

THE TAR HEEL

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Published Weekly

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KNOWLEDGE

A La Mason

Once upon a time, with many a fearful chill we left the puffing dinky line and rode up to the Hill. There we met the enterprising, salesmen of the sophs and ran afoul of scores and scores of grim and wizened pros. The former sold us tickets, to the campus and we spent, many a scared simoleon, for our radiator rent. The latter when we gazed upon their fierce begoggled, peepers we shivered at the very thought that they should be our keepers.

But now the end of the year is here 'tis time that we take stock to see that the knowledge that we've picked up in college is solid and firm like a rock. For we'd have it known that our head is not bone and that we after knowledge have yearned, with much retrospection for its quite a collection, here are the things that we've learned: "Fishes are weighed in their scales, an elephant packs its own trunk, but rates never tell their own tales and one seldom gets chink in a chunk. Sick ducks never go to the quack; a horse cannot plow its own mane, a ship is not hurt by a tack and a window never suffers from pane. Dogs seldom wear their own pants, which fact lays them open to scorn, no nephew or niece fancies ants and a cow never blows her own horn. A cat cannot parse its own claws, no porcupine nibs its own quill, though orphan bears still have their paws, a bird will not pay its own bill."

We are nearing the close of an irregular term—two quarters. Our work has been interrupted from time to time—Junior Week, High School Week, baseball, and other weeks that have left some of us too weak for a week's real work. And the week's real work is immediately adjacent.

These breaks, however, were made in filling certain engagements which we every spring make with the young people of the State. They enjoy their visit to the Hill, and we look forward to entertaining them when they arrive. At the same time, we have these things to do in addition to our regular work. Two more weeks that are important, and we are on the home stretch; to make good necessarily means hard, earnest work. Are we going to let dreams of this Summer's vacation keep us from doing our duty? No! Then let us sow seed now from which we shall be glad to reap just before we depart for the Ellysium fields of Summertime.

Yesterday's dream of being a college man has already become the reality of today, and tomorrow will see it in the discard. You've got to step lively now and keep on stepping if you don't want to get lost in the crush around the pie-counter where the delicacies of life—fortune, success, and last but not least, a wife and a "dip" await those who do not "lie down" on the last stretch.

The habit of just getting by is one of the worst conditions that a college fellow can get into. It is prompted by the kind of mind that in after life thinks that just anything is "good enough." The man who is content to "just get by" will never get anywhere. Mediocrity is to be shunned as would a pestilence. The fellow who just "gets by" is always wondering why So-and-So passed the course and himself "flunked."

A VERY SLOW CURRENT

This is the last current issue of the Tar Heel. A feature issue will shortly be issued for extensive circulation. Now, all that remains for us is to address a few words of farewell to you and to wish you Godspeed and good-luck in your summer's journey.

We will not recount the policies by which we have administered your paper this year. Suffice to say that we have at all times tried to keep before us the fundamental that we were your representatives on your paper. The columns of the Tar Heel have been open to any one of you at any time for a free, frank expression of opinion on topics of campus interest. We are glad to say that you made good use of that opportunity. Thus, it seems to us, we have more nearly approached our ideal of being a truly representative college paper.

At the time when the normal activity of college life was wholly changed by the vigors of military life, the Tar Heel alone, of all the other campus publications and organizations, was able to carry on. Given its greatest opportunity for genuine service, we are happy in our belief that it did not fail.

A newspaper whether a forty-two page feature, or a small four page college publication may be a vital thing. In its dry, crackling pages may be put the elements of life. If this may be done, the paper, large or small, is able to achieve.

We do not know if the Tar Heel did this. We believe it did. It saw the beginnings of the great, new government toward the greater Carolina the movement that has steadily gained in impetus and is even now sweeping us along with it. It saw the great student spirit, back in the dark days flicker,—but it knows the spirit never died.

And so, the Tar Heel closes what has been, perhaps, its most eventful year. A word of thanks, expressed here, is the least as can give the loyal group of editors that have remained steadfastly by their paper amid the eddying currents of rapidly changing conditions. The close, clean spirit of co-operation between all the editors of the board is in the main, the chief reason for the paper's publication at a time when the publications of other colleges, with a groan of despair, gave up the ghost.

Thus endeth the annals of the year. But even now we look forward to the beginning of the great new year—we who have gathered from the ends of the state at this the treasure focal point.

To those who will not return we give the high sign of good Carolina fellowship, believing in the ultimate success of true, Carolina gentlemen.

To those who will return—Come! let us achieve together! And so, farewell!

LET US RUN AND NOT BE UNFIAS

"There is a tie in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

Ambition is the force which moves every man who comes to college. We are either ambitious to get a degree and rest on that, or we are ambitious to learn so that our part in the world's life may be recognized and remembered. Ambition, like the good, often dies young. How many students of your high school have not come with you into the University? Their reason is simple. When they graduated they saw jobs ahead which usually will never be more than jobs and which presented to them possibilities of being independent—possibilities of leisure and money. Even though ambition exists to be the world's greatest engineer, many a man will allow himself to be drawn to a side issue that will lead him to be a clerk in a dry goods store for "\$20 a week to start," and perhaps \$29 a week to end with, 20 years hence.

This same rule applies to the college graduate and the same pitfalls and side tracks are open to him as were open when he left high school. More care is required by the college graduate in avoiding such distraction also, because more strenuous effort will be made to procure the college man as an employee than is made to obtain the services of untrained men. There are places galore for every graduate of a college. Any man or woman leaving this University could be a traveling salesman, a manager of store, a reporter, a secretary, a teacher, or a government employee, granting, of course, that a short period of special training be obtained. But consider the end of this beginning. Where will you be years from now? Perhaps at the head of a force of salesmen; perhaps the owner of a store; perhaps a sub-editor. Who will know your name? Who will point out your work and you yourself as a benefactor of mankind? What place will your name occupy?

Every one of us right now is headed for one great goal spurred on by our one ambition. Every one of us wants to do the world some service. Therefore, let us lay aside all encumbrance, look neither to the right nor to the left and run the course set before us. Four years at college is but a short while. Four years, creditable work, a degree, and we are out in the world to battle with life's current, swift and strong. Our work here done well, we are prepared for any task, however difficult. It is a fatal and deplorable tendency of a few Freshmen and Sophomores to drop out of the race either because the year's work has not been very satisfactory to themselves, or because they have lost all interest in college life, or think they have. We have found that the average student finds his Sophomore work easier and college life more pleasant than is the case in his Freshman year. And each year after the first, the student becomes more and more attached to the University.

May we suggest that every Fresh-

man, Sophomore, and Junior, when the exams are over and he leaves the University for the Summer's vacation, leave here with his mind set upon returning to Carolina next fall and finish the work he has begun, preparing himself for the right kind of citizenship—for service to his fellow-men nothing can keep a determined man from his ultimate goal. If it is necessary for some of us to drop down to the lowest rung of the ladder and work our way up, let's do that with a singlemindedness of purpose with which we shall later speed on to our own set goal. If some of us have wealth in our keeping, and our ambition in our hearts, for our own sakes let us not allow that wealth to retard the race for the goal. No attractions by the-side of the road must prevail.

LO! THE POOR PROFESSOR

The poor professor makes his entrance in a doubly significant way at the beginning of each new course. His sanity comes in for discussion with some and the more flippant tend to discuss the professor's appearance. No one considers the professor's salary and therein lies the prosaic rub. Risking damage to the conventional film covering financial affairs, we intend to say a word on the maximum wage of the college instructor and professor.

The Michigan Daily asserts that during the last 11 years the professor has not received a raise in salary. It goes further and states that ninety-tenths of the faculty are compelled to do outside work in order to live. The salary they do receive is proportionally one-half of the under-sized remuneration which came to them ten years ago. And still the species persists. Isn't it wonderful?

The fact that American professors are not known throughout the world nor are ranked with the leading scholar of the age is the result of poverty. Their grocery bills demand more attention than their research work even approaches. They are not financially independent as are many of their foreign contemporaries but, even so, they are still not paid so highly.

We suggest, in view of all this, that somebody take heart and boost the professor, his salary, and his community standing. It is plain that he is "in the service" for the betterment of mankind and not himself. Lo! the poor professor has been serving all these years.

MARRIAGE AS COMPARED TO WAR

Why are marriages and war so often associated? Because there is no difference. A fellow meets a girl and decides that she is the woman he wants to battle through life with. "He presents arms," "She falls in" they talk it over and decide on an engagement, at the licence bureau. "They sign up," and the minister "swears them in." There are only a few "Skirmishes" during the courtship, the real fighting comes after the marriage. That is when the man thinks he is a "Colonel," but he is only a nut. In Turkey a woman slams her husband—over here, vice versa. The wife is usually a great rifter; she rifles her husband's pockets every night; she takes all his large money and confines him to "quarters". Whether he has offended her or not, she has him on "mess detail." She makes all "counter-attacks" on the department stores, and knows how to "charge." She is his "commanding officer"—he is her "supply officer." His most important position is that of "paymaster." The most nerve racking part of the battle comes after the arrival of the "infantry," after this he does most of his "hiking" at night. The screech and scream of shells in battle are music, compared with the racket that is now with him. On entering the navy he can sign up for the duration of war, but there is no such clause as this in the marriage contract. Which is the better—temporary warfare or permanent? God help the married man!

ON TO BLUE RIDGE

There are six places in the United States where the Y. M. C. A. holds a conference for the college men. Some of these have already been held while the one in this district is going to be held from June 13th to the twenty-third. It would be fine for Carolina to send the greatest number of delegates this year. Just now Clemson holds the record with twenty-six delegates. All the colleges are planning to send more men this year than ever before and Carolina, to win, will have to send more than Clemson ever thought of. The University of California had ninety-nine delegates to the Western convention in California. This is one example of what a big thing the convention is and the interest taken.

To attend the Blue Ridge Conference is one of the very best things that a man can do this Summer. Then let as many men as possible make their plans to go and help fill the Carolina Cottage at Blue Ridge. By going you will get the association of the very pick of the South, and you will meet some of the best men in the country—it is a big opportunity, and if you can make plans for anything at all, be sure to include the trip to Blue Ridge.

RESPONSIBILITY AND TONGUE

No man is fit to be entrusted with responsibility until he has learned to control his tongue. He must think before he speaks; he must not allow prejudice or excitement or anger to

influence what he is to say. He must school himself to say the thing, the one thing, that is for the best interests of the job he is doing, and no more. When a man has learned this he is ready to tackle almost anything—American Boy.

CAMPUS COMMENT

The one lemish upon an otherwise favorable report of the trustees of the University of South Carolina was their opinion concerning the condition of the student's rooms. Poorly kept and unsightly was the verdict of our visitors to whom we showed our campus with pride. Which Brings us to teh question: Why can't we keep our surroundings neat and inviting? The lesson taught last fall seems to have all too soon left us. Yet a little care by the occupants of the rooms would work wonders and create quarters which could stand inspection from critical strangers. The janitor may be slovenly, he has many rooms to clean daily; but the cooperation of each student is the only solution to the problem.

The authorities are negotiating to secure a permanent health officer for the University, the duties of whom will be to keep the students in good health by seeing that the living conditions are conducive to this end. The students will be taught the whys and wherefores of sanitation and wholesome living conditions.

Now is the accepted time to learn the lesson of cleanliness. The man who leaves without having paid attention to his surroundings while in school will be inclined to overlook such matters if he happens to get into a town that does not take pride in its sanitary condition. No time is better than the present for reform. Let us finish the year right and determine to be more careful in these matters next year. The old men must set the pace for the new men who will be here for the first time next term.—W. H. H.

THE STUDENT AND HIS ROOM

When asked by a member of our faculty what criticism of an unfavorable nature they could make of the University plant as they had seen it, one member of the visiting committee from the Palmetto state stated that there was one. This was a friendly criticism of the lack of orderliness and neatness of certain rooms in the dormitories which they had seen. After a close observation of the equipment, conditions and life on the Hill, the gentleman from South Carolina said that the above was the only unfavorable criticism which they could make of the University. When we realize that this impression could have been good if some of us had been a little more careful, we are forced to experience a feeling of shame and regret for a duty undone. We have complained of the inadequate accommodations of the University, and yet we have neglected the chance to make good with what we have. It should awaken us to a sense of obligation to think that against all of the highly complimentary statements which were made by our visitors there was only one unfavorable criticism for which no one else but we can be held responsible. Of course, the rooms visited may have been exceptionally bad in appearance, and we believe they were. However, there seems to be a tendency for most of us to forget the valuable lessons of barracks police which were taught us last fall. All of us want to forget the many unpleasant connections which we had with Uncle Sam's shave-tails, but there are certain invaluable matters which should stick with us throughout life. One of these is the point of order and neatness in our surroundings no matter how humble and unostentatious they may be. The condition and appearance of our room is a mirror in which is imaged the true character, tastes, and mode of living of the man who occupies it. Besides being a reflection of the inner-man, the condition of a room will be a stimulus or a hindrance to study in so far as the room is orderly or torn-up. If we will only bear this in mind, future visitors will have no chance to criticize unfavorably anything for which we as students are directly responsible.—C. T. Leonard.

KEEP OFF THE GRASS

Undoubtedly Carolina has a lot to be proud of. The records of Carolina Alumni act as an inspiration to us all. We point with pride to the results of the baseball season. We can say that we send out our publications throughout the state without a sense of shame. Even Gooch's Emporium of Things Eatable and Otherwise is an object of admiration. But, seriously, what we are proud of, all of us, all the time, is the campus. None can deny that the stretch of green from the South Building to the street is "a thing of beauty." Indeed the beauty of our trees and grass and walks is unsurpassable. Our campus is artistically perfect, partly because of Mr. Pickard's intelligence and partly because of the Carolina spirit. When you come to think of it, isn't it Carolina spirit that tells you to waste three or four or perhaps five seconds and a few cents worth of shoe leather and walk around the long path, the one that was made for you to walk on? Isn't it your pride in the prettiest campus in the South that keeps you from "cutting across?" One pair of shoes

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crossing from Pettigrew to Alumni three times a day may do little harm in itself. But isn't the wearer of the shoes harmed—his self respect, I mean? "Cutting across" spells poor citizenship. What do you think. H. D. S.