

# The Tar Heel

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Our idea of the tightwad is the fellow who'll borrow fifty cents from a poor, struggling barber in order to buy a package of razor blades.

The Tar Heels drew a hard assignment in the initial contest at Atlanta. Kentucky gave Virginia decisive licking and in their other games proved themselves to be one of the most dangerous outfits in the tournament. If Carolina puts them out of the running, the championship will seem much nearer.

Cobb is likely to be the sensation of the tournament. Carmichael, Macdonald, and Green are well known veterans to the other southern teams who have shown their wares in Atlanta twice. They are apt to be closely guarded, giving Cobb a chance to run wild.

There are times when the Old South ball is a source of misery like a persistent alarm clock, and there are other times when it gives forth the sweetest music possible. At eight-thirty it is imperative and hateful in its tone, but after a basketball victory its chimes are cheerful and melodious.

Carolina has already lost an invaluable asset to the baseball team, Mule Shirley, who left to report with the Washington Senators, and will soon lose an important cog in the coaching machine, Norman Shepherd, who will leave for China next month. Both Shepherd and Shirley represent the highest type of the Carolina athlete and their places will be hard to fill.

It takes a snow storm to let the freshmen realize their power. If they can maintain the spirit and enthusiasm through their remaining years in college that they showed Wednesday, the University will not suffer from lack of unity.

There was nothing sensational about the snow scrap. It followed the same old course of procedure that has marked class fights for the last six years: freshmen persecuted at Swain and the Post Office, the hose, intervention of student councilmen, and a victory to the freshmen, grudgingly admitted by the sophomores.

### APPLE CART THIEVES

The man who will sell his honor for the price of an apple or a piece of candy is a mean sort of individual. Yet some students are doing so daily. Several self-help students who conduct numerous apple and candy carts on the honor system basis, report from actual observation that they are being robbed daily and that the thefts are not due to negro janitors or workmen, but Carolina students to whom the honor system has been explained as the most distinctive feature of the University.

Recently a northern visitor in making his first observation of the campus was attracted by the apple carts and remarked to his guide: "You fellows must have a splendid spirit and high sense of honor to run that sort of thing successfully. It would never go where I came from." He had never seen anything like it, and marvelled that students could be trusted so implicitly where it was easy to play unfair. His praise could be taken as a pretty compliment if the system worked as perfectly as he supposed. A few despicable individuals with no self honor or any other sense of honor deliberately violate and tear down the reputation for honor commonly attributed to the Carolina men. But for these few thieves, the honor apple cart system would function perfectly and be a profitable income to self help students, who, at present, receive very little remuneration for their pains.

If the student council can ferret out the guilty ones they should deal with them severely. The man that will steal apples when he has been placed on his honor will cheat on an examination, rob his room mate, and destroy the ideals of the University. These men are out of their atmosphere in Chapel Hill, and should not be allowed to mix with respectable students.

## WHITE READS A PAPER TO CLUB

At North Carolina Club J. F. White Reads Physical Education Paper

North Carolina has neglected the physical education of her school children, despite the fact that a law was passed three years ago requiring that physical education be taught in says James F. White in a paper before the North Carolina Club this week.

The paper points out that while an appropriation of \$15,000 has been made for physical education in this state the law passed three years ago has never been put into effect. There is a law now in effect providing for the physical examination of every pupil once in three years, and White's paper urged that this should be supplemented by the enforcement of a physical education law.

He pointed out some of the goals toward which a program of physical education should strive. There is too much stress placed on the development of athletic teams to compete with those of other schools. His one of his statements. The only goal of the physical instructor seems to be to put out a winning team. He is not concerned with the masses, but aims ones already in good physical condition, and capable of making a good showing against the contestants of other schools. Thus the boys and girls, who need the exercise do not get it. They stand on the side lines and watch their team play but go back to class with the same headache and depressed feeling, while the team is overworked in most cases, receiving too much exercise.

The following were the recommendations presented by the reader as a physical education program for the state:

1. A careful health examination which should include:  
a. Medical examination.  
b. Mental examination.  
c. Physical examination.
2. A healthful environment in home and school.
3. Instruction in health problems.
4. Physical activity.
5. School credit.

In concluding his paper Mr. White mentioned some of the things which might be expected from a properly working system of physical education. There should be a better physical condition of our youth, resulting in a more rapid progress in their studies. Our future citizens should be in a better condition to perform their duties on account of possession of a robust constitution. A great many diseases should be eliminated. The average life of man should be lengthened. There should be fewer asylums for the feeble-minded and insane, fewer penal institutions, thus lessening the burden upon the state of supporting these institutions.

## THE WILDERNESS

BY J. OSLER BILEY

For several days after the snow, we noticed several of our sophomore friends with smutty places under the eyes, so to speak.

It may be a personal idiosyncrasy, but every time we pass one of these of these honor fruit stands with a sign which reads, "Please pay, your manhood is at stake," or, "Please pay, this box was thirty cents short last night," we have a great temptation to walk up and bite a huge slab out of every apple in the box. It jags us, and we suppose anyone else, to be forever reminded of our honor. We confess no particularly kleptic intentions, but continual scratching by little saws of suspicion will wear our hide through some day, and an apple box will be short somewhat more than the proverbial thirty cents.

Appropos the foregoing, we have a clearly deformed opinion of the professor who uses the same tactics. We have in our day been handed quizzes and told to write out the answers in our room and hand them in Monday. We did not cheat on such exams. (Be a blanked cynic, now, and add "so the prof. could tell it!") But we lost our usually benign temper on a recent quiz, and if we didn't cheat it was because we didn't get a chance. The professor spent fifteen minutes of the class period draping students at the mathematically greatest distances from one another, five more lecturing on the honor system, and the rest of the period walking up and down like a bloody hawk, to give us all delirium tremens. Furthermore, he insisted that the pledge be written out in full and signed with the full name, at the end of each paper.

In our private opinion, that sort of thing would bury the honor system in three weeks. If the professor has the opinion that all his class are knaves, surely, let's don't disappoint him. It might break his heart.

We suggest the following as a suitable form for the pledge to suspicious professors:  
"I did not cheat on this exam.  
In spite of all your fears;  
I did not have the chance, you see,  
You took such strenuous cares."

By the way, ye Monitors and Satellites of the Carolina Magazine, is knavery spelled with a "k," or an "x?"

We heard a most startling opinion voiced recently. It is a rather cruel thing to publish,—so disillusioning you know,—but on this particular Saturday A. M. we are subject to such an acute attack of Colyumist's grouch that we don't care a Whiz Bang! To get to our story: We had had the fond idea that to rehearse one of "these here" oculatory parts on the Playmaker stage for three weeks must be, so say the least, stimulating. We were gently joshing one of our fortunate friends recently when he gave vent to the following astounding revelation. "Aw, crawl off of that; there's as much difference between a real kiss and kissing a Co-ed on the stage as there is between the kiss of a maiden and a maiden aunt."

Time and again, we have sworn off paying any attention whatever to the Co-eds. But occasionally an over-tone from our otherwise concentrated cerebrum swings within the aura of Russel Inn, and meets there at once such a muddle of humor and pathos that we can restrain ourselves no longer. We have it on good authority, that one of the loveliest daughters of Carolina recently imbibed too high a quantity of exuberant spirits. Apparently, it went to her head. Shortly, she was sitting in raincoat, galoshes, and open umbrella, on the hall stand. She was waiting for a street car, with many mighty exclamations. The street car was slow, and the rain descended, but she would not give up the ship. After many weary hours, several husky damsels managed to convince her that her bed was a Pullman, and she consented to sink with profound tho' delicate snores into the conventional stupor.

In one of the plays now in preparation, there is a scene in which the lovely daughter of a horrid old papa parades across the stage in those silken unmentionables that we suspect are a part of the feminine wardrobe. There was a terrific competition for this part. The secret of its attraction came out when one of the ladies sent word to the casting committee to please let her have the part, because she "looks so nice in negligee."

### PROFESSORS ATTEND CHICAGO MEETING

The meeting at Chicago this week at the same time the Department of Superintendent of the National Education Association is in session includes many other educational associations and organizations. Among them are: the National Association of Colleges and Departments of Education of State Universities and Land Grant Colleges; the National Association of Deans of Women and Adviser to Girls in Universities, Colleges and high schools; the Educational Research Council; the Arithmetic Committee of the National Education Association; the Committee of One Hundred on Rural Teaching Problems of the National Education Association, and many others.

In attendance upon one or more of these meetings are Dr. M. R. Trabue and Dr. E. W. Knight of the University School of Education, and Mrs. M. H. Stacy, Adviser to Women in the University. Mrs. Stacy is attending the National Association of Deans of Women and Advisers to Girls.

Dr. Trabue is attending the Educational Research Association and the Arithmetic Committee of the National Education Association of which he is a member. He is on the program of the Educational Research Association to speak on "Graphic Methods for Representing Test Scores." He also took the place of Professor N. H. Walker, who was unable to attend, on the program of the National Association of Colleges and Departments of Education in State Universities and Land Grant Colleges. Professor Walker is a member of the National Education Association Committee of One Hundred on Rural Teaching Problems. Dr. Knight is taking his place on this committee at the Chicago meeting.

### STUDENTS COLUMN

After the library had revolutionized its system of deranging magazines in the reading room and had discovered that the alphabet offered great opportunities in the way of classification, we dropped into that refuge of quite and harbor of hounds and, looking into the south room, counted noses. The dogs had a majority of only one over the students. Taking advantage of this decimation among the canine habitues, we ventured to enter and, stepping warily around more legs (table, student, dog) than ever graced the most beautiful centipede, we came eventually to that buffet of "old, forgotten things" along the west wall.

Now during the months that we have been in this town of mud puppies, we have often gone into that room when the arrangement of the magazines was "without form, and void" and mulled them over only to come away without having pulled out the plum for which we had dived into the pot-pourri. Now all was different. There reposed the magazines in squads lined up as for review. There along the top shelf ranged the more important periodicals in their red covers like officers over the army of underlings on the shelves below. (We recognized General Literature and Major Publications among these.)

Now was our chance. We took it, and searched for what we fain would read. We easily found the current numbers of the "Missionary Review" and the "Dearborn Independent," but our good friends "Harper's" and "Scribner's" and the "Atlantic" were of the vintage of a month ago. We knew the latest month's copy of these periodicals was printed. We had seen it at Foster's but, being poor and proud, had neither bought them nor read them in the store.

We wonder what becomes of the magazines until they are old. We wonder if there are places where, like eggs, they are never fresh. We wonder what becomes of the current periodicals while they are still current. Indeed, we suspect that someone behind the scenes has turned off the current.

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