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ON PROFESSORS.

A Study in Natural History

A professor is an animal of the *genus homo*, who generally wears glasses and lies in wait in his den, called a class room, armed with a roll book and pencil, for other smaller animals called students who may enter unprepared and whom he delights to annihilate by his superior knowledge, and then gloat with ghoulish glee over the few small remains left after a zero. You must not imagine from this though that the animal *genus homo*, species *professor* is carnivorous; far from it, for indeed most of them look as if they did not eat ordinary food at all, though one can imagine Prof. — dining on *Soupe a la hyperboloid of revolution of one nappe* followed by a light dinner of *droit ligne* fricassee and of roast of young parabolas with circles and ellipses for dessert. Prof. — no doubt enjoys a feast on Kant's *Kritik der reinen Vernunft* and Dr. — on *Beowulf* in the original and perhaps some of the sharp pointed, crabbed looking Anglo-Saxon letters have gotten tangled up inside of him which may account for many things. Of course no one ever saw a professor eating all these things, but then most of them say they have dyspepsia and eat very little when anybody is around; and I'll bet that same dyspepsia was caused by over-indulgence in those same unnatural articles of diet.

These professors commonly revel in communities ruled by a president or dean, where they gather unto themselves crowds of those wishing to get knowledge and also of those who want to have a good time, and then they hold lectures and get paid a fat salary and are happy.

There are people though who say that a professor is only worth about a dollar and a half a day, but these people are outer barbarians and children of the nether darkness and Populists who have made their mark in state politics, not knowing how to write, and so we'll let that pass and proceed with our study of the life and habits of the professor.

A professor is by nature the avowed enemy of the school-boy, and nature tells on them early. So much so that if you are watching a party of little boys at play and you see one of them always fighting the others and cribbing their marbles and tops and keeping the whole crowd in an upstir with his devilment, you may just say to yourself that that boy is going to be either a preacher or a teacher and if he is extra mean he will combine the two,

and then he will be baldheaded and the boys will make fun of him and he'll wish he was Elijah so the bears would come and eat those naughty little boys.

Still professors are very useful in this way; for were it not for them we would not know how to get a coherent homogeneous heterogeneity from an incoherent heterogeneous homogeneity, resulting in barren prolixities of casuistry, or derive hard philological facts like the derivation of Moses from Methusaleh, or how long it would take a body to fall an infinite distance supposing that its velocity is infinitely great, or all those other useful and interesting things that they teach us.

Professors have a habit of assembling in clubs such as the Philological Club and the Mitchell Society and the Historical Society and hitting each other over the head with all the hard words in all the languages or telling stories about snakes charming birds and explaining why a pine tree can't grow from an acorn, or the part played by the Indian chief "Young-man-hard-to-catch" in the French war when he found a jewsharp in some settler's cabin and started to play a tune on it; and while they are discussing all these valuable items of human knowledge their eyes begin to glisten and their tongues to wag, and everybody talks at once, and then they go home and tell their wives what an edifying meeting it was and what a big fool so-and-so is any way and then goes to sleep perfectly happy.

The professor sometimes attains a ripe old age, possibly because only the good die young, and sometimes he develops the habit of telling off-color stories about kings and queens and wonderful tales of what happened when he was a boy or spinning marvellous yarns of how big a pleiosaurus multiplied by seven elephants was when the world was young and the professor was one of the little snakes and saw it all and remembered it—or how else could he know it? The snake is proverbially the wisest of animals, and it would be an interesting study for some one who is "an evolutionist from the word go" to trace their development through the ages and find out how and when they lost their feathers, for some professors were doubtless "birds" when they were young, and how finally they became differentiated through force of environment from the rest of the *genus homo*.

The professor generally appears about eight thirty in the morning and lies there in wait for his prey

until one thirty when he withdraws until the same hour the next morning and his whereabouts or actions in the meantime have long been so much a mystery as those of the jag-bird on Friday, but the current belief is that he has retired to his abiding place and is there concocting fresh snares for the feet of those unwary ones who enter into his presence unprepared with a certain small amount of knowledge, which may be real in some cases, pretended in others, according to the character of the professor.

These animals are sometimes exhibited, though as a rule they are wary and hard to catch, but an infallible means of securing the attendance of all those in the immediate neighborhood, is to cause it to be announced to them that certain students have been caught on a jag and that on Friday evening they will be on exhibition at the President's office, and straightway every one wends his way thither and these assemblages are called faculty meetings. *Fiat justitia ruat professores*, and then they solemnly and gravely deliberate on their fate and in what new sort of pledges they can get the rest of the students to sign if they are not to be expelled, and this is another interesting trait of these animals, willing that many should suffer to serve the one.

These animals are cunning and crafty too as is shown by the fact that if one of them is met outside of the class room he is uniformly genial, kindly and courteous of disposition.

The Glee Club Tour.

The First Trip of the Season Very Pleasant.

The 'Varsity Glee, Mandolin and Banjo Clubs, began their first tour for the season of 1895, on Wednesday morning, January 30th at 6:30 A. M. This was intended as a preparatory trip to a larger one to be taken shortly. Managers Bahnsen and Webb had all the members of the clubs out of bed by 5:30 o'clock and an hour later they had set out in a driving snow storm on a twelve mile ride to Durham. The journey across the country was a rough one in the extreme, and it was providential that none were made sick by it, but all bore it well and Durham was reached on time, where the Southern Railway train was boarded for Oxford. After changing cars at the last named place, Henderson and Franklinton, Louisburg was reached at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The concert there

on the night of the 30th being the first given away from home, was not up to the standard, yet the audience was quite large. The people of Louisburg were very cordial in their reception, and the visit was as pleasant as could be. Our hearty thanks are due Mr. F. S. Spruill, '81-'83, and Hon. C. M. Cooke, father of F. N. Cooke, ex '96, of the '93 and '94 Glee Clubs, for the hospitable entertainment of some of the boys.

The next appearance was in Henderson under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. which provided entertainment for the Clubs. The concert was given in the Association Auditorium, and, after the experience of the preceding evening, was probably the best of the three given. And the audience seemed to appreciate the effort most, for they encored about every piece on the program. There was dancing for a short while after the concert.

The last concert of the trip was made in Oxford at the Opera House. There the largest audience of all, and a very appreciative one, greeted the Clubs, and another good concert was given. Encores were given to almost every piece, but in the last half of the program they had to be refused owing to the fact that the hall was very poorly heated. In the audience were young ladies from the Oxford Female Seminary and Cadets from Horner School. An impromptu but very enjoyable German was given the Clubs in the Armory Hall, and dancing was the order until a late hour.

Considering the very inclement weather every where encountered, the trip was successful in all respects. Many pleasant acquaintances were made, which will make the visits memorable to the members of the Clubs. Grateful thanks are hereby given to the alumni and the friends of the University in Henderson and Oxford for the hospitable treatment. Credit should not fail to be given J. Crawford Biggs, '93, for valuable assistance in working up the Oxford concert.

The Clubs returned to the Hill on Saturday night, the 2nd, by way of Henderson and Durham.

The people of Salisbury have extended to Dr. Hume another invitation to visit them. On this occasion Dr. Hume will lecture twice and preach three sermons besides. He will lecture the first time on "The Historical Plays of Shakspeare," and a second lecture will be on "Oliver Wendell Holmes." In this trip the citizens of Salisbury demand not only an intellectual, but also a spiritual treat from our professor.