

Just Gossip

The great game was about to begin. A multitudinous sea of faces looked down from the ethereal height of the grandstands to the white chalded diamond below. The bleachers were full and even standing room was worth a fortune. A tense and hushed silence spread over the vast throng. The umpire was announcing the batteries.

And then a great burst of cheering, which shook the enormous stadiums from top to foundations, broke forth upon the still atmosphere. Indeed, there was reason for this glad outburst. The renowned and universally famous horsehide tosser, "Pig-Eye" Towler, and his equally competent and popular mate, the All Fiji Island star, "Beef" Ketchie, had taken their positions.

Calm was finally restored, and the great umpire, Thomas James Wilson, III, called "BATTER-UP!" Larry Moore James walked shrldu shrldu shrldushru advanced to the plate. His teammates were confident; his opponents were dismayed. The stands rocked with noise. Everybody was in a state of "delirium tremens."

The pitcher shot one over with a velocity that would make Walter Johnson hide his face with shame. The great champion swung to meet the ball. His form was excellent and the arc described was a large one, but there was no resounding crash! His opponents roared; his supporters were downcast.

"STRIKE ONE-E-E!" shouted the ump. Again he swung with the same result. His fellows thought the game was surely lost. The invincible "Pig-Eye" was winding for another. And then it came!

The batter swung. There was a frightening cracking and splintering of wood, and he was racing for first. The stands on the right went wild. Everybody jumped up and knocked down his neighbor beside him. Colors were waving. A beautiful rose, thrown by some fair damsel in the throng above, struck the racing hero in the face. He looked up and smiled, but his business was farther on and he could not delay.

But alas! The inevitable, the unthinkable, had happened! The nonpareil Larry had bunted! He suffered an ignominious death on first.

"Mighty" Smith followed him, and fanned! The game was certainly lost. Despair was widespread. And then came Pat Cummins, who, through main strength and awkwardness, managed to get on first, but died there, on account of Shamburger's pop fly.

And so the game rocked along until the last of the ninth. The score was 0-0 and the game promised to end in a tie.

But then things began to happen! The great Towler came to the bat and singled over second. "Beef" followed, and after much persuasion, the pitcher walked him. It only required five minutes for him to walk to first and by that time "Runt" Lowe had advanced to the plate. He also singled, and the bases were full.

With becoming dignity, "Fatty" Stevens threw off his blanket and stepped forth. He was the hope of the century. He it was who had been selected by Providence to vanquish the rivals. His position was one of the greatest in the game.

The pitcher hurled the pill with great momentum, and Steve let it go—just for luck. The umpire called it a strike.

Another ball was advancing with lightning-like rapidity. Steve spat upon his hands, grasped the stick firmly, spun around on his heels three times, and let go at it.

There was a collision, and the catcher ducked. The ball in its backward movement missed Mr. Pickard by a hundred thousandth of a millimeter, and crashed into the window of South. There was a splintering and breaking of glass, and a dull thud as three chairs, the table, and two dressers succumbed to the attack of the onrushing missile and turned over.



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"STRIKE TWO-O-O," was the ump's decision.

The critical time had arrived! Could he do it? That WAS the question.

Once more "Fatty" saw the spinning sphere coming at him with the speed of a Ralph de Palmer. Once more he struck. The bases were full. They were calling upon him to bring them in. Once more there was a raucous crash and the ball began to rise. On and on it soared and the watchers followed its course with their field glasses. They grew pale, and their breath came in gasps. Would it do it? It soared on and at length reached the top of the highest tree in the dim distance. A great sob passed over the assembled throng. It had done it! The poor little unsuspecting bird had been struck by the unrelenting pill, and it fell to the ground stone-dead.

The three runners had long since reached home, but where was "Fatty?"

When, after fifteen minutes, the dust had settled enough to distinguish human forms, it was found that "Fatty" was lying prone across the first sack, (which he had been able to reach by knocking a home-run) with the first baseman sitting on his head, the ball held securely in his right hip pocket.

The crowd was satisfied as it trudged away from the field behind South to the umpire's cry "OUT!" which was probably the case in regard to the latter's upper strata.

PROF. W. S. BERNARD SPEAKS TO FORSYTH ALUMNI

On last Friday night in Winston-Salem Prof. W. S. Bernard, before the members of the Forsyth County Alumni Association, presented the cause of the proposed Students Activities building as a memorial to the name and service of the late Dr. E. K. Graham.

Prof. Bernard in presenting the plan for the proposed building showed how the University, the faculty, and the students as a man had leaped forward to the call of service on all occasions. With the county club work, the high schools contests, the folk players, the students and faculty have met the call to service. Graham put Carolina on the map, said Prof. Bernard. All universities were at a loss as to what to do with the S. A. T. C., but ours is the only one in the South that went back to its regular work smoothly, because, under his preparation, the University was ready. President Graham, said Prof. Bernard, was as much a casualty of the great struggle as the men who died in the trenches. From his deathbed came the admonition, "Boys, Carry On."

And these boys are carrying on their efforts to erect the building to his memory because it is carrying on his work and is a memorial to his work. The speaker told of the active part the Graham spirit had played in the student activities, and in creating on the campus the spirit of a democratic citizenship that had resulted in the Student Council, or government by the student body, which is the case in no other big university in the country today.

The plan for this building was conceived by President Graham, and is to serve as a home for student activities, social intercourse, and a place to entertain the relatives and friends visiting the students. Prof. Bernard told of how in twenty minutes the students at the University now subscribe \$20,000 to the fund on top of the heavy subscriptions to Liberty Loans and to the war saving funds. In conclusion Prof. Bernard said that the greatest figure of the war is gone, but his moral, social and civic work will live down through the annals of time. This memorial work should not be confined to the alumni of the State. Others who have felt his influence would consider it a deprivation not to be permitted to assist in building a monument to our leader, a monument that will represent in every sense the spirit and influences started by one of Carolina's most loved sons.

Mr. Theodore Rondthaler followed Prof. Bernard and spoke of the love of the students for Dr. Graham because he stood for the whole man and knew almost every student by his given name. The building, said Mr. Rondthaler, will be the embodiment of the heart of Carolina, the "E. K." spirit that permeates the whole campus.

The Winston-Salem journal says that the interest shown by the former University men at the meeting indicates that the local association will get behind the movement and give liberally toward the erection of this memorial building which will mean so much to the life of the students, as well as to the visitors to the University.

At the meeting resolutions of regret of the death of Drs. E. K. Graham, M. H. Stacy, and K. P. Battle were passed by the association.

FORMS OF CITY GOV'T DISCUSSED BY N. C. CLUB

The different forms of city government in vogue in the U. S. were set forth and discussed during the meeting of the N. C. Club last Monday night. Mr. W. M. York presented, in a paper, a general survey of the subject. Accompanying his paper he explained by means of diagrams the differences between the three most important forms of city government, the aldermanic plan, the commission plan, and the city manager plan. In choosing between the commission and the city manager plans, he stated that that the desirability of each depended upon the size of the city. As applied to North Carolina towns and cities he indicated that the city manager plan would be the better one. Further discussion of the subject was made by Mr. Harold Williamson, who, in the main, agreed with Mr. York. He pointed out that the city manager plan is a democratic one, and that it is a superior one because it fixes responsibility. After this presentation,

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the club held a short discussion upon the subject. The consensus of opinion was that the city manager plan is preferable in our larger cities, but that our smaller towns present a situation in municipal affairs that is not met by any of the devised plans.

W. C. Gibson and G. W. Wright, of Gibson, N. C., spent Sunday and Saturday here visiting J. M. and Peter Gibson.

COMING UNIV. SMOKER AROUSES INTEREST OF THIS END OF COUNTY (Continued from Page 1)

Admiral Simms says that in spite of the fact that he has cracked his voice, and labored industriously for nearly a year trying to train his awkward squad, their knowledge as to military tactics seems to be growing in a minus direction each day. The committee has asked a review of this squad, now since they are soon to be mustered out of the service, and the Admiral has finally given his consent to display the knowledge of the squad.

The gym squad is to pull off some of their clever stunts during the last part of the smoker. The stunts themselves are worth a good afternoon's entertainment, and none should miss them. Check Burton, who caught quite a number of new stunts from the leading jugglers of New York during his stay there last summer, will stage all these new stunts with some of his old ones which the audience never tires of.

The Queen of Sheba announces that she will be glad to introduce all of her leading actresses just after the show. If you want to meet the leading twentieth century stars be sure and remain for a few minutes after the curtain drops.

All must wear green ribbons and bring fifty cents.

SENIOR SMOKER FOR CO-EDS WAS A MOST DELIGHTFUL AND ENJOYABLE NOVELTY (Continued from Page 1)

proved how much the averaged reader observed outstanding advertisement slogans. The prize fell to Miss Pritchard and Mr. Curtis Volger, the booby going to Master Samuel Calvert, although contested by Dr. Moss, who said: "I only answered one, and got that wrong because I said Coca-Cola was the national drink."

Prof. Collier Cobb was then introduced. Of course he prefaced his remarks with several jokes. He then told of some of Carolina's first co-eds and of one who wrote a love poem to her English professor, and the poem came out in the college publications. Then, as there is a great deal of interest on the campus in North Carolina folk lore, Prof. Cobb, who is an authority on the folk as well as on the rocks of the state, traced some folk stories of the eastern coast back to the days of Sir Walter Raleigh. He then read some of these as written for the magazine several years ago by men from the coast region, who had gotten these stories as they had been handed down for generations.

"The Stringed Four" next put in their appearance. While the young ladies daintily munched salted almonds and the men enjoyed "Lord Chesterfields" in spite of the luxury tax, all the latest rags were rendered by this partly imported orchestra.

Dr. Moss was then given the floor. "I always believe in a man following his calling, but I am not going to preach tonight. It is past drawing near the close of your college career, and we people of Chapel Hill hate to see the classes go. We learn to know your

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names and faces, and mis you when you leave. Lots of men come to me with their troubles, and I try to get them to stay on here for M. A. degrees or anything to keep them. A year doesn't mean so much to you who are young. Think of the Great Master who spent thirty years in preparation and preached only three. Do you, pick the one thing you like and can do best, and become a master of it not a half-size man."

The meeting was then thrown into an informal gathering. Enoch Price mysteriously asked each Senior to give him an adjective, which most of them could actually do. Then the committee began filtering in and out of the kitchenette serving cream and cakes. Mr. Price then read a paper in which the adjective proved to fit in very humorously. The first Senior-Co-ed smoker adjourned being declared "The Best Yet."