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SUEDE JACKET for collegian or coed.

—O—

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—O—

J. F. AMMONS

—THE—

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Avoid cold and muddy roads by getting close in, at no higher cost to you.

Furnished Rooms in The Gibbs Building—Shower and Tub Baths.

Rent Very Reasonable.

—O—

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Mars Hill, N. C.

WELCOME STUDENTS

OLD AND NEW

—O—

A complete line of Fresh Fruits, Cakes, Candies, Bread & Meats, Sandwich Spreads for that mid-nite feast.

—O—

Six years on the Campus, trying to please you.

—O—

Always Prompt, Courteous Service Awaits you at

WELLS MARKET

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..WELCOME!..

To MARS HILL AND OUR STORE

This is your store. We want you and your friends to feel at home with us. If we haven't what you want—we'll get it!

POPE'S PHARMACY

SCHOOL SUPPLIES — DRUGS — SODA — CANDIES

WELCOME!

MARS HILL STUDENTS

We want you to know our store and enjoy its privileges. We Carry a Full Line of

SCHOOL SUPPLIES, STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES

LANDERS AND GEORGE

Quality Merchandise Honestly Priced

PLAGUE SWEEPS THROUGH SCHOOL

Doctors Investigate Queer Malad'. Must Be Checked.

Mars Hill, Sept 13—It has been reported that an epidemic of an undetermined nature has invaded the student body of Mars Hill College, and, despite frantic efforts to check it, is spreading rapidly. Doctors from every corner of the Village are busy investigating this highly contagious disease and are seeking to arrive at its cause. As yet, they are completely baffled. Dr. I. R. Nihil, who addressed the doctors of Madison County in the Convention yesterday, stated:

"We are doing all in our power to investigate and check this epidemic in our college. This disease, we frankly admit, is the most mysterious that has ever been known in the history of medicine. At the present time, we have under close observation about three hundred persons, victims of this painful disease. So far, only a very few have developed serious cases.

"The disease is highly contagious. It may be spread by talking, by seeing someone who resembles a very good friend back home, by receiving letters with the home town postmark, and by listening to "Have You Ever Been Lonely?" crooned over the radio.

"The symptoms in all cases are quite similar. The victims drift aimlessly about, tear-streaked faces showing marked signs of apathy. Their appetite is poor, and they carefully avoid the onions—so like the ones that Mother used to serve. Many are given to severe griping. A very few in serious conditions have actually been heard to make rash statements to the effect that they'd "give anything to be at home to-night." Such declarations are usually followed by an outburst of tears.

"A definite cure has not been discovered, but through careful observation we have found that cheerful associates, friendly words, and a forgetting of self are measures that may be employed to lighten a case of home sickness."

lower cases

it isn't our usual manner to be snoozing our way into others affairs but we couldn't help jotting a few self-evident facts on our cuff as we wander pro and con about the campus

john corbitt registers a bit of a frown when he reflects upon the situation of bernice and another john have you notices mark orr smiling so broadly lately?

and it seems that an innovation at mars hill is the new light-signal system operating between a third-story spillman window and a room in melrose

bunker says that he has so many social duties to pay that he can scarcely barrett

fanny-wanny and scruggsy-wuggsy are back in the same old rut

miss lyle is trying to ward off miss owens but gray is an awful attractive color—and girl too.

TRAVELETTES

Scattered Bits from a Traveler's Diary.

June 5:—Boston.

Visited "cradle of American liberty" and saw statues of men who rocked it . . . Stopped at "Hatch house" where Paul Revere hid the night of his alarming ride . . . Revere galloped to immortality on a borrowed horse . . . Motored over hallowed ground of Lexington and Concord . . . Saw at glances Hawthorne's mossy manse, the little red school-house where Louisa May Alcott first studied, Lowell's verandaed home, Thoreau's Walden Pond, and numerous other national shrines . . . Expected Cambridge, a small village . . . Found a thriving city of more than 100,000 but hasn't a hotel . . . Each chimney of a Tory's house was bordered with a black stripe . . . All quaker church buildings were surrounded by brick walls . . . Saw where Mary Baker Eddy of Christian Science fame was buried . . . Her casket is under water and has a canopy overhead . . . Witnessed an Italian funeral marching down the street to the accompaniment of a brass band . . . Heard all day a bus speeler who looked like a soft shelled crab . . . Listened to Ben Bernie's music and went to bed wondering at Bernie's similarity to Al Jolson . . .

July 17:—Richmond.

. . . Traveled over the Civil War battlefields near Richmond . . . Fought the whole war over with my companions . . . The Yankees didn't reach Richmond until after Lee surrendered . . . The city was burned but not by the Northerners . . . Evacuating Southerners burned the U. S. Government buildings and what food they couldn't carry with them . . . Drove beside the longest row of Linden trees in the world . . . It centers the Boulevard in Richmond and is reputed to be longer than the one in Unter die Linden, Germany . . . William Byrd, one-time governor of Virginia, wrote his own epitaph praising himself highly . . . Saw this sign over house near Richmond: "Washington slept in this house" . . . Similar signs were posted over various houses along the road . . . Presently reached a hotel with the following above it: "Washington did not sleep in this hotel but you can" . . . Visited site of the battle of the "crater" where approximately 5000 Yankees were killed by Southerners who were supposed to have been blown up by a powder mine laid by the Blue . . . Richmond is one city where one can get all the ice cream he wants, or should want, for a nickle . . . Automobiles in funeral processions here keep their lights burning so that no other cars will break into the line . . . Returned home wondering if all Virginians are like the woman who had inscribed on her parent's tombstones: "Here lie the bodies of _____ and _____, Virginians, 'of such is the kingdom of Heaven'" . . .

Editor's Note: Readers are invited to submit personal travel experiences.

alma reid has been crying every-day since school commenced course we don't know why but because we are in a generous mood we'll give her to tommy williams and throw in a batch or two of letters to "boot"

we're not inquisitive but we'd be glad if anybody told us why marian memanus threw away a ring when l. c. chiles told her it looked like one from kress

wyatt exum did a neat piece of work when he bought new window curtains in anticipation of the girls visiting his dormitory but maybe he can take 'em back

names don't mean a thing to lyn morgan, she started wearing his medal before she even knew "click" elliot's name.

now that lib grubbs has sent her diamond ring back the college swains are lining up in an attempt to fill her date schedule.

we wonder how many bob burnett could handle if he was not bothered with crutches. the other night he had two dates and two crutches.

A Heaven Sent Man

A. M. Burleson.

This day marks well times measured round
Of three score years and three—
When the birds glad song held a sweeter sound
In the towering maple tree.

The angels peeped through the golden bars
Of the ivory palace wall
Where the flaming light of the silver stars
Fell soft on the temple tall.

On earth the hills and valleys smiled,
Fair flowers looked up at the trees,
The sparkling rills rolled by so mild
As the sound of a summer breeze.

Perhaps the distant planets swung
With a little more daring flight
When the message came and the song was sung
Rolling down from the realms of light.

For God had willed to make a man
To serve His cause divine—
In keeping with creation's plan
With an arm to lift, a light to shine—

That's why the elements took note
Kind nature bowed her head
The day fulfills what the angels wrote
What seers wise have read—

"There was a man sent from God"
Stands true through the ages long
While his feet touch softly this mortal clod
The world is inspired with his song.

So up through the shadowland of pain
Yet sent by the Giver of life
Came a star of hope decreed to reign
Through the battle's heated strife—

God flung in the crucible a mass of gold
Then a wee little measure of dust
The dust will vanish as the years unfold
But the pure shining gem can't rust—

Its luster gleams with radiant beams
In the night when the sea is dark
The mariner's heart with new hope teems
As he guides his tossing bark.

The years have proved all my crude lines claim
For the man whom God had sent
Millions will gratefully honor His name—
Their love make His monument.

He has stood where the clouds of darkness roll
In each hand a gleaming light—
One for the head, the other the soul
The hope of the children of night.

So today our hearts rejoice with him
Where he still toils on so free
With a soul of steel—a faith not dim
Though his years be sixty-three.

May he still be spared through the coming years
To labor and wisely plan—
'Till the master calls and the glory falls
On the soul of the heaven sent man.

Editors Note: This poem was written in honor of Dr. Moore on his sixty-third birthday by A. M. Burleson, a former Mars Hill man.

A. M. B.—9-10-33.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

To the Circulation Manager of The Hilltop, Mars Hill College, Mars Hill, N. C.

You will find enclosed the sum of one (\$1.00) dollar, insures me of one copy of The Hilltop for the coming year Summer School.

Date _____

Signed _____

Address _____

A LETTER

Editor's Note: (Efforts of Editor to write to his girl.)

Dearest,

My Only One, (boy, what of a girl sits across the table. Wonder if I can get a letter. I've been here two weeks now. I've been just too busy to write. (Wonder where that girl is. Everything is quiet here—doing. (Hey, you fellows how do you expect a man to write. This is quite a beautiful place. I look out my window, I can see the moon as it comes creeping over the mountain tops, (Wonder ever stop raining?) peeping this light studded campus—so prettily in the corner of my eye. Some fellows are just out window singing some of the sweetest songs I have ever heard. (From the next room comes a low sound of male voices joined together in "Goofus.")

The place, the time, the surroundings, and the very atmosphere me wish more than ever that giving was to-morrow, so I can be with you. (Wonder if Coach will be on that Thanksgiving trip he'd better.)

Please, dear, send me a picture of your own sweet self. I want to see how it would brighter a bare wall. (Why in thunder didn't that girl from Asheville send that picture. 'Sweetheart' instead of "Pal"?)

Must close now. Have something to prepare. (Hey, John, what mean running off like that! one minute.)

FORGETMEKN

The answers to what question below will be directly better queries, but if you've got one of honesty about you, you'll find that question before reading the answer.

What did the date 1492 signify that another century nigh at hand.—How did Columbus come out of his last fight? Just our socks, in a hole at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York made famous? Don't peep, the cuspidor. Just a little spit nery, sir.—Espied you recent published opinion that "a friend need is about the only kind of one can find these days?"—I have been wondering the whereabouts of this column, I tempt to enlighten you. The column ain't supporting nothing nobody. It's too frail. It couldn't support the worries of a papa who had lost his job with a circus non-partisan, non-sectarian, ar-hundred and nonny (hey nonny) non per cent pure and condensed for your entertainment advancement. We advance ever but your next week's allowance. If you have any knots to be untied we will be glad to hear from Hadja thot of it thet tha samethats a north one to us coult south wind to the Chinese.—According to G. Marx "a laps well, there are twenty to thousands and not one of them worth anything." Don't scream, I'll stop right now.

Abie Str.

The ten Mars Hill B. Y. have begun in earnest the work of the year. The presidents who the work for the term are: Win Joyce Wellborne; Charles H. Millicent Young; Charles Daniel Johnson; Preston, John ette; Apex, Darrell Middleton; liot, Bill Martin; John Lake, Powell; Judson, Mark Orr; Climbers, Robert Mosely; H. Calvin Connor.