

SPORTS

Monteu Football Games Scheduled

New Phase of Intramural Sports Instituted.

As well as literary rivalry the Italian and Philomathian Literary Societies have entered into a new phase of competition, namely, ath-

Football is the first of a series of sporting events in which the societies will participate, with other sports following later in the year.

There is to be a three-game series. The first game is to be played on Saturday December 7. On the following Saturday another will be staged. If another is necessary it will be played after the Christmas holidays.

The rules of eligibility as laid down by Coach Roberts are few and simple: (1) no man of the varsity squad is eligible; (2) any one not taking gym two hours' work is barred; (3) no one who has been out for varsity this year can play.

The football game is the talk of the campus, and it is a known fact that when the teams meet on the field the two sister societies will be there in flying colors to support their brothers.

Tennessee Teachers Fall in Last Game

Ball Playing on Frozen Field Net 14-6 Score.

Bringing to a close an apparently successful season the Mountain Lions in the last game by defeating the long East Tennessee Teachers College by a 14 to 6 score. The combat was held on the Teachers' home field which was frozen and not lacking in spots of ice and snow. Notwithstanding the cold however both teams displayed some good field running and passing.

Starting in the first quarter the Lions completely outclassed the Teachers in yard gainage until the last period of the game. A pass in the last period, Camnitz to Plemmons netted the first touchdown along with the extra point.

The second part of the first half again saw Mars Hill score. This time pass from Camnitz to A. Albritton was carried over for the second touchdown. The extra point was added as a result of a line buck.

During the third quarter neither team saw the goal post. Teachers had come back from the half with a great spirit of determination than they had presented the first half, while the Lions held their own under the series end-runs and line plunges.

The last spray netted Teachers their only marker of the day. After Mars Hill had been driven back to their own 35-yard line, Bralley carried the ball over for the lone marker. Try for the extra point failed.

The game ended with the ball in the Teachers possession about the middle of the field.

The line-up was as follows:

Mars Hill (14)		Teachers (6)	
Sprinkle	LE	Large	
Webb	LT	Bryant	
Childs	LG	Gardner	
Burnette	C	Isbill	
Baber	RG	Samms	
Buckner	RT	Lackey	
A. Albritton	RE	Linlead	
Plemmons	QB	G. Williams	
Anderson	LH	White	
Reese	RH	Bralley	
Camnitz	FH	W. Williams	

LIONS WIN TURKEY DAY FOOTBALL GAME

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three line plays gained only five yards. Reese then, on a reverse, with beautiful interference, ran around left end for twenty-five yards and a touchdown. Camnitz went back to kick but Anderson took the ball and smashed his way through the line for the extra point.

Another score quickly followed. Rutherford received and lost the ball in mid-field on downs. Plemmons made twelve yards around right end. From regular formation Reese squirmed and sidestepped his way through the entire Rutherford team for thirty-two yards and a touchdown. Anderson again added the extra point as before, taking the old egg-plant and going off left tackle.

Rutherford managed to put over a score in the final three minutes of play. They made a forward pass from the fifty-yard line that was good for fourteen yards. Then on another heave they completed a pass for sixteen yards and stepped off the remaining eight for a touchdown. The try for point failed.

The Lions made fourteen first downs to six by the opponents.

Dormitory Life

No group of young women would exchange their dormitory for any other on the hill. Listen to their own testimonies.

Spilman

Girls occupy forty-six rooms in this home. Being ever thoughtful of our temporary home, we do all that we can to make the rooms attractive. The curtains so artistically draped, the pictures on the wall which have a history behind them, the potted plants on the little hand-made pedestals, the gold fish chasing each other around in the bowl, and the home-like atmosphere breathed upon entering the rooms make a visitor or a teacher feel as though she were in her own room back home. We are also happy to have seven of our lady faculty members live with us; Missess Pierce, Wengert, Bowden, Coon, Biggers, Elkins, and Harmes. They inspire us to be even more thoughtful of our rooms by keeping their own so clean and cozy. "Mother Biggers'" room is just the great big living room where we all meet with Mother to talk over our joys and sorrows.

Visitors are welcome into Spilman at all times. Find a convenient time and pay us a call; We are the same every day. Even though our doors are usually closed, our hearts are always open.

From 7:00 A. M. until 9:00 P. M. we use one room continuously. Twice a day we scramble into this room as if we were going to a fire. Could you ever guess what we are after Why, it is just letters and packages from home and from friends—that's all. The potted plants near the front of this room furnish the beautiful interior decoration. There are many kinds of flowers as well as a marvelous array of colored blossoms. "Pal of my cradle days," "Carolina Moon," and similar songs ring out through the half-opened windows as some bonnie lassie lets her dainty fingers glide over the keys of the piano. (This being the only room in which young men are permitted to talk to young ladies, it is quite popular—especially on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. The couples scatter to the—Well, I will not say how many corners, 'cause one evening, it might have eight and the next "date" evening it

might have twelve corners.) While through the many transparent windows the gorgeous sunsets and the marvelous moons can be seen. Oh, this room we all love so dearly is what—why, it's the sunparlor, the general assembly room.

The office and the teacher's parlor bid each visitor and each student a hearty welcome. Each is attractively arranged, and always has lovely cut flowers placed in just the right spot. We thank Mrs. Biggers for being so kind in letting us use them to bring joy to others as well as ourselves. Often we hold our religious services through the week in these rooms. We always catch a gleam of the King of our home, and we hope the King of every girl's heart when we go into these places to worship and praise Him.

Riverrmont

We believe that Riverrmont is the finest dormitory at Mars Hill. Many of us felt when we left home for the first time that we should never find anywhere that would take its place. We have indeed found a second home. How our stoves with their fires remind us of the old home-fires! Our doors are always open to our college sisters and our lay faculty, and especially to Miss Creal who is our foster mother since Mrs. Alderman left us. Her unselfish service is of value to us when we meet to exchange ideas and ideals.

A fine Christian spirit is maintained in our home. God who made it possible for us to come to Mars Hill is always ready to strengthen and encourage us to reach up and grasp the higher and nobler things in life. Several of the girls have surrendered themselves to do definite christian work. All religious activities are entered into with zeal and pleasure. We are here to learn. We take Christ as an example. His teachings are observed by all.

Treat

Yes, Treat is our home. We, who have called it home these months and who have learned to love its very atmosphere, feel toward it, next to our own homes we have known since childhood. Oh, it is a rickety old building with creaking stairs and great big rooms full of large cracks, but we love it just the same. We love it because we live in close contact with each other. Because we are few in number, we have come to know each other more intimately. Intimacy not sunk to familiarity has caused us to share each others joy as well as problems.

Although our rooms are large and hard to arrange, we for the most part, have them arranged comfortably as well as attractively. The stoves sending forth their brilliant rays, the huge wood piles in the corner of the rooms, the beautiful array of pillows scattered over the rooms, the deep-colored rag rugs on the floor, and the old black cat slipping silently up and down the hall make a person just know that she is at home.

We are exceedingly fortunate in having three big sisters in our home, Misses Cregg, Kelley, and Allen are very dear and very close to each one of us. Without these sweet and kind friends Treat would not mean what it means to us.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert's room is our own in many ways. The privilege of carrying our problems to Dr. Robert brings a deep joy to our hearts. His loving understanding has endeared him to all of us. Mrs. Robert is never too tired or too busy to make things pleasant for us. She is ever willing to administer to our physical needs. She can almost tell from looking into our eyes when we are hungry for that motherly affection. Always she shares her very best with us. Oh, yes, she corrects us at times, but we appreciate that too. It is because of her concern over our welfare that she does this. We are thankful for corrections from her because we know that she loves us, and cares deeply about all that we do.

We would not trade Treat for the most palatial dormitory in North Carolina—it is our home.

The happiness and spirit of cooperation enclosed within the walls of all three dormitories will, we trust, radiate into noble and worthy things when each girl has left Mars Hill to take up her walk in life.

Full speed ahead to make the best "marks" before the holidays.

Di-Ye-No

If Tom Dysard and T. W. Regan really like prunes, or do they like to hear the word?

Where the girls who were displaying their diamonds in a certain room on third floor one Sunday night got them.—Some were revealed within the space of five minutes (after hurried trips to their trunks).

If Hartsell and Horn did go to the Press Conference?

That there are two more Saturday nights to spend on the Hill before we say "Fare-ye-well?"

That Joe Webb has a new girl?

That the girls' gym classes are to give a program soon?

That the rising bell lulls us back to sleep?

That the Hilltop is usually minus jokes?—submit them!

What Next?

"When did he go?"

"About three weeks ago, I think."

"And you know none of the details?"

"None—not even not a thing."

"Yet it seems to be proving quite popular."

"Very much so."

"I have my doubts. Yet, I guess I'd have a big time since all the gang are there."

"Why, I'd rather go home for the holidays."

"But it is a swell affair from all reports."

"It looks more like contracted expansion."

"What is it?" breathlessly asked the third party.

"Why! the mumps!" exclaimed two voices in unison.

In the olden days it was thought the proper thing for children to have all the contagious diseases going lest they have them later in life when they might prove more serious. But it seems that the mothers of the students thought quite differently. If the fathers could see their sons and daughters here (heads protruding from under the cover), they would think they were on a special diet to become the heaviest persons in the state!

It is true that all persons have one face, but here there are little faces, big faces, one-sided faces, and fat faces.

If it isn't one thing, it is something else. Last year there was an epidemic of 'flu' before the holidays. This year it is the mumps. We have all heard the story of the miser who left his money at home and carried the door with him. Well, the students are leaving their books at home and carrying their beds with them—to the Infirmary. —F. P. J.

Nothing Else Butt

Tip: "Why do you smoke cigar butts?"

Top: "People don't throw away whole cigars."

"Do you think you will ever be able to do anything with your voice?" "It might come in handy in case of fire." —The Cornell Widow.

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FROM THE MORE FRIVOLOUS SIDE

Porter: "Did you miss that train, sir?"
 Passenger (bitterly): "No! I didn't like the looks of it, so I chased it out of the station." —College Life.

Now They Chase 'Em Out
 A little boy was selling newspapers, yelling as he sold, "Great swindle—fifty victims."
 An old grouch stopped to buy one, and after looking over the headlines, "I don't see anything about it in this paper."
 "Great swindle!" shouted the boy even more loudly; "Fifty-one victims." —Drexler.

Attorney: "And where did you see him milking the cow?"
 College Boy: "A little past the center, sir." —Longhorn Ranger.

Judge: "Gentlemen of the jury, have you come to a decision?"
 Foreman: "We have, your honor. The jury are all of the same mind—temporarily insane." —Red Cat.

Then there is the one told about the Scotchman who offered \$65 to anyone who'd swim the Atlantic, and after a night's unrest decided to add "under water."

Graydon Jordon would like to know where James Fenimore Cooper got his information on airplanes so he could write his book, "The Plainsman." Graydon has never read this book.

Texas Dick: "And do you want an English saddle or one with a horn on it?"
 Buffalo Bill: "Give me the English saddle; we won't be in any traffic." —The Pointer.

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