

### Eavesdropping and Interviews

"What gets me about this place is the fence," said the fat man in a loud voice.

The little man with eye glasses stared across the gridiron at the bench where the V. M. I. team sat wrapped in blankets and then on into the depths of Battle Park, his black eyes searching diligently for the object of their discussion.

"What fence?"

"There isn't any fence. Looks to me like the people around here must believe in the honor system. Just a few wires strung around the field. What's to keep people from crowding into those woods and watching the game for nothing? The thing that gets me is that there isn't anybody over there."

"The University man is a free man." Yes, that sentence is quoted from Horace. For the benefit of Freshmen be it added that the Latin gentleman is not intended.

The University man is, however, a slave to convention, precedent, and regulation compared with the University Co-ed. In the very act of entering the University she has cut herself away from the majority of her kind. Neither can she unite in full fellowship with the brethren. She is left free to follow her own desire, and her desire, strangely enough, is to study. It is for that and for that alone that she comes to Chapel Hill. She cherishes no fond ambitions to become a Tackle or a Quarterback, to break the record batting average or to be a great Southpaw. She doesn't expect to compete for the Tennis Championship, to lead in any debate, to sing in the Glee Club, nor yet to play the Leading Lady in the Dramatic Club. Societies, fraternities, even the Y. M. C. A., form no part in her career. Lectures, Lab. work, themes, theses and outside readings instead of being necessary adjuncts of University Life, are to her the very substance thereof. For this reason the Co-ed discovers as few other students are likely to discover, how fascinating and absorbing studying can be and is. Now and then she approximates the joys of scholarship. She never knows the glory of the football field but from time to time she celebrates a little private victory over a Greek root or a chemical equation.

The brethren lead a life on the Hill which the Co-ed observes from afar, at times, it is true, somewhat wistfully. This life is to her unknown, impossible. Yet her own is quite as real, quite as interesting—not "College Life" in general, but College Life individually.

"No, Ah didn't know of your mother-in-law's death and Ah read the funeral notices every day."

"Oh, ah didn't put dat under 'Funeral Notices'; dat went under 'Public Improvements.'"—Princeton Tiger.

### Athletic Notes

We play V. P. I. today at Roanoke, a team which outweighs us and has been playing first class football so far. What are we going to do about it, those of us who stay at home?

The yelling last Saturday sounded as if the people in the stands were telling each other secrets.

The members of the squad still retain their ability to get injured and stay so. Bellamy is still out of the line-up. Fitzsimmons' knee still debar him from scrimmage, and Clarvoe nurses his ankle with tender solicitude. Even the Freshmen have contracted injuritis.

### WHAT MAKES A GOOD FOOTBALL PLAYER

If any one should ask you, What it takes to make a good or successful football player, no doubt you would answer at once, Nerve or courage. You would be partly right. But nerve isn't the main asset of the game. Love of the game is the real secret of football.

I've seen men who had fine husky bodies, with as much nerve as anybody, and who knew the theory of playing the game, yet were not good players. They only tried to play a short while; then gave it up. They did not love the game. That's the thing that makes a fellow, after being tackled so hard that he sees stars, and being so fatigued that he can hardly walk, yet as soon as the pain eases a little is ready to start back at the opposite team and fight every inch of the way. No one who shrinks at the hard knocks he gets, and is thinking about how to save himself from getting hurt, ever makes a good football player. He must love the game.

It isn't the so-called yellow streak that causes them to give it up. For you will find on a broad average that one man is about as brave as another, or would be under the same conditions. Courage in football is often spoken of as a rare quality, whereas it is one of the most prevalent qualities in the game. There are few in the game who are without it. Efficiency in the game is not only a rarer quality than courage, but it is also to a large extent the producer of courage. There are times, tho, when courage is overplayed. The best instructors in the game start in to make their men competent, knowing that most of the time competency will develop courage.

You have heard a lot about Yale's "bull-dog pluck." Yale last fall went against Harvard ready to die if necessary to redeem the blue. Yale undoubtedly started with all the grim courage she could carry, but of what use was this "bull-dog pluck" against efficiency and a competency that overwhelmed?

This isn't intended as any poke at courage, gameness or grit. The

point is that courage as a winning characteristic can be overplayed; that it will not get you very far without something else.—The Davidsonian.

To the Joke column of the Tar Heel

### CROSSED SIGNALS

W. W. R. (on Math Quiz)—  
"Write the conjugate of (a + ib).  
Freshman Math Bull—"Sing."  
First Person (a + ib)  
Second Person (a + nb)  
Third Person (a + heb) etc.  
thru the entire Indicative, Past Indefinite and Ablative Supine.

This joke is subject to change by the editors as they see fit, or by a vote of three-fourths majority to be submitted to the waste basket.

### THE AUTHOR.

Note—This is perfectly original.

T. A.

One buck, an iron man, one spondulic, a minor portion of a wampum, twenty nickles or twenty "downs," forcefully announces the Indiana Student is the carfare to the annual Indiana-Tufts football game at Indianapolis.



one of the  
times to say  
**PEPSI-Cola**

Just when you get home in the evening, after a long, hot, sticky day—and you're tired and thirsty—THAT'S the time to say "PEPSI-Cola" to "friend wife."

That long, thin, tinkly, "ice-berg" glass just seems to sharpen up appetites for dinner and gee! how it does drive thirsts away!

Just try it—any fountain serves it—and any grocer can leave a case at home.



### QUALITY TELLS

All your life you have heard that "easy to tell  
**QUALITY**  
in FOLKS, in MERCHANDISE, in EVERYTHING  
How about in the CIGAR?

Regular Smokers Will Tell You  
**THE EL-REES-SO CIGAR CO.**

### THE GOLDEN RULE

Clothes make the man—pay!—  
Washington Courier.—Ex.

If the Eskimos had the eight-hour system they'd have to start for work about 500 times a day.—  
Chicago American.

Chapman—"I ought to call on a certain professor tonight."

Bystander—"Why?"

Chapman—"Because he has called on me twice a week for a month and I think I ought to."

Does the plowman homeward plod his weary way? Nix, bo. He rides back to the house on his tractor cultivator, and two or

### To Carolina Boys— We Have Got It!

If it's a Trunk, we've got it.  
If it's a Suit Case, we've got it.  
If it's a Pistol, we've got it.  
If it's a Diamond Ring, we've got it.  
If it's a Watch, we've got it.  
If it's a Gun, we've got it.  
If it's a Ring, we've got it.

Last but not least—If it's a \$, we have it.

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three neighbor boys with him.  
St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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I will sell woolen shirts for \$2.00. After Nov. 11 they will be \$2.50 as everywhere.  
Pure Wool, Warm, Cozy, Comfortable. Look at them at No. 2 Vance Building.

**M. B. FOWLER**