

## The Tar Heel.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

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In an editorial last week we unintentionally made some unjust statements in regard to the University of Georgia and her baseball rules, for which we desire to tender an apology. They are members of the Southern Association, and hence must abide by its fixed regulations or forfeit their right to membership. Our mis-statements were due to the fact that, in a conversation with the athletic management, we misunderstood how matters stood with Georgia and erroneously obtained the idea that the games were already as good as cancelled.

We hope, however, that it may be arranged so as to have the games, and that this explanation will be thoroughly understood. In another column is printed a card from Mr. Howard, Manager of the Base Ball Team.

The '97 Summer School is scheduled for June 22nd to July 23rd. Although this was established primarily for teachers, it has been a great thing for the students of the University who may have fallen behind in some of their classes. Often a boy gets so far behind that it would be impossible for him to "catch up" in the regular session, and in this case the Summer School is of great advantage, enabling him to graduate at the appointed time despite sickness during the winter and other mishaps.

Outside of the academic advantages you should come to Chapel Hill during July to see what a wonderful change has come over the place. You will see, strolling about the campus and in the recitation rooms, about four girls to every boy, which is indeed a remarkable state of affairs in these parts. You, who have only been here during winter, cannot realize what a summer resort has evolved out of the once quiet village, nor what a universal petticoat supremacy exists.

This year's Freshman class seems backwards in supporting the Y. M. C. A. in obtaining funds for its new building. Every class heretofore has contributed largely, but that of '00 only came up with \$8.00. Open up your pocket books, boys, and help along the good cause.

The money will not have to be paid "cash down," but by small installments. Put your name down for something, even though the amount be very small, and we shall have the building after a while, if not immediately.

If you want first class Spring clothing and all kinds of gentlemen's turning goods, see Vanstors's agents, R. H. Graves and Percy Whitaker.

## A Plea for Cyclists.

The recent prolonged spell of rainy weather has rendered all the more apparent the injustice of the "town ordinance, now existing, against cycling" on the sidewalks of Chapel Hill.

We would not seek to abolish law and order in general, nor would we demand the repeal of any regulation, by which the pleasure and interest of the few are rendered subservient to the security and freedom of the many. Governmental restrictions, even in a small town, are necessary, and must be recognized as such by any man even partially civilized. When, however, such restrictions exceed their proper limit, they become tyrannical and obnoxious. When the sacrifice of the few is not at all necessary to the welfare of the community, but is coerced merely in accordance with the whims of those in authority, strong disapproval must result.

Of the latter character seems to be the afore-mentioned regulation against "cycling." Were the domain of this law confined to the principal street of Chapel Hill, where there is a continual passing to and fro, and constant assembling at the post-office and elsewhere, its utility and importance would be universally recognized. But when it is made all-inclusive, when the wheelman is compelled to avoid every little by-path, degraded by the name of sidewalk, upon which no three people are seen in any one day,—then, appreciation vanishes and a cry of indignation is heard. The state of affairs is deplorable, even, when in good weather, the "thoroughfares" are passable; and, when, owing to a recent deluge, these latter become quagmires, the case seems to be greatly aggravated and endurance "ceases to be a virtue."

We would, then, most respectfully urge upon the town-authorities a reconsideration of this ill-advised ordinance, trusting that such a course of action, on their part, will quickly evince its injustice and secure its speedy repeal.

## A Personal Statement.

I am willing to defend my position on the magazine question and argue the merits of that question with any man of honest convictions; but I draw the line with presumptuous strangers, who do not hesitate to overstep the bounds of courtesy, traditional among gentlemen, and malign the characters and impugn the motives of good men, whose reputations here rest upon four years of hard work and conscientious labor. Mr. Lamb (so he signs himself) has certainly yet to learn this important fact, that we are not a crowd of toughs and partisans, but rather a band of earnest men, honestly differing with each other, yet still working toward the same end, viz. the improvement and development of the University which has done so much for us.

The public, I am persuaded, would be glad to know who this ill bred assailant is, where he came from, and to whom is due the credit of his discovery. Diligent enquiry revealed these facts, viz. that Mr. Lamb is a fresh law student, who previously "won distinction as a literateur at Horner's School," that modern Mecca of master minds. And, digressing a little, who will dispute the fact that he should still be at Horner's, for, prep. school like, he mistakes abuse for argument, epithet for reason and invective for fact.

Lucination this stranger imagines himself to be a modern Moses commissioned and ordained of God to lead the Dialectic Society and the entire University out of its intellectual bondage. In the persuasion of this divinely imposed task, Mr. Lamb hastily left Horner's, connected himself with the University, and now bleats forth the most sulphurous invectives against those who dare to oppose him, slings mud at everything and every body in sight and then with uplifted hands and consummate hypocrisy, exclaims, behold my purity!

Imagining himself still at Horner's in all the heat of a sham battle, this man makes him a ring, crawls in the centre, emits fire and brimstone in every direction of the compass, all the while mistaking the smoke of his own exertions for a general conflagration. What presumption could be more ludicrous than that of this stranger, who presumes to dictate the policy of the ancient and honored Dialectic Society, and then turns red in the face and froths at the mouth because his miserable little attempts meet with just defeat. Strange paradox that the sole champion of a would be University magazine, whose mission should be to promote purity of language and sentiment, should be vested in a total stranger, who, unacquainted with our institution, its needs and demands, is only recommended by the fact that he is perfect master of all the discourtesy and indecency, which would pass current in the most approved populistical journals.

Oh no, Mr. Lamb, you have mistaken your mission, your divine call was misinterpreted, and the Dialectic must sorrowfully decline your valuable services, and inform you that she is able to manage her own affairs, but will call on you in case of extreme emergency. When you were a child you doubtless acted as a child, but now you have become a man, lay aside your Horner methods and practices, for they won't circulate here, assuage the rapid swelling of your bump of combativeness, and allow this startling fact to dawn upon your befogged intellect, that you are at the University of a grand old State where courtesy is proverbial, chivalry and toleration universal, and presumption, among new men, unbearable.

Cease the manufacture of quotations which you compel "old Johnson" to father—leave the old man in peace, and learn once for all that University men, whatever else their defects, are nevertheless men, who, having opinions of their own are at all times willing to respect the opinions of their opponents and guarantee them the same right of independent thought which they claim for themselves.

DAVID B. SMITH.

## A Card.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me through the columns of your paper to thank one and all, students, citizens, for so many kindnesses shown during my dear child's sickness. I feel so grateful to one and all when so near death's door so many friends stood ready to sympathize with me. I assure you it was appreciated. Respectfully,

Mrs. Lizzie Carr Harris.

## A Card.

In view of the editorial appearing in the TAR HEEL last week it seems to me proper to make the following statement.

In the first place as no list of our players has ever been submitted to the Georgia management, of course no exception can have been taken to them. The question of the eligibility of any of them has never been raised by Georgia.

In considering the rules under which the games should be played the manager of the Georgia team wrote that they were forced to play under the rules of the Southern Association. One of these rules required the matriculation of the players within thirty days after the first day of matriculations. We informed them that Capt. Stanly had returned a week later than this, on account of the sickness of his father and that if this necessitated his exclusion, the games would have to be cancelled. No reply has been as yet received to this.

Our intercourse with the Georgians has been very friendly and pleasant and all correspondence has been most courteous. I greatly regret that anything has been said which could give our friends offence. I feel sure that the article referred to was written without due consideration and with imperfect knowledge and that the editors regret, as deeply as the management does, this unfortunate incident.

W. S. HOWARD,  
Manager.

## The New Grandstand.

There is now in process of construction a new and very capacious grandstand. This has been for a long time a much-needed improvement and is welcomed by all those hoards of rooters who are going to fill it on March 27th. The covering over the central part of this edifice is a gift of President Alderman, and is to be really a cover, and not the leaky and battered shelter which formerly existed. We only hope that at the Virginia game, there will be too big a crowd for it to hold.

## Y. M. C. A. Leaders.

Monday—Prof. Gore.  
Tuesday—B. B. Lane,  
Wednesday—J. D. Lentz,  
Thursday—Baggett.

Vanstors's salesman, Mr. Cator, will be here on next Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. Come and see his line of goods. "Ad" in this issue.

Do you want a White and Blue Hat for the Virginia game? If so give your name to Geo. D. Vick at once. N. C. LONG & Bro.



## D. W. McCauley,

Dealer in  
GENERAL MERCHANDISE.  
Keeps on hand a beautiful line of Douglas Shoes in all the Spring Styles, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats and Clothing.