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LIMITS OF HUMANITY.

GOETHE.

When the Creator,
The Great, the Eternal,
Sows with indifferent
Hand, from the rolling
Clouds, o'er the earth, His
Lightnings in blessings.
I kiss the nethermost
Hem of His garment,
Slowly inclining
In infantine awe.

For never against
The immortals, a mortal
May measure himself.
Upward aspiring, if ever
He toucheth the stars with his forehead,
Then do his insecure feet
Stumble and totter and reel;
Then do the cloud and the tempest
Make him their pastime and sport.

Let him with sturdy
Sinewy limbs,
Tread the enduring
Firm seated earth;
Aiming no farther, than with
The oak or the vine to compare.

What doth distinguish
Gods from mankind?
This! Multitudinous
Billows roll ever
Before the Immortals,
An infinite stream.
We by a billow
Are lifted—a billow
Engulfs us—we sink,
And are heard of no more!

A little round
Encircles our life
And races unnumber'd
Extend through the ages,
Link'd by existence's
Infinite chain.

THE YEARS.

Why do we heap huge mounds of years
Before us and behind,
And scorn the little days that pass,
Like angels on the wind?

Each, turning round a small sweet face
As beautiful as near,
Because it is so small a face
We will not see it clear.

And so it turns from us, and goes
Away in sad disdain;
Though we could give our lives for it,
It never comes again.

MISS MULOCK.

LETTER FROM INDIA.

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF A LONG OCEAN VOYAGE.

[CONCLUDED FROM MARCH NO.]

MADRAS, DEC. 1, 1875.

But our first glimpse of real heathendom was at Port Said, a little town at the Mediterranean entrance of the Suez canal. We had no sooner dropped anchor than we were surrounded by little boats to take off persons who might wish to visit the place, and then followed a scene which beggars description. Each boat contained two men or a man and a boy, and every one of them was determined to bring his boat to the foot of the gangway and secure the first passengers. They clamored and scolded and gesticulated, they pushed each other's boats out of place, they untied one another's ropes, and loosened each other's grappling hooks; they scrambled about like monkeys, and I thought they could not possibly escape without one or more being drowned. All through the squabble they would turn from scowling at each other, and in an instant put on the most persuasive smiles as they held up their hands to us, inviting patronage.—Presently one officer went down with a rope's end and laying about him right and left, contrived to keep a little order, while another officer using hands and feet to push off rival boatmen, assisted passengers into boats. Throughout the whole day we lay there, the first officer kept guard on deck, for these people are inveterate thieves and none were allowed on board. Now and then one would creep up the gangway or climb up the ship's side, but the cat-like officer was upon him instantly and the rope came singing down on his bare shoulders. They resented nothing from a European, however much they wrangled among themselves, but took blows with pleading servility which spoke plainly their crushed manhood.

I did not go ashore; there was nothing to be seen but sand and a few houses, and it was rather warm. All day long and late at night we received coal. The coolies wore hoods with capes hanging down over the neck, much as we see them in old Egyptian figures, and with their great baskets of coal on their heads, made a scene weird enough by the flaming torches.

We were two days in the Suez canal, lying at anchor by night. Our vessel was very large and heavy and we were obliged to move slowly to avoid

running aground. The canal is cut through a low and sandy country, dotted much of the way with shallow ponds, and its entire length is eighty-seven miles. Nothing can be seen as far as the eye can reach but sand and water, and when the wind is steady, the fine light sand unobstructed by tree or sod rises in clouds and flies before it. Constant dredging is required to keep the canal open. The French have used every means to make vegetation grow on the banks, but have found only one bush which can eke out a dwarfed existence in the heat and drouth, No wall can be built on such a foundation, and they say the canal does not pay expenses, yet our ship paid about \$7500, for pilot and passage, and met six others while going through.

This was the most tedious part of our whole journey. We crept along between the low banks, seeing now an arab tent, now a few mud houses with flat roofs, and now a train of camels with their dusky attendants. At regular intervals were little European houses, fenced in with a rank growth of something which looked like hemp, and brilliant with oleanders and other bright colored flowers, showing that nothing is needed but water to make the desert blossom. These were the residences of French officials. Half way through the canal we came into a lake on whose banks off to our right we saw the little town Ismalia. Just where the canal enters the lake, on a high sandy bank, is a very neat cottage, handsomely paneled, surrounded by a wide verandah, and having a spacious cook-house in the rear. From the yard in front a long flight of steps, guarded by a pretty railing, leads down to a platform on the edge of the water. It is the house built for and occupied by the Empress Eugenie when she came to attend the formal opening of the canal. It is only used now when the Khedive of Egypt comes down for a few days in summer to breathe salt air by the canal side. It was tightly closed when we passed, with no sign of life about it, and half way down the bank in front all trace of the pretty steps was lost in the drifting sand. Poor Eugenie! The footprints of her transient royalty are buried and forgotten likewise.

We reached Suez Sabbath morning, Oct. 31st, and were glad to get under full headway again. The point where the Israelites crossed the Red Sea, became a prominent topic of conversation at this time, but we steamed away leaving place and question together. Now and then we saw land until after we passed the Straits of Babelmandeb, where the captain watched the ship's course narrowly. We passed near high rocky cliffs and the reefs run out under water several miles, making the coast particularly dangerous, while the inhabitants are

as much to be feared as the rocks. Several years ago a whole ship's company were cast ashore here and sold into slavery by their captors.

Ten days later we reached Ceylon and dropped anchor off Colombo. The first officer professed to sniff the cinnamon scented breeze and called on us to enjoy it with him, while we were yet fifty miles from land, but as I was elsewhere informed that cinnamon gives out no fragrance unless bruised and then only noticeable on the plantation, I am inclined to think he fabricated the whole. Colombo is a thriving city extending ten miles along the coast, and has a population of one hundred thousand. But one hundred thousand in India do not represent the prosperous city we should expect from the same number in the United States. The government buildings, soldiers' barracks, European residences and business houses are imposing enough, but the little mud huts of the natives stretch away through the cocoon groves, and while almost escaping notice, literally swarm with human beings. The surf is high on this shore and it is sometimes very difficult to pass through it. The natives use a long narrow surf boat, which looks like a canoe with the sides boarded up. Two long hoops curve out from one side and reaching the water about ten feet from the boat are fastened to a log which acts as a regulator and prevents capsizing. They carry four persons and are said to be very safe, though passengers usually prefer the large deep boats pulled by ten or twelve oarsmen.

We lay two days at Colombo, and before sunrise each morning I was awakened by the strange chant of the boatmen as they pulled off to the ship. Everywhere that I have seen these people working together, they have had some chant in unison. It answers the same purpose as the rough "ho-ye" of our river boatmen but is much more musical. One of them, who seems to be a leader, repeats a rhyming chant and at every third or fourth word all join in a chorus. There was something sweet in it at Ceylon, and the monotonous hum of the surf as it broke on the rocks, the strange foliage and houses on shore, the swift moving boats with their rows of swaying black figures, the music of the chant now clear and distinct, and now faint as they rose and fell with the waves, and over all the soft air and early light, made the most truly ideal scene of the Orient we have yet beheld. For certainly the poetry of this country has been exaggerated. It is queer enough and quaint enough and sad enough, but so far as I have seen, it is not beautiful. Even if it were a natural paradise, this black gloom of heathenism that hangs over and pervades everything, would darken and pollute the whole. Ceylon is much more attractive than that part of India which lies about Madras. Both monsoons

reach it after passing over a wide expanse of water, and so bring rain. Having two rainy seasons, and being surrounded by the sea, its climate is very equable, the temperature varying little from 90° at any season and vegetation is green all the year round. Part of the island is covered with dense jungle, coffee and spice plantations occupying a part, and back in the interior a chain of mountains rising in points 8000 feet high, extends nearly its whole length.

Friday morning, Nov. 19, we saw Madras. The surf here is much worse than at Colombo. The long curling waves roll upon the sandy beach in never ending succession, and vary only in degree of force. The native surf boats consist simply of three small logs lashed together, the central one being smaller than the others. In this shallow trough, two men kneel and paddle themselves through the waves. If they are washed off, they get on again; if they are run down they swim out and catch their boat again; indeed they seem like cork in the water.

An agent came off to meet us and we disembarked at once. Our transit boat was a great shell, twenty feet long, six feet wide and four feet deep, with a floor and awning arranged at one end for passengers. The two boatmen sat on poles laid across the top, each bracing his feet against the pole in front. The prospect from the foot of the gangway was not a very attractive one. One instant the boat was at the steps, and the next it was ten feet below. "Jump!" called some one as it came up again, and the next time we went down with it and in a moment were rocking towards shore. A pier runs out through the surf, with steps to receive passengers from boats, but believing that in such a sea it would be more difficult to jump up than it had been to jump down, we chose to pass through the surf to the beach. Two of our boatmen stood behind us with covering to shield us from the sea if it should strike us, and the others changed their long stroke to a short one and their chant to a confusion of howls and grunts without tune or time. So we went, now up, now down, now riding on a wave, now driven before one, getting a dash of spray now and then, till a huge wave drove us on the sand, another caught us up and tossed us farther in, a third repeated the same, and finally we grounded in shallow water, fifteen feet or more from dry land. The coolies joined hands and carried off the gentlemen, but "misses" rose to the dignity of a board with a cushion on it, and in this state we made our first appearance in India. Thirty or more men, women and children gathered about us immediately, and escorted us to the caraiage, and by the time we were seated three-fourths of them were claiming

payment for services rendered during the walk, or begging pies to buy rice. Two little fellows trotted behind us nearly a mile, turning summersaults in the sand, and displaying various other accomplishments in hope of reward.

But this letter must find an end. We have made our purchases here, and to night begin our trip up country on the canal. We did not forget last Thursday that it was Thanksgiving day at home, and our hearts were full of praise as we thought of the beautiful land from which we have come, and of earnest hope for the people of India.

E. G. LOUGHRIDGE.

SCIENCE, THE FOE OF MATERIALISM.

Sometimes great errors are expressed by the application of short proverbs. Thus it often is with the saying, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." I have been frequently reminded of this fact when considering the character and tendency of certain movements in the religious world. Give to a man's religious opinions a bad name and the masses will look both upon the man and his beliefs with abhorrence. In the same way grievous errors are accepted, and debasing superstitions are perpetuated by reason of the good reputation that they bear. A truth with a bad name can never win universal acceptance; nor can an evil be uprooted as long as it is clothed in the garb of goodness and so passes current in the best society. Let a man call himself an orthodox christian, and he may express many a thought that would be denounced if uttered by one calling himself skeptic or infidel. Nowhere is it true that an opinion is accepted upon its own merits. If it has a bad name, the world will ever detect a bad odor clinging to it, and a good name, with the unthinking crowd, alike of clergy and laity, will cover rottenness, though never disinfect or purify it.

The foregoing observations have frequently been called up in my mind by the popular use of the word "materialism." From it the masses turn away in abhorrence, and upon those whom theologians call materialists, they look with solemn contempt or pious pity. Now while this term is usually applied to a certain class of scientists, materialism is by no means the peculiar error of the class of persons to whom it is generally given. Rather does it belong to the uneducated minds of all schools of philosophy and all sects in religion. It finds expression in the thoughts of childhood, and the conceptions of the race in its stage of undeveloped ideas and crude notions. The savage, with a child's mind, conceives of a man, whom he calls God, presiding over the sky and producing and directing the wind. For him a person with the

form and characteristics of a mortal man, is the cause of all the phenomena of nature and life. He knows nothing of and cannot grasp the thought of anything immaterial. Having no ability to conceive of an immaterial force as heat or electricity, to comprehend a principle of justice, or appreciate goodness, purity, or love, for their own value, he ever abides in the world of matter. He conceives of nothing without form, size and material substance. Everything in earth and air, in time and eternity, is material. He is therefore above all others a "materialist," and his beliefs in the same way constitute materialism in its lowest and crudest form.

The child or the savage with a superficial knowledge of the objects around him, with no comprehension of the subtle forces of nature, can form no conception of a spirit, and has no idea of anything that properly deserves the name spiritual. He may believe in what he calls spirits, but they are as material as the objects that he sees and handles. He may talk of the pleasures and pains of a spirit life beyond the grave, but he will describe a heaven and a hell as material as any object of earth. From such a materialism has the mind of man ever been struggling to free itself. In proportion as it has succeeded has it gained an insight into things spiritual; has it risen above the plane of sense and self. As man frees himself from the materialism of childhood, of ignorance, his ideas of God become more refined, and his conceptions of the so-called spiritual become liberated from the gross and sensual, and man himself, lifted above the atmosphere of self, enters one of nobler thought and feeling.

But how does the human mind thus escape from materialism, with its sensual conceptions of all things? Let us briefly consider this topic, to find if possible the answer to our question. And first I would remark that our mental notions, the moulds in which we cast the image of things beyond the world of sense, are all derived from our knowledge of things about us. Our ideas of things of sense become the types of things that we call spiritual. To escape from the materialism of childhood, we must pass beyond the childish notions of the world of matter. To be able to conceive of an immaterial spiritual God, the mind must gain an insight into things immaterial, as the forces of nature. To conceive of a heaven above the atmosphere of sense, man must come to feel the eternal value and potential power of truth and goodness. In short, by added knowledge, must be developed that power of definite mental presentation on which depends his ability to comprehend objects and forces outside of his ordinary observation. But scientific observa-

tion, leading to more knowledge and greater comprehension of nature with all her subtle forces, is the only means of furnishing mankind with new idea, and new conceptions of things unseen. It is, therefore, the first and all-important means of freeing the race from that materialism, which theologians are so accustomed to say science fosters. Scientific thought and speculation has therefore a tendency the very opposite from that which is so frequently assigned to it. In spite of the bad odor that some detect around it, owing to the bad name given it, science has constantly tended to free man from materialism. It leads its followers, and not only them but the world of thinking people, away from the superficial, and invites them to the consideration of the subtle and invisible things of nature and life. It brings men face to face with the mystery of that power which is manifested in the universe, and which overshadows all thinking and reverent minds. It may, yea it *must* lead men away from their old ideas of God, spiritual life and moral obligations. But so surely as this universe is pervaded with a principle of Intelligence, will it lead them to grander, because broader and deeper views, and truer because more developed opinions upon all these topics.

The great need of our time, as of all time, is not that the world shall accept a certain metaphysical or intellectual conception of the topics treated of by the clergy. It is not that all men shall be moved by a given class of motives. Rather it is that all should be led in the true spirit of eternal progress to nobler and still grander and truer conceptions of God, life and duty, and be moved by a constantly improved and improving set of motives. This article does not attempt to show that science leads to higher motives for action, although the writer sincerely believes it does. In this the writer has endeavored to call attention to the fact that scientific investigation, leading to more exact knowledge upon all topics, also leads to truer views of life and duty and God, by aiding in the great work of freeing mankind from subjection to sensual and material conceptions of all these things, and that science, including all exact knowledge, is the foe, and not as is so frequently asserted, the friend of "materialism." P.

It may surprise a good many persons who think of Colorado as a far off Western wild, to know that the incipient Commonwealth has now more miles of constructed railroads within her limits than either Louisiana or Arkansas, and within forty miles of as much as either Vermont, Connecticut or New Hampshire. By next year she will be ahead of all these States and of some others.

A HOMILY ON EARS.

The subject of this paper, while not pretentious, is yet sufficiently prominent to claim respectful consideration. By way of preface, I might quote Mark Antony's memorable request of his friends and countrymen, but it is a trifle trite, and being literally not at all in need of such a loan as he desired, any more than was Cæsar's friend probably, I shall not ask it. Dame Nature has dealt with me liberally enough in respect of ears. Like the brave fellow of newspaper celebrity, I can say without boasting, "The man who tries to pull my ears will have his hands full."

But, seriously, I would call attention to a subject which, as I take it, is too little looked into. Literally, if you please, the ear should be looked into much more frequently than it is, for the discovery and interpretation of the hieroglyphics of disease so often written on that delicate parchment sheet the tympanic membrane. Even should this be concealed from the surgeon's view, he may often wash away together both the obstruction and its consequent deafness, by a few minutes' skilled manipulation.

But this is not a medical treatise on the auricular appendage, and your ears shall not be bored with any technical description of helix, anti-helix, tragus or concha; vestibule, labyrinth, cochlea or semi-circular canals. I shall not attempt to describe either, firstly, the wonderful organ of hearing, or secondly, the adaptation of the organism to the environment which Herbert Spencer so loves to talk about; nor thirdly, the evolution and development of the ear from the simple otolith sac which suffices for fishes, to that complex instrument, more wonderful than the Steinway, by which all the music of reed and pipe and articulate voice, all the infinitely varied combinations of sound, are received and transmitted, struck on a key-board of myriad nerve-filaments, and telegraphed in to the sentient brain. All this would be interesting, is fascinating indeed to the student of anatomy; but as it is deemed less important than Latin and Greek in our schools, and proves less attractive than third-rate novels in our libraries, I shall take it for granted that you do not wish your ears stuffed with science. Indeed, for all I have to say in this rambling discourse, it may as well be allowed to "pass in at one ear and out at the other."

I might give a synopsis of the literature of the ear from Hypocrates down to our own St. John Roosa; I might mention scores of patient explorers who, if they have not, like Vesalius, Eustachius and Fallopius, cut their names as memorials on the hard cavern walls of the temporal bone—that sacred temple of music, old as the race, and yet young as the child of to-day—have yet each contributed

something to our knowledge of the structure and diseases of the ear. I might especially speak of Valsalva, who in the course of his studies dissected more than a thousand heads; of Cotunui, the discoverer of that musical lake, the limpid fluid of the internal ear; of Scarpa who first threaded its membranous labyrinth, and Monro, who first traced the nerve-filament keys of this miniature piano, of Soemmering, Tonybee, Gerlach, and Corth, names famous in the records of anatomical research.

But though biography is usually more interesting than science, I shall not ask you to follow these common-place hard-working heroes. They have received their reward. Their labors, though confined to a very small field, have had results which are not "all in the eye," or the ear either. They who, from the realm of partial or absolute silence have been brought back to the joyous realm of sound, of bird-song, and breeze and childish glee; of family voices and orchestral harmonies, know how to value the seemingly small results of such patient, devoted lives.

I trust the kind reader will neither "get up on his ear" nor "walk off" on it, if I talk hold of the subject for a few moments with a degree of freedom from scholarly restraint, as I must in speaking briefly of the various ear-marks of men and beasts. First, there are your large ears which are said to give evidence of a generous spirit; but remembering the much favored donkey, it seems more reasonable to look on them as shadowing forth musical taste. Small ears, which are almost always a feminine appendage, are made to bear the opprobrium of a penurious bent, but the jewelled pendants they so often carry and costly chapeaus which surmount them should be enough to refute the charge. Then there are your sharp ears and your dull ones; the former ever on the alert for the faintest suspicion of sound, from the deep bass of sixteen vibrations per second to the shrill treble of forty-eight thousand; quick to catch up unwary wavelets, whispers of calumny, hate or love, misery's pain, or joy's delight, letting nothing escape, and making of their owner a blessing or a curse, as the case may be, to those about him. The latter on the other hand, stand like careless sentinels at the portal of the brain, suffering pleasure to pass and pain to approach without warning; suffering malice to plot and misfortune to ripen unhindered, hearing as little of nature's concourse of sweet sounds as those see of her beauty who are born color blind. There are ears coarse as clay and ears as fine as pearl; timid ears turned back for the sounds of pursuit, and bold ears facing front for the chase; ears broad and pendant like shields of defense, ears sharp and erect as spears of attack. There are ears of corn, and ears

of pots, dogs-ears of books, and crop ears of dogs, literally ears without end, but enough.

I have sometimes thought a system of phrenology more sensible than the science of bumps, might be based on the position of the ear. Should you come to me instead of to Fowler for information, I would determine your traits something after this fashion. Balancing your head—in imagination—on the axis of the ears as on a pivot. I should note where the center of gravity fell. If in the axis or slightly above, I should pronounce *au fait*, but if either vertical, horizontal or intermediate radius should exceed its fellow, I should say your animal or spiritual, your emotional or intellectual, your realistic or idealistic nature, as the case might be, were predominant and would shape your life. That the location of the ear is of recognized importance is shown by the many familiar phrases in which it figures. We get "up to our ears" in business or debt, and "over our ears" in love. The unwary benedict gives offense and straightway brings a hornet's nest about his devoted auricular appendages. The gamin grins "from ear to ear" and the suicide's razor seeks the same limits. The auditor of a tiresome story may from time to time declare himself "all ears" if he care neither for truth nor the implied relation. And why should we be ashamed to acknowledge a certain relationship with our pointed-eared brethren. That Darwin's theory is an indisputable fact, the ear itself furnishes evidence. A mute witness of evolution remains in the cartilaginous tip which you may discover turned under at the summit of your own more or less delicate concha. But enough. This article, like its subject, must suffer by undue extension.

GAMMA.

GRANT'S DESMOINES SPEECH.—Grant's speech before the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, delivered at Des Moines, Sept. 30, 1875, started some very lively educational questions, and some questions not quite so educational. The following sentence (including the letters and words in brackets,) was printed extensively as a part of it, though not one of those bracketed letters was in Grant's speech!

"Resolve" "that [n]either state or nation, [n]or both combined, shall support institutions of learning [other than those] sufficient to afford to every child in the land the opportunity of a good common school education, unmixed with sectarian, pagan or atheistical tenets."

Those bracketed letters and words were doubtless forged by some willing hand, and then Pres. Magoun and others mounted them for a tilt with State Universities, but their suspicious looking nag has broken down with them flat, and in the very midst of the tournament! Up and dust, gentlemen, Dust!!

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TERMS INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

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THE bill appropriating \$47,500 for the support of the University, and creating two Homœopathic chairs in the Medical Department, finally passed, after a desperate resistance from the enemies of higher education. In comparison with what it should have been, the appropriation is a mere pittance; upon it the University can maintain its present degree of development, but cannot make the advance the educational interests of the State demand, and its material prosperity would justify. We were aware that many in both Houses were mentally disqualified for the consideration of questions other than those of petty, local interest, but had hoped better things of the majority.

Disappointed, we find consolation in the thought that the history of every American college "is a story of unceasing struggle with poverty; of self-denying effort by its officers, and of a system of small and patient economies on the part of its financial managers."

We have been sanguine enough to expect the growth of the Iowa State University, to prove as exceptional as that of the industrial interests of the State, but now perceive that it can only keep pace with the intellectual development of our people.

We believe the creation of the Homœopathic chairs a move in the right direction. A State institution should be strictly non partisan. If the positions are filled by as thoroughly competent gentlemen as are the members of the present very efficient Medical Faculty, future harmony will be assured.

THE University very much needs some appliances for the physical culture of the students. The symmetrical development of all the powers of mind and body are necessary to the acquisition of the highest degree of intellectual culture, and still

more, if possible, for the attainment of success in any business pursuit. The educators of every age have recognized the necessity of counteracting the evil effects of the sedentary habits incident to a student-life; and while some have seemed to carry it to an extreme—notably our English cousins—still their system produces a rare combination, in one person, of the ripe scholar, and athlete, of which they are justly proud.

With us the matter is left entirely to the student, and the consequence is that nine-tenths of them take no regular exercise, other than walking to and fro from their boarding place to the recitation rooms and book stores. The only exception is the military drill, and this, though very good in its way, is only for a part of the year, and then excludes the ladies. Formerly when the majority of the students were adults, and drawn from the farms and work-shops, this need was not so important, for their bodies were already vigorous and mature; but now that the average age is much lower, and a much larger per cent. have never obtained physical development by labor, the matter is of vital importance. It is idle to expect the individual to supply this want, by the use of dumb-bells, war clubs, &c., the interest soon lags, then is lost. Some exercise is needed that will call into play the social instincts, and arouse the spirit of emulation. The eastern colleges all have gymnasiums properly furnished; but as long as our law-makers pursue their present narrow system of false economy, it would be preposterous to think of such an establishment here; they cost money.

Our national game supplies this want to a very limited degree, here and elsewhere; but the exercise is too violent, casualties too numerous; and the proficiency, necessary to make the game interesting, requires too much practice for it ever to become general. The only muscular recreation left is rowing; one of the best, from the number of muscles it calls into play; its comparative cheapness, and being equally adapted to both sexes. A few of the students, and many of the citizens, have already improved the facilities afforded by the Iowa River, the latter having built some beautiful boats and boat houses owned by clubs. Of course the students generally cannot afford the expense incurred by a membership in one of these, but cheaper boats row just as hard, and a boat-house is not indispensable. By forming clubs, very servicable boats can be purchased at reasonable prices, and much health and pleasure will be the result. If some enterprising townsman would build a few boats to rent by the hour, at reasonable rates, we believe he would find it a profitable investment. Who will take the lead in this matter?

THE gentler sex in all ages, have been noted for their inexhaustable resources. Will not our ladies prove their ingenuity by devising a substitute for that unmitigated bore—the monthly Sociable? Its continued existence is conclusive as to the general recognition of the need of some means of social culture. But such a means!! The last one was a fair sample. Fifty wall-flowers, precise, prim, erect, with hands folded in lap, seated on one side of the hall; about twenty-five of the same species, but opposite gender, vainly striving to ignore the existence of hands and feet, and look unconcious, on the other side; a few couples scattered around upon the center seats and the rostrum; a noisy crowd of sub-freshies standing around the doors. Finally, a few of the braver gentlemen form a procession and march single file around the room, the ladies ditto, until in some inexplicable manner they are properly paired and the exercises are duly inaugurated; tramp, tramp, tramp; gradually the young men gather courage to cross the hall, select some fair flower from the brilliant parterre, and solicit the pleasure of a promenade. She rises, he nervously clutches her arm and they drift into the current; round and round they go, with a funeral expression on their countenances, until the resemblance to the procession formed in a country church to view the corpse, becomes oppressive. The repetitive conversation from "It's a nice evening," to "Is there any one you would like an introduction to," is gone through with; then after a long pause and much mental trepidation, a change of partners is effected. So on *ad finem*; no music, nothing to relieve the monotony but a couple of dignified Seniors and their partners rushing wildly around the hall jostling the unfortunate ones in their way. Any old student will recognize the picture, for the "Sociable" dates from the opening of the University, and seems as immutable as the Sphinx.

We shall never forget the first one we attended, and for the benefit of our young friends will relate our experience. Young and verdant we went early, and modestly slipped into a corner, to watch the others. Soon a kind but officious friend sought us out and insisted that "we must promenade; it was a duty we owed to all present." We have never been able to fully forgive that man; for, over-persuaded, we followed him across the hall, were introduced to a most estimable young lady, but one fully as bashful and homely as ourself; we commenced the "dead march," carried on a straggling conversation in monosyllables, till satisfied that we had complied with the requirements of etiquette, we resolved to dispose of the lady and seek our corner. We had taken the precaution to enquire of our friend, the proper way to do this; and had been told, that it was to introduce her to some

gentlemen, who would be under obligations to invite her to promenade. Confident that she would be delighted with a change, we approached one of the few gentlemen we knew, and introduced them. He remarked "It's a pleasant evening," turned on his heel and left us. Astonished beyond measure at this unlooked for treatment, we started on, and in the course of half an hour, had introduced that young lady to every gentleman we knew, in the hall, with exactly the same result. What should we do! The cold sweat stood upon our brow, our limbs trembled, we could not sit down, for a phantasmagoria of Sinbad and his old man played before our excited vision, and we could not rest, round and round, nine o'clock, ten, Ye Gods! Will the end never come? Eleven. The assembly is dismissed, she releases our arm and with a mainac shout we rush wildly from the room.

Again, we ask, in the name of all the innocents destined to suffer such torture, cannot some substitute be found? If not, then let us at least ameliorate their condition as much as possible, by providing music and publishing a hand-book of conversation, with the topics outlined, something after the manner of a European guide book.

The students are under very decided obligations to the public-spirited young business men of the city, who constitute the Star Lecture Association, for the privilege of hearing some of the finest lecturers in the field. The course thus far has been given by Messrs. Field, Hayes, Parsons, Fowler, and Miss Potter, and will be closed, we understand, by Theodore Tilton. The students and citizens, generally, have shown their appreciation of the efforts of the Association, by giving each lecturer a large audience. We are informed the receipts and expenditures balance nicely, leaving the young gentlemen the satisfaction of feeling that they are public benefactors.

THE students of eastern colleges are again agitating the question of compulsory attendance on chapel exercises, and we have heard some very positive expressions upon the subject here. In our judgment religious exercises in colleges—especially those supported by the State—rest upon the same basis as in the common schools, and the same arguments, pro and con, are applicable. We believe the time is not far distant when an enlightend, christian, public sentiment will abrogate both.

THE various appropriations of the legislature just adjourned, amounted to \$2,126,064.10. Of this sum \$500,000 was for the new capitol, \$93,015 for the support of penal institutions, and \$87,070 for the various State educational institutions. Comment is unnecessary.

LOCAL.

ZETAGATHIAN SOCIETY.

The annual exhibition of the Zetagathian Society took place on Friday evening, March 17th, in the University Chapel. Promptly at quarter past seven the performers occupied the rostrum, and at eight the exhibition opened with music, after which prayer was offered by Rev. W. B. Craig. The Salutatory, by J. W. Conley, was replete with thought, and very well delivered. His subject, "The Influence of the Unknown," presents a field for very extended investigation, and, considering that mortal minds are finite, it was very well investigated.

The declamation, "Shamus O'Brien," delivered by A. D. Cope was eagerly listened to by the audience, who fully sympathized with poor Shamus in his difficulties. Mr. Cope heightened his reputation in the University as a declaimer.

Next was an oration by A. L. Hudson. His subject was, "The Mythical and the Real." Mr. Hudson dealt more in material and matter of fact things than one would expect from the title of his oration.

The question "Should the Blaine Amendment be Adopted," was ably and earnestly supported by C. A. Finkbine and Euclid Sanders, and opposed by J. J. McConnell and W. D. Tisdale. Although the negative struggled hard and made a desperate resistance, the decision was unanimously in favor of the affirmative.

The Valedictory, by W. H. Fannon, was decidedly the best performance of the evening. His subject, "The Position of the America Scholar," in itself highly interesting, was rendered more so by the earnest and eloquent manner in which the speaker discussed it.

The Drama, "The Spectre Bridegroom," was a very good one of the kind and a tolerable good kind. The only objectionable feature was a few expressions which grated harshly on the ear. The parts in general were well performed. The following were the characters: Nicodemus, W. P. Whipple; Aldwinkle, S. W. Richards; Vauntington, H. J. Bentley; Dickory, J. H. Mullin; Paul, A. N. Fellows.

The exhibition was decidedly a success. The order throughout the entire programme was perfect. The music furnished by a vocal quartette and the band of this city, was excellent.

ERODELPHIAN — HESPERIAN.

The closing exercises of the Erodelpian and Hesperian Societies, were held as usual, upon Saturday evening, of the last two successive weeks of last term. The audiences, though more than welcome, were upon both occasions, too numerous for the personal comfort of all. Many visitors, and

especially so in the case of the Hesperians, were denied admission on account of lack of room within. It is judged, however, that the annoyance arising from that cause was forgotten by the listeners, in their appreciation of the literary and musical performances. The following are the programmes as they came in the order of time :

ERODELPHIAN.

- Instrumental Solo—"Annie Laurie" with variations.....LÓU HUGHES.
 Salutory.....EMMA HUGHES.
 Declamation.....MAY SHEPARD.
 Essay—Alexander Stephens.....LIZZIE CLARK.
 Vocal Duett,.....FLORENCE CLARK and MINNIE GOODRICH.
 DEBATE— Ques.: Resolved, "That men should not be allowed the right of suffrage." Aff.—Jo. V. Williams. Ida Osmond. Neg.—Ella Countryman, Florence R. Kinney.
 Declamation—"The Curfew,".....LOU HUGHES.
 Valedictory—"Susan B. Anthony,".....LILLIE RANCK.
 Vocal Solo—"Over the Hills to the Poor-House," LUCIA COLE.

HESPERIAN.

- Instrumental Solo—"Sounds from the Ohio,".....CARRIE CULVER.
 Salutory—"Charlotte Bronte,".....ELLA FORD.
 Declamation—"Mrs. Caudle's Wedding Dinner,".....ELLA PATTERSON.
 Quartette—"We'll have to Mortgage the Farm" by.....MESSRS. KAUFFMAN and LUMBARD, MISSES ELLA TICE, and MINNIE GOODRICH.
 DEBATE— Resolved, "That ministers should not hold public office." Aff.—Sarah Vaughn, Laura Ensign. Neg.—Phemia Robinson, "Lou" McKenzie.
 Valedictory—"Thoughts about the Drama,".....ELLA HAMILTON.
 Vocal Solo—"Darling,".....H. J. CHAMBERS.

The Erodolphians had engaged the services of Miss Blanche Lee for a vocal solo, but a severe cold resulted in her non-appearance and the disappointment of the hearers. The three pieces of music, mentioned on the programme, were beautiful, the solo by Miss Cole being especially appreciated.

The gentlemen present were evidently interested and anxious as to the result of the debate. One could at least *imagine* a shade to pass over their countenances, when the gentlemen judges sealed their own doom by deciding that men should *not* be allowed to vote. The complaint was however made that the debaters were all on one side—*i. e.* the woman side.

The declamations were good. Mrs. Ranck's was not a woman's rights speech as was feared from her subject, and was highly commended.

The Hesperian music was excellent, as was each of the literary exercises. "Mrs. Caudle's Wedding Dinner," was rendered with such fidelity and spirit, we could almost see poor hen-pecked Caudle vainly striving to muffle his ears with the bed clothes. Four earnest, argumentative, and entertaining speeches, were made by the debaters. The

judges decided that ministers should not hold public office.

The Valedictory was a beautiful tribute to Miss Charlotte Cushman, and fully deserved the close attention it secured throughout. The societies are doing an invaluable work.

MYSTERIOUS PANORAMA.

The lovers of nature and science, during the past term, have been treated to two partial eclipses, one of the moon and one of the sun, and the observatory telescope under the practiced hand of Prof. Leonard, has done good service, in observing and interpreting the many ordinary and extraordinary phenomena of the heavens, during the year.

But as important and full of interest, as are the ever new results of astronomical observations, we have lately been witness to a scene surpassing them all, at least in respect to the mysterious manner of its appearance.

A description of the scene as it impressed a passive observer may serve to give some idea of its impressiveness, and also of the touch of the supernatural which characterized it from beginning to end. First let one imagine himself plunged into a chamber of Egyptian darkness, and almost tumbled into the first seat, which his sense of feeling tells him is unoccupied, at least by mortal man. About his ears, behind, before, and apparently above, he hears a muttering of stifled voices as if by invisible lips. Presently he hears a voice which is hollow and sepulchral in tone, but which proceeds from a well defined quarter and is perfectly intelligible in its utterance. A shadowy hand moves across the field of vision, and a glorious sight burst upon view, which the forefinger of the shadowy hand seems accurately to trace. The sun is seen in eclipse less than a rod distant, to all appearance literally transplanted from the heavens to this narrow apartment. Saturn, within her rings, whirls proudly before his eyes; Jupiter's four million miles seemed changed to four yards, and his belts are seen with all the lights and shades, as if within reaching distance; nebulae are presented to view; comets shoot obliquely downward as if following the sun, which has just disappeared. The observer is speechless with delight and wonder at the supernatural rapidity with which these phenomena succeed one another. He feels himself actually transported, in a flying trip through the universe. Little stars exhibit to him their true proportions; the planets are seen as actual worlds, and he feels that he is almost approaching the secret of creation.

Suddenly the views cease and are succeeded by a perfect blank; the sepulchral voice is hushed and the ghost-like hand disappears. He again hears the

same low muttering which greeted his ear upon entrance, only now and then a little shriek, like smothered laughter, gives a more human aspect to the occasion. Finally a flood of real sun-light pours into the chamber, and he finds that instead of being a solitary spectator, he is on the contrary in company with a number of other mortals, all equally disappointed at finding themselves in a small building situated at the extreme north end of Clinton street, in reality no other than the College observatory. They had all been seated on oaken seats facing a large white screen of cotton cloth, stretched across a wide door, communicating with another room. Evidently the secret of the sights which they had seen, was behind, and the screen itself had been the medium of the delightful delusion.

The sight of a bona fide hand, as well as the entire form of the Professor mentioned at the beginning, convinced all that not only behind the screen, but behind the "Drummond Light," which the screen concealed, there had been standing a real, intelligent and skilful agent, as author and producer of this magnificent and mysterious panorama.

As an expression of the deep interest felt in the prosperity of the Law Department, the active members of the Bar, of Council Bluffs, Iowa City, Burlington, Davenport, Dubuque and Keokuk, unsolicited, have contributed from \$30 to \$40 in each city, for the purpose of offering prizes to be competed for, by the members of the present law class.

The first prize will be awarded to that member of the class, who shall pass the best examination, for the degree of LL. B. The second, for the greatest proficiency during the course. The remaining four will be awarded to the authors of the best theses upon various legal questions.

The "Chancellor's Prize" is offered for the best essay upon the question: "Is the present system of reporting adjudged cases, beneficial or injurious, to the science of law—and how may it be improved?"

On the evening of the 9th of March, the Philomathean and Symponian Societies held a friendly contest in Zetagathean Hall. The exercises, with the exception that they were too long, were very good and would not have done discredit to either of the "upper" societies. From the applause that followed, we think the audience enjoyed the valedictory, by Mr. Stapleton more than any other exercise of the evening. Mr. S. writes well, but a slight indistinctness of speech, detracts much from the effectiveness of his delivery. We hope the contest may become an annual one.

THE officers elected for the ensuing term, by the various literary societies, are as follows:

HESPERIAN.

President, Sarah Vaughn.
Vice-President, Emma McKensie.
Recording Secretary, Mina Brant.
Corresponding Secretary, Julia Stark.
Financial Secretary, Minnie Kimball.
Treasurer, Phemia Robinson.

ERODELPHIAN.

President, Lucy D. Evans.
Vice-President, Ida Osmond.
Recording Secretary, Minnie Leonard.
Corresponding Secretary, Fanny Smith.

IRVING INSTITUTE.

President, J. P. Swisher.
Vice President, J. M. Kelley.
Corresponding Secretary, Ray Billingsley.
Recording Secretary, F. A. Sherman.
Treasurer, J. Campbell.

ZETAGATHEAN.

President, J. J. McConnell.
Vice-President, H. J. Bentley.
Recording Secretary, R. M. Goshorn.
Corresponding Secretary, T. W. Parvin.
Treasurer, W. P. Whipple.
Seargent-at-Arms, H. G. Thomas.

PROF. CALVIN has lately received five hundred fine specimens of Burlington crinoids. His whole collection of fossils now consist of about six hundred accurately named species, and is particularly rich in brachiopods, containing at the same time, typical representatives from every important branch of the animal kingdom. In this respect, it is well adapted to the needs of our University classes. The Professor's energy as a collector, and his success as a naturalist, induce the belief that what he now has is only the germ of what, in the near future, will be a very extensive and well-arranged cabinet.

THE Appendix to the report of the Board of Regents shows, that since the establishment of the University, 172 persons have graduated in the Normal Department, 144 in the Academical, 322 in the Law, 112 in the Medical, making a total in all the departments of 750. The whole number of students who have attended the University since its organization on its present basis in 1860, is 3897.

AT the close of last term Messrs. A. C. Case, F. A. Charles, J. Hall, Hillyer, H. K. Stahl, and Z. Ols-hausen, having finished their course, passed the final examination, and were admitted to the bar. The best wishes of the class attend the boys. The industrious habits that have made them successful thus far will assure their future prosperity.

On the evening of April 6th, several hundred of the students formed a torch-light procession, and headed by one of the finest bands in the city, proceeded to the residence of our newly married professor. After a salute and several pieces of music, by the band, he was invited to come out, but for reasons best known to himself, failed to appear. Though greatly dissatisfied with this treatment, the boys retired in a very orderly manner. On their way back they serenaded the President and several of the professors, and were courteously received. Chancellor Hammond made them a neat little speech. A "horse-fiddle serenade" was strongly talked of, but out of self-respect, finally abandoned.

WE have received a "Defense of the Laws," written in rhyme, which we are unable to publish for several reasons. It is anonymous; it is too long; and, so far as we can see, the Laws need no defense, being abundantly able to take care of themselves. The writer speaks of one Cupid. Does any one know whom he can mean?

THE B., C. R. & M. Railway will place on sale, May 1st, 1876, at all its principal offices, round trip excursion tickets, to Philadelphia, good for 30 days from date of issue, at a reduction of twenty-five per cent. from tariff rates. In addition to round-trip tickets over the same routes, tickets will be sold to go and return by different routes.

THE Sophomore class in general, is a collection of humane individuals, but that member who is in the habit of gaining the confidence of unsuspecting Sub-Freshmen, then borrowing their cuffs and returning them unwashed, ought to be excommunicated or hazed, if not handled severely.

RUMOR has it, that Miss Mary Deering—Normal '72—was married, a short time since, to Mr. Todd, superintendent of Keokuk county. We publish it in the interest of her many friends, who wish full particulars.

THE Law Class elected the following officers for the ensuing term: President, Wm. Lytle; Vice-President, W. W. Ranney; Secretary, E. U. Cook; Treasurer, J. E. Anderson; Marshal, T. F. C. James.

OUR walks are getting worse and worse. Is it not possible to have a new one from the central building to the street?

THE Rev. E. T. Hiscox, of New York, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church of this place.

JUNIORS and Seniors are through with their military recitations for this year and are again happy.

BREVITIES.

A great man's foolish sayings pass for wise ones.—*Ex.*

Goethe said: "Men show their character in nothing more clearly than by what they think laughable."

It is demonstrated that the weight of the earth is 5,855,000,000,000,000 tons. Yet some people think they tilt it up when they walk about.—*Ex.*

Perhaps the worst case of abnormal selfishness on record was that of the boy who complained because his mother put a larger mustard plaster on his younger brother than she did on him.—*Ex.*

Never set yourself up for a musician just because you have a drum in your ear; nor believe you are cut out for a school-teacher, merely because you have a pupil in your eye.—*Ex.*

LITERATURE BY MEASURE.—A student wrote to a bookseller in London for some books to fit up his master's library, in the following terms: In the first place I want six feet of Theology, the same quantity of Metaphysics, and near a yard of old civil law in folio.—*Ex.*

A Scotch minister, who was famed for his dryness in the pulpit, called on one of his aged hearers, and as usual partook of a cup of tea. He remarked to the gude wife that her teapot ran very slowly. "Deed, ay," quoth the gude wife, "its like yersel', it has an unco bad delivery." The Scotch have a charming frankness of speech.—*Ex.*

Country bookseller to Fourth street woman—"Yes; but the work is both instructive and humorous." Fourth street woman—"That ain't the point. You see my husband has crippled so many agents, and you're a nice-looking young man, and I hate to see you hurt! That's him comin' in the back way!" The young man said there was nothing compulsory about it, and was gone.

Many stories about Messrs. Moody and Sankey are running through the London papers. Here is one of them: Mr. Moody was waited upon by the agent of a life insurance office, who desired to effect a policy on his life. Mr. Moody, in a very sanctimonious manner, assured the agent that he never took thought about such worldly affairs; but if the agent could insure his soul he would be very much pleased. "I'm afraid that would be a little difficult," said the agent blandly, "as ours is not a fire office."—*Ex.*

MARRIED.—March 30th, at Christ Church, Chicago, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Cheney, Prof. G. L. PINKHAM and Miss MARY E. MYERS, both of Iowa City.

PERSONAL.

- '80. F. W. Funk is not in school this term.
Special. L. W. Swiget is at his home in A.
- '74. Jefferson Williams is practicing Law in Shelby.
- '81. The Misses Hurst are going to the Centennial soon.
Special. Wm. S. Karr is not among the returning ones.
Law, '76. Charles Ketner is missed by his classmates this term.
- '75. H. H. Hyatt and wife were in town during their Spring vacation.
- '81. Miss Alice Glick is spending the spring at her home in Marshalltown.
- Mr. Hollingsworth, a former student of the University, is farming near the city.
- '78. J. B. Mayes has left the University for good. He is teaching in La Porte City.
- '77. Judd will not be in school the Spring term, and will graduate in the class of '78.
- '78. John Jones will not be in school this term. He thinks his University course is finished.
- Mrs Alice Glass, '68, a former graduate of the University, has been visiting friends in the city.
- '72. Miss Eva M. Whiting was married not long since at her home near Onawa, to Lewis Pike.
- Law '76. Robert Eggert will take charge of his brother's classes during his absence in Europe.
- '78. Ed. Carman is spending the spring in Eastern Ohio. He expects to be with his class next year.
- '78. Miss May Shepard is at her home in Marshalltown. We hope to see Miss S. with us again next year.
- '78. W. B. Louthan has left school on account of sore eyes. He is now resting at his home in Helena, Tama Co.
- Special. Miss Mary Craven has been spending the vacation, visiting friends in Iowa City. She is now teaching in Oskaloosa.
- '78. Miss Belle Whitney will be absent during the Spring term, but will return next year in time to graduate with the class.
- '78. Miss Abbie Cochran has left the University. She will be deeply missed by her many friends, both students and citizens.
- Medic. '74. Robert Kuhn has removed to Shelby, where he will be glad to see his old friends, and others, who may call on him.
- Normal, '70. Miss Georgie McCrary, who has been teaching in Mitchellville, is in the city visiting her sister, Mrs. Lou Jackson.
- Special. Ed. P. Seeds is not in his class this term. Philadelphia with her Centennial Exhibition has more attractions for him than the recitation room.
- '80. Miss Mary H. Johnson has finished her engagement in Des Moines, and is back in the University. Her many friends gladly welcome her among them again.
- '72. Robert Saunderson spent a few days in this city at the close of last term. His professional duties are wearing upon him, but he is rewarded by eminent success.
- Special. Frank Sawyer surprised his friends by suddenly appearing among them one day not long since. He will not be in school this term, as he is going East for his health.
- Prof. Eggert is not in his accustomed place this term, but is wandering down the banks of the Rhine, visiting old familiar scenes. He will return in time to take charge of classes next year.
- The members of the Medical class just graduated, have shown a commendable energy in commencing work at once, we give location of those heard from:
- F. A. Xanten, Le Mars, Iowa.
J. A. Brown, Tiffin, Iowa.

- F. M. Ward, Malcom, Iowa.
F. A. Williams, Joplin, Mo.
Wm. Fitzgerald, Camanche, Iowa.
S. J. Braunworth, Muscatine, Iowa.
J. Martin, Davenport, Iowa.
W. B. Ketner has entered into partnership with Prof. Shrader, and enters upon a heavy practice at once.
J. McCowen goes to Mt. Pleasant to fill the position made vacant by the resignation of Dr. Cleaves who opens an office in Davenport.
Dr. C. E. Atkinson has opened an office in West Liberty.
L. L. Butler has accepted the position of medical examiner, for the Iowa Life Insurance Company, with head-quarters at Mt. Pleasant. He felt it necessary to overcome his excessive bashfulness before entering upon the regular practice of his profession.

EXCHANGES.

In looking over our exchanges we find one characteristic common to all, viz: Each regards itself as perfection; and feels as though it had a perfect right to criticise in any way whatsoever, any, or all, of its exchanges. This unhappy spirit has created a bitterness of feeling between college papers. The best examples of the result of this kind of feeling, are the *Niagara Index* and the *Yale Record*. Both, but more especially the *Index*, have quarrels upon their hands from Maine to California. The *Index* in an unlucky moment having made the remark that "It only takes a small boy to run the *Index*," furnished a very convenient handle for its opponents to seize, and they have not been slow to improve the opportunity. Coming nearer home we see the *Round Table* and the *University Press*, both Wisconsin papers, engaged in a kind of literary duel, each endeavoring to be witty at the expense of the other, and, in most cases, succeed in making themselves ridiculous. The Iowa papers appear to follow the opposite course, in effect saying to one another: You tickle me and I'll tickle you.

In the last number of the *Common School* we notice an article by Dr. Thacher, on the "Unification of the School System." We see, also, that Prof. Parker has charge of the University Department of the paper, which is equivalent to saying that it is well attended to. The paper is a good one, but of more especial interest to teachers or those who intend teaching.

The *News Letter* for March contains two articles on "The Health of our Students." The one, evidently written by one of the professors; the other, in reply, by the students. The writer of the first article, at some length, reviews the causes of the general poor health of the students. The writer claims that the students, by devoting too much time and labor to exercises outside of their required course, shift the entire responsibility upon their own shoulders, and cannot, with any justice, find fault with the Faculty for not providing more physical exercise. In the reply, the ground is taken that the Faculty should attend not only to the intellectual, but also to the physical development of the students. The Faculty is quite roughly handled for its failure to enforce the military drill which their catalogue requires. So, while we are grumbling at the injustice of the Regents in compelling us to drill, Grinnell complains of its college government for not enforcing it.

The *Hesperian Student* comes filled with some of the best written articles which we have seen in any of our exchanges. The fault we would find is, that the paper is rather sober, far more so than most college papers. Nevertheless the *Student* is well conducted, and, we think, might even satisfy the fastidious *Index*, which has a poor opinion of Western college journalism, even of the *Berkeleyan*, though the latter has kindly pointed out its errors.

We have received the following exchanges:

Athenian Enterprise, Round Table, University Press, Yale Record, Niagara Index, The Oracle, The Volante, Monmouth Courier, University Magazine, Woman's Journal, Anamosa Eureka, University News, Indianola Tribune, The Targum, Otterbein Dial, The Collegian, The Tripod, Republican, Iowa City Press, The Triad, University Missourian, Irving Union, Simpsonian, Trinity Tablet, College News Letter, College News Recorder, High School, The Wittenberger, The Berkeleyan, Asbury Review, University Monthly, The Undergraduate.