

# The Tar Heel.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

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There remain only about ten days more of practice before the great game Thanksgiving. The period of work and training is now rounding rapidly off to its close; one more game played and the season of '97 is either a glorious success or a disastrous failure, the team of '97 either takes its place along side of those of '92 and '95 or loses itself in the oblivion of what are called "sorry teams." Such is the basis on which the judgment of a fickle public rests.

These last ten days are without doubt the most important of all in the season's hard work. They are the summing up of all the rest. The team seems to realize fully the responsibility they have on them of maintaining the honor of the University and we doubt not that they will do all in their power to take full advantage of the final training.

And just as it is incumbent on them to continue the specially hard training they have undergone since their return from Tennessee so the college on its part should take up with renewed vigor its share in the work of winning the Richmond game.

Show in every way possible the interest and enthusiasm you feel and let the team see the confidence you have in them. Let everybody,—grinds, sports, loafers, men, women and children—go out and watch the practice, applaud the players and keep things red hot until the last day of grace is gone.

It is not a necessary corollary of such appreciation, however, that the spectators huddle about the team and smother the plays; quite the contrary. Enthusiasm without moderation is worse than worthless, and it would be far better to keep away altogether from the athletic field than to go out and persistently stay inside the side lines. Only those whose reputation for asininity is thoroughly established should do this, after so many requests to keep out of bounds.

The matter for the first number of the *University Magazine* is now in the hands of the printers and the new aspirant for the favors of the public will make its appearance early in December.

We understand that the business manager will, in the next few days, canvass college for subscribers. He should meet with great success.

In the interest of the University and for the fostering of some sort of literary spirit, the societies took

on themselves the burden of re-establishing the *Magazine*. It was a burden that did not belong especially to them; they get very little more from the publication than does the college at large and assume the whole responsibility. With this view of the matter it would seem that the men outside of the societies in a pure spirit of patriotism, would back up the societies in what they have done and respond to a man when called on to subscribe. It is not necessary, however, to put it on such a consideration as college spirit, for the *Magazine* will be amply worth the small price charged. Its aim is to be a student's literary paper, out and out, and as such should command the interest of every undergraduate.

A philosopher would doubtless take the ground that one had just as well freeze to death in a library as in any other place. And so perhaps one had. But as between the attainment of knowledge and freezing most people would die of old age and ignorance. Not that they love ignorance; but only that they would not be martyrs to knowledge.

So it is by no means fair to say that the pursuit of knowledge is not vigorous at any given institution or place simply because the library is not crowded with individuals perched behind magazines and books. Consider first the temperature of the library and the temperament of the individuals. If the former be kept at about forty degrees, by the very precarious existence of a nondescript fire, and the latter demand a climate considerably milder than that of the Arctic circle the judgment pronounced is easily seen to be unreasonable and unfair, as was stated. The conscientious but warm-blooded students of such a place or institution should not be thus slandered.

These remarks are of course entirely general in their application.

### Is a Question of Fare a Fair Question?

Communication.

A number of statements have appeared recently in the columns of the *Tar Heel* regarding the excellence of the fare at Commons Hall, and the large number of students fed by that excellent institution. Far be it from the purpose of the present writer to injure the reputation of Commons by any statement that he may make; but rather it is his desire that by a just criticism the place may be improved in such manner that at the beginning of next month there may come thirty new boarders, instead a loss of thirty as the case this month.

The main objection to the place is the seemingly determined purpose on the part of those who are in charge of its management to force its boarders into a "diet of beef," compelling them three times a day to eat this class of meat, or no meat at all. A variety, and improvement, of course would not be objectionable in other directions. For instance, if instead of giving beef for breakfast seven times a week, some different sort of food could be found to substitute therefor once or twice, the innovation would be hailed with delight. But if a Commons Hall boarder wishes a change of menu from that "enjoyed" any previous morning, he can obtain this only at the expense of eating no breakfast at all, or at some different house.

Beef, I believe, is no cheaper than other food which would answer the same purpose, and in many cases is dearer. Why, then, is it given so abundantly? Is it simply because

procure a different bill of fare would require a little more effort, and those in authority are unwilling to go to this trouble when beef can be gotten for the asking?

The other boarding houses in the village charging very little, if any, more than is charged for board at Commons furnish their patrons with at least a change occasionally, and until Commons Hall is willing to go to the trouble of varying the bill of fare occasionally, it need never expect to attain that popularity and patronage which it otherwise would surely command.

OBSERVER.

### Sixteen Men and a Foot-Ball.

Contributed.)

In the history of athletics at the University no team in foot-ball or baseball has had the opportunity of taking a more delightful trip than that just taken by the foot-ball team to Tennessee and Western North Carolina.

Leaving Chapel Hill on the evening train, we travelled through to Cowan or Sewanee Junction, without stops except at Salisbury for supper on Thursday, and at Chattanooga for breakfast the next morning. Cowan is little village of about five hundred inhabitants with a remarkably good hotel for a place of this size. Here we took dinner while waiting for the Sewanee "vestibuled limited fast express," which runs eight miles up the mountain to Sewanee. This train is rivaled only by our own "fast mail" from University Station.

Leaving Cowan, you travel for half an hour catching only an occasional glimpse of the village that you have just left, through the branches of the trees which are now decked in their autumn colors. Suddenly you round a curve and see far below, almost under you, the quiet little village with its white houses, and the only sign of life is the column of smoke rising from the smelting works. Higher up you go and the scene broadens and widens and you gaze upon the dark blue mountains, ridge upon ridge fading away toward the south and east. When you get to the very top of the mountain you are at Sewanee.

We drove through the village with its wide but not very straight streets up to the college gymnasium. Here we were most cordially treated by the Sewanee boys who did every thing possible for our comfort.

After one of the prettiest cleanest games of foot-ball that I have ever seen we left for Cowan once more.

In our minds we shall always associate Sewanee with cordiality and genteel manliness.

Tired and broken up by the Sewanee game, and the trip, we got to Nashville on Saturday morning at eleven o'clock. The day was perfect and N. C. rooters were more plentiful; but—well, the result of the game is known.

The next morning we left for Chattanooga, passing Murfreesboro battle-field. Here from the car window could be seen long rows of graves with little white marble head stones which mark the final resting places of departed heroes. An occasional shaft marks the grave of a fallen general.

Along the south bank of the Tennessee River, which makes a beautiful horse-shoe curve at this place, between the river and Look Out Mountain, we entered Chattanooga. On account of a lay over of several hours we decided to go up

on Look Out Mt on the cable car which runs up a steep incline to the top. At the steepest part the track makes an angle of 68° with the horizon—the steepest track in the world except the one up Mt. Vesuvius.

Standing at Point Look Out more than 1500 ft above Chattanooga, one can look into seven states and looking south and west he sees the battle fields of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Chattanooga and Look Out Mt., scenes of Gen. Bragg's manouvers in '63-'64 after the battle of Murfreesboro and just before his retreat southward.

Here some of the boys who "took well" on this trip obtained souvenirs.

At 10 p. m. we arrived in Knoxville. Next evening the game was played in a pouring rain. Taking the train on which we had arrived we left for Asheville.

As it crosses the N. C. line the railroad enters the valley of the French Broad River. With night-fall the rain had ceased and the moon shone out bright and clear. For miles we traveled up the banks of the river first on one side and then on the other, with the dark rugged mountains on either hand and the river in the moonlight shining like a silver stream.

The next morning was spent in seeing what was to be seen in Asheville. Our "Social Lights" scored a few points. We met many old U. N. C. boys who were our most ardent rooters.

That night we left Asheville and arrived at "The Hill" on Wednesday morning.

Since our return several questions have come up about incidents on the trip. What did Borland mean by saying that he took well on this trip? Who were the Social Lights? Why did Buxton spend all his money at a cigar stand in the hotel at Knoxville? Who is Patrick Henry? Did any one accuse Shull of doing the Little White Act on the foot-ball grounds at Knoxville? Did any one see anything of a crazy woman frantically waving her hand from the car window as the train arrived in Atlanta on Nov. 5? Has Jimmy the Fat Boy joined a museum?

There are other questions but White will ask them. F. M. O.

### Y. M. C. A. Notes.

Next Sunday Nov. 21st, at 7 P. M. Rev. Howard E. Rondthaler of Salem N. C. will deliver the monthly sermon in the College Chapel. Mr. Rondthaler is an alumnus of the University, was a member of the graduating class of '93 and was at one time President of the Y. M. C. A. He is a clear and forcible speaker and a very cordial invitation is given to all students and friends to hear him.

The regular week day meetings will be held throughout the week as usual and all are invited to attend.

The leaders are as follows: Tuesday, short devotional services by Johnston, and business meeting. Wednesday, Satterfield; Thursday, Coffey.

The Philadelphia Base-Ball Club has offered the "Giants" \$15,000 for the release of Geo. Davis; but President Freedman makes light of the offer.