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WE call attention to the notice given by the President of the Y. U. F. B. C. which we publish elsewhere, and urge that all those who are interested in athletics, or who wish to relieve the monotony of the present term by getting up some exhibitions to take place in the Gymnasium, to be present. It is only in such a meeting that a full expression of College opinion can be obtained. And now that an opportunity is offered, take advantage of it to express, by a vote, your views upon the subject. From the current of opinion among the students at present we think that there will be no difficulty in arranging the proposed entertainment and of successfully carrying it out.

The readers of the NEWS, in view of the small amount of matter published every day, can form but an incomplete idea of the difficulties of editing such a paper. One single issue would require but little exertion, but when one has to have his copy ready for the printers, day after day, by the early hour of seven, the undertaking begins to assume somewhat the character of Madame Anderson's walk. The very repetition becomes wearisome. Then the dissatisfaction after the paper is printed. Numerous mistakes are discovered, or improvements suggested, which, in the hurry of getting ready, were overlooked. Comparing the crudities of his work with the more elaborately prepared weeklies or monthlies with which he exchanges, the poor editor curses his stupidity in not having done better. Often he never sees his manuscript after he has written it, or even reads it over except in the proof. Then it is he discovers where some joke is almost lost for want of being properly expressed,

or some argument is ruined by the trifling error of some arrangement. Not unfrequently, too, has it occurred with us that we have had, in our desperation to get out on time, to take up some uninteresting subject and to give it, sentence by sentence, to the compositor as we wrote it. At other times, when we have felt worn out, or lazy, on the preceding night, we have had to get up even earlier than seven, and, half asleep in the drowsy morning hours, to cudgel our dull brain to find something to "fill up." Then it is that we stagger upon something which we should never have thought of writing about, and, in a dazed sort of way, write words, words. After we have fully awakened, and peruse the effusion as published, we wonder, with a trembling heart, what our subscribers will think of "that thing," and whether they consider they have gotten their one cent and a half's worth to-day. Such is the case this morning, for the editor expecting to review "Loyd Lee" went to sleep last night while reading that catalogue of college events, and only awoke to a realization of his terrible position with the ringing of the chapel bell.

How Peterkin Kept His Resolutions.

Chancing to pass Mrs. Moriarty's the other evening, we heard a most terrific noise, as though some camp-meeting orator were haranguing the multitude and pointing out the straight and narrow way that leadeth not to destruction. Ever on the lookout for items, we entered and were surprised to find our old and recently reformed friend Peterkin, surrounded by a company of choice spirits who were listening most attentively to a stump speech upon the relative merits of "Political Economy and The Human Intellect." This finished, recitations from Hamlet and Richard III were in order, and the programme ended with a few choice "compliments," more forcible than elegant,

to those unfortunate collegians not enjoying the happiness of the orator's friendship, and to the Faculty who are considered to be the irreconcilable enemies of the house of Peterkin. When an opportunity offered itself, we approached and exclaimed, "Hallo! old boy, how's this? Thought you had sworn off." He looked at us with a sort of blurred expression for a moment, and then comprehending our meaning, burst into a huge laugh which lasted so long that we began to grow uneasy. When, however, his glee had subsided, winking with one eye and crooking his finger, he said with much deliberation, "Hallo, yourself! Come here—sit down—wantztalk wiz you. Zink I'm drunk?" "Oh no, not in the least," we replied. "Zat's right, cause, (hic) don't like man zinks Peterkin's drunk. If you zink I'm drunk, you're no friendzmine, 'cause I, hic, I ain't drunk 'zall." We ordered him Seltzer, and after a few moments he revived sufficiently to understand that we wished to hear the story of his downfall and how he came to break his resolutions. Leaning across the table, with his forefinger shaking most portentously in our face, he began: "Now, iz zer winter of our dis(hic)content—" "Hold on," we interrupted, "give us that another time; only the story now." "Oh, yes, I see. Wanz t'know how I come to drink again, eh?" "Exactly." "Well, you see, I done firs'-class—got along bully. Nearly all zer red (hic) went off my nose, and didn't cut zingle time. Didn't flunk, neizer. Ole (hic)—ole Blank was s'prised. Didn't know what t'make of it. I just broke's ole heart. Darned old snoozer. All fellows got t' callin' me a saint—just think, (hic) saint. I wrote all about it to Katie, and she—Oh, Lord, when I think 'bout that girl I want zer die. Somebody givem' pistol, quick; I want zer die. I want zer commit su—(hic) suicide." We managed to quiet him, and he resumed: "I woz a been all right now if

it hadn't been for zat Dutch ball—zat Teu—(hic) Teutonia. I went down zere, an' zat devil of Riprich got me zo drink gin cocktail. I drank 'nother then four more, an' lost zer score. Had bully time; everybody drunk. Have'nt been ter chapel since. Went zer recitation once; got caught skinning. Won't go 'gain; goin' zer do nothin' but get drunk. Goin' get 'xpelled; goin' zer do everything. Whoopee, here, Tom, you ole gray rat, bring me "hot Scotch." What'll have, fellows? Everybody's got zer get drunk. Man's don't get drunk's no frien'-mine. Whoopee; Hurrah for Yale! Bez place in world zer get drunk!" Knowing well that Peterkin would never leave until he had to be carried home, we took our leave, moralizing upon the folly of resolving to do a thing, and recognizing the truth of the adage, "The path to hell is paved with good resolutions."

Notice.

A University meeting will be held Tuesday, January 28th, in the Lyceum Lecture Room, at 6.45 P. M., to consider the advisability of holding a series of athletic contests in the Gymnasium.

T. E. ROCHFORD,
Pres. Y. F. B. C.

YALE LOG.

More disturbances by students in St. Petersburg.

For poor puns and good boxing, "Bill" Dole "takes the cake."

The Stafford Dining Rooms are among the neatest and best conducted in the city.

Why are young ladies anxious to marry, like the New York *Tribune*? Because they *sigh for dispatch*.

Give the Scientific Seniors a man on the Senior promenade committee, if their patronage is desired.

Seymour, '81, is principal of the high school at South Norwalk. He intends to join the class again after the spring vacation.

On account of the illness of Professor Brush the Sheff. Juniors are having cuts in Crystalography this week.

One of the Sheffield Professors says the Scientific students are a very different class of men from those in the academic department.

It will not be long before the proud Freshman will be able to strut by the Grammar School with a cane.

A prominent Sheff. Freshman is anticipating the studies of his course by trying to pick up a little *French* on the street.

Professor Clark was seriously cut about the head and arm in the narrow escape from an accident at the Derby R. R. depot, Wednesday night.

A gentleman wishing to express in graphic terms what his occupation was, said he was rubbing lead off the end of pencils. He was an editor.

A schoolmaster spoke of his pupils as having been so thoroughly disciplined, that they were as quiet and orderly as the chairs themselves. It was probably because they were *cane bot-tomed*.

A Professor's marking book attracted great attention at the *Lit.* election, Wednesday, but all efforts to unravel its mysteries, proved ineffective. The hieroglyphic for the Flunk was the only mark that could be translated.

The crew express themselves as well pleased with their new rowing machines. The inconvenience of running in the gymnasium and rowing in Alumni Hall is by no means agreeable.

When the class of '74 S. were working at blow-pipe analysis, Prof. Brush gave them a mineral to test which the boys experimented on for nearly half an hour, when one of them happening to taste it, discovered it was rock salt.

Those desiring to see a delightful entertainment should go to the amusing play of "Baby," at the Opera House this evening and to-morrow. The play is to be given by Mr. Chas. H. Thayer's dramatic company, which has an excellent reputation.

There has been but few issues of the *Courant* or *Record* that have not contained an admonition for somebody to brace. If a man's name was Auger, it would be apropos to tell him to *brace* up a little *bit*; but the advice has become a *bore*, and should be sunk—even *counter sunk*.

A candidate for the crew received a most weighty letter from the post office, and upon opening it, found it to be a sample of "Prof. Horsford's Self-raising Bread Preparation," accompanied by the following note: "Take according to directions, and 'twill give you muscle for the crew."
SUE."

There were 1,344 students at Harvard in 1878. Of the 813 undergraduates 550 have boarded at the Alumni Hall at a cost of only \$4.03 a week, while President Eliot, in noting the fact that the other two-fifths pay \$8 a week at private houses, shows by carefully prepared tables that nearly every kind of food was as cheap in Cambridge in 1878 as in 1858, yet at the latter date students paid for table board but \$4 a week. He well explains the difference by saying that "students, like their parents and the community at large, have got into the habit of living less plainly than they used to," and he urges on parents the wisdom of training their sons to plain living. Harvard proved fatal to only four men in 1878.

A Senior, whose chum is in the habit of making very late calls on College street on Thursday evenings, is always made happy on the following day about 1.30 A. M., with an abundant supply of pumpkin pie. This may account for the *pi-ousness* of certain individuals and the pumpkin-headedness of others.

A student, wishing to attend a ball game, not being suited with his overcoat, borrowed a friend's. The weather proving warmer than he expected, he laid aside the coat, and came home, leaving it at the Park. Meeting the friend about a week afterwards, he said—"Oh, I forgot to tell you, I left your overcoat at the Park, the other day, and it has been stolen. I don't suppose you care, as it was not good for much." The fact was, it had only been worn a few times.

There is one practice on the campus that is fast getting to be an intolerable nuisance. It is that perpetrated by the numerous washerwomen who invade our domains on washing day. The entrances to Farnam are every week piled full of clothes, bags of all shapes, colors and sizes, which often remain there from morning till night; and when one passes in a hurry he is liable to pitch head-first into them, and then to fall over some baby-carriage or into some big basket. We earnestly exhort the campus "peeler" to remedy this matter.

A member of the Senior class recently made some remarkable assertions with regard to California. When his companions laughed derisively at his statements, he immediately silenced them by stating that he ought to know, as his grandfather had been born there *sixty years ago*, and had come east when he was only *two years old*. How he was able to make so remarkable a journey at so tender an age, the Senior said he had never taken the trouble to inquire.

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BURGESS & BURGESS, 233 Chapel st. are offering a large assortment of Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, &c. at extremely low prices. Their stock of Seal Skin Caps and Gloves is large. Those in want of any goods in their line are invited to call and examine.

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