

THE TAR HEEL.

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Vol. 3.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA, CHAPEL HILL, N. C., MAY, 9, 1895.

No. 29.

The Chance of a Lifetime.

Thursday evening, while the rain clouds were chasing each other away over the star studded sky, and the light of the full moon was just beginning to fall on the damp earth, a party consisting of two carriage loads of college humanity was wending their muddy way over the Purfoy mill road to Merritt's School House, where there were in progress the closing exercises of a country school.

The outgoing trip was uneventful, and save for the crunching of hard apples and the huge puffs of cigarette smoke, added to the slash of mud and the dislocation of the surry seats, the gentle rustling of the damp night breeze was undisturbed.

Soon, however the scene suddenly changed, for just a little ahead and to the right gleamed forth the flickering lanterns suspended from the ceiling of the school house, a rather plain structure some thirty-five feet in length and about twenty-three feet in width, lined cross-wise of course with mediæval desks, and with the usual rostrum covered with chairs at the farther end.

Now it might be proper right here to state that the assembled concourse of femininity and masculinity comprised the elite country folk of Orange, who drank in deep draughts the nursery rhymes of the the graduating class, and heard with peculiar pleasure the guitar selections of two celebrated rural artists. And when the self-constituted and self-invited Glee Club of college boys rendered a medley on the rostrum, beginning with "Brother Michael, won't you hand me down that rope," and ending with "We are selling kindling wood to get along," the applause was something deafening; but hist! reader, the climax has not yet been reached. Mr. VanAstor New Amsterdam Batchelor steps nimbly forward as the snowy white stage curtains are gently pushed aside, and in that mellow red apple voice now famous for its touching sweetness, murmurs in rhythmic cadence that poem of feeling, "The Pardon Came too Late." The scene which followed is indescribable. The roof of the building sailed heavenward on the last high note, and the entire audience was bathed in a flood of tears for the boy whose pardon came too late.

Three collegians who sat in the sad throng felt their hearts beat with pride for the self-solicited efforts of their comrade, and were smote with pangs of regret at their humbleness.

The last number of the evening, a duet, was sung amid the drying of eyes, and the memorable commencement of Merritt's School was ended. The college heroes of the occasion were almost suffocated with congratulations, caresses and fond, longing looks from the lassies, and Leader Batchelor, McNeal, Wittson, Bradwell, Brown, and Braswell never felt their importance more. The feature of the evening was the high tenor singing of A. W. Parton who sang with the Club and who by his voice and presence lent special charm to the melodies.

As the boys dreamily took seats in their carriages, many were the varied thoughts that filled their large-brained heads. They had at last aired their musical throats to a large and appreciative audience. They saw before them a career of unparalleled success on the stage

in the grand opera. They charmed multitudes in the large cities of the world, and when at last they lay down to die—but Chapel Hill is again reached and musings are brought to an end, for some uncouth youth, regardless of the feeling of his comrades, strikes up "Won't you come up to Libry," and as the last note dies away the carriages have stopped in front of the South Building and a pleasant good-night has been said.

Centennial Commencement.

PROGRAM FOR WEDNESDAY.

The program for the celebration of the Centennial Commencement of the University has been completed and is a very interesting one. This celebration will take place on Wednesday, June 5, of commencement week. The exercises will begin in Memorial Hall at 11 a. m., with the singing of a Centennial Hymn, composed by Mrs. C. P. Spencer, who has been for many years intimately associated with the life of the university, and intensely interested in its welfare.

Then an oration on the "Old University," 1795-1861, will be delivered by North Carolina's most gifted orator, Hon. A. M. Waddell of Wilmington, N. C. The speaker graduated from the University in 1853, and no other man is better fitted for this occasion than he.

Following this will come a "Centennial Ode" by James D. Lynch Esq., of the class of '95. Mr. Lynch is an alumnus of the University, a member of the Philanthropic Society, and a prominent man in the State of Mississippi. He is author of "Columbia Greeting the Nations," a national ode written for, and accepted by, the World's Fair Commissioners.

Next will come the "New University," 1875-'95 by A. H. Eller Esq., of Winston, N. C. Mr. Eller graduated with the class of '85 and is recognized as one of the leading young lawyers and orators of our state.

After this a "Centennial Sonnet" will be presented by Mr. Henry Jerome Stockard, who is fast winning a national reputation as a poet. He was here as a student in '92-'93. Since then several poems have appeared in the *Century* and other leading Magazines as the product of his pen.

The Alumni will then adjourn to the Gymnasium where an alumni banquet will be prepared for them at 2 o'clock p. m. They will sit by classes and various appropriate toasts, both prepared and impromptu, will be given.

At night there will be in the Memorial Hall, a reunion of the Alumni by classes.

At 8 o'clock p. m., an address will be delivered on "The University during the War," by Hon. H. A. London, who is well known throughout the state. He graduated with the class of '65.

This will be followed by an address by Stephen B. Weeks Ph. D. of the class of '86, on "The University Alumni in the War." The speaker is one of the leading historians ever produced by our state and is now connected with the Bureau of Education at Washington. His historical work is attracting attention throughout our country and his address will no doubt be a very valuable one.

After this there will be a reunion of all the classes and ten minutes will be given to each class for its exercises. Of course the most of the night will be consumed in pleasant recollections and reminiscences by the sons of the University who have become famous throughout this union since they last met within the University walls; but a night spent in this manner cannot fail to be enjoyed by old students, and will surely give stimulus and enthusiasm to the progress of the University.

Songs

FOR THE VIRGINIA GAME.

Tune--They Wanted Me to take His Place.

The base-ball boys at Charlottesville are in a terrible stew.
They've lost their famous first base, and don't know what to do.
'Twas just a year ago to-day, that how they raved and swore.
When old "Cap" Smith told the team that he would play no more.

CHOURS.

So Neely had to take his place and do the best he could.
To try and catch our boys on first.
Th'o trying was no good.
Then at the bat, he tried so hard to drive the ball away.
But he saw to do this he would have to practice many a day.

Tune--He's Never Done Anything Since.

1ST VERSE.

One day a Virginian picked up a stick
And he's never done anything since,
He stepped up to the plate and hit a lick,
And he's never done anything since.
When the ball flew away U. Va., did howl
But the joyful look turned to a scowl
For the umpire had yelled it was a foul,
And he's never done anything since.

2ND VERSE

Virginia once thought she could play baseball
And she doesn't think so any more,
U. N. C., showed her she couldn't do it all
And she doesn't think so any more,
She thought her victory o'er us would be great,
And that we would not even cross the plate,
But now we've surely sealed her fate,
And she doesn't think so any more.

Tune--The Man that broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.

1ST VERSE.

We've just got here from U. N. C., from our dear old college town
We to Greensborough came, just to win the base-ball game,
For with Collier in the box we'll surely win,
For with Collier in the box we'll surely win.

CHOURS.

As we walk along the base-ball field
With a triumphant air
You can hear them all declare
They always do get there.
Then for us the girls will call
Then the U. N. C., boys will squall
We are the team that beat Virginia playing base-ball.

2ND VERSE.

We came to win the championship, we'll do that thing or die.
We will run up a large score
Before the game is o'er
And then we'll be the champions of the South
And then we'll be the champions of the South.

Virginia's Waterloo.

TUNE--WHEN I AM AN OLD MAN.

Our boys have come to beat to-day,
Virginia in a game,
And we are going to beat so bad,
That she won't know her name.
Virginia thinks she knows just how,
To play a game of ball;
But when she meets her Waterloo,
She won't know how at all.

CHOURS

Virginia can't play ball,
Virginia can't play ball,
And when she meets her Waterloo,
She won't know how at all.

The Varsity is bound to win,
For that is how she's made;
And that will put Virginia,
A little in the shade.
Just watch the Carolina boys,
What clever boys are they,
And we are bound to win the game,
For we know how to play.

CHOURS:--

Let's everybody give a shout
And everybody whoop;
For Carolina's in the swim,
Virginia in the soup,
Hurrah for Collier, Gregory,
And Stanly and the rest;
Hurrah for Carolina, boys,
She plays the very best.

Tune, Marching through Georgia

Virginia came to Greensboro,
Her thoughts on victory bent;
Losing the game to U. N. C.
Was far from her intent.
She hadn't the faintest kind of thought
That her defeat was meant
By old U. N. C. forever.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for U. N. C.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for U. N. C.
She is the finest of them all,
And now we sing with glee,
Dear old U. N. C. forever (bis).

But soon she learned a thing or two,
Not to be found in books,
For she saw the Carolina boys
And didn't like their looks;
And Collier's balls had many a turn
And fifty different crooks;
Oh U. N. C. forever!

Exchanges.

Yale is considering the advisability of giving up compulsory chapel.

The University of Wisconsin has ten debating societies.

The endowment of Davidson College has been recently increased by \$30,000.

The Yale base-ball team won four out of seven games on its Southern trip.

The University of Michigan has formed a permanent summer school to begin July 8th.

The undergraduate course at Johns Hopkins is to be extended from three to four years.

The University of Cambridge has formed a banjo and mandolin club, modelled after the American college clubs.

Harvard foot-ball practice has commenced and will last till the middle of May. There will be no summer practice.

The faculty of Boston University has decided to allow work on the college paper to count for English in the regular course—*Ex.*

Eyes were made to droop,
Cheeks were made to blush,
Hair was made to crimp and curl,
Lips were made—oh, hush!—*Ex.*

The University of Chicago keeps a tennis team of eight men continually in training. These lose their places if challenged and defeated by ten outsiders.

The corporation of Harvard University cannot agree with the faculty of that institution about the game of foot-ball. Consequently another big game between Yale and Harvard may be considered as certain.

Whist and chess clubs appear to be flourishing in all of the leading colleges and universities of to-day, and as an outgrowth of the clubs many enjoyable inter-collegiate matches have been held.

President C. K. Adams, of the University of Wisconsin, in speaking of foot ball, says: "If you trace the antagonism to foot ball, you will find that it is most intense where the person criticising the sport knows the least about it."

His strong right arm embraced her
Perhaps a bit too tight,
A soft weak wail—"bone broken"
Escaped her lips so white.
Her sisters's whispered question
At once divined the cause,
For to her words the maid replied.
"Why, yes, of corset was."
Williams Weekly.

Arthur's arms were still around her;
Several minutes had gone by
Since the first kiss had been given,
And he had sworn for her to die.
"Darling," gently lisped the maiden,
Red as roses grew her face,
"If you never loved another,
How then learned you to embrace?"
Joyously he pressed her to him;
Whispering in her ear in haste;
"Foot ball trainers at college
Made us tackle 'round the waist." *Ex.*

When underneath these oaks we walk no more
And step into the restless, waving sea
Of strife, that will surround us when we leave
This starting-place upon the road of life,
Though now we think Time's hour-glass
choked and slow,

Be sure that when we look back to to this time
Through mingling mist of broken hopes and dreams,
From battered ship that Life's rough storm
has strained,
we'll think these days the shortest ever
passed,
And every day since, longer than the last.