

# The Tar Heel

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Thursday, October 6, 1927

## PARAGRAPHICS

Petting parties are here to stay, avers a Greensboro nerve specialist. And how about Prohibition?

Levine is to fly over the villa of Mussolini and drop him a watch as a gift. Considering the conditions, the question is raised whether the watch will be an Ingersoll or a Waterbury.

If Will Durant succeeds in proving that progress is not a delusion, he may be able to do something for Tar Heel eleven.

Mexicans, in the midst of a presidential election, still believe in choosing their chief executive by means of bullets, not ballots.

Lindy rather likes pretty girls he informed a lady reporter in Memphis when she asked him why he refused to kiss girls. His liking being noted and considered, Lindbergh becomes more real.

"Why," asks one ardent Anti-Saloon lecturer, "is drinking among college students on the increase?" Not being aware of the increase, we join him in asking why.

## A NEGRO HERO

Witness the heroism of one James, a negro boy, of Pittsylvania county, Virginia.

A dispatch to a state daily from Danville Tuesday tells how the day before a negro boy's presence of mind saved the life of a 17-year-old girl. The story runs thus:

"Vivian Adkins, daughter of Alphonse Adkins, of Penhook, left on horseback yesterday afternoon to visit a neighbor near Callands. On another horse was her younger brother. A mile from the house is a small creek which is rarely more than a foot deep and which is forded. Under the violent rain which fell for several hours yesterday the brook became a torrent but the girl, thinking that the horse could cross the stream, urged it on. In midstream the horse and its rider were swept away and the little brother hearing his sister scream and seeing her disappear in the churning waters, turned his horse and galloped home to give the alarm.

"The girl was swept for half a mile down stream or to a point where the creek runs into Pigg river, which yesterday was an angry torrent. A negro boy whose surname is given as James heard the girl's screams and running to the bank saw the girl in the water. He could not swim but he kept pace with her, running down the river bank and crying words of encouragement. Finally the girl succeeded in grasping the overhanging bough of a tree. The negro boy told the girl to hold on while he ran back to the house for a pair of lines. Racing back with them the boy climbed the tree, lassoed the girl with the rope lines and making a turn of the line about the tree he held her in this position for an hour or until the mountain stream, falling almost as rapidly as it had risen, made it possible for others to wade in and carry the exhausted girl to shore."

This is the tale of James. It is seldom that a negro is credited with being a hero in this section. In the

south one more often finds that news of negroes touches on the base, sordid side of life. Criminal attacks, rapes, mob lynchings—these are usually chalked up against the colored race when its activities demand front-page space in the newspapers.

The story of James is different. His are the acts of the hero who wins rightful recognition in saving the 17-year-old girl from drowning. Such deeds remind that negroes, though not always so considered, are human beings.

Let the courage, the presence of mind and the perseverance of James be praised, for in him there is the stuff of a hero.

## CLIPPED

### THE WHITES WIN

Negro students are not allowed, and will not be allowed, in schools patronized by white in Gary, Indiana. White students went on a strike there demanding that negroes in the schools be sent to separate schools, and the white pupils, with their four day strike, which ended in a razzing for the superintendent of the schools, have won. There is undoubtedly much elation in Gary as a result.

The force of the problem is overlooked. Perhaps in all the south and for that matter, in the north, a group in influence which would demand that the negroes and whites be quartered in the same school, if the whites objected.

The negro has a place in American society, but his problem is to develop, not a place which will claim social equalization with the white man, but to prove himself well prepared for association on a much higher plane than he now associates. The negro race, under the stimulus given it, has not proved itself capable of accepting any great amount of responsibility, and until this responsibility is ably demonstrated, it is not reasonable to believe that the negro is entitled to more than is given him.

Under the laws of the land, the negro is entitled to the same justice which is given the white man, and he should get that, but until he is more responsible in life, the same thing cropping out at Gary will appear elsewhere.—The Rocky Mount Evening Telegram.

### NO WEST FOR YOUTH

(Kansas City Post)

One trouble with us younger people is that there no longer is a West for restless youngsters to strike out for and build up. In the old days, when the East was tired of a young man it told him to go West, and that settled the trouble. He went to the frontier and found plenty of work and adventure.

But now we young people must remain at home and try to get thrills by burning dad's gasoline. If we should go West with a rifle, an ax and a wife we would run across cities and farms and seek in vain for a land where we could live off the country.

The older people have taken the frontier from us and now it is their problem to find an outlet for our energy. We sons of sturdy pioneers are in need of a West.

### WHAT IS A DEMOCRAT?

(Columbia, S. C., Record)

Since David B. Hill, some thirty-odd years ago, convulsed the world with his declaration, "I am a Democrat," we have had occasion to query ourselves: "What is a Democrat?" The best we have been able to make of it is that a Democrat is not a Republican, a Populist, a Bolshevik, a Fascist, a Socialist, a Communist or an anarchist. But these exclusions do not enable us to answer the query: "What is a Democrat?" Does anybody know what a Democrat is? Has anybody a definite definition? Is Mr. McAdoo any more a Democrat than Mr. Hoover is? Is Mr. Lowden any more a Republican than Mr. Meredith is? We wonder. The Honorable James Bryce, seventeen years ago, in his revised "American Commonwealth," the greatest classic ever written about our government, had this to say about the Democratic and Republican parties.

"Neither party has any clean-cut principles, any distinctive tenets. Both have traditions. Both claim to have tendencies. Both have certainly war cries, organization interests, enlisted in their support. But those interests are in the main the interests of getting or keeping the patronage of the government. Tenets and policies, points of political doctrine and points of political practice, have all but vanished. They have not been thrown away, but have been stripped away by time and progress of events, fulfilling some policies, blotting out others. All has been lost, except of-

ice or the hope of it."

That analysis is as true today as it was in 1910. And that is what gives us an acute pain in our ventricular regions when we have to listen to the bunk of the McAdoos, Merediths, Heflins, Borahs, Caraways, Shipsteads, Norrisses, Haugens, McNarys, and others of the ineffable and inescapable bores that comprise the political leadership of America. We are often moved to such reflections when we contemplate the writhings of various politicians.

### One-Teacher Schools Disappear

(Charlotte News)

The one-teacher schoolhouse will soon be merely a landmark of former educational days in the memories of a generation. It has hardly been left to stand tangibly as a reminder of how schooling used to be carried on. In most cases, it has not only been abandoned, but the shack has been torn away; that at least has been the order of things in this county and State, and probably all over the country.

Although there are thousands of them scattered over the land yet, they are rapidly disappearing and tens of thousands of them have gone out of business within the last few years.

More than 10,000 of them were closed in the biennium 1922-1924. They are growing into large schools or being united with other schools to form central graded village or open country schools. These larger rural schools gain in number as the smaller ones diminish in number. More than 2,000 were formed during the biennium 1922-1924. At the present time there are approximately 15,000 consolidated schools in the United States. They have long been recognized as a means for providing rural children with educational opportunity equivalent to that provided city children.

### AN OLD OCEAN CHAMPION

(New York World)

The Cunard steamship *Mauretania* is 20 years old. When she came trumpeting into port Thursday, after a crossing but little behind the record, the ocean-wise were reminded that that record was set by the *Mauretania* herself in 1924, when she was already 17 years old, and 14 years after her first winning of the pennant. Before her time there had been a dozen new champions in 50 years.

Naval architects have not forgotten how to design record-making steamships. It would be easy to build a ship faster than the *Mauretania*, but it might not pay. The competition in ocean liners in recent years has been in the direction of greater comfort and a more complete equipment of conveniences and luxuries. If a ship is going to get in on the sixth day a few minutes more or less do not matter greatly. The reason why a 20-year-old ship can still claim the championship of the north Atlantic is that nobody cares. People who are in a particular hurry to get across the Atlantic are now watching the ships of the air, not those that in the good old fashion plough the waves.

### DANGER ON THE HIGHWAYS

(Raleigh Times)

Statistics of the State Board of Health as to automobile fatalities since the new speed law of forty-five miles went into effect do not bear out the criticism recently leveled at this legislation by former Congressman R. N. Page.

In July and August of this year, the figures show, there were 65 deaths from traffic; in the corresponding months of last year, when the speed limit was 35 miles an hour, there were 75 sacrifices to the Motor Moloch.

The more liberal speed law, we are persuaded, is justified in every respect of road usage. Such a speed in the modern car running under the hand of a good driver on hard-surfaced roads is well within the limit of the essential of traffic, which is complete control of the car itself. It measurably enhances the highways as conduits. It speeds up the entire system of communication, and it is no more dangerous than it would be if the limit were ten or fifteen miles slower. It is, if experience can be said to count for anything, less dangerous.

Nevertheless, a death a day as a cost of motor travel is an appalling tax that society pays. A formal levy to produce a tenth of the actual cost, in money alone, of these fatalities would ruin politically the administration that proposed it. Yet we go blithely ahead, paying the price, damning the cost and shrugging off the tragedy.

There are rules of the road, and there is a system of progressive thought making the roads safe. More grade crossings are being

eliminated. The automobile and the locomotive ultimately must travel routes that never can meet. The rules of the road apply to the thousands who have them as their only chart of safety. They must somehow be enforced. But those who enforce them should have minds and energy centered on looking at traffic regulations. Let them not be distracted with too much police power. Let them have as sole prey the reckless driver. Let them hail him to justice and let the administrators of justice punish him. Mr. Page was right when he denounced North Carolina motorists as criminally negligent of liberal laws. He sketched defeat of the very purpose he had in view when he suggested as a remedy a State policeman making control of traffic an incident of a roving commission to check up on a thousand law violations and serve faithfully what would speedily become a veritable regime of Highway Cossacks!

### CHAPEL HILL ESTABLISHES A FINANCIAL DEAD LINE

We wonder how Louis Graves of the *Chapel Hill Weekly* reconciles the modern burglar alarm system of the Bank with the traditions of the Village to which he clings so tenaciously. Mr. Graves, as delighted readers of his paper know, lives a great part of his active life in the past. It is a past of Chapel Hill as a tiny town completely surrounded and inundated by students. When the students departed, the few villagers remained like objects stranded in an out-going tide. Silence reigned but for the whisper of trees on the campus, the convivial yapping of an occasional dog, the talk of birds. It was an Arcady, but a lonesome one.

Consider, now, the modern Chapel Hill with its equivalent of Gold Coast and Financial District. The police, we make no doubt, have established a "Dead-Line," beyond which suspicious characters are taken forthwith into the net. There is the House of Morgan, the nerve center of the village gold. Its hoard is sacred. Properly, no expense is spared to guard it. As the *Chapel Hill Weekly* says, its vault has been equipped with "Ears, Nerves, and a Loud Voice." "The Ears are super-sensitive, sound-wave instruments which will absolutely spoil the most careful burglar's evening." "The mechanism is called the McClintock Grade A Sound Wave Burglar Alarm System. The sound-wave protection is controlled by finely-tuned

instruments which cause an instant alarm at the slightest noise made upon the vault structure or within the vault. Not only that, but the vault door is equipped with thermo-static contacts which start the alarm when any one of them is reached by around 150 degrees of heat. The tap of the tool or the play of the flame of a cutting torch upon wall or door will start a noise that will arouse the whole neighborhood.

"A monster gong, together with control instruments, ringing mechanism, and ringing battery, is installed on the outside of the building in a heavy steel housing as completely protected by electricity as the vault itself, so that it is not possible to get at the gong to prevent its ringing. An electric multiple-wire cable constitutes the connection between the vault and the outside gong. If you attempt to cut this cable, you inevitably trip the alarm, thereby bringing the police on the run to attack you with clubs and revolvers."

O tempora! In Graves' student days an enterprising yegg who essayed an attack on a Chapel Hill strong-hold probably would have found something like this:

Item, one skull; item, one coffin; item, a censor for the burning of alcohol to make a ghostly flame; item, a Bible on which to swear the neophyte; item, anywhere from ten to a dozen black robes; item, a stick of phosphorus.

The robbery would have been easily accomplished, because Constable Bucky Sparrow had better things to do with his time than to be roaming around o' nights, but the loot would have been such as simply to embarrass the September fraternity initiation.

But touch the bank of Chapel Hill and its reserves, and electricity jumps to the rescue. Bells ring, gongs clang, motors roar, the police reserves rush out.

Poor yegg, who tries to monkey with a college town.—The Raleigh Times.

### "AN ECCLESIASTIC IN POLITICS"

(Columbus, Ga., Enquirer-Sun)

Bishop H. M. Dubose, head of the Holston conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, took time off from his pastoral duties the other day to engage in secular politics.

Bishop Dubose sees grave danger in the fact that a group of representative leaders of the Democracy in the West recently met and endorsed Governor Alfred E. Smith for the Democratic presidential candidacy. Bishop

Dubose believes that something must be done. What he is inspired to proclaim, we gather from the news from Nashville, Tenn., is a series of political meetings in which the masses of the South "should speak out in prompt and effective utterance." What the masses are to utter, the revelation goes on to say, is this:

"The candidacy of Governor Smith is impossible to the ethical ideals of the south, as also to the ideals of its future progress and industrialism which are grounded in the doctrine of the complete prohibition of the sale of alcoholic liquors. . . .

"Governor Smith is wholly and emphatically unacceptable to every right minded and forward looking Democrat in the south; and for one, I am assured that this type of democrat is in the majority. I am in official touch with an ecclesiastical constituency of half a million adherents in Tennessee and contiguous parts, and the numbers of these who will not resent the nomination of Governor Smith or any other wet candidate will be negligible at the polls."

It would, of course, be futile to argue with the bishop.

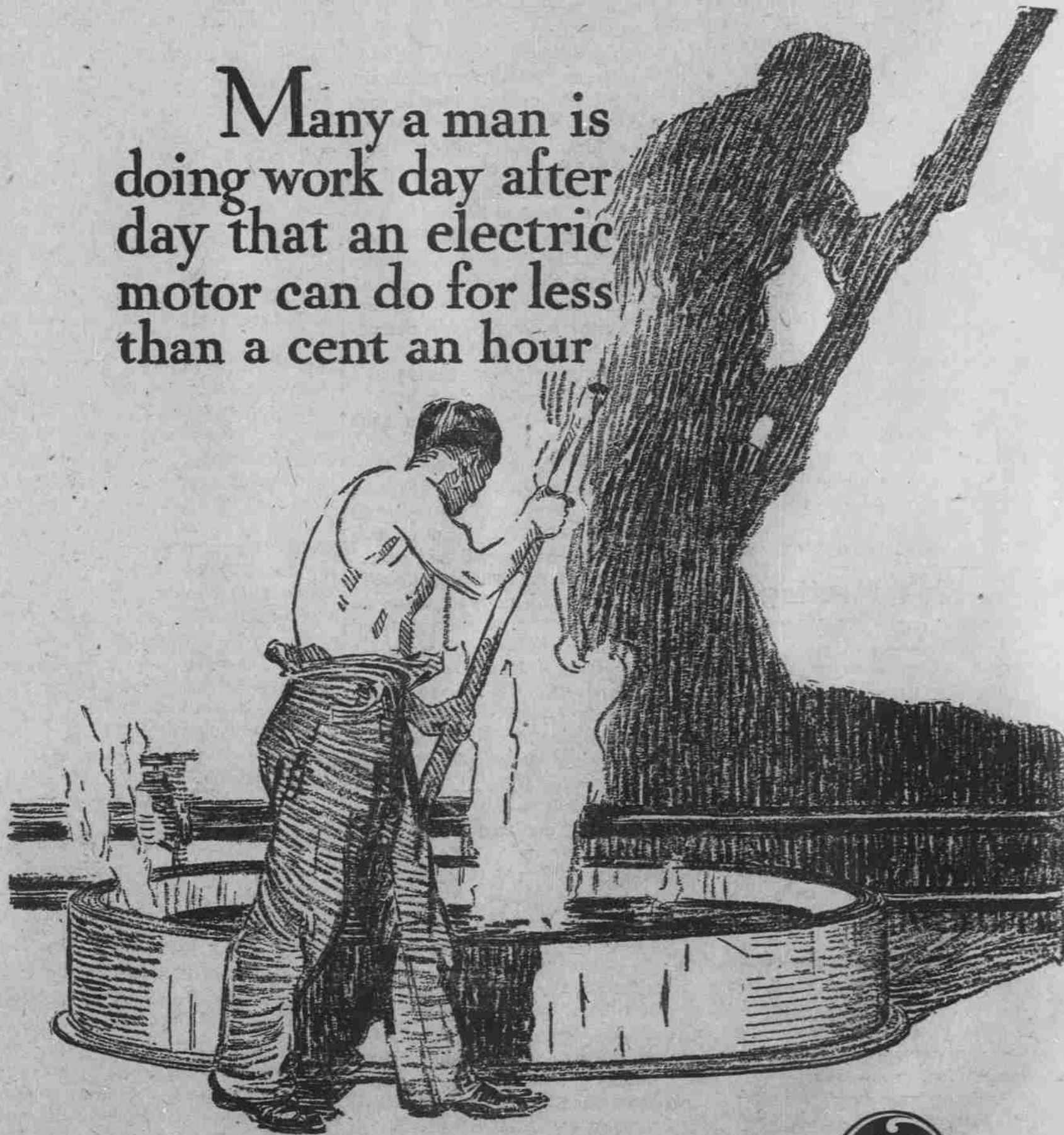
It makes no difference to an ecclesiastic in politics if his statements are shown to be grossly inaccurate and intolerant.

It makes no difference to Bishop Dubose that the candidacy of Governor Smith, far from being out of sympathy with the ethical ideals of the South, is in fact harmonious with the ideals of the greatest statesmen the South has produced—that many Southern Democrats who resent the implication that the bishop has a corner on forward-looking and right-mindedness, are firm supporters of Governor Smith—that however adequately the bishop may serve as the political mouthpiece of Tennesseans, intelligent Southern Democrats in other sections oppose the nonsense that a man's private opinions on religion and Volsteadism should disqualify him for holding office.

These facts mean nothing to Bishop Dubose. Bishop Dubose has heard the voice of God, and the voice of God—as the bishop interprets it—tells him to cry out against Gov. Smith and never mind the realities.

It is, of course, not an engaging picture. But the spectacle of an ecclesiastic in politics has never been engaging, not even before the Constitution set forth the principle of rigid separation between Church and State. It is a picture, however, not without its value.

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