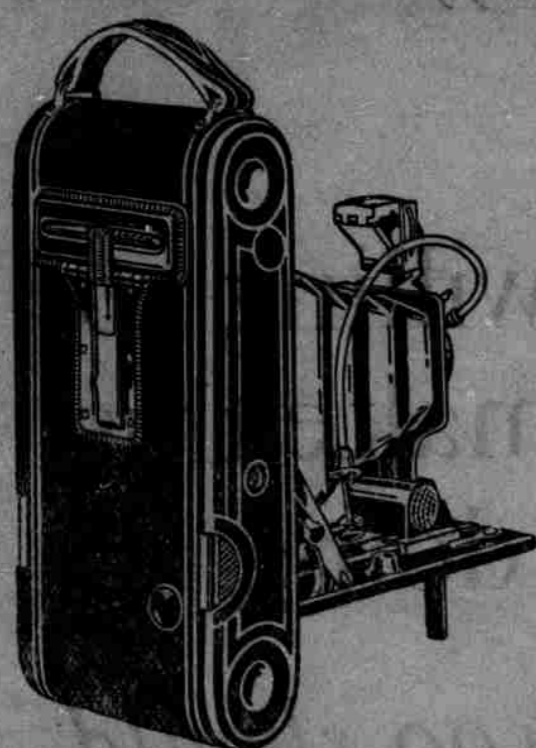


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4:00 p. m.		8:00 p. m.

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Y. M. C. A. OFFERS SCHEDULE ESPECIALLY FOR NEW MEN

EXPLAINS HOW TO LIVE ON 24 HOURS A DAY WITH AMPLE RECREATION

One of the biggest problems that confronts the college student is how to make the best use of his time. Especially to the new men, who are as yet little acquainted with the daily duties of college life, is this problem of vital importance. It is for the benefit of these men that the Y. M. C. A. is submitting below its idea of the proper way to spend one's time each day.

Few men on the campus who have never given any serious consideration to the division of their time, would imagine that a student can fulfill every duty and pleasure necessary and still have six hours left for study and four hours for athletics or some outside activity. Yet the Y. M. C. A. dares to make this claim, and to prove its contention it submits to the following schedule.

RECITATION DAYS

Sleep	8	hours
Meals	1 1/2	hours
Recitations	3	hours
Exercise		
Extra Curriculum		
Library	4	hours
Post office		
Reading		
Conversation, etc.	1 1/2	hours
Study	6	hours
Total	24	hours

SUNDAY

MORNING

Breakfast	at 8:30	1/2 hour
Bible Class	at 9:45	1 hour
Church	at 11:00	1 hour
Bible Study	at 12:30	1 hour
Dinner	at 1:30	1/2 hour

AFTERNOON

Rural Sunday Schools		
Letters	4 1/2	hours
Strolls		
Reading		
Meditation		

NIGHT

Supper	at 6:30	1/2 hour
Church	at 7:30	1 hour
Letters	2	hours
Conversation		
Reading		
Retire at 10:30		
Margins		2 hours

This schedule is well worth trying. Of course the keynote of the whole thing is system and economy of one's time. By these means it is really surprising how much can be accomplished during the day. The Tar Heel recommends this schedule to every College student who wishes to make the most out of his year's work.

ADDRESS TO 1920

We hate to devote this much space in the Tar Heel to just freshmen, but we feel called upon to take this means of reminding you that you have some two years and eleven months before you will be seniors, not allowing for tire troubles (you know some folks are born tired, or lazy either way you want to put it). Do not misinterpret our motives, for they are kind in the extreme. We love you as a thoroughbred Boston bull terrier loves an alley cat, but there are times when etiquette demands that one restrain his emotions.

Having acquired the necessary pennants and belt-buckles, contributed the required donation for the support of the Adam Applejack Corporation (receiving as an expression of gratitude, a few text books), bought an alarm clock (it takes more than that, some of these cold mornings), and told everybody you're not a bit homesick,—you are now full-fledged, unmistakable, paris-green (and dyed in the wool) University—freshmen!

You have walked boldly out to the athletic field without coat or hat, and could hand out more sraight football dope than Coach Campbell. You have become domiciled in Chapel Hill, and could no doubt point out Tank Hunter or President Graham on the street with the authoritative air of a man who knows the great because they have seen them. Some of you have even been overheard calling your profs. familiarly by their first names, though not while they were present in the flesh, it is true.

You have already had an opportunity to attend a college election and learn how the University is run. (When the names of Miss Lidell, Mr. Wimberley, and Mr. Holding were submitted for Tar Heel editor, some raw recruit cast his ballot thus—"Buck Wimberley—Holding—Miss Lidell.") The almost unfathomable profundity of this gentleman's intellect should be rewarded by his election to the Booloo Club. We can think of no other adequate recognition.

But to return to where we left off; as we were just about to remark—you are getting wise to this garden spot of intelligence, and acquiring a wisdom not of books, much of it—too much of it. Books are a bore, we admit but still it takes much drilling about the cranium to let in an education, so do not push away the instrument. You are becoming surprisingly expert at certain characteristic feats which every true Carolina man should be able to do, such as to stow away four or five sandwiches

with pickles and onions at eight bells in the dog-watch and then get a good night's sleep.

You are not only getting wise however, but you are being gotten wise to. (Prof. Thornton's attention is respectfully but proudly directed to this last sentence, which is worthy of Wooley's Hand Book). There are all kinds of you from those quadrupels, who as Wilbur Royster says, go through College on all fours, down to five and six-legged animals, and up to bipeds who might be mistaken for human beings by those who did not know they were freshmen.

Now the purpose of this address, as we have said, is to remind you that you are freshmen, in the hope that when you see what a fix you are in you will try to get out of it. Our sincerest advice to you is to lock the door at 7 P. M. (from the inside), open it and put the cat out at 11, and to climb out of the straw as much before 8:25 as possible.

GLOOM GATHERS ROUND ENTRANCE OF PICKWICK

There was a woman in the case—Theda Bara or some other Pickwick favorite. She was peeping coquetishly through the small opening in the ticket window upon a spellbound mass of chocolate colored humanity. She was smiling from the canvas—they were grinning from the side walk; writhing and wrangling all the while to get a clearer insight through the small door.

There were only a few at first, and plenty of room, but one by one they came from every corner, every shine-shop and alley.

Soon the line grew—out into the street and up across the sidewalk. And there might have been no trouble—and the sun down aggregation might have stayed there quietly throughout the whole performance—had not Charlie Chaplain wobbled across the canvas. Then there was a gentle babbling, but not like that of the brook. The column began to sway back and forth to the tune of, "Look out nigger," "Don't shove there," "Aw come on man," "Get off m' foot," "Behave nigger" and "Hang on your own supper."

It was a clear night—the moon was out—more stars were shining than ever before—but suddenly the floods descended and the rains fell and they smote the column—that it will grow on column—and

Some one James, you are ancient supply of the most ridiculous of the Pickwick Record. naturally return

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