

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY NORTH CAROLINA DAILY.

THE WHITE AND BLUE

CHAPEL HILL TELLS THE STORY OF HER HUNDRED YEARS, THROUGH POET AND ORATOR.

OVER 13,000 PEOPLE GATHERED.

The Love-feast at the Alumni Banquet Develops into an Offering of over \$16,000 for an Alumni Building--The Exercises at Night Close the Day with Two Eloquent Addresses by H. A. London and Stephen B. Weeks--The Roll-call of Classes Furnishes an Impressive Picture.

CHAPEL HILL, June 5th. To paraphrase a thought plucked from the sonnet of Mr. Stockard read by him to day, the hundred years age of the University is but a wider dawn draped in the gray color of the evening. Mr. Eller too touched in some wise upon the same vein as he closed his admirable address: the falling curtain of the 20th century but separates us from a greater light, or in the words of Joaquin Miller "the larger college." The University is now on the heels of "the larger college," where thoughts of men of different color one from the other come together with none of the shock felt by bigotry of days that are dead, but mingle with all the more picturesqueness of the newer mind because each thought has its own separate color.

But this condition of things is a resultant from an aggregation of forces that have been working in this University from the time the founders gathered under the old oak tree, up to the present regime under the skillful handling of President Winston. If there be a new University here to day, I have not seen it. There is the distinction between the alumni of later years and those of fifty years ago that there is between the old oak tree of over a hundred years on the campus and the newer growths about it. The old tree is bent, its shade is scantier, it does not breathe the June breezes with those deep respirations of the years of its deeper foliage, its leaves sing together, if with more sadness, not so richly as the deep-bosomed limbs whose leaves are like so many morning notes. But the song of both is the same, the song of the same winds against like foliage, differing only as did the voices of the old did from those of the young this morning in the singing of Old Hundred. One could hear the old and young notes going together in pathetic contrast, but the song was the same, and the spirit of the new alumni now is but a development, if possible, of that spirit which more than a hundred years ago put religious freedom at the base of a polity of a State of which North Carolina's young men are now the latest flower.

These things came to me, as I walked this morning about the campus so suddenly invaded by a throng that seems strange to its quaintness and oldness, and classmates walked together, with slower steps than then, a new snatch of laughter came from the balconies, of young women who were granddaughters of the sweethearts of other years, and the obtrusive college shout broke in, forgetful of all else but youth, while yet the Trustees just a few steps away were taking counsel of wiser things.

After the meeting of the Trustees, was to come the main feature of these memorial days, the celebration in the Memorial Hall. The people were slowly moving that way, the procession was forming and the story must follow now from the platform.

The great Memorial Hall at the University is in the shape of a horse shoe with the ends of the shoe enclosing a spacious platform in which are seated at 11:30 this morning fully two hundred and fifty men among the most distinguished in the State with an audience of 3,000 in front. In front of those on the platform to the left of the speaker's stand sits Governor Carr, who is presiding and who is now joining in the singing of the Centennial song with all the vim of his college days, and there is just a tinge of sadness about the faces of the alumni singing--alumni, some of them dating back over 50 years. Then the song by Mrs. C. P. Spencer seems to be made up of notes which gather up the past as they move along solemnly.

This song was preceded by a prayer of much earnestness from Rev. A. D. Betts of the class of 1855, the morning having been opened with the singing of Old Hundred, which was joined in by all present: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and the rest--all know the rest,--and the words seemed to take a meaning I have never felt in them before, because of the fruitage of thought which has been ripening at this institution through now a hundred years.

The morning is beautiful, the hot wave is getting a fringe of breeze upon it, and the wide open windows letting through glimpses of green trees and gray buildings are in grave contrast with the busy palpitation of fans over the crowded auditorium.

Descendants of Donors of the Site, Descendants of the first Professors and Faculty, Great grand son of Hinton James, first student. Representatives of other Colleges and Universities. United States Senators and ex-Senators, Members of Congress and ex-Members, Judges of the Courts of the United States, Judges and ex-Judges of the Courts of North Carolina, Officers and ex-Officers of the Government of North Carolina, Officers and ex-Officers of the Government of other States. Teachers of Public and Private Schools. Alumni of the University, Alumni of other Universities, Colleges and Schools. Students of the University: Resident Graduates, Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen, Law Students, Medical Students. Visitors. Citizens of Chapel Hill and Community.

The hall rapidly filled after the entering of the procession: for the crowd was ready and waiting for this the climactic day thus far. Some of the people were scattered about at private houses, some at the University inns, some loitering and chatting through the University buildings, or, in the case of many of the prettier coquettes, flirting with half-dozen sophomores at one time in the library. Many of the students were gathered about the campus now and then giving the college yell with a shout that seemed to shake the leaves above them. But they all began to come together as the lips of the college bell began to speak in language so well known to those whose ears from



HON. A. M. WADDELL.

time back have known that its request has ever been a command to come, since it called the "unprepared" from winter morning beds too well prepared.

In the midst of those who have gathered in the hall, many faces representing all parts of the State are distinguishable at a glance, and all are now paying rapt attention to the oration Alfred Moore Waddell, whose message, which he is telling quietly, as if to comrades, is gathering mellowness as he proceeds.

Mr. Waddell was introduced with elegance by President Winston. A swell of applause went over the building as the speaker took his place before the people, as well as in front of the sympathetic alumni in his rear. Mr. Waddell whipped in the outer edges of his address with historical reference to the early days and men of the University, having opened with a chastely conceived simile based upon Grandfather mountain and its seaward streams. As the orator proceeded, technicality of rhetoric seemed more and more to give way to warmer methods. There was charming word-sketch of men now gone--and as qualities of the professors of other days were brought out with deft touch, the faces of the Alumni on different parts of the platform would brighten up, according as each was more or less a protege of the professor in hand. The talk was taking the form of a symposium: for there were so many undercurrents of which the younger did not know, but the effect of which they could see. It was a loving talk, with the music of the heart, the closing tones of the speaker taking as on perfume a sadder tinge as he came near the end of his story, as he referred to the post bellum alumnus, who was to follow his "homely story." This was followed by applause, both from the high reputation of young Mr. Eller, so soon to follow, as well as for the modesty with which the orator had referred to the picture so full of feeling that he had just finished. As Mr. Waddell withdrew, his hand was eagerly grasped first by Dr. Kemp P. Battle, then by President Winston, then by others who were able to reach him, during which time there was generous applause from the whole audience.

Mr. Waddell was followed by Prof. E. A. Alderman who was heartily received as he came forward to read the Centennial Ode by James D. Lynch. Prof. Alderman is now reading, and his voice of pleasant intonation is easily heard over the hall, and is giving the best effect to the lines which at this moment refer so triumphantly to the past of the Uni-

versity as "blossoming out of the frost" of wintry days.

There was a running comment of pleasure at the soft, steady voice of Prof. Alderman as he took his seat amid applause.

He was to be followed by Mr. Adolphus Hill Eller, of Winston, who is getting just in readiness, while in the midst of the music Col. T. S. Kenan leads forward Mr. James D. Lynch, of the class of 1895, the author of the Centennial Ode just delivered by Prof. Alderman, whose presence, as he arose and bowed to the audience, and classes alike, created enthusiasm.

Then came forward young Eller, the orator of the New University as against the old, handsomely introduced by Col. T. S. Kenan, who characterized him as one of the brilliant alumni of the class of 1885.

Mr. Eller came forward slowly, simply clad in a black suit, with a white tie in an unstudied bow. He was perfectly master of himself, with not a quiver in his voice to betoken any suspicion that he might be at all shaken by the great occasion. Mr. Eller, though a man, say of 30, has the deep, deliberate utterance of one who is older, and he has the natural gift of maturity of pose and gesture, with meditative face of dark complexion, eye of quiet gray, and brow and chin and head all in harmony with a first impression of unusual force. He has just uttered a fine passage which caused the applause to break in as it has several times done. He is proceeding just now, asking with arms outstretched and much feeling "What has Kemp P. Bat-

tle been to Chapel Hill." (Loud and prolonged applause.) "More than any other man," continued the speaker. (Applause.) The speaker resumed, concluding a tribute to Kemp P. Battle which united the young men represented by Mr. Eller with the older ones who knew too well already the place that this distinguished man of a distinguished name fills among the forces that have made possible the survival of the University to years not far back.

Then Mr. Eller came to a task which was a delicate one passing with easy shading from the regime of Dr. Kemp P. Battle to that of the present President, Francis D. Winston, marking out the difference between new and old as if with rainbow lines, so gently was the passage and yet so distinct the sense of difference as he came to modern methods in all the handlings of all Universities as compared with those which were older. Mr. Eller took occasion to this point to refer with fine effect to his own town in a carefully wrought out and effective period. It was more: it was a live stirring thought--the thought of connecting "the humblest" to which "the public school was the freest," round by round with the University, toward the final great destiny of all the race of man. The speaker contrasted Salem and Winston with a touch, one being the "poetry of paths," as against the "power of progress," and generalized his illustration promptly and with force. Mr. Eller's peroration pictured the standing now between the two centuries which were greatest, on the capstones of the old University, on the portals of the new and looked forward in language that was glowing to the lifting of the veil of ignorance when the eternal light of perfect knowledge would come.

Mr. Eller retired with the ease of one to whom forcible words were natural seemingly unconscious that he had left a deep impress. He was at once surrounded by some dozen of the rising alumni who shook his hand warmly.

Next on the programme came Mr. Henry Jerome Stockard, North Carolina's poet. Mr. Stockard has none of the graces of the orator, nor the voice of a speaker. He has the pallor of the student, and the diffident bearing of a man who belongs to the higher grade of organists, as he does. He is not striking false notes; though many of them are unheard by people in this State who are busy about other things, the ear of the country keen for everything in the domain of the Beautiful that is new is listening to him. His people must know this here and now for future reference

The great magazines of the country are open to him, and those who know poetry will not be long in assigning him his place. Here is his strain which came with modesty and even some awkwardness from a soul, however, that is tender, and in which dreams yet unspoken sing together in harmony:

"As what to our dim-sighted human eyes Seem damps of evening gathering chill and gray

Around a century's slowly sinking day, Relentlessly expunging fields and skies-- In truth, are only morning mists that rise

But to be sundered by a level ray And backward driven from the heavens away, Where lift new heights engrained with unknown dyes-- So be thy life through centuries unborn: Around thy west no sunset's saddening gloom

Nor shades of night thy landscape falling o'er; But dawning ever of some wider morn, Whose reaches unconjectured sun's illumine-- Dayward till years shall come and go no more!"

The sonnet was a gem which has not yet been reckoned in taking account of the state's hidden treasures, and closed the morning exercises.

The afternoon was consumed in the Alumni banquet which was a brilliant gathering of the best men of the University. There were 250 present, the hall being well filled and all being comfortably seated.

At the main table sat his Excellency Governor Elias Carr, toast-master Col. Thomas S. Kenan, Hon. Thomas M. Holt, Prof. John M. Manning, Dr. Kemp P. Battle, Judge James E. Shepherd, Bishop Cheshire, President G. T. Winston, Chas. M. T. McCauley, the oldest alumnus present, being of the class of 1838, and the grandson of Matthew McCauley, one of the donors of the site of the University; Prof. Simmons, of Texas; H. A. London, B. G. Worth, W. R. Kenan, W. R. Webb, of Bell Bucket School, Tennessee.

After a hearty enjoyment of the banquet, those present sat for five hours with delight through the following programme:

Alumni Banquet, June 5, 1895. Song--"The University of North Carolina." TOASTS: "North Carolina and her University." Gov. Elias Carr, '95. "The Re-opening of the University in 1875." Robert Watson Winston, '79. "The University. It Merits the Support of all Patriotic Citizens." Ex-Gov. Thomas M. Holt, '53. "The Four Maries" Kemp Plummer Battle, '49. "The University in its Relations to Church and State." William Anderson Guthrie, '64. "The University and the Alumni--what the University does for her sons" Herman Harrell Horne, '95. "The Alumni and the University--What her sons owe their Alma Mater." Lochie Craig, '80. Charles Duncan McIver, '81. "The University and the People." Marion Butler, '85. "The University and the Press." Josephus Daniels, '88. "The University and the Public Schools." Alexander Graham, '68. "Our Sister Universities." Dr. Paul B. Barringer, Univ. of Va.

The speeches began with spirit and developed into nothing less than an intellectual fusillade, and before the close, the feeling of University was so un-bosomed as to amount to almost a hallelujah meeting of good fellowship and pledges of lasting loyalty of heart and purse to the upbuilding of the great institution. Lack of space alone prevents a summarizing of the efforts, all which were heart turned loose eloquently into word, and before the love-feast was over, a spontaneous movement came toward the rearing of a new Alumni Hall.

The fund for this object raised was \$16,100, D. G. Worth \$500, T. M. Holt \$1,000, J. S. Carr, \$3,000, Jas. Parker \$100, class 88 through E. M. Armfield \$500. Class of 65 through Paul B. Means \$200 making \$5,000 for class including J. S. Carr's. A. W. Haywood \$100. Jas. Mann for class of 85, \$500. Class of 81 through H. W. Winburn and C. D. McIver \$500. Hill Burgwyn of Pittsburg, Pa., \$500. Class of 86 through N. H. D. Wilson \$600, Dr. R. H. Lewis \$100, F. D. Winston \$100, James and Joe Manning \$100, B. A. Capehart \$100, R. H. Battle \$100, B. F. Geady \$100, Benehan Cameron \$500, T. S. Kenan \$100, Class of 80, through Thos. H. Battle, \$1,000, James E. Shepherd \$100, Prof. Simmons \$100, Edmund Jones \$100, W. F. Shafner \$100, J. B. Batchelor \$100, Class of 90 \$300, Henry Johnson \$100, Hugh L. Miller \$100, C. C. Covington \$100.

Senator Butler predicted that hereafter Baptists who opposed the University could not be elected to the State Baptist Convention.

At night, the exercises of the day were closed with addresses by Henry Armand London on "The University During the War," and Stephen Beauregard Weeks on "The University Alumni in the War."

There was then a roll call of the classes that have graduated from the University; and, as each class was called, its members would respond by going upon the platform and taking seats which was deeply impressive.

Special exercises were conducted by several classes, as they were called. To-morrow will be the final day of the celebration.

GREENSBORO SCHOOLS

YESTERDAY WAS THE TURN OF THE METHODIST FEMALE COLLEGE.

KILGO'S SERMON TO THE CLASS.

The Personality of Jesus Christ was his Subject--Though a Natural Life it was a Life Raised to Higher Conditions and Embodying Profounder Depths--Alumnae Reunion in the College Parlors--Address by Mr. John W. Hayes.

GREENSBORO, N. C., June 6. White and green, the tasteful colors of Greensboro Female College, are in evidence all over the city. The bunting hangs in graceful festoons from arches and store fronts or winds in graceful spirals about posts and columns.

The chapel of the college, perhaps the handsomest in the State, is gracefully decorated in the college colors. This morning at 11 o'clock President Jno. C. Kilgo, of Trinity College, preached the sermon to the graduating class. Seated on the platform were, President Dred Peacock and members of the faculty, and a number of ministers, among whom were Revs. Dr. J. A. Cunningham, Dr. John R. Brooks, A. P. Tyler, Dr. James H. Weaver, W. H. Bagley, L. W. Grissom, H. M. Blair, Dr. P. L. Groom, President Caighead, Dr. Clemson O. Mege, S. C.

The managers and marshals carry white and green wands and look carefully after every detail of the management. The managers are: Margaret Wadley, chief; Lillie Harper, Louise Allen, Kate Griffin, Margaret Hollingsworth, Maude Castlebury and Julia Moore; Marshals, Clyde Ellington, chief, Leila McGirt, Claude Johnston, Georgia Laws, Lizzie Sparger, Annie Pierce and Sallie Whitaker.

"Praise God from whom all Blessing Flow" was sung by the congregation standing.

After prayer, the young ladies sang "Holy, Holy, Holy." President Kilgo then read the first scripture lesson, the seventeenth chapter of John.

Hymn 102, "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross," was sung. President Kilgo announced as his text two verses from John: "And this is the record that God has given us, eternal life. He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son hath not life."

The personality of Jesus Christ, he said, is the great basal knight of Christianity. John bases his gospel on the personal life of Christ, which is the very essence of the gospel. In all its mysterious, wonderful union of the human and divine, John gave its right conception.

He did not discover in Christ any great exceptional fact. Christ to him has a very natural face, a very natural life. He traces easily the movements of thought through the labyrinths of truth. John was no transcendentalist: he was a great naturalist. The life of Christ transcended all miracles. It was a normal life to stand as the exception through all the ages. It was a life raised to higher conditions embodying profounder depths and greater expression, but still a natural life. John Erwin, in the mystical union of branch and vine, never stops until he puts you there.

The text makes Him the force of eternal life. We cannot define anything except a composite: whatever is simple is not susceptible of definition. Philosophy's definition is a cold and senseless attempt to get at the essence of life. Herbert Spencer calls it the "correspondent to your enainment," a definition as cold as the silent tomb. We are familiar with forms and manifestations of life but we cannot define life itself. Life is traced from the vegetable to the animal kingdom always growing higher and nobler and broader. You might settle the vagaries of life if you would know that life defies all formula. It is a grander and sublimer miracle of this dual life in the body of man. Life cannot have anything common, nor do anything common.

A still higher and grander expression is found in eternal life. He came out of eternity and brought eternal life with him. He knew that this eternal life would at last bring him back into the bosom of the eternal. This great eternal distinguished him from the rest of mankind and on this he mounted to the throne of God. Christ once wanted to get rid of all of that great power that was swelling in him. He took three apostles to a mountain and they saw life surge so high in magnificence and splendor and glory that it smote them to the ground. God bathed them in lustre of that midnight hour and when he saw they could not bear it locked it again in his bosom. When he shall come in all his glory with the holy angles around him he will burst the dam that holds immortal life and send the waters out in a mighty river. He at one leap went beyond former standards and said: "Man shall not live by bread alone." Infinity knows nothing of the little conception of the temporal. That life not only mounted the grave, the law and whole universe, but crowned itself at the very height of divine glory. Give your faces to no enterprise that does not constitute and put into force this life in Jesus.

Like the child with its baby doll; death trying to play life. That's what we are

at to-day. Life is no shame, no force. "He that hath the son hath life," and eternal life. Life is conscious and has its proof in experience.

And then this life has its consummation. It fills the earth and fill the grave, tears down the bar and lets us out in to a region transcendent in its glories, majestic in its mighty reaches. You have to lead a life to-day, I commend that life to you, with all force and fire.

I hope that I have said to you something that will make you stronger, fix your faith firmer and that has caused you to realize that there are things that are real. May God bless you and put into you that life that is in Christ.

The Alumnae reunion was held this evening in the college parlors. The following was the program: 1. Prayer. 2. Vocal Duet--(Selected,) Mrs. B. H. Merrimon and Mrs. Myra Albright. 3. Recitation--Hagar, Miss Lillian Small. 4. Piano Solo--(Selected,) Mrs. Myra Albright. 5. Vocal Solo--What I Shall Hear, (Piccolomini), Miss Lillian Hill. 6. Address to the Alumnae--Mrs. John W. Hayes, Oxford, N. C. 7. Benediction.

Mrs. Hayes' address to the Alumnae tonight was rich in good things and full of the spirit of the present and the scenes of the past. It received high compliment.

BASEBALL YESTERDAY.

Baltimore Defeats Chicago and Takes Second Place in the League.

BALTIMORE, Md., June 5. --The champions defeated Chicago easily to-day and went into second place. Hoffer was effective, giving the visitors but one hit in each of the six innings. Baltimore made three runs and won the game in the second innings. While Baltimore was at the bat in the sixth a heavy shower stopped the game for a few minutes. Play was resumed and two men were out in Chicago's half of the seventh when rain began again and the game was called. Twenty nine hundred spectators were kept in the stands for an hour by the storm.

Baltimore, 1 3 0 0 2 0--6
Chicago, 0 0 2 0 0 0--2
Batteries: Haffer and Clark; Hutchison and Moran.

Hits: Baltimore 8; Chicago 6.
Errors: Baltimore 1; Chicago 4.

St. Louis 13; Philadelphia 2.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., June 5. --St. Louis easily defeated Philadelphia this afternoon. Breitenstein was very effective, but four singles and a double, the latter by McGill, being made off his delivery. McGill was hit freely in the first and fourth innings and was relieved in the fifth by Smith. Five singles and a double were secured off the latter and these, with three wild pitches, enabled the visitors to score six runs. Hamilton scored both of Philadelphia's runs. Neither being earned. Weather cloudy; attendance 4,500.

Philadelphia, 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0--2
St. Louis, 4 0 0 3 0 0 0 3--13
Batteries: McGill, Smith, Bidentri and Grady; Breitenstein and Peitz.
Hits: Philadelphia 4; St. Louis 4.
Errors: Philadelphia 4; St. Louis 2.

Pittsburg 4; Boston 2.

BOSTON, Mass., June 5. --Time and again in to-day's game the Boston's had men on the bases with no one or only one out, and yet failed to come to time with the necessary hits. A little opportunity batting would have given them the game hands down. Killen pitched a great game and Nichols kept pace with him. A lucky combination of scratch doubles gave the Pittsburg's their three in the third inning. Attendance 2,000.

Boston, 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 1--2
Pittsburg, 0 0 2 0 0 1 1 0 0--4
Batteries: Nichols and Ganzel; Killen and Mack.

Hits: Boston 7; Pittsburg 8.
Errors: Boston 0; Pittsburg 3.

Cincinnati 6; Brooklyn 4.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 5. --Cincinnati secured its first victory on eastern soil this afternoon. Foreman was wild in the first three innings, but then settled down and had the Brooklyn's guessing during the remainder of the game. The home players only finding his delivery for one hit in the last six innings. Gumbert relieved Daub in the seventh, but he came too late to save the game.

Brooklyn, 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 0--4
Cincinnati, 3 0 0 2 0 1 0 0--6
Batteries: Daub, Gumbert and Grim; Foreman and Spies.

Hits: Brooklyn 5; Cincinnati 9.
Errors: Brooklyn 2; Cincinnati 2.

New York 7; Louisville 3.

NEW YORK, June 5. --The New York's beat the Louisville's in the tenth inning to day by scoring four unearned runs. Up to that time the visitors played a sharp game. German was hit harder than Inks, but his support kept Louisville from scoring.

New York, 0 2 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 4--7
Louisville, 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 1--3
Batteries: German and Wilson; Inks and Welch.

Hits: New York 11; Louisville 11.
Errors: New York 2; Louisville 3.

Game Stopped by Rain.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 5. --Rain stopped the Washington-Cleveland game to day in the fourth inning, the score standing 4 to 0 in favor of Washington. The visitors had not made a hit off Stockdale, while the locals batted Young for six singles and a two bagger, earning all their runs. The rain lasted twenty minutes, but umpire Long, after inspecting the grounds, concluded they were too wet to play on. Despite the threatening weather two thousand people were present.

(CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE.)