

THE TAR HEEL

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WHAT ABOUT MERCER?

What about Mercer? Not since Dr. Henry Van Dyke spoke here four years ago has any man so caught this student body. Two night addresses, two chapel talks, one meeting with the fraternities, numberless private interviews—and for a week Mercer was the center of discussion at every group on the street, in every boarding-house, and in the great majority of rooms. The Vice-President of the United States, the Secretary of the Navy, the President of Yale, all sorts of distinguished men, professors, poets, and experts in every line (many speaking under unfavorable circumstances, it is true), have come and have gone and have been forgotten; none has made the impression Mercer made.

Why? What is the reason? Why the triumph? Two reasons, mainly; the message and the man. Mercer talked about the matter that is of greatest interest to every man, one's self. He knows more, perhaps, about one side of college life than any other man in America. He qualifies as an expert in the biggest subject you can find. But that is not the explanation of the stir of the past week. To reach the heart of the matter, go straight to the man himself. Other men, well qualified too, have talked on this subject, but they are forgotten. Mercer is Mercer, and there you have the real explanation. He might have presented his case in a thousand other ways, and have done well; he did present it in his own way, and he succeeded as no other has succeeded. The story of his life, the experiences of scores of college men, the combination of delicacy and fire in him, the perfect gentleman, the man himself—no, Mercer will not be forgotten.

SPEAKING OF EXTENSION.

Speaking of extension work, how about the record of the past few weeks? What with the Dramatic Club charging through the eastern part of the state, the Glee Club singing to the west, the basketball team chasing over to Raleigh or Greensboro or Wake Forest or Elon every other day and then scooting through Virginia for a whole week of it, the wonder is that there is any University at all left at Chapel Hill.

NORTH CAROLINA AND ELSEWHERE.

Hats off to Editor S. H. Farabee of the Raleigh Times, the bravest man in all this state. He has had the audacity to dream a dream; he is making a serious effort to reform athletic conditions in North Carolina. The informal conference among representatives from Trinity, Wake Forest, A. and M., Elon, Guilford, and the University, held recently in Raleigh, and the resolutions passed by them and recommended to the several colleges, might possibly seem significant to a citizen of California; to any one who has come in contact with state conditions they are interesting only as examples of what is not now and what will not be for many a long year. It is one thing to meet and recommend; it is another thing—and the whole wide world lies between—to change recommendation into action. The plain truth of the matter is that the recommendations will not become rules. Adopt a one year rule? Why, man, don't you know your own state? This is North Carolina in the year 1914. What can you expect?

Not yet, Mr. Farabee, not yet, but thanks all the same. You can hardly expect one college to take the step unless all do, and there is no danger of that.

Why is it, Mr. Farabee; why it, Trinity, Wake Forest, A. and M., Elon, Guilford; why is it, gentlemen of the University, that athletic conditions in North Carolina are behind those in the S. I. L. A., in the big eastern universities, in the Western Conference, all over the country—why is it?

BASKETBALL AND BASEBALL.

The king is dead. Long live the king. The basketball season is a thing of the past; the baseball season is rising to its crest. On the very day when Captain Long's men were winding up with the last Virginia game, Captain Bailey's men were having their first real practice game. Basketball has not been a crowning success this year, though there is nothing disgraceful about the showing. Indeed, when one considers the disadvantages under which the game is played here in the University, the showing is every bit that could be expected. The difficulties of practicing at night and the interruptions of the Christmas holidays and examinations are well-nigh fatal to a game in which success depends so much on team work. And when you add to the ordinary difficulties the especial difficulties which have arisen this season, why, Captain Long and Coach Cartmell are to be congratulated. Edwards and Tandy were disqualified in the middle of the season, and Homewood was incapacitated through sickness two days before the deciding Wake Forest game. Excuses are never justifiable, but the 1914 team will go down in history as the champion hard luck team.

Here's wishing better luck to "Rabbit" and his crew and that keen son of a keen father, Earl Mack. Tomorrow week the umpire will cry "Play ball" for the game of the season. A late start necessitates harder work and more encouragement from the fans. Prophecies, like excuses, are never justifiable, but from every angle it looks like a stronger team than last year's. Any way you look at it, baseball means spring, lazy weather, long afternoons, the crack of the bat, the snap of the ball, the desperate slide, and "All the time, big boy".

Tom Jones, of Asheville, was taken into D. K. E., Tuesday night.

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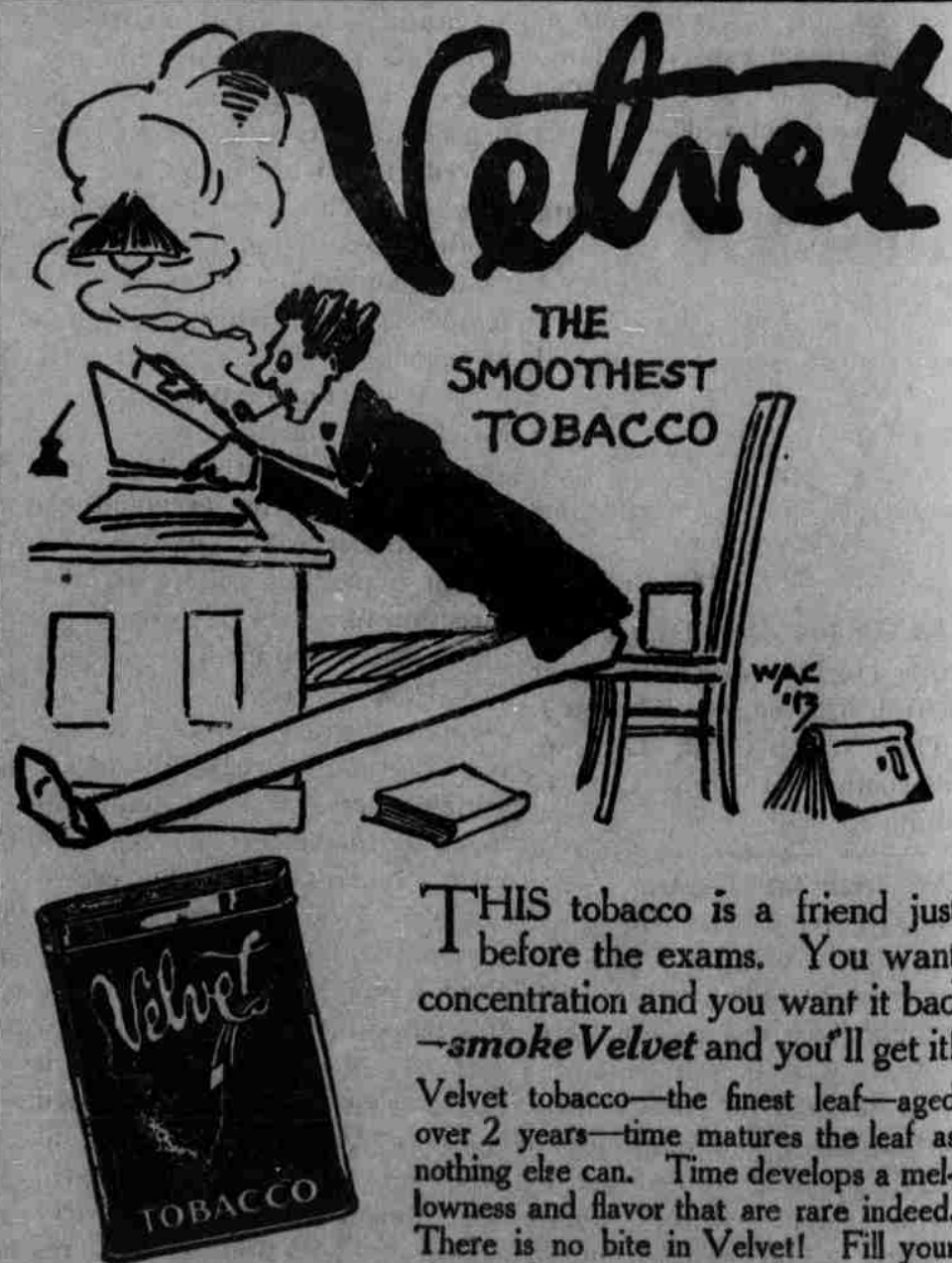
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