a lower classman, from a high school student, for that matter.

Oh yes, there are senior privileges or a semblance of senior privileges; but many of the students of other classes are allowed to enjoy these identical privileges.

Why is it that seniors cannot be recognized as seniors? They are not an overbearing, haughty lot who would immediately begin tearing campus life up by the roots. They are only a meek, fun-loving crowd who want some recognition for their work.

After they have struggled up to their present station, is there any wonder that they should feel that some special privilege should be granted them? Some of them will be swept again into the grind at universities next year; some will fill the hard positions of juniors in other colleges; and some will never be seniors again.

The subject of dates is a very delicate one, but wouldn't the seniors be more than grateful if they were given the privilege of having dates during the week? It is the writer's earnest belief that this privilege would not be abused.

If the girls of the senior class were given the opportunity of going up town every afternoon there would be less spending; and their studies would not be neglected since scarcely any of them study late in the afternoons.

Seniors are able to estimate the time that they may spend for study or pleasure. May they be given more opportunity to develop their own personality. Here's to the Senior Class! May their recognition befit Seniors!

—One of Them.

MRS. OWEN

Words sink into mere words when one attempts to use them for a purpose too great for his capacity. For words cannot tell what Mrs. Owen has meant to all of us—and specially to the class that she has brought so successfully through four years of the little struggles that usually mean death to a class.

Mrs. Owen is just an all round person, anyway, and as a sponsor she has been superb. She knows how to end every petty quarrel, knows the "bestest" kind of party to have, where the best picnics are, and can advise so sensibly; and all these years she has been a sort of mother to the class.

It was a long time ago, once upon a time, that Mrs. Owen was elected class sponsor. The class was small then, but, oh, what work we did that year. It was our pleasure to entertain the Academic Seniors at a reception, and we did this very successfully, or, rather Mrs. Owen did it. The next year some of us graduated. And do you know who helped us to have the very best graduation exercises ever? Why, Mrs. Owen, of course.

Last year with such a huge class of C-I's there was so much work that there was an assistant sponsor, but always Mrs. Owen was with us to guide and help.

And now we're Seniors at last! We've come to the point where we can look back at our class experiences and think of how very much Mrs. Owen has meant to the class. She has been the guiding spirit of all we have done. Whatever praise belongs to the Senior class belongs mostly to Mrs. Owen. It gives us great pleasure to say that whenever the old Gold and Green waves on high, the Senior class will be standing by—for Mrs. Owen!

Edgar Tyler (to librarian): "May I have the Biography of the Frog?"

Maybe Mr. Wilkins would make some "pin money" if he were to chaperon the soupline many Sundays.

It takes somebody with a lot of horse sense to say "neigh."

More Chivalry

History tells us that in the days of chivalry a true gentleman was characterized by frankness and fellowship, purity and courtesy, generosity and compassion. Have we "evolved" to the point where the true gentleman now has to force himself, very much against his will, to perform even small courtesies for the opposite sex? A's; the second, the number of when we should look back and learn the courtesy of the older days when courtesy came from the depths of the heart.

Perhaps if men would try some of that olden courtesy, if they would try tipping their hats to ladies and offering them seats, they would find that there is not so much difference between ladies of today and ladies of yesterday. If men would only try they would make every lady grateful for any courtesy.

It is a positively selfish viewpoint for one to be unwilling to render even some small service without expecting some immediate return. It is this attitude of the men that has gradually prohibited the girls from showing even the least gratitude for services rendered. When a girl accidentally drops something today, everybody near her thinks that she is trying to attract his attention. If a girl thanks a boy graciously for some service, or extends him the slightest return for some courtesy, he thinks that she is being unduly friendly. Then what are the girls to do? Nothing more than they have done. They can be no longer courteous or drop their eyes or blush. Men do not permit it. If they accept services as are due them, it is no more than they should do. They are due the courtesies of the men, more than they receive, unfortunately.

The girls are grateful for services; they acknowledge them with a bow, a smile, a gracious word. What more would the men have?

It seems that men are nowadays suffering from an inferiority complex, as a psychologist would put it. In everything the girls do it is evident to men that they, the girls, think themselves superior to them. Women are developing their minds and entering the fields of medicine, politics, business, and law. As they do this, they are becoming more associated with men. They are no longer "Hothouse roses." In their daily associations they need the firm guidance of a true gentleman. If boys take the attitude toward them that some have taken, will they get it?

Women have long held a place of high esteem in the world that gave them no alternative but to follow the plan of men. Now that women are entering their proper sphere in the world, the men would raise a plea against the usurpation of their provinces, their qualities of superiority. If men are superior to women, why should they be fearful of keeping their high place?

Since a few of the boys of this campus are so determined that the girls shall not be treated as ladies it remains only for girls to ostracize the boys who advocate it. They can do it and they will. They ask only that their rights be recognized and that they receive the courtesy due them as ladies.

The girls of Mars Hill College are deeply grateful for the courtesies shown them by the majority of the Mars Hill College boys and wish to take this opportunity of thanking them for their gentlemanliness. They do not wish any courtesy that does not come from a deep desire to recognize their positions as young ladies. —Irma Henderson.

Y. W. A. PLANS ORGANIZATION

(Continued from Page One)

W. A. what it should be. Girls of this type are on the campus and are enlisted in the work.

To fully attain the highest degree of perfection, however, advice and help are often needed. The Y. W. A. has the privilege of attaining all the needed help and advice through the medium of Miss North. She is well prepared and is willing to give any assistance possible. Fortune, indeed, was favorable to Mars Hill when she placed on the campus one so competent, so willing, so understanding, so altogether human.

Now, since all the girls have shown a growing interest in Y. W. A., since they have given a sacred pledge to continue the work so well begun, and since they have so competent a leader, what is there to prevent an organization 100 per cent in all phases?

We Wonder Why

Mac Grogan is always "E" Scott Buck always shakes right hand.

James Baley and Frank never go on the soupline. Ray Bowman reads love Elizabeth Minton married of "no dates."

John Kirk never falls in M. T. Ware has been so of late.

Marvin Rouse prefers a the soupline. Grayden Jordan and be intimate.



Mr. James L. Armstrong in the Edward Best Her of Franklin County. He of about eight years ago.

Mr. Bob Allen is conne of the Department of Physiolian tion and Athletics in the nolds High School at Wins N. C.

Dr. Albert Exman Law married in December to Mowbray Brown. He is now in Fort Wood Apartment nooga, Tenn.

A recorder's court has been established in Swa with Mr. McKinley Edward

Miss Lydia Pendergra cently married to Mr. son. These are both to Asheville. After a few da rida they will resume the

Mrs. Eloise Buckner Ebu ten a book, Carolina Breezes. This little volume portray in a true light the better class of the mounta to contain many of their author has a keen underd the joys and sorrows of th folk. The book is said th with much color and humo happy mountain life.

Miss Thelma Gdger was ried to Mr. Lucius C. Candler, N. C.

Miss Jessie Gambell is in the Appalachian Train at Boone. Mr. Chappel W head of the Department of there.

Mr. F. Baird Waddell of the pullman dining re Southern from Knoxville, Charleston, S. C. Mr. W. rell is a pullman conduct same railway company.

The day before Chr John D. Holmes was mar Leymon Butler of Carter The couple are at home in N. C.

The cashier of the Fir Bank of Rutherfordton, N. Mr. B. H. Long, who w with the bank at Forest

Dr. Critz Lambert is a Spruce Pine, N. C.

Student Day was obse Baptist Church of Mars ber 30. Among those wh on the program were th Mars Hill students: Miss mer, Mr. Hal West, and McDevitt. Mr. Guy V. Ro torney there now, also th the program.

Mr. Noah Hollowell, Hollowell's Mountain Fara cently been named secre Hendersonville Chamber merce.

Mr. Henry P. Leder Hill in 1912, after rec D. at the University of seeing some service in the ing and after the war, considerable amount of work afterward, is now since 1921 doing pediat chita Falls, Texas.

Simple Question Ne "And Brutus stab through the heart" "Did he die?"