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OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

DR. JOHN P. D. JOHN.

"The Worth of a Man" is the Subject Presented in the Chapel Last Friday Night.

Dr. John P. D. John, former president of De Pauw University of Indiana, and platform lecturer for the last ten years, delivered an interesting lecture in Gerrard Hall last Friday night upon "The Worth of a Man."

"The worth of a man depends upon our standard of greatness, upon the unit that we take as a measurement, upon the view point from which we see man." Here Dr. John gave two viewpoints from which man may be judged; first, through the small end of a telescope and second, through the large end.

"Looked at through the small end of a telescope man is seen in comparison with the universe of which he is an infinitesimal part. We see his utter insignificance as compared to the great solar systems and his miserably short life of three score and ten as compared with the unmeasured flow of eternity. Thus man limited by space and duration is insignificant, but limited by the law of God he is helpless, for the law of God is no respecter of the strong or the frail, but all must alike obey its inexorable commands."

Here Mr. John gave some startling, but interesting statistics regarding the effects of the cigarette habit upon American youths. Next he discussed man and his moral acts. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." A Biblical, but also a true scientific saying. Mr. John then gave a number of short concise statements which are well remembered: "Pay day will come for every deed and to every doer;" "The inner act right at one time is right forever;" "Winking at sin never transformed it into virtue;" "What is wrong in a prayer meeting is wrong in a saloon;" "What is right in hell is right in heaven."

Mr. John next looked at man through the large end of the telescope. Here man is seen as greater than space and duration and law, of infinite dignity and possibilities. Man subjecting law to his masterful genius is wonderiul; limiting space is supremely great; as a law maker he is God-like.

Thanks, Awfully; We're Sending One By the Next Train.

The Virginia Tech.

We are sorry we cannot gratify THE TAR HEEL'S feminine curiosity about our society editor. His, her, or its identity is an editorial secret, one that we cannot divulge even for the pleasure of displaying the many accomplishments of that gifted individual before an envious and admiring public. But our society specialist has consented, after much persuasion, to attempt to train a TAR HEEL understudy. So send us up your most promising candidate and we will see what can be done.

BISHOP STRANGE PREACHES.

The Always Interesting Question Receives an Interesting Treatment at his Hands.

Right Reverend Robert Strange, of Wilmington, preached the University Sermon for March in the chapel Sunday night. The sermon was easily one of the ablest heard here this year.

Bishop Strange chose for his subject: "Salvation." This is the word most characteristic of Christ. He is spoken of not as an example but as a Saviour. This raises the question: "Saviour from what?"

The modern idea of Christianity is too much like fire insurance. You go through a certain form, agree to believe certain things, agree to do certain things, and in return therefor you will escape burning in the other world. Nowhere in the New Testament is the word salvation followed by the word fire. In every case it is followed by the word sins. It is from these that Christ came to save us, to purify us for Him.

Man looks on sin as a luxury, God looks on it as a curse. Look backward over our history, witness the work of sin and decide for yourself, "Which is right?"

Salvation is always concerned with sin, past, present and future. Christ snaps the cord between cause and effect and stands between the sinner and the consequences of his sin. Power is the thing we need and Christ gives it to us.

Great as is the negative side of salvation, the positive is yet greater. It gives us the power to grow on forever toward the highest ideals, approaching as a limit, yet never attaining, God himself.

Philologists Meet.

The Philological Club met Tuesday night. The following papers were read:

"The Infatuation of Ruy Blas"—Dr. J. D. Bruner.

"Christian Names from the Greek"—Dr. Eben Alexander.

—The Modern Literature Club will meet tonight at 7:30, No. 16 Alumni building.

In the Societies.

There was no regular debate in the Di society last Saturday night. The meeting was given over to the reading and adoption of the revised constitution.

Before the Phi Society the question "Resolved, that the University should have recitations on Saturday as on any other day of the week" was handled with considerable ability and won by the affirmative. Mr. Giddings making the best speech.

Mr. W. S. Bernard who had been invited by the society to speak to them on this occasion responded with an excellent talk on "Industrialism and Education in North Carolina."

NOT ON THE PROGRAMME.

A Bold Bad Band of Seniors Add a Fitting Climax to Dr. John's Stirring Lecture.

The lecturer ceased speaking. For an hour and ten minutes he had held his audience, painting for them vivid pictures, transporting them by sheer force of will upward through limitless leagues of space, onward mid countless worlds which whirled and spun with speed unmeasured and unmeasurable. In a tense stillness broken only by the sound of his voice he had risen round upon round to the climax of his peroration, then, altering his manner and dropping his voice he said simply, "This, Ladies and Gentlemen, is the Worth of a Man."

Slam! Bang! came simultaneously from the two sides of the hall, as the windows were hurled upward. S-s-s-h Bump! and before the eyes of the electrified audience a hideous creature, clad in a robe of white and with face unspeakable, shot down a dangling rope from the small balcony overhead and alighted squarely in the center of the rostrum, where he leered about him. The people in the audience caught their breath. Those with sufficient presence of mind pinched themselves. The others sat transfixed. With lightning-like rapidity other ropes were cast down and swinging from these and leaping through the open windows on either hand, dozens of white clad figures rushed upon the rostrum. The lecturer had started to seat himself in the rear of the stage, but as the first form loomed above his head he changed his plans and as a dozen others came into view he fled precipitately, ten feet at a leap.

Over the four hundred minds of the audience there flashed ten million thoughts. Was it a visitation from the beings of some of those worlds which had been so aptly described a few moments before? Was the lecturer a magician and this the result of his wonderworking? Were they the shades of the once terrible Klu Klux? Or spirits from the lower world.

But in less than a minute after the first arrival, the rostrum was full, the incoming ceased and the usurpers gathered together. The spectators breathed more easily. It really looked as if they were going to give a yell and thus establish the fact of their collegiate nature. And so it was. Forth from the distorted mouths and painted lips, reassuring by its very familiarity, yet thrilling by its intensity of feeling, came this deafening chorus: "Yack-Yack-Ray-Ray Yack-Yack-Ray-Ray Carolina Varsity! Boom Rah! Boom Rah! Carolina! Naught-six! Naught-six! Naught-six!"

There it was! No fiends from Plutonian regions could deliver themselves of a Yackety Yack with that ring to it. And the windup gave the first clue to the identity of the ghostly forms.

THE PASSING OF BETSY.

Her Passion for Fun Proved Her Undoing and the Campus Knows Her Buoyant Self No More.

Betsy, Dr. Alexander's shepherd dog, is dead. Somebody poisoned her and she died Saturday morning. There were those who thought the spirited dog had not an enemy in the village, but the unfeeling act which caused her death proves such not to be the case. Those who saw her romping over the campus saw her at her best; those who saw her grab the cullud man by his trousers saw her at her worst. With all her good qualities—and she had many—Betsy had this one great fault. A cullud man doesn't like to have his pants gnawed, even though it be highly amusing to others, and so he simply poisoned her.

There was reason, however, in Betsy's tackling stunts. From a pup she accompanied her master to the football field. There she saw men grab at one another and fall in an intangible heap. There she heard loud applause. There she applauded herself. Why should she not imitate? She did. But the rules of the game were debarred against her, and the result of her imitation was death.

Only two weeks ago Tito, the companion of Betsy, recovered from a sprained ankle. Then together they marched again as of old, and again they made the campus merry with their pranks. From early morning till dark they roved—when they, like the Arabs, silently stole away.

Aside from the one fault of tackling the cullud man Betsy was a lovable creature. She was particularly fond of "Happy," and was on good terms with everybody about the college. Though she did not love all the students, she was devoted to some. And all the students were friends and admirers of her's. Here's hoping she's in dog heaven.

Again they came together and a second yell resulted, this time a vigorous "Boom Rah Ray." A commanding figure waved a signal. Into line the company fell, wheeled and dashed out through one of the windows as silently as it had entered.

Disappearing for but a moment the Seniors reappeared, each bearing a flaming torch. Forming into a double line and holding aloft their torches they marched silently through the crowd which was pouring out of the chapel, down to the corner at Pickard's hotel, thence east to the next street corner. Pausing here and massing together with a veritable forest of fire overhead they woke the echoes with their cheers. Again the signal "forward", and the march back was begun. When Gerrard Hall was reached once more, torches were cast aside, masks and gowns were torn off and no fiends at all, but thirty five Seniors held a joyous Senior singing.