

THE TAR HEEL

Official Organ of the Athletic Association of the University of North Carolina
Published Weekly

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To be entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Chapel Hill, N. C.

Printed by THE SHEMAN PRINTERY, Inc., Durham, N. C.

Subscription Price, \$2.00 Per Year, Payable in Advance or During the First Term
Single Copies, 5 Cents

The Sophomore Banquet. Come ye "Bloody Sophs" one and all to the Soph. Banquet Tuesday night at 9:30 p.m. Mrs. Swain has kindly consented to lend the use of her domicile to the class for this one night performance only. There will be eats, eats and more eats. Also music while you eat. Style, that's '21 all over. Sepakers; co-eds; pep; and a few other things that only Sophs have at their festive boards. Come early to be sure of a seat. Purchase your admittance where-with-all from President Leipfert, Donnell, Van Noppen, "Fats" Fulton, "Scrub" Rives, Colvin T. Leonard, and Patrick Cummings. The small fee of \$2.00 is all they ask of you—they 'low as it is worth much more than this to be a Bloody Soph., much less to have a banquet for Sophs only.

"AS YE SOW—"

Endorsing the truth of the statement that a man's career in college is nearly always indicative of his career in after life, Dr. Chase presented one of the most interesting and practical chapel talks of the year. Dr. Chase's remarks throw out a challenge to every student in the University. If our success in life is to be determined by the way in which we conduct ourselves, the things in which we interest ourselves, and the achievements which we attain here at Carolina, then for some of us, unless there is an immediate and proper readjustment, success in life is indeed "pretty slim," and this term is a mild description of our chances.

There is prevalent among some of us—and at that, perhaps too many of us, the idea that our college career is only a pleasant holiday, that when we receive our diplomas for having sat through classes for four years, we will then go out into the broad world—and "make a gain."

The fact of the matter is that a student in after life will be practically the same as he was in college. Nobody thinks that college life is not a part of the world's life. In a university are found the same problems, the same inevitable questions, and the same two roads of life. If a man is shiftless, lazy, and unmindful of his opportunities in college, he is going to be the same after he leaves. A college course is not only a preparation for life but is also life itself. It is no playground on which the unfortunate can spend four years before he settles down to doing something. Those who make it simply a playground, too, never accomplish anything worth while.

Of course, exceptions to the rule are sometimes found, but if we glance at the college careers of some of the prominent men today we find that in college they were interested, energetic and active in college affairs. They were no grinds, but men who kept up their work and took active interest in what was going on around them. One who watches the graduates of the University year after year must inevitably come to the conclusion that a man's career in college is nearly always indicative of his career afterwards.

NOW'S THE TIME

University students have more time for intellectual pursuits than any other class of men anywhere. Their business is to learn things, and to be well posted on questions of importance. Many of them let that business slump in a deplorable fashion, and are considerably better posted on "Mary's Ankle," the next dance, or the latest adventures of Mr. C. Chaplin, than the Peace Conference, national politics, or the Constitution of the League of Nations.

If any period was ever history in the making, the present time is certainly that period. Things of universal moment are happening, and any person who even attempts to

attain average intelligence, tries to keep track of current events, even if only in the latest fashion.

Greek sculpture and the Renaissance period are important, but the fact that a student is learning something about these subjects does not mean that the present period is without significance for him. Any man or woman now in the University who expects to be an intelligent citizen of this country will spend some time with present-day activities. He cannot afford to do otherwise.

THIS WILL BE GOOD!

One of the many advantages which the University has to offer the students from time to time during the college year is the excellent series of lectures by men of national and international repute. Quite an expense attaches to procuring these lecturers. However, realizing the importance that every student be given the opportunity of this cultural development, the Faculty Committee on Lectures has in recent years made the lectures entirely free.

A student's value on this campus is determined largely by the littleness or the bigness of the things to which he gives attention. On Wednesday night we have the rare opportunity of hearing Dr. Charles Zueblin, of Boston, a world famous publicist, lecturer and author.

An account of Dr. Zueblin's work and the subject of his lecture is given in another part of the paper. We take this opportunity to urge that every student who has in the past neglected public lectures at Carolina come out Wednesday night and share with others in profit and pleasure guaranteed, we believe, by a lecturer which promises much in the way of depth of interest and the power of personal appeal.

HIGH CHURCHMAN FRIENDSHIP

By Frank Hartford

Not long ago I received a letter that contained food for thought on the old theme of friendship. It was a sort of a first cousin to the little reminder you get now and then that your account appears to be overdrawn and that your presence at the window with the necessary addenda will be appreciated. It was one of those kindly, confidential, altruistic overtures that your friend, who wants you to stand well with all and sundry, makes to you occasionally to let you in on some wry things that concern you personally and that you, with little effort, can set right.

I had been guilty of the old sin that has been going on since the art of letter writing has come in, to add, like the telephone and electric toaster, to our convenience and joy, as also, incidentally, to our ire and expense. I had failed to reply to an old friend who had had the good heart to send me greetings that were now, alas, historic. The memory of my transgression was sufficient punishment. But the party of the second part had his memory too and it seemed that without shedding of blood there could be no remission of my sin. Hence the letter.

"I write you," so the little angel of peace began, "simply to put you wise. I know you have just been careless and haven't meant to go back on an old friend. But he feels he has been slighted and is very much hurt. I wish you would drop him a line. He doesn't need to know I have written you and your letter, coming to him apparently in an off-hand way, will set matters right."

Selah! I immediately reacted and used my offhand—both hands, in fact—and there is remission—until the next time. I jumped at the thought that matters could be set right and my bad memory is now effaced. But my anticipation of another transgression with its similar bad memory, haunts me—in true Rossetian manner—like a face half known. My Hague Conference will have to be convened. I see that clearly. One can't settle all his international problems at one sittings.

Legally, I use—and will continue to use my friends badly. I wish they knew, however, that with all my fault I love them still and that they could take the will for the deed. But that would be Millennium and it seems we must be content at present with Armageddon and Tribunals.

For example, you get Influenza and your neighbor bakes her pan of cakes which she sends to your relief. "How sweet of her," you say; "How thoughtful!" Then you recover, and behindhand with your tasks, you forget to ring up and render thanks. Of a sudden something jogs your dead memory into life and, Lady-McBethlike, you wash your hands in vain. If only the sweet cake lady could take the will for the deed! Or, let us say, you recover and your neighbor—she of the cakes—gets sick. Now it is your turn and you must make and send a custard. "My soul, these cake and custard doings," you say. You're cake, however, and reach for milk bottle and eggs. But the telegram calls you to the bedside of your husband's grand aunt and, departing hurriedly, the custard remains behind you an unfinished task. At the obsequies, solemn in themselves, you recall the other solemn left over culinary matter in your kitchen; and picturing the Armageddon that awaits you on your return, you find that in the very midst of death even you are very much in life.

Friendship, we are admonished, is very sensitive, easily hurt and must be kept in repairs. It is and it must

FRANK BARNETT



In 1912 there went out from Chapel Hill to Hangchow, China, one of the choicest spirits that was ever on this campus. In the two years that he was secretary of the Y. M. C. A. and graduate student in the University he was heartily adopted into the family of loyal Carolina men. He is now representing the faculty and students of the University at a great student centre in China, working to bring to those men there our own high ideals of life, trying to bring "the more abundant life" to the new China. Barnett was personally chosen for this strategic post by Mr. John R. Mott.

G. D. Crawford as chairman of the Barnett fund is conducting a campaign to raise funds for Barnett's support. Each dormitory will be canvassed on Wednesday night, April 16, between nine and twelve o'clock. The slogan: "Each man at a dollar."

The following letters which are self-explanatory have recently been received by the "Y" secretary here:

April 7, 1919.

Dear Mr. Wunch:

At Mr. Mills' request I have sent certain material on Saturday, and am enclosing a copy of a letter from Mr. Lockwood giving an estimate of the work of Barnett. I am sure you can proceed with your stimulation of interest in his work with the feeling that what he is doing is of fundamental significance.

It is seldom that a man wins so special a commendation as that which Mr. Lockwood has given in this letter. After all, the aim of the co-operation of the North American Association is to aid in developing indigenous Associations abroad.

We do not seem to have many photos covering this work. I am (Continued on Page 3)

—while young. All your things, like goslings, saplings, infants and young friendships, find it hard to weather the blast and we must watch over them in their tender years. Grown things, however, like geese and oaks and seasoned friendships, can hold their own against all odds. You couldn't kill them with a club. "Though he slay me yet will I trust in Him." That's the language, always, of the matured friend. The young friendship, like all young things, is clinging. It depends on environment. The matured kind is strong and self-reliant. The former has to be nursed. The latter has itself turned nurse.

My friend, whom I unwittingly hurt by my writer's cramp, is young in friendship. He has reached only the ritualistic stage in the social give and take. His is a Highchurchman friendship, the kind that makes the artistic demand. Our friends at this stage must conform to the prayer book and recite the collects of friendship. They must write up regularly. They must ask after us when we are sick and even send cakes. They must call on us and invite us to an interchange of social commodities. They must not have a party and leave us out. They must not make too much of other associates else we shall feel relegated.

"It's Moses and his Sinai, this. It's the thing written in the law. "See that thou make all things according to the pattern that I showed thee on the mount." Let the law be honored, you remain in good and regular standing. Let the law lapse, they begin to suspect you and talk about you as alien. The good, you see cannot receive the guilty. The law—bless you—has been dishonored and all relations are naturally and necessarily severed, pending the call of the Tribunal. This is the youth of friendship, although grown folk, many of them, pitch their tents in this reservation.

Once you have gone beyond the ritual, however, it is extremely hard to be any longer a successful ritualistic friend, the ceremonies are so exacting. The daily matin and vespers of this Sinai like one so busy that the Monk of Siberia did a very trivial thing compared with what this treadmill might bring to pass.

I have a good friend, whom, like the others, I have tried to kill off. He remains intact, however, after the bad weather I have sent him. If I write him he is pleased. If I remain silent after half a dozen overtures from him he still feels that my case is not by any means hope-

less. He will call me hard names, though wishing all the time that he had me with him. If his friends don't inquire after his health when he is sick he still says he will be so glad to see them when he gets well. When we seem to go back on him he doesn't suspect us at all. When any of us hold a secret from him he smiles over our claudesine proclivities. Every one—and his friends in particular—he treats in this way. His whole attitude is a case of "Simon, son of Jonas, feed my sheep."

This man's friendship is a grown thing. His world, you see, is not the world of things or the ritual of things but of the Spirit and he is in the spirit of things. He is in the spirit of friendship. He is at the Mount of Beatitudes. Still honoring the law he transcends it. He uses the ritual not as a thing in itself but as a man employs a handspike. And none of his apostles—save an occasional son of perdition—ever forsakes him or forgets him. Shutting his eyes to many a matin or vesper failure of theirs he still has a divine way of keeping them steadfast. If they falter in the day they steal back at evening for fear the sun will go down on their treachery, leaving hearts sore in the twilight when all mortals should be at peace.

It is the plan of Professor Koch to select three more folk-plays from his class in dramatic composition, to be produced here in a short time. A proposed trip to Raleigh and northern cities is being considered.

Dr. Archibald Henderson has accepted invitations to deliver a series of lectures in New York and Brooklyn in April, before the Columbia University, Institute of Arts and Sciences, and the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

Professor Noble and Albert Coates were speakers in Goldsboro last week at a meeting of University alumni and business men. The meeting had been called in the interest of the Graham Memorial.

Mr. C. T. Woolen spent Wednesday in Raleigh on business.

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10:20 A. M. 12:40 P. M.

2:30 P. M. 5:12 P. M.

4:00 P. M. 8:00 P. M.

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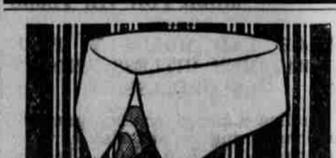
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