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Woman.

Since the very earliest times the question as to whether a woman was but one remove from an angel or the exact reverse has been one that has agitated the minds of men and much paper and ink used up in arguing both sides of the question, and some nations have even gone so far as to make proverbs on the subject. There is an old one in several languages which says, "Man, woman and devil are the three degrees of comparison." With so much weighty testimony on both sides, it would seem that there would be no way of settling the question unless we side with both parties, and say that outwardly woman has the form of an angel, all but the wings, though she may have them too, only on account of her way of dressing they never get a chance to grow enough to be seen, and inwardly—but it would not be polite to say that—would it.

Of course in these varied treatises on woman's nature we find several accounts of their origin, some of which don't even admit poor woman to the privilege of a soul. That one is of course too horrible to mention so we will pass over to the brief consideration of two other accounts of the same occurrence, one of which is found in some of the old Rabbinical works, the other in a book but little better known to the vast majority of readers, namely, the Bible. In the words of Moore, the old Rabbinical account is as follows:

"For old Adam was fashioned, the first of his kind,
With a tail like a monkey, full a yard and a span;
And when nature cut off this appendage behind,
Why then woman was made of this tail of the man."

Then he goes on to try to prove this account of her origin to be the correct one in these words:

"And if we may judge as fashions prevail,
Every husband remembers the original plan;
And knowing his wife is no more than his tail,
Why—he leaves her behind him as much as he can."

Of course we cannot accept this ungallant view of the matter as the true one, so will not give a more detailed account of it, for indeed we have almost positive proof that woman was made from one of Adam's ribs, for do not we observe in the sex today an almost inordinate love of ribbon(s), not to be accounted for under any other supposition?

Thus woman came into being and was ordained a help-meet for man, and she has continued to help meet for him ever since, and frequently she has to provide it and the bread

also, the husband doing his best to supply the water, though then with much grumbling about hard times.

After all that has been written and said on the subject, woman has continued to be an inexplicable mystery to man, who never knows what she is going to do until she has done something else, or what she didn't mean until after she has spoken. The Germans, those deep thinkers in every branch of knowledge, have a proverb which says, "There are only two good women in the world, the one is dead, and the other not to be found." But if one pauses and considers a moment, it can be readily seen beyond the shadow of a doubt that all women are good,—either good for something or good for nothing, chiefly the latter, though indeed in her own estimation there is nothing a woman can't do. Formerly there were two things a man could do that a woman generally gave up in despair; but now that we have female baseballists and women in bloomers it must be admitted that man's boasted monopoly in these lines is a thing numbered among those that have been but are no longer.

There are a good many things too, that women do beautifully that the ruder man fails in, for she can paint (her face) with the highest art, and once a woman danced so beautifully that a man's head came off on account of it, and we never heard of a man's doing such a thing; and she can embroider most life-like green flowers with red leaves, and she can tend to babies and lots more things that are, according to the formula when one gets stuck for details, too numerous to mention.

Her chief end and aim in life is to flirt, which she has reduced to an exact science, so that she delights in laying bare feelings which she has aroused by her excellent acting of a part wantonly cruel, and therefore all the more pleasing to her. Not that a woman will ever admit that she flirts; oh no; but when she tells you she never flirts then is the time to look out, for she is flirting then.

One of the most prominent characteristics of woman is her ability to keep a secret—when she doesn't know it. No woman yet ever spoiled anything by being silent. Quite a valuable point of difference between man and woman in this. A man is frequently wrong and admits it, a woman never; she was only mistaken.

A woman hates a question too, but she loves to ask them, though like Falstaff "if reasons were as plenty as blackberries" she will

give no man one, not she, except "Because."

The sex is very affectionate and every woman likes some woman as well as she does herself and takes as much joy in her beauty as in her own, whom she is never tired of watching, and seeking her beauties in form and complexion, and of whom she is never jealous—this is the woman in the looking glass. There is a proverb which says that the cunning of the sex is equal to their obstancy, which is borne by the little couplet which says:

"Where a woman will she will, and
You may depend on it
And when she wont she wont
And there's the end on 't."

But these are wrong views of the case, for no woman is obstinate so long as she has her own way.

Of course woman is always truthful and mean everything they say, and it is much to be feared that the old Italian who said "He who takes an eel by the tail and a woman at her word may truly say that he holds nothing," was nothing but a pessimist, because some woman had given him the mitten, and, Italy being a warm country, naturally he had no use for it, and so perhaps it soured the milk of human kindness in his breast, and there was no sort of truth in them, but we must admit those things that are a little slippery.

The most curious thing about them is the organ that they call the heart. We often hear of a woman's heart breaking, so they must be of glass; and this view of the case is borne out by the fact that he who wishes to engrave his name on a woman's heart must use diamonds. Everything that glitters to them is gold, so that brass goes as far as the genuine metal. There seems to be a total absence of curiosity in the sex, too, which is another remarkable thing. They have given this feeling another name and only call it a desire to know things; but it seems to serve them as badly as curiosity would do and answers every purpose.

Base Ball Notes

Condensed from Exchanges.

Princeton is making great preparation for base-ball. Though they have lost King and McKenzie there is plenty of good material to fill their places. Reiter, who will play second, is said to be King's equal in fielding, and a hard hitter. Trenchard will take McKenzie's place, so that with D. Ward and Paine the outfield will be a fine one. In the pitching department they have Bradley, Altman, and Hitzrot. Bradley is expected to outrank Car-

ter if he gets into condition. Capt. Brooks will play at shortstop but may have to take Reiter's place at second, in which case the younger Ward will take short.

Yale has no professional coach this year and the task of weeding out the candidates this year devolves on Capt. Rustin. All but two of last year's team are back. Quinby, a sub last year, will probably play at short field, and Fincke of last year's Freshman team is a promising candidate for third base. Carter will be in the box with Tri-deau as "understudy." Greenway, the old reliable, is counted on for backstop, but his health may not permit. If so, DeForest of last year's Freshman team may be substituted.

Harvard has her old team back and is on "Easy Street" as to prospects. Highlands, though very erratic, is still a wonderful pitcher, and the only pitcher at Harvard at all qualified to pitch for the 'Varsity. Wiggins may be ruled out under the four year rule.

Georgetown is a combination of hard hitters and fine fielders with a lack of team work. All the old men are back except pitcher Dowd and first baseman Cotter, who have graduated.

Pennsylvania's chances for a winning team are brighter than usual. All of last year's team with the exception of Boswell are in college. Their weakest point is in the box, but Weyhing of the Philadelphia ought to develop a good pitcher from the host of excellent candidates. Gelbert seems to have the call now.

Lehigh has all of last year's team in college, with several new pitchers, each of whom already has a good record.

The Library.

No doubt when the librarian chained the chairs down to the floor he had some good object in it that does not make itself apparent to the casual glance. And it is decidedly inconvenient, to say the least, to go the library to do some work and find all the chairs in the neighborhood of the stoves occupied and be compelled to take a seat in a place where the thermometer refuses to register the temperature at all.

It would seem to be a good move either to loosen the chairs or have the building better warmed, and it would be well to do both. As it is now the loafers occupy the comfortable spots and the workers are generally out in the cold.

H. M. Thompson will hereafter be known as "Trilby."