

do not take time for exercise are eventually compelled to return to their homes with failing health. The STUDENT is glad to note an awakening interest in athletic sports in the University.

The continued absence of Prof. Aughey is a serious inconvenience, not only to the members of his classes, but to the Faculty as well. Professors are obliged to take up subjects not in their regular line of work and cannot be expected to give much satisfaction to keen and inquiring young minds. The employment of tutors from the higher classes is an injustice to all concerned. Students come to the University to receive instruction from the best talent the state can procure, and not from fellow students even if they are fairly competent.

The latest thing on the tapis is the organization of an Athletic association. Its object the equipment of a gymnasium and the systematic introduction of outdoor games. Every student of the University should feel the need of such an institution and help it along, not only by sympathy, but active membership. It is proposed to petition the Regents for a room for a gymnasium and a part of the apparatus. The remainder of the expense will be borne by the members. If this matter ends in talk, as heretofore, we shall lose faith in the enterprise and public spirit of the students.

Probably the finest Christmas present received by any of our students is in the possession of D. H. Wheeler. It is an elegant gold watch and chain, from the young gentleman's paternal.

P. S.—The assistant local editor wrote the above and he isn't as well acquainted with Dan, Jr., as the local. The fact was that the watch came on Dan's twenty-first birthday, which same was the seventh day of January. It is a heavy gold, stem-winder, and bears D. H. W. "Jr's" monogram on the front and "1882" on the reverse. All Dan lives for now is a chance to vote.

Another interesting letter from our correspondent "'80" may be found in this number. Dave has many complimentary things to say of our own University, after visiting some of the most noted colleges in the west. Those of our students who are continually grumbling over imaginary defects in our University will do well to peruse this letter carefully. In our limited experience we have met many former students of Hillsdale College, Michigan, and they all speak in the highest terms, as does "'80," of the great work done by Chancellor Fairfield in building up the college during the time he occupied the president's chair.

"Father," asked one of our Preps at home, "what is a log?"

"A log, my son," replied Brown, steal-

ing a hasty glance at Mrs. B. to see if she was listening for his answer, "a log, my son, is a big piece of wood or timber. Why do you ask?"

"It tells in our history about heaving the log, and it says the ship went fourteen knots an hour. What does it mean by knots, father?"

"Knots,—knots? Why, you have seen a log—almost always covered with knots—haven't you? Well, that's what it means—fourteen of them—the ship got by fourteen of them in an hour. That's all," said Brown with a sigh of relief that he had gotten out of it so easily.

Student's Column.

Saturday is a pleasant day for students. They look forward to it with pleasing anticipations. The vacant rooms are cheerful and locked. The gymnasium furnishes a secluded, comfortable, happy spot for study and meditation. The chapel is locked, but the boys may sit on the box just outside the temple to study; they also swing on the bell rope and, (having removed their shoes) are allowed the privilege of studying in the halls.

Mr. STUDENT.—As I understand it, the society halls are intended for the use of the societies as societies and not for individual members. If this is the case I do not see what right the members have to use the rooms for flirting, etc., as is often done. The officers should see that the halls are not used more than necessary. Officers who admit persons into the rooms when it is not necessary, are not worthy of any trust at the hands of the societies.

PAL.

The Sophomore class organization is the legitimate outgrowth of "Barnard's Minstrels of last year. No other society of this kind, connected with the University, has ever survived the college year that gave it birth. A brief account of our last session may not be without inspiration to Freshmen, Juniors, and Seniors. Meeting at residence of Dr. Holmes; Saturday evening, Jan. 14; number of Sophomores present 20, visitors 2. Our Sunday school man, Mr. Lichty, tried to put in an appearance. The early part of the evening was spent in social converse. There were no allusions to the weather. Lessons were not discussed. Occasionally there was a reference to the professors, but these were uniformly kind, indeed flattering. (Heaven bless our dear teachers.) Then followed our games—not "Consequences," not "Jacob and Ruth," nothing of the kind, but classic pastimes, "Ubi? Quum? Et Quomodo?" (Prof. Church is respectfully invited to attend our next meeting.) At 11 we all adjourned to the Commercial restaurant for oysters—our universal custom.

SOPHOS.

Children's Column.



This train went north the day before Xmas and took home some of our boys and maidens. That's why it is called the B. & M. It will be observed that the rear coach is the best. It is a special coach. The students are on that. They're always on a special coach. Our editor-in-chief occupied the drawing room of the car. We don't know what he drew there. Give him an inch and he takes Snell.



The celebrated Wheeler brothers, song and dance men, were also on this car. The younger came rushing down to the depot in great haste. He had just torn himself from the third hall stairway. It made one stare to see the way he ran. His dignified elder rebuked him severely for such trifling. Dan was watched when he got home. The above is an exact reproduction except that the chronometer is not open face and is stem-winding and has a different chain.



Our local editor was also on this train homeward bound. He had three umbrellas. He always carries them when he goes home for they keep off bad weather. One is to lend. Three ribs are gone, the handle is broken, and it's about the color of George McLean's stove. The second is a parasol and the third has his chum's name on it. But they gave a substantial appearance anyway.



The week in Lincoln was spent lazily by those who remained here. Down at the Arlington there's a funny green table and lots of the boys occupied their time poking ivory balls over it with a stick. These were not the only balls which the students attended, though it seemed to be the general *Tristing* place. Rather curious, to be sure.

Vaccinated yet?

What think you of phrenology?

Go and see M. H. Gustin to get good harness or buggies, on 11th street.

For pure fresh made candy call at the Candy Kitchen, 12th street, Little's new block.

The Palladian preliminary prize debate was postponed to the 27th. A Webster programme is arranged for next Friday evening.