

THE TAR HEEL

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ANOTHER MESSAGE

Patterson Brothers Drug Company, and the Eubanks Drug Company have voiced their conviction regarding the needs of North Carolina for more adequate educational facilities. They have no illusions about the University of North Carolina and its needs. No one has because of superior familiarity with the conditions convinced them that a certain situation prevails and that they, out of patriotism, should spend some money in trying to get this information across to the State. The whole present situation is before their eyes. They have watched the University for years, and now so keenly do they feel the need for immediate relief that they have shouldered the burden of the two advertisements that the Tar Heel is running in an effort to further disseminate this information to the people of the State. Patterson ran the one on Friday and Eubanks the one today.

Competition or business advantage did not prompt them to do this because the two must inevitably divide the drug business of Chapel Hill, and they already get the major portion of the fountain trade. No not business; but their devotion to a cause expressed in a very definite way. They stand on the ground. They know the situation, and the keenness with which they realize the need for redoubled financial support of the University has compelled them to further the cause—the cause is rapidly involving all the people of the State.

DOCTOR STEWART'S LECTURES

Dr. Stewart began with a fair size audience and held it through all of his lectures. Few lecturers here recently have been able to receive a very large hearing. And so, in a way his audiences here were his own tribute. Some of those who heard him were complimentary, some were profuse in their expressions of appreciation while some few were critical. All can find ample justification in the lectures delivered, and the man delivering them for the several positions that have been taken. One thing we will all have to agree on: Doctor Stewart was certainly an able speaker who was able to hold his hearers from the first to the last of his hour lectures, he was obviously an able scholar with all the background of the history of the development of the religious consciousness of the human race; and with few illusions about Christianity, its place, its significance, its origin, and he illustrated rationality about the Bible and our own religion that few men that we have heard have been able to do who were in the position of a

clergyman of any of our present day sects.

For awhile it looked as though he were going to stand completely above theology, but finally, it seems to us, he gave way to it; and while we cannot agree entirely with all the things he said, we are confident that we make no mistake when we say that he is one of the ablest lecturers, and thinkers that have come here recently, and through the work that he did with those that came out to hear him he amply justified the work of the Boards of Religious Education of the Dioceses of North Carolina and East Carolina through whose efforts we had the privilege of hearing the lectures of Doctor George Craig Stewart.

SHOWER BATHS

There have come to the Tar Heel continuously for the last several months repeated expressions about the bathing conditions at the University, and numerous statements have been handed us which we have been unable to publish (some coming anonymously) because of different reasons. As a result of this insistent demand the Tar Heel has conducted an investigation which is reported elsewhere in this issue. After a scouting over the campus a reporter turned this statement which we publish.

We invite the attention of the University officials to this matter. Unquestionably present equipments are absolutely inadequate and while the student body is willing to endure everything it can until the University is physically able to provide amply for its care, it feels that here at least some temporary relief measures should be taken. There are, for instance, other showers on the west side of the gymnasium that are not in use. And in addition those in the large shower room are frequently out of working condition.

But even though it is impossible to provide additional showers now, we see no reason why the hours for hot water service cannot be lengthened. This would greatly relieve the present situation.

DISSERTATION ON FAILURE.

Men fail for the pleasure there is in it. Oh yes, there is pleasure in it just the same as there is in bad colds and lame ankles. Think of the joy you have derived from those specific ailments, joy resulting from the trouble you can cause others, the anxiety you can arouse, the lines of worry you can bring to another's face by some fearful groan or wracking cough. Just so has failure its pleasures. Look at the bum in the ditch, perchance not a result of too frequent

imbibition, since that species is about extinct, yet we still have a breed who dwell figuratively at least in the ditch. Look then at the ditch. See him consoled by that soothing knowledge which mitigates these mundane mishaps, the knowledge that had he but kept the "straight and narrow" he might have been an archbishop, a barkeep, or whatnot, in short he might have achieved the loftiest of pedestals in this sublunary sphere. That bum grew up as a romping boy, a mischievous kid who bedeviled all mankind and promised to become a great man some day. Had he but stayed at home and shunned the "primrose paths of dalliance," wooed and wedded the grocer's red-cheeked daughter, then settled down to simple village life, his doom would have been sealed and he would have become a stereotyped man, a known and trade marked quantity. He would have been spoken of as "just Eddie Bayes who married Nora Beans, works at the postoffice, has four children, an old red mare and a shiny black suit which he unearths only on special occasions—weddings, funerals and re-unions."

But no, that bum had lofty ideals. He wanted to be more than just somebody or other who married so and so and does such and such. He wanted to catch the human eye and to hear people repeat the age old slush about "what might have been" as a next best bet to really being somebody, latter policy having been discarded on account of the fact that it pre-supposes work in some form. How it thrills him now to think what he might have been, the dizzy heights he might have attained, the queenly woman he might have wedded. He would have been a great man, a prominent citizen, mayor of some city, governor probably—the alluring path of possibilities stretched out before him ad infinitum. His name, his repute would have gone the rounds of the entire earth. All men would have known him, revered him, admired him, if—

A wonderful field of reflection is

his. He has no limits, no bounds; he might have been anything great, anything noble, anything lofty. He is not "just Eddie Bayes what married Nora Beans" the grocer's red-cheeked daughter, but a creature of illimitable fields, a man of all climes, lands and tongues, a personage of manifold possibilities. What a God's blessing he never settled down, rusticated and become just so and so. He's just a bum, I grant, but think what he might have been, think what he might have been.

INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATES

The action of the Di Society and Phi Assembly at the Saturday night sessions in urging that the University be responsible for the intercollegiate debates which are carried on in its name, is the recognition of another thing that has been long rooted here and has, because of the change of the conditions, become grossly unfair to the societies and to the University. The two societies have no more right to contract with the University of Pennsylvania, or any other University, for an intercollegiate debate for "The University of North Carolina" than any similar sized group of men has to get together and challenge the State College of A. and E. to a game of football, in the name of the University. That's the unfairness of this dilapidated system for the University.

It's also unfair to the Societies. Long since, these societies have borne the entire expenses incident to carrying out of an intercollegiate forensic program while any man in the University has been eligible to a place on the teams whether he was a member of the Societies or not. This is not fair. If the societies must carry on the entire program, and be financially responsible for it, then they should not challenge any other institution to debate "The University of North Carolina," but should challenge them to debate the "Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies."

Conditions have changed in the

University, but many of the time-worn systems and practices of our forefathers have been handed down to us, to "sacred" to change, and we have now come to the point where they fetter and obstruct. These should be changed to meet the changed conditions—to meet the present day demands. This is a goodly illustration. Let's change and make it right.

THE WOMEN STUDENTS WELCOME NEW CO-EDS

Peabody Building Scene of Dance, Track Meet, Feed, Baseball Game and Art Contest.

Sounds of hilarity issuing from the co-ed room in Peabody building Tuesday night were occasioned by the informal reception given by the Carolina women students to the new co-eds entering college this quarter. The president, Miss Mary Cobb, greeted the new girls in the name of the Woman's Association and welcomed them to the University.

The victrola was started and in a dance in which the old students "led" introduction were completed. Miss Beulah Martin then proposed a game of baseball which she umpired with exceptional bravery. This game was for a time a tie between the blonds and the brunets, the former finally winning. The hit of the evening was a suit case race in which Miss Kathryn Farra won the championship, struggling into a skirt, sweater, gloves and overshoes, in record breaking time. The Dean of Women was much encouraged by the results of this race. After refreshments served by Miss Nell Pickard and her committee, Miss Lucy Cobb tested the intelligence and artistic ability of those present in a drawing contest, won by Miss Esther Cooper. At ten o'clock the party adjourned with a more unified organization for work during the remainder of the year.

Dr. John G. Bowman, director of the American College of Surgeons, has been chosen chancellor of the University of Pittsburgh, which duties he will assume January 1. Dr. Bowman is a graduate of the University of Iowa.

STUDENT FORUM

REFORM AND FROG PONDS
 Amidst a deluge of suggestions and "movements" for our improvement as an institution, let us take heed of the drainage system on the campus, or rather the lack of any such system. After a very slight rain we must need paddle around or seek new routes and devise new detours ad infinitum, for we are always finding that the place we waded through yesterday will not permit fording today, and so it goes. And when we really have rainy spells, several consecutive days, then indeed our campus becomes a sorry spectacle, an aquarium rather than a campus. The writer is not a drainage expert, but nevertheless, makes so bold as to maintain that there is ample room for improvement.

It is needless to cite the places—we know them and especially the frog breeding grounds which are kept, in season, around Swain Hall and behind Smith building. After a rainy spell this spot assumes a decidedly sealike guise and the basso of the bull-frogs may be heard ever and anon.

You recall the story of a certain great European city which loved the beautiful and built for itself exquisite mansions and avenues of wondrous beauty. The people there lived only for the beautiful creations of man; they thought not of the dull, insipid practicalities of life, but amused themselves with polish and finesse. Sewerage, drainage?—These were sordid, practical things and they studied the fine phases of life. Why should they study these things when they might amuse themselves with music and architecture and many other charming allurements. One day these people woke from their revelry to find themselves in the grip of disease and to find death lurking in every corner and staring from every side. Just a neglected sewer system.

While we are in no danger of a plague the case holds and if not for health and safety at present, then for comfort and convenience sake some method of ridding ourselves of the se myriad lakes should be devised. New buildings are fine—we need them acutely, but the surroundings of these buildings are just as important and if we neglect them we shall live to rue our neglect.

Oh, you Pete:



Remember Ratty Waters who tied the dishpan under Prof. Bunn's car at Princeton? He's now seriously inclined now—sells high grade bonds! Ran smack into Ratty as he was hustling for his a.m. fodder with a Camel cigarette perched between his lips and looking as happy as a turtle on a log! It's a pretty art—this opening up the morning with a Camel!

Well sir, Pete, what Ratty rattled into my rafters would supply Camel selling stuff for a year! "There's nothing to this cigarette game but Camels," said Ratty. "Their mellowness is a revelation and I never did run into such mildness in my life! And, when you figure that Camels have all the 'body' any smoker wants—well, I just marvel that such a cigarette could be made! Ever get such refreshing flavor?"

Pete, it was great to hear Ratty sing praises of Camels quality. And what a mouthfull he said about Camels blend of choice Turkish and Domestic tobaccos!

For instance, Ratty spread this:—"Shorty, I can't stand the usual unpleasant cigarette taste and unpleasant cigarette odor! Camels are free from both! (100% o.k., Pete!) And, they never tire my taste! When you pass by Camels you have slipped by your smoke signals!"

Tried to get Ratty to put some of that sales talk on paper, but he came back:—"You tell 'em, old Kettle—you've got the spout!"

Pete, Camels won Ratty's favor like they've won thousands of others! They'll win any man who gives them a chance!

PS.—Just wrote R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. I ought to help to slip a picture of the Camel package right along side the big name "Camel"—like this!—more ideas brewing!

Beating it for Buffalo this p.m.

Shorty



Camel

CIGARETTES