

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Actual Answer Received on English Exam Last Year.

"What book did you enjoy most last year?"

Answer: "Scott's 'Ivanhoe', by William Shakespeare."

Have you ever heard about the Scotchman who was so stingy that he—Bought his wife a set of paper plates and then gave her a nickel eraser?

—Always carried a bottle of mint flavoring in his pocket to renew his chewing gum?

—Talked through his nose to keep from wearing out his false teeth?

—Wore his glasses on his forehead in order to save them?

—Made his daughter get married in the back yard so the chickens could eat the rice?

—Told his children that Xmas came on the thirty-first, so he could take advantage of the after-Xmas sales?

—Wouldn't send his children to school because they had to pay attention?

—Killed his mother and father, so he could go to the orphans' picnic?

Kissing a girl is like opening a bottle of olives—if you get one, the rest come easy.

The height of vanity is the flapper who glances into the mirror with her eyes shut to see what she looks like when she's asleep.

A perfect husband even sandpapers the firewood to keep his wife from getting splinters in her hands.

"Let's kiss and make up."

"If you're careful, I won't have to."

Let friendship creep gently to a height: if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.—T. Fuller.

It is not enough to do good; one must do it in the right way.—John Morley.

Education begins the gentleman; but reading, good company and reflection must finish him.—Locke.

Mr. Stevenson: "Mr. Fletcher, do you find this history interesting?"

Bill Fletcher: "Oh, yes."

Mr. Stevenson: "Is that diplomacy or veracity?"

The Hills Beckon to Those Loving the Out-of-Doors

Spring Season Ushers in a New Interest in Beauties of Hill and Dale.

There has been quite a stir and hubbub among the students, now that spring seems pretty close at hand, over heing away to the mountains and getter further first-hand observation of the beauties of the setting with which we are blessed.

While we live among these hallowed hills, and keep communion constantly with their beauties, there is at times a lethargy when it comes to getting out among the peaks. Other localities, less blessed, would revel in this wondrous scenery. So it is with a lot of satisfaction that one hears now and then groups of students discussing trips, or contemplating hikes, into the mountains.

Nowhere is there more alluring scenery, or more enervating climate, and the outdoors life about Mars Hill is sure to beckon very kindly to its host of nature-loving students. At this time of year the roaming spirit sort of gets into one's nostrils, and the urge should not be long put off, to "get out and go up."

We like to think back to the time when, as a boy, we found great delight in getting the loan of a coffee pot and a skillet from home, and getting the wherewithal to cook a good camp meal. Those who have never had this experience have missed a lot of real fun.

WHAT OTHERS DO AND SAY

The Health Education Department of Catawba College will sponsor a circus to be held in the gymnasium March 23. The college orchestra will furnish the music.

◇

Credit is a great thing. It gives rich people what they don't need, and makes them richer, and some poor people what they don't need and makes them poorer.—Wingate Triangle.

◇

The Physics and Botany Department of Miami University held an exhibition at that school during the past week. All apparatus was explained and many demonstrations given.

◇

"Tried your new auto yet?"

"Yes, had a fine ride."

"Go fast?"

"Not so fast as the cop. That's where the fine came in."—Miami Student.

◇

The students of Beaver College have started a purely literary page in their bi-weekly publication, 'The Campus Crier.'

◇

Sign in a restaurant: Don't growl if you find a fly in your soup. You can't blame him for finding a good place to eat.—Campus Crier.

◇

Haskell Institute, a Government Training School in Kansas, is editing a school paper called "The Indian Leader." This is printed and edited by the Indian students of that institute.

◇

"The general science classes are keeping a record of the weather for the month of March. Graphs showing the air pressure and the temperature are used."—Indian Leader.

◇

"Time is fast approaching when a girl will go dutch with the boy on the courting expenses."—Tar Heel.

◇

"We read somewhere the other day that Durham, N. C., is soon to be known as the suburb of Duke University."—Tar Heel.

Income and Happiness

Now that income-taxpaying time is past, we breathe a lot easier—not that we had such a terrifically high tax to pay; truth is, we couldn't find any tax impossible after we figured it all out. But we breathe easier for those who had to scrimp and scrape to meet their just dues.

Of course, we anticipate that a lot of our seniors are emerging, after their college days are over, into affluence and wealth, though we hope that by that time further reductions will have been made in the tax rates that the successful ones will feel a lot easier than many a tax-paying unfortunate nowadays.

They say the last-minute rush at the federal office in Asheville was like a mob scene. Everyone waited until the last minute, as seems natural with human nature. But we are frank in saying that our income report was ready several months ago, simply because we didn't have to make out one.

Taken as and all, those who do pay income taxes take the matter philosophically, and pay their bit uncomplainingly. It's a trait of the American people—to accept things as a matter of course, set up a kind of hullabaloo and in the end submit, since that is the easiest way out.

—Socrates.

Carolina's Hills

(Written on a Post Card while in Florida)

Ah, yes, 'tis grand in Suniland

Where South winds sing together;

The cold wind blows o'er northern

snows,

But blooms the lily and the rose

In the land o' springtime weather.

But memory burns, and fancy turns,

My heart with longing filled,

I turn my eye to the "Land of the Sky,"

And "take me back again," I cry

"To Carolina's Hills!"

The Permanent Wave Industry

Due to the fact that some of the dignified Seniors have attempted to start new hair-cut styles and have even gone to the extent of getting permanent waves, I feel (although not being asked by the editor to do so) that I should give them a little light upon the subject, or, in other words, write a brief history of America's permanent wave industry. So here you are, and if you get a thrill out of this fascinating story of a pioneer struggle then there's something the matter with you.

This little-known and, what's more, little-cared-about business can be traced back to Will Sleepy, who in turn was traced for many years but never caught. In 1759 he came to this country from the South pole with nothing but his son, Ghoda, the shirt on his back, and a second-hand flag pole. The shirt was a bit small and Sleepy was immediately arrested for imitating the American flapper. He was forced for bail to sell the flagpole to that type of fellow that stands on them for days and daze. When he got out of jail he started in, you might say, from scratching. (This was due principally to the little pests that infested his cell. But I can't go into that now.)

Sleepy and Ghoda went to spend a few days (as they had known them in the frigid regions) with their uncle in the northern part of Southern California.

"Where do you work, Will?" asked Uncle Tom for no reason at all.

"I loafer, I loafer, I loafer," answered Sleepy, for the same reason, and both of them laughed and drank some hard cider.

Ghoda was napping under the shade of a grape vine and his hair took root in the rich soil. Due to some unnatural law, his hair grew so fast that it awoke him by creeping up his nose and tickling him in that delicate organism. When he awoke this phenomenon set Ghoda to thinking for the first time in thirty-one years. He thought how wonderful it was that he was not like the fair maid of Mars Hill, who felt a flax seed through twenty-seven mattresses. This was a mere thought of Ghoda's. He did it all by himself, and without napping between thoughts. After this rush of the brain Ghoda went back to sleep without even turning over.

As he was napping, napping, only napping, his hair started creeping, creeping, simply creeping up the grape vine and winding itself as it went. But disaster stalked in the offing. Franklin discovered electricity, and it gave such a shock to the old world that everything stood still except Sleepy, and he ran to see if his son Ghoda was all right. After a three day search he came upon Ghoda still napping under the grape vine. Ghoda had been sleeping under the grape vine three months and when the shock had come he had been too stupid to move. Eureka! The first permanent wave! (For Ghoda's hair was holding fast to the grape vine, yet part of it was waving in the wind.)

"Stay there," said his father.

"You're some good after all."

So in 1764 the discovery of this great industry came about, and has wavered, or waived, or waded greatly ever since, gaining the eyes of passing generations.

Dyces.

Castles in Spain

Castles in Spain! Castles in Spain! How I dream, and dreaming see their stately spires. Silver domes and golden stairs, walls of jasper, jade and blue—blue like the vaults above, green shadows that flicker like a thousand nymphs in the depths below. I know they are waiting there—I saw them, my Castles in Spain.

The sun has come and dipped again into the flaming caldron of the west, and night comes, cold, shivering, black—yet on I dream—Castles in Spain, Castles in Spain—Castles that will never be? God gave a soul tinted to match the domes, the spires, the circling stairs; I cannot let it die to the level of the hut that shrinks against my castle wall. I cannot lose them—my Castles in Spain.

—M. M.

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