

THE TAR HEEL.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

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ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE OF CHAPEL
HILL, N. C., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1893.

ON TO RICHMOND!

Our defeat on Saturday counts for nothing, it does not remove us one step further from the championship of the South, we were not in it with a strictly first-class team and such as Lehigh, which ranks as the fifth best in the country but Thanksgiving Day we will be in it.

Now is no time for us to sulk and swear that our team is no good. Our enthusiasm should be more elastic, with less of the gambler's faith among us, who curses fortune for a fickle jade when she ceases to smile on him and turns his allegiance to a new deity. We don't want that faith that gives up hope at the first adverse turn of the wheel. Above all don't go out on the highways of the world and proclaim that you are a University man and that you candidly think our team is the worst set of bad players you have ever seen.

You may gain a reputation for candor but unfortunately it will be of the variety commonly ascribed to the animal with the long ears, who the fable tells us was especially gratified when people complimented him on his discernment in loudly proclaiming himself an ass.

Let every one that can go to Richmond on Thanksgiving day, as a duty you owe your *Alma mater* and let's give the boys a rousing send off when they come on the field. It will be a good game, every one to the contrary and we will win. Of course we will, Victory or death! for if we fail to win, it will be the death of that now fast growing spirit of athletics aided of course by the lack of college spirit, which

in itself is enough to chill the warmth of the sun, were it possible to do so. There is no college spirit in that enthusiasm that does not offend our opponents. Remember that, we have beaten Virginia by a score of 26 to 0, and we can beat her again. If we don't it is your fault, partly, my readers, for your lack of college spirit.

We have no cause to grieve at Saturday's misfortune. We may find in it the element of victory, at any rate let our delegation to Richmond be one of the largest that ever left here to witness a game.

When a man starts the cheering don't stop to imagine who it is and what he is yelling about, but let every Carolinian in sound of his voice, raise his little modicum of noise as though he and the leader were one. Remember that he is cheering for the honors of your *alma mater* and do likewise.

Keep your money in your pocket but rest assured that the "Varsity" rushers will not go down before the Orange and Blue like ten pins in a bowling alley.

SOME MEN

There are some men in this University who care nothing for college matters; who are forever complaining of, and criticizing any enterprise whatsoever. We have much to do with such creatures. We see them every day and we do not abuse them, we pity them and nurture them tenderly for should a breath of adversity touch them their existence would vanish, and our spring catalogue would miss several names. These delicate individuals cannot even sustain the consuming energy of an atom of college spirit. Their physical and psychical make up will not admit of the strain caused by encouraging the publication of a University weekly. They cannot see the need of contributing any share of influence or means to the support of an agent which voices students ideas and sentiments over the surrounding country and brings into prominent recognition their state institution. May the shades of antebellum enthusiasts return from their resting places, and watch over these nature-freaks, these

milk and water products of our time. They know that the TAR HEEL has seventy under graduate subscribers and they wonder that the management, with such enormous patronage does not issue a periodical equally interesting as "Truth" and "Town Topics" and furnish numerous holiday numbers to boot. While we cherish these exotics and joy to reveal to such innocent realms of thought and actionless action, (for indeed it is a rest to see infantile purity and simplicity,) we can not attribute the success of our projects to them and would impress upon them that the credit of all that has this year been done to the redoubtment of our University belongs wholly to the faithful and loyal minority who by indefatigable endeavor and cheery assistance have brought others to see the beauty and reality of doing.

One thing we are glad to notice among the southern colleges, that is the establishment of weeklies. Nothing can better indicate the progress of our institution or give better evidence of student spirit. These little sheets tell the outside world what is being done at home and present internal workings and ideas as nothing else can. The south has too long been satisfied with old curriculums and customs. It is necessary to grow and to demonstrate that growth to others. It is only a recent thing, that college athletics have been introduced below Mason and Dixon line, and who can say that they have not proved a potent factor in college affairs. College journalism has not been renovated by us but little. The same old monthlies containing essays, deplorable verses, alumni dots and current notes are still in vogue. The weekly can now allow the magazine to be what it should, purely a literary periodical giving the best results of study and criticism by thinking college men. The weekly is almost a necessity and can be made very helpful, if managed in connection with the athletic association. There are few alumni who will not gladly subscribe to keep in touch for some years with their *Alma mater*. Those papers which have so far come into our observation are the *Sewanee Times*, *Vanderbilt Hustler* and *College Topics*. Are there others?

ATHENS, NOV., 1863.

My dear sir:—I do not know who you are, but, most probably, I do know you very well.

I have just heard that the *Hellenian* needs some money. If the debt has not been paid, Mr. S. Howard Smith, Pulaski Avenue and Logan Street, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., will send you on demand ten dollars. If you need more, please let me know. Sincerely yours,

E. ALEXANDER.

Is there a single man in the University, who knows Dr. Alexander, whose affections for him is not made stronger by this letter.

It was wholly spontaneous and was a most pleasant surprise to the manager of the *Hellenian*.

This is only a sample of what our professor, and we still call him our professor, is continually doing. It shows that his love for the University and its enterprises is as strong as ever and that he has them all at heart.

He justly deserves our warmest affections

Grand old Kentucky University has stood and now stands, by the highest earthly tribunal, on the same high plane as Yale, Harvard, Ann Arbor, Princeton, and to-day the great University of the south and southwest.

—*Transylvania*.

Well! Well!! Well!!!

Virginia, Carolina, Tulane, Vanderbilt and Sewanee, where are you? We have never heard of this wonderful institution other than as a fraud, which has several times advertised in our Magazine without ever settling its bills. We would warn other college publications not to advertise "The Commercial Business College of Kentucky University," unless they desire to waste ink and gain practice in free type setting.

In Latin and Greek,

He was quick as a streak,

In dress he was foppish and tony.

The latter was due to his being an ass,

The former was due to his pony.

—*Harvard Lampoon*.

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