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SINGING.

Let me count up the songs of life, that we
Have sung together from the first 'till now;
The simple baby-rhymes of bird and bee,
Of sun and star, of stream and blossom-bough;
The deeper music of our youth's new song,
In days when life looked wonderfully fair;
When hearts were daring, pulses quick and strong,
When woe was not, and joy was everywhere;
The wilder strain of passion, smiles and tears,
When love awoke with power to slay or save,
The calmer melody of graver years,
In minor key, like music by a grave.
And now we have another song to learn,
'Tis written for us, we but wait our turn.

I often think this unseen, unsung song,
With all its strangeness, will have notes we know;
And we shall hear its awful chords among
The mingled music of our long ago.
The simple snatches of our baby-rhymes;
The thrilling bars of youth's triumphant strain;
The peals of melody, like wedding chimes,
That bring our summer love song back again.
It may be this new song is hard to sing,
But shall we grudge to learn it, who have grown
Tired and voiceless in earth's carolling,
Yet fain would have some melody of our own?
And, though it is the song of death, we know
That singing it, to endless life we go.

—All the Year Round.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would make it.
To the sunny soul, that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevailleth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted,
For the sweet, blue sky will soon peep through,
When the omnious clouds are lifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks,
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life,
A bright and golden filling,

And to do God's will, with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, minute threads,
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit, and grieve, and wonder.

LETTER FROM PROF. EGGERT.

A letter from Prof. EGGERT, to the Junior, French, and German classes, will be welcomed by our readers:

PARIS, April 20, 1876.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I think a few lines from Paris will be received by you with some interest, and as I promised to write you from Europe, I will do so now. I had a rather rough, but on the whole tolerably pleasant trip across the Atlantic. I proceeded from Glasgow, where I landed, without stopping more than a few hours, to London, and thence by way of Dover and Calais to Paris. The passage between Dover and Calais is made in two hours, but during this short time I saw more people seasick, than on my eleven days voyage across the Atlantic. In Paris I arrived 14th of April, on the thirteenth day after leaving New York. I found execrable weather in Paris—rainy, cloudy, cold—and was disappointed by learning that all the colleges, &c., were closed on account of the Easter vacation, which does not close until April 25th. During the six days I have been here, I have visited places of interest, that were already known to me from a former stay in Paris. Of the new points of interest the only one I have visited is the Great Opera, probably well enough known to you from the papers. It is a very magnificent structure, and in every respect worthy of admiration except one,—its adaptation to music. I don't think the hall is well adapted to do justice to the voices and the instruments. I witnessed the performance of "Wilhelm Tell," opera by Rossini, fashioned by some sacrilegious playwright out of the splendid drama by Schiller. Anything more ridiculous and more disgusting than such operatic texts can scarcely be imagined. The public, however, seemed to care little for the music. They, apparently, had come to display their clothes, to chat, strut, &c. I got very tired of the whole affair, for simple display, parade and outward show I dislike, as much as I admire and love that which is truly beautiful.

Of the latter, I had a rare treat at the Conservatory of Music. The Conservatory has given sixteen concerts during the winter. I was present at the last. They perform only classical music, and, the evening I was there the programme was exceptionally good. The au-

dience consisted almost exclusively of musical enthusiasts, chiefly of the higher and highest classes. The orchestra is one of the very best in Europe, perhaps only excelled by one in Leipzig. As a somewhat singular fact, I may notice that *all* the composers without a single exception, of whom pieces were performed, were German, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Bach and Handel. A fine piece by Mendelssohn was encored and the last piece, the "Leonore" overture by Beethoven, created an enthusiasm scarcely to be described. In German-hating Paris this tribute to German genius was very significant. But then it is well known that what sculpture was in antiquity, painting at the revival of letters, music is to-day, *i. e.*, the leading art; and, just as the Greeks will forever be the leaders in sculpture, the Italians in painting, so the German masters of music will for all time to come command the admiration of those who love the beautiful and the sublime.

The "Louvre" is the place to see sculpture and painting of the highest rank. This magnificent palace has been but little damaged by the "Commune," and its galleries are entirely intact. I cannot speak of its contents, but I remark that for one visitor and admirer in the "Louvre" you may find a hundred who prefer to gaze at the display of the shop windows. The highest art is not easily appreciated. Real hard study, frequent inspection, is required to get one's eyes opened to the incomparable beauty of Greek statuary or Italian painting.

I am going to leave Paris to-night for Strasburg and Heidelberg. As it is my intention to visit Universities, these two cities will be more interesting to me than Paris. I have no very high opinion of Parisian science and literature. Of course it is the most magnificent city in the world—that is certain. But the stay in that city is enervating, the tendencies here are towards shallowness and ostentation. Paris made a stout defence in 1870-1, but they did so, as one whispered in my ear, more from fear of each other than any really heroic impulse. I was present at two interesting lectures, arranged by a society of literary and scientific men. In America such lectures would have been crowded. Here a very small hall was not half filled. Paris invites to idleness, rambling, gazing, and the like. The people of Paris are, nevertheless, for the most part, hard working men and women, who have absolutely no time for amusement, except the night or a few hours of Sunday; for even the greater part of Sunday everybody is at work. That is the reason a French Sunday, and particularly a Paris Sunday, is a day when the traffic on the streets is far more noisy and considerable than during the week. You wouldn't know that there was Sunday, if you didn't know that the crowded streets and the noise caused by the many vehicles are the sure indications of it. There are many admirable institutions in Paris, particularly the hospitals, and its treasures of art will always make it one of the most important points for the traveler. But that which makes

Paris the city without parallel, is the arrangement of its streets and places for public gatherings, promenading, &c. Paris unites in itself most of the most noteworthy features of other remarkable cities, and whoever has seen Paris will scarcely fail to be disappointed in every other city.

I must bring this to a close as I have to make my preparations for starting. Wishing you all abundant success, I remain,

Yours, very truly,

CHAS. A. EGGERT.

"DAISY DEANE."

(FOR THE REPORTER.)

Clear as lark's arose her singing,
From the grassy brookside ringing,
Where she wove the flowers together
With the fern's green fairy feather;
Or, with laughter, rippling mellow,
Pulled apart the cowslips yellow—
Breaking off her song a minute,
Only sweeter to begin it.

Told by echoes where to find her,
Some one softly steals behind her;
Red as any rose she blushes,
Down there by the brookside rushes;
Some one scarcely spoke her name,
Ere the rapid color came,
Ere she sprang from off the clover,
White with blossoms sprinkled over,
With a little start and quiver,
Set her nut-brown curls a-shiver—
Dropped the cowslip's yellow petal,
Like a leaf of burning metal;
Tearing off her coronet,
Made of fern and grasses, set
With azure gems of violet.

Here the still, yet firm beseeching
Of manly hands in haste out-reaching,
Checks all further devastation,
Without a moment's hesitation.
Manly whispers, true and tender,
Flush her cheeks with richest splendor;
Bedder than a rose she blushes,
There amidst the brookside rushes.

I. S. U., Feb. 27th, 1876.

FRANK.

THE Russian Minister of Education states that there were in the empire, in 1873, 22,635 primary schools, with 933,000 scholars, of whom 748,886 were boys, and 185,034 girls. By adding Sunday schools, the numbers were increased to 22,358 schools, with 942,487 pupils. The total population of the empire being 75,000,000, it thus appears that there is only an average of one school for 3,294 inhabitants, and an average of one pupil for 79 inhabitants.

THE committee appointed to conduct examinations of candidates for a State certificate, declares, through the chairman, President White, of Cornell, that the fact that the examination was attended by only one candidate, does not seem any argument against an extended trial of the system.

THE WORLD'S LIBRARIES AND AUTHORS.

The mistaken belief, that the multiplication of writings, in ancient times, could not compare in extent and importance with the present; that literature had but a mere existence, (copying being the only means of supplying it), and, that its influence was unfelt, until the art of printing was made known, rises, doubtless, from a knowledge of "the intellectual sluggishness and literary dearth" of the middle ages, in which little was read, still less written. But during this period of awful desolation, which for centuries brooded over antiquity, sweeping nations from the earth, and taking their glowing languages from the living, to make of them dead tongues, much of their literature was unharmed.

In the ancient literature, variety compensated in a great degree for meagerness of circulation, and there is little doubt, but that the literary productiveness was proportional to the inhabitants. Before the age of books, which belong to medieval times, histories of nations were written in hieroglyphics, on their obelisks and tombs; on their temples and palaces; and from all quarters of the globe we are continually gaining new treasures of this kind. From Egypt, Syria and Moab, from the ruins of Troy and Babylon, from the interior of Africa, and from Yucatan and Mexico. The ancient Greeks boasted of one hundred and fifty comic poets; of historians a much larger number, and over fifteen hundred original comedies, and these, be it remembered, were only what were preserved from the ruins of centuries.

Osymandyas, one of Egypt's ancient kings, is said to have been the first to found a library, which he had in one of the rooms of his palace. Diodorus describes it thus: "On the entrance was inscribed in Greek these words—'The dispensary of the soul'—while the sculptures on the wall represented a judge, with the image of truth suspended from his neck and many books or rolls at his feet."

The greatest library which the world has ever contained, and the one whose loss is most to be regretted as the strong connecting link between ancient and modern times, was that, planned and built by Ptolemy Soter, three hundred years B. C., in Alexandria, "The Mighty Queen of the East." The library proper contained seven hundred thousand volumes, besides four hundred thousand in the library of the museum and three hundred in the temple of Serapis, which was called the daughter of the great library. A copy of every known work was deposited here, and Alexandria became the center of learning.

A great part of this library belonged to a period when literary productiveness was limited chiefly to the Greeks, the Romans being then but in the beginning of literary activity. It has been estimated that the contents of this library would fill forty thousand imperial folio volumes. Since its destruction by a fanatic mob, ignorance and superstition have prevailed to an alarming extent in that far-famed city.

Chief among modern libraries, are the British Museum, a wonderful depository of literature, art and antiquities; the Royal Library at Windsor; that at Lambeth Palace, founded during the reign of James I, which is the richest perhaps in manuscripts of great rarity in Biblical literature. The Imperial Library at Paris is the most wonderful of all Europe, while that in the Vatican, at Rome, has ever been an object of curiosity and mystery. Nor should we omit the library of the Duke de la Valiere, which, while Abbe Rive was its librarian, furnished new ideas of books and manuscripts to all Europe.

These are but a few of the greatest. Yet large as they are and gathered from the literature of all nations, ancient or modern, none of them contain over three hundred thousand volumes, not one-fourth as many as the Alexandrian library.

While speaking of the world's great libraries, it is but fitting to notice some of the contributors thereto. One among the greatest of these was Cicero, who devoted to literature the hours, which others spent in the pursuit of pleasure. The same might be said of Pliny, the elder. To Isaac Casaubon, the profound scholar, more than to any other *one* person, is the world indebted for numerous commentaries on the Greek language.

The highest type of a nation's literary and æsthetic culture, is found in its poetry; "it is the flower of national life; a century plant in the world of thought;" for not more frequently do we find a perfect unfolding. The greatest among poets is he who has access to the richest treasures of imagination, has the keenest perception of beauty, and can the most surely reach and hold the human heart, by the wonders of his creations and the music of his lines. The poetry of the sixteenth century opens a wonderful and almost boundless field, the richest in literature. It followed the age of Pericles, the golden age of Augustus, and the magnificence of the Medici, which all paled before its dazzling brightness. Foremost among the authors of this time came Chaucer, who arose, unexpected and unannounced in a very desert of intellectual life. Then, the reformation brought to life the long dormant seeds of thought, while printing as "a winged Mercury" cast them abroad.

As a herald of a new dispensation, leaving behind him the land of chivalry and romance, came Spencer, and almost before his sun had set arose the illustrious Shakespeare, whose coming the age seemed to invite and welcome. Singing not of the past, but dealing with a living and throbbing present; his heroes and heroines were men and women of like passions with other mortals, thinking the same thoughts and living the same lives. Broken-hearted Lear; tempted, guilty Macbeth; ambitious, worldly Wolsey; do they not, changed but in name, live, suffer, sin and die now? In the fullness of time came Milton to crown the whole. Since then, there have been worthy contributors, but from the

zenith there could but be decadence, and there has been decay, even death and burial, perhaps, though our limits do not permit us to witness that. But may it not, as many another death and burial have done, give promise of a better resurrection?

Upon whom shall fall the terrible responsibility of stamping the American intellect and morality, of modifying and perfecting them? Fictitious literature exerts an influence not to be overlooked. A report from the Boston library states that seventy-six per cent. of the books read during the year '72 were fictitious. This is perhaps a fair index of the reading of the country. It can not be denied that there are some advantages to be gained from such reading, but the perils far outweigh them. *Paradise Lost* and *Pilgrim's Progress* have rendered the genius of their authors immortal, and more such literature in which a touch of the divine hand is seen, would be welcomed, as well as the writings of George McDonald, Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Whitney and a host of others, whose tendency is to elevate and improve humanity. Another class, whose influence, though not in the direct line of Christianity, is still elevating, and adds much to general culture, is that of the great English novelists. By their ability to portray character, historic and general, and to make prominent needed reforms, they have indeed worked great moral improvement. From still another class, such as George Eliot, whose genius and dramatic power can never be questioned, with her covert hostility to Christianity, allowing no religion higher than that of nature; no God, but "an unutterable sigh in the depths of the heart," and no governing power but custom; in her private life defying law, both human and divine, we could hope for little good influence. The testimony of some of the best writers substantiates the pernicious effect of this class of writing.

Says Hannah Moore, who wrote a few of the best fictions: "The constant familiarity, even with such as are not exceptionable in themselves, relaxes the mind, which needs strengthening, dissolves the heart, which wants fortifying, stirs the imagination, which needs quieting, irritates the passions, which want calming, and, above all, disinclines and disqualifies for active duties and spiritual exercises."

"To those" says Mathew Arnold, "who have fed their minds on novels, or their stomachs on opium, the reality of things is flat and insipid, though in truth, far grander than the phantasmagorical world of novels and opium."

Wrote Bulwer: "I have closed my career as a writer of fiction. I am gloomy and unhappy. I have exhausted the powers of life, chasing pleasure where it is not to be found."

From the beginning to the end of human life is but a little while, too brief to be freighted with aught but the most precious treasures.

OUR LIMITATIONS.

When Alexander sighed for other worlds to conquer, he might well have set about examining his relations with those which he considered already subdued. Perhaps he would have found that the circumscribing boundaries of circumstances did not hedge his way so clearly as he at first supposed.

Our limitations, like the horizon, are ever widening before us; the higher we get, the farther from the bounding circle we seem. In the field of thought there are sometimes found obstructions, hills of difficulty, which seem for a time unsurmountable, but when by some extraordinary exertion, the higher plain is reached the horizon of the thought-world recedes farther than ever. While this continues to be true, it will govern all the out-growth of thought.

All the progress of civilization, the benefits and improvements which make the present differ so materially from the past, are but the practical demonstration of advanced and still advancing thought. Printing has given to the world its wonderful libraries, has extended education, placing its benefits within the reach of all. America's great philosopher had not reached the limit of thought, when he called the lightning from heaven to chain it, for a servant through all coming time, for did not Morse harness and reduce this fiery steed to a docile messenger, the mail-agent for a continent? Beyond all this there appeared another wonderful idea, out of which comes the linking of continent with continent, until the whole world will soon be bound with the strands of this wonderful cord.

Scarcely less renowned and surely no less useful is the outgrowth from the thought, evolved in the brain of a school-boy, as he watched his grandmother's tea-pot, for plowing the great oceans and steaming across continents, the wonderful engine will bear us around the world in seventy-two days. Gaining eminence after eminence in the world of science, rain, wind and storm have been brought so far under man's control, that he may predict with almost absolute certainty the time and place of their appearing, and to a great extent guard himself against their power and fury. Science, which in the Middle and Dark ages, spoke only through the lips of wizards and necromancers, now throws open its wonders above, around, beneath, to all, and as in the physical world, there is no limitation to space, which mortal mind can receive, so in the mental world, every new discovery only makes more certain a boundless realm of thought beyond, stretching to the throne of Deity himself.

Though for matter and mind there be no limits defined, yet ye editors have circumscribed the boundaries of one column for this article, and, fearful of overstepping "Our Limitations" we place here the "FINIS."

MISS N. OMER.

Two women have been elected members of the Edinburgh School Board.

ZENOBIA.

Among the heroic kings and queens of very ancient times, upon many of whom exaggerated praises have been lavished by modern admirers, we look almost in vain for one who may be taken as the type of an ideal man or woman. The reigns of those olden rulers, who were often actuated by motives of jealousy and revenge, fill the mind with appalling pictures of bloodshed and torture; and yet some of the most appalling scenes are accompanied by an irresistible charm, arising from the fabulous mysteries which characterize them.

We are impelled to follow the destinies of cruel heroes in their exhibitions of strength and daring; we grieve for the failure of mighty enterprises, or rejoice at their success, as if present upon the field of action. Notwithstanding the many ages between then and now, and although *might* was the ruling power, and war the inevitable means of deciding difficulties, we conclude that the man of those days was no farther from his inferior gods in thought and views of life, than the man of to-day, from the exalted Deity of his imagination. The human race, from rude and barbarous beginnings, has ever followed its advancing conceptions of God, rising higher and higher, as those conceptions have become more elevated, until the day is now predicted when *mind* shall be the ruler of nations, and civil arbitration take the place of bloody wars.

An ideal character of any period depends somewhat upon the spirit of the age in which the person lives, but there are qualities of heart and soul, which, let them exist when or where they may, will always be recognized as genuine. Among the characters of ancient royalty, few are more renowned for virtue, learning and the accomplishments of war, more worthy of admiration, than Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra.

One needs but behold Harriet Hosmer's "Zenobia in Chains," to recognize nobility of character, displayed in a countenance at once beautiful and intelligent. It bears a look of proud submission, overshadowing a face whose every feature marks her as one born to rule. We can imagine the change which passed over her proud face, when overtaken by the invincible Aurelian, to whom upon surrendering, she said: "You alone do I recognize as my conqueror and sovereign." Zenobia was a descendant of the Ptolemies, and widely celebrated, in her own time, for beauty and intellectual talent, as well as for valor and purity of character. She became the wife of a Saracen Prince, Odenatus, who had raised himself to the dominion of the East. It was her delight to engage with him in the chase, and share in his war-like amusements. She accompanied him in long and toilsome marches and took part in the fiercest battles. The assassination of Odenatus left her in sole possession of the realm, to which she added Egypt and parts of Asia. When Aurelian became emperor, he dreaded the power of so able a rival, and determined to dispossess her of a portion of her vast dominions.

The deities of Rome, in whom he trusted for the ac-

complishment of his designs, seemed to watch over his interests, and direct his movements, finally making him victorious over the Queen, whose military ability he so much feared. Disappointed in promised aid from the Persians, and betrayed into his hands by the treachery of a servant, she was taken as a captive to grace the triumphant entry of Augustus into Rome.

In spite of military defeat and the loss of her kingdom, the strength and beauty of Zenobia's character still lives. She was one of the most illustrious rulers who ever swayed the scepter of royalty, and in all the accomplishments which adorn high station in life, was far superior to her powerful conqueror. Hers was a mind of extraordinary depth and power, yet subtle and searching in its analysis. Education under the sublime Longinus aided her natural abilities, and made her truly the model woman of her time.

Would that the 19th century, and especially America, had more Zenobias! Women educated in body and soul, up to the standard of perfect womanhood. They would then need no warriors to guard the interests of their cause, but strong intellectual heroines, earnest and ready for the battle, whose final issue shall result in the victory of their minds over the evils of wrong education and custom; a victory which shall prepare woman for her legitimate share in the intellectual work of the world, whatever time and progress shall prove that share to be. It is not probable that the wave of reform, which has been put in motion, shall expand only to break upon the surface in angry foam at last, leaving no trace of its existence, except the memory that it once has been. But the change so well begun, must be wrought by her own efforts. Whatever is gained to her intellectual advantage must be accomplished by her own strength and ability. If a mental station identical with that of man rightfully awaits her, after the best advantages of education have been fully tested, her own capabilities and achievements will be sufficient to mark the advent of the new era, and to sustain her in whatever position she may thus legitimately attain.

K.

DECISIONS OF CHARACTER—REQUISITES.

1. Confidence in our own judgment.
2. A strenuous will.
3. Burning but disciplined feeling.
4. Courage.
5. Reliance upon God.

CONDUCTIVES OR INCENTIVES.

1. Opposition.
2. Desertions.
3. Failure—will bring experience.
4. Success.

CAUTIONS.

1. There must be sound vigorous thought.
2. You must have the approbation of conscience.—*John Foster.*

IDEAS go booming through the world louder than cannon. Thoughts are mightier than armies. Principles have achieved more victories than horsemen or chariots.—*Rev. Dr. W. M. Paxton.*

THE drying up of a single tear has more of honest fame, than the shedding of seas of gore.—*Byron.*

SCENES FROM LIFE.

Having possessed ourselves of a corner in the Art Gallery, at the Society festival, on Saturday evening, we watched with considerable interest the varying countenances of the visitors, studying physiognomy under new circumstances. By far the greater number of visitors chose to laugh at everything, frankly declaring that they had come to be sold; while a small part were evidently disgusted, and took no means to conceal it. Ensnared in our corner we listened unobserved to their remarks, witty or otherwise, as they chanced to be. "Things to Adore" troubled one, "Innocent Abroad," very much, but after a vast amount of explanation, he was enabled to comprehend it so far as to remark, "I don't see anything remarkably brilliant in that." Neither did the director after having exhausted so much vitality in making the meaning plain. "The tales of the sea," nonplussed two young ladies, one of whom remarked, "They look very much like cod-fish tails, but what has that to do with the sea?" As is usually the case, "The first baby" was an object of great interest, especially to the ladies, who desired to see the "dear little dimpled darling" immediately, but when "the baby" was presented for their inspection, their blank looks were sufficient evidence that, in their scripture reading they had omitted all accounts of the youthful Cain. The gentlemen exhibited a lively interest in the "Links of mystery," and evidently considered mystery a good and sufficient reason for doubt, inasmuch as several were caught in the attempt to abstract the bologna from its quiet resting place, while others, thinking of missing canines, concluded that "mystery" was the least part of it. Another crowd declared themselves excellent judges of "Things that end in smoke," as they were accustomed daily to pursue such "things" to the bitter "end."

Considerable attention was devoted to "The skillful phrenologist," and as all examinations were advertised to be made free of charge, we had expected to see quite a rush of business; yet, strange as it may seem, none desired to avail themselves of the opportunity. To those versed in French history, "Not Napoleon the Less, but the greater," was very attractive. One small maiden, elevating her nasal organ considerably, remarked that she thought the members of Literary Societies ought to know better how to spell. This so affected some of the worthy members that the door of the Gallery was almost immediately closed, and the pictures taken from their positions, to be deposited elsewhere, out of the sight of unappreciative critics, and over the door was inscribed, "Farewell, a Long Farewell to all our Greatness."

V. R.

"MADAM," cynically observed a gentleman to a leader of fashionable society in Washington, "woman doesn't seem to be as much of a 'clinging vine' as she once was." "That is because of the extreme insecurity of the manly oak," she replied.

The University Reporter.

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At the approaching meeting of the Alumni, we conceive the most important questions will be: What are we doing in the behalf of the University? How can we best conserve her interests? We do not believe they are exerting anything like the influence they should in this direction. Scattered all over the state, engaged in liberal pursuits, qualified by their education to exert a marked influence on society, they have it in their power to create in every community an interest in the University and a laudable State pride in her development. She should command the sympathy and support of every friend of education in the State, and would if the subject was properly presented to them.

Iowa's material resources entitle her to rank among the foremost in the sisterhood of States. To secure their fullest development, she must educate her children; the pinching, starving economy practiced in the management of every grade of her public schools, from the lowest to the highest, is not only a shame and disgrace, but an insurmountable obstacle to her progress; and the only necessity for it, is the want of a general appreciation, by her people of the fact, that the schools can not do the work expected of them, without a generous support, which will provide them with commodious buildings improved apparatus, and competent, well paid teachers. Every public teacher speedily discovers that the first step in building up his school, is to educate his patrons up to a proper appreciation of the absolute necessity of these things. The educated men in every community are derelict in duty if they do not do this work. Cannot the Alumni Association, by means of its organization and large membership, take the lead in this matter, and thus amply repay the State for the education she has given them?

Michigan has shown by actual demonstration, what the public school system should be, and how to make it such. It can no longer be questioned—if it ever could—that the State University is not only the head, but the heart of the whole system. We neither ignore nor un-

dervalue the work of the denominational colleges; we recognize that they are doing a noble work and trust their future will be all that their past has given promise of; while they and the University act and react upon each other, and every improvement in the University tends directly to advance their standard, still they are laboring in different fields, and have no occasion for jealousies. To the University is especially committed the cause of public education, and she has a claim upon her sons and daughters to aid her in the work. Ladies and gentlemen of the Alumni, will you move in this matter?

WE have been surprised at the evident want of appreciation, on the part of a large number of the students, of the advantages afforded by our excellent University library. Many of them hardly read a book a term, and a large per cent. of those who do read, confine themselves to works of fiction. Few indeed are pursuing a systematic course of historical reading. We believe this to result from a false conception of what constitutes an education. Too many think that if they take the assigned studies and pass the required examinations,—in short, “complete a course”—they have acquired a finished education, when in fact they have only exercised the memory in mere routine work. A thorough education requires that all the mental faculties be systematically developed, and this can best be accomplished in the work of logical deduction, analysis, classification, and generalization of the vast array of facts and ideas presented in the works of history, art, science and general literature. The different courses are arranged so as to require on an average only three studies at any one time, thus affording ample opportunity for the prosecution of a cotemporaneous course of reading, which would not only aid in the proper comprehension of a majority of the studies pursued, but would supply a vast fund of practical information.

Every student, on entering the University, should have some competent person mark out a course of reading, extending over four years, for him and pursue it to the end, reading critically and analytically. Such a course should embrace the standard works in every department of literature. In deploring the prevalent taste for fiction, we do not mean to ignore its claims. It has a well recognized value and place in literature; indeed we believe that a finished education requires a careful perusal of the standard novels; a perusal, not for the sake of the plot alone, but for the purpose of mastering the author's style, delineations of character and choice of language. Such a perusal requires much preparatory mental training, but will amply repay the time and labor spent, by developing a chaste, elegant, ornate style of composition, and the power of clear, consecutive and independent thought, qualities our rhetorical efforts prove us woefully deficient in.

In this connection we would recommend the organization of small reading clubs. We are well aware

that the majority of the clubs, heretofore organized, have been diverted from their original purpose, and have degenerated into mere social gatherings; but it was through the fault of the members, not the system. The advantages are, that the interest is maintained and augmented, and by the mutual friction of ideas, each attains a much clearer, truer conception of the subject matter than he otherwise possibly could.

A LARGE, orderly, and appreciative audience attended the Junior Literary Contest, and were quite well entertained. Still, if those who participated were selected for pre-eminent merit, we confess to a feeling of disappointment in the class. A few of the productions were well prepared and well delivered; we should classify the others as “fair to medium.” We do not desire to be critical, but will venture to say a word about the gesticulation, and one that will apply equally well to the majority of the gentlemen, who participated in the society exhibitions during the winter. The gestures were all very expressive and graceful, but incessant. We were constantly reminded of the toy men used for weather vanes, we frequently notice engaged in spirited combats with the winds. Almost every one of the young gentlemen crowded enough gestures into ten minutes, to last an accomplished orator an hour. The objection is, that they become monotonous, and render a state of rest the most expressive.

WE wish our Board of Regents had several hundred thousand dollars to appropriate at their next session, and would call upon us for advice, we would take such pleasure in recommending new buildings and libraries for the professional departments, the erection of a well furnished gymnasium, etc., etc. But they have not, so we will not waste paper. Yet out of the limited funds at their command, we venture to suggest that a small appropriation be made to the Law Library, to purchase the reports of two or three States, that are very much needed. The students are trying to organize, among themselves, an advanced class; if they succeed it may necessitate a slight increase in the expenses of the Department. We include that in our recommendations. Should there be anything to spare, and our advice needed we will cheerfully respond to the call.

THE custom of observing Decoration day as a holiday was broken in upon this year by the Faculty. This is an action the propriety of which we do not question; for, with all our reverence for our departed heroes, the time of ceasing to decorate soldiers graves must soon come. It has now been eleven years since the last act was done calling for the necessity of paying this tribute to the defenders of our commonwealth. So if it is not expedient to let the custom pass away now, by ceasing to make Decoration day a holiday, and, in a few years, to decorate the graves, we can see no time when it will be.

LOCAL.

HOT.

CROQUET.

BOATS in demand.

BASE-BALL almost dead.

QUOITS rapidly ceasing to attract.

WHAT a beauty that Senior straw hat is!

THE clack of the lawn-mower is heard on the campus.

THE University catalogues for 1875-76 will soon be issued.

A SOPHOMORE translated, *Iam agnosco Graecum*, "Go it, I know Greek."

AT present—the season of boat and buggy rides—students occasionally find it difficult to make a speciality of study.

THE Second Ward school house is being enlarged, by an addition in the rear, about half as large as the original building.

THE campus for the past few weeks has presented more the appearance of a poorly conducted hay field than of a well kept lawn.

Is there no way in which the lookers-on at military drill would be induced to stay at home? Their would-be witty remarks bore the companies very much.

CHANCELLOR HAMMOND has been spending some days in Des Moines. We suspect that the ecclesiastical and not the political convention was the attraction.

PROF. EGGERT's French class has received another interesting letter from him. The Professor at the time of writing was in Halle, where he intended remaining for some time.

PRESIDENT THACHER has been missed one day from chapel and obliged to dismiss his class for the term, on account of illness. We are glad to announce an improvement in his health, although he has by no means entirely recovered.

THE authorities have succeeded in depriving the campus of much of its shade. Whether this excessive trimming will be advantageous, can only be ascertained in the future.

THE State Republican Convention recently held at Des Moines, mutually honored themselves and Hon. M. N. Johnson, of the Law class, by nominating him as elector for his district.

QUITE an excitement was occasioned by a foot race on the campus, May 26th. Four Seniors participated. J—n, came in first; B—d, second; Mc—l, third, and K—y, fourth.

A JUNIOR and a Law student were surprised one day using some blue cards in rather a strange way. On one side was printed, ZETAGATHIAN ENTERTAINMENT—ADMIT ONE. On the other side A. C., K. C., J. S., etc. How funny it is that these should be the initials for King Clubs, Jack Spades, etc.

DELINQUENT subscribers will confer a great favor on our worthy Financial Agent by paying their subscriptions. But one more issue of the REPORTER for this school year. Commencement is at hand, the books must be ballanced. Stand not upon the order of your coming. Hamilton will smile upon you and receive the dollars anywhere.

WE would call the attention of our City Fathers to many of our sidewalks, which are allowed to go without repairs, and which are so low and unsettled, that a person cannot pass over them in wet weather without receiving discharges of muddy water at each step. This is not only inconvenient, but it is expensive; for the material will decay much faster than it would otherwise.

ON the day succeeding the Society festival, the "Phi Kappa Psi" fraternity gave a pic-nic, which has come to be an annual occurrence. This much of pleasure do the amiable Phi Kap's give to those who are ignorant of the internal proceedings of that order. This annual pic-nic is known by outsiders as the best visible fruits of the secret organization, and the one of the present year, seems to have been particularly enjoyed by all present.

C. W. JONES, a former member of the present Law class, spent a few days in the city while on his way to Des Moines to try a very important case before the Supreme Court. Mr. Jones is a thorough, pains-taking student, and, though lately admitted to the bar, has a more intimate knowledge of law than half the attorneys of Iowa. We regret that the press of business prevented his graduating with the class.

JOHN N. ROGERS, Esq., began the delivery of his course of lectures to the Law class, on Constitutional Law, on Monday afternoon, May 29th, and continued through the week. He confined his attention to the United States Constitutional provisions regulating the citizen's right to hold property. Mr. Rogers, as a lecturer, is pleasant in manner, clear and concise in style, and thoroughly conversant with his subject. The boys enjoyed the course very much, though inclined to grow restless when the learned lecturer, not noticing the 12 m. bell, would continue on from a quarter to a half hour over time.

OUR Prince of Janitors, Mr. Ruppin, made an appearance in the Law Lecture room on the morning of June 1st, and after a few earnest, eloquent remarks to the class by way of preface, presented them two large baskets of prime oranges. It is needless to add that the class heartily applauded the speech, and thoroughly enjoyed the oranges. We doubt if any one connected with the University feels a deeper interest in her prosperity, or has a firmer hold upon the hearts of the students, than Hermon Ruppin. Under a somewhat gruff exterior, he conceals a heart large, warm and true as steel. Thoroughly understanding the duties of his position, careful and exact in their performance, his services are

invaluable. May he retain the position he so worthily fills till called to his final rest, and may his shadow never grow less, is the unanimous wish of the Centennial Law Class.

THE following is the programme of the exercises during Commencement week, June 17-22, 1876:

Saturday, 4 o'clock, P. M.—Closing Law Lecture—Chancellor Hammond.

Sunday, 5 o'clock, P. M.—President's Baccalaureate Discourse.

Monday, 3 o'clock, P. M.—Moot Court. 8 o'clock, P. M.—Union Anniversary of Literary exercises.

Tuesday, 9 o'clock, A. M.—Graduation of Law Class. 8 o'clock, P. M.—Law Oration—Hon. J. M. Woolworth, Omaha, Neb.

Wednesday, 8 o'clock, P. M.—Anniversary of Alumni Association.

Thursday, 9 o'clock, A. M.—Academic Commencement.

THE Seniors of Monmouth snarl and growl over an attempt by the under-graduates to bury their boulder. It was at "that hour o' night's black arch the keystone," when the adventurous members of the lower classes gathered around the "specimen," and commenced the excavation that was to engulf it; but the thoughtful Seniors had guards posted, who opened fire with their shot-guns. The crowd hastily dispersed, leaving the professors' (!) spades on the ground.

We are forcibly reminded of the anxiety class '70, I. S. U., endured, when, after days of hard labor and many accidents, they had finally deposited their big stone in the campus; divided into reliefs, night after night, with revolver and blanket, they couched upon the green sward, sternly resolved to shed their heart's blood in defense of "that boulder." It is hardly necessary to say that the under-classes never had any serious intention of burying it, but thoroughly enjoyed their manifest anxiety.

RECENT improvements in the Zetagathian and Hesperian Hall are well worthy of notice. The heavy rep curtains, which have for some time been an *addition* to the room have been made decidedly *ornamental*. The draping over the windows, with the oval walnut supports in the center, is a great improvement upon the straight, ungraceful manner in which they were before hung. The large curtain back of the President's chair, has been artistically re-arranged in the form of a canopy.

We are glad to see the continued improvement in the appearance of the halls; their adornment in furniture, busts, pictures—in everything indicative of taste and culture, should keep pace with the intellectual progress of the societies, and is a fair exponent of the interest felt by the members. It is a pity the ceilings are so low, it detracts much from the beautiful appointments of the halls. If they were raised only a few feet, the increased attractiveness of each would well

repay the necessary outlay. Although several attempts to raise them have failed, it is to be hoped that it will yet be accomplished.

ON the list of festivals for the strawberry season came one held by the Irvings and Erodelphians, May 26th, at the pleasant parlors of the Congregational church. Such entertainments have seldom been ventured by the literary societies, but upon this occasion, fortune seemed to favor every arrangement from first to last. A select and orderly, as well as liberal class were present, and better than all, they seemed to enjoy themselves. The classical taste of the people of Iowa City was shown throughout the evening, by the eagerness with which all sought the "Art Gallery," and the satisfaction, with which each one returned from viewing its well filled walls and shelves. Even though improvement in the financial returns of the festival could have been wished, the deficiency was made good, by the pleasure of the large number, who added their presence to the general enjoyment of the evening. Cooling refreshments and excellent music were well appreciated, to the perfect satisfaction of the two societies interested in the success of the undertaking.

THE following named persons have been selected, by the respective Faculties of the different departments, to appear at Commencement:

LAW DEPARTMENT.

Commencement Day.—Berryhill, J. G.; Cook, E. U.; Fannon, W. H.; Hudson, A. L.; Henry, G. F.; Ingraham, C. M.; Lytle, W.; McClellan, G. F.; Trimble, P.

Moot Court to be held on the day preceding.—Anderson, J. E.; Flickinger, I. N.; Giffen, W. W. M.; Kelley, G. T.; Newberry, B. W.; Ranney, W. W.; Sanders, E.; Spargur, R. E. W.

Class Day.—ORATION, Flickinger, A. T. POEM, McIntyre, G. A. CLASS HISTORY, Alverson, E. E. PROPHECY, Mullin, J. H. TOASTS, Morrison, J. E.; Naftsgger L. S.; Fillmore, C. W.; Hillings, W. P. ORATION, Davis, J. M.

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT.

Commencement Day.—Byington, R. W.; Cook, Alice B.; Clark, Lizzie L.; Draper, A. D.; Ensign, S. Laura; Kinney, Florence; McKenzie, M. Louise; Richards, J. W.

We regret to learn that the Seniors have made no arrangements for a Class Day.

THE Senior Class are being favored with a series of very enjoyable receptions. Following close upon the one given by President Thacher, came one by Prof. Pinkham, at his elegant residence—"Bellevue"—in the northern part of the city. Quite a number of persons, not members of the Class were invited, and at an early hour the large house was well filled, with a large and merry throng of young people, a majority of whom were speedily engaged in a great diversity of social games. The game attracting the

most attention, both from its novelty and difficulty, was the old English one of shuttle-cock, the battledores were in constant requisition. Prominent among the players were a couple of dignified Seniors, who, despite their inexperience, developed skill enough to make several runs of two each. In front of the house was an old-fashioned swing in constant motion; young men and ladies taking their turns with all the joy and abandon of childhood's happy hour. At a seasonable hour refreshments were served, and after another season of social chat and merry sport, the guests departed, with the unanimous sentiment: "What a pleasant time we have had! How much all enjoyed it!" Throughout the evening the Professor and his lady played the part of host and hostess with such consummate tact and skill, that none would have suspected them of being but recently bride and groom a few months since.

A RECENTLY admitted member of the Senior Class went out Friday evening with the intention of accompanying his "dulcina" to the literary society. Turning in, as he supposed, at her residence, he was invited in by a Sophomore lady, who, thinking she had a beau, endeavored to entertain him as pleasantly as possible. He sat and talked about the University, professors, the pulpit, politics, parties, croquet, checkers, chess, students, base-ball, foot-ball, in fact *everything*, intensely anxious however about going to the society. Hearing no sound of approaching footsteps, he turns in his chair and whirling his thumbs, converses another hour about *nothing*. Finally, wondering why she don't come down, he becomes desperate and summons enough courage to say, "Is Miss — ready to go to society yet?" The Sophomore lady wilts and with mingled mortification and indignation answers that Miss — boards in another part of town. (Exit Senior confusedly.)

On the evening of May 17th, occurred the annual reception, given by President Thacher and lady, to the Senior and Junior classes. At an early hour, the members of the classes mentioned, with a few invited guests, gathered at the President's hospitable mansion, were received by the worthy host and hostess, and at once made to feel perfectly at ease, without undergoing that stilted, embarrassing, formal interview, so common on such occasions. The evening was spent in social conversation, and in examining the many objects of interest and virtuoso gathered by the Doctor in his foreign travels and artistically arranged on the center-tables, etageres and walls of the different rooms. In one, called the Centennial room, a large table was covered with Centennial relics, heir looms handed down from both Dr. and Mrs. Thacher's ancestors. The Doctor and his lady seemed omnipresent, and, by their rare social tact, enabled the most diffident to entirely forget self and enter heartily into the enjoyment of the occasion. At about half-past ten refreshments were served, consisting of sandwiches, coffee, pastries, fruits and ice cream. A little after eleven o'clock the guests began to depart,

feeling that they had spent a most delightful evening, and regretting that such occasions were not of more frequent occurrence.

With some trepidation we suggest the query: Would it not be well for the Faculties of the different departments, to entertain the students at their homes, more frequently? We know it would occasion them considerable trouble; but would not the increased mutual understanding and sympathy in thought and feeling amply repay them?

Many students complete a course, knowing little or nothing of their professors, except as class-room instructors, and consequently, do not receive that social culture and inspiration to high, pure thought, and noble, useful lives, which a more intimate intercourse with our worthy professors and their most estimable families would be sure to give them.

On Friday evening, May 19, occurred the Junior Oratorical Contest, which took the place of the annual Junior Exhibition, in Chapel Hall. At half past eight the five performers, preceded by Dr. Thacher, who presided over the exercises, ascended the rostrum, when the band entered upon a piece of music, which, if its beauty were measured by its length, was surpassing. The first on the programme was Edward McIntyre; Subject, "Potency of Idealism." "Every person possesses a strong idealism. The imagination plays an important part in its formation. An untutored imagination suggests fanciful schemes; a languid imagination sinks below reality. An efficient mind takes the medium, forming just conceptions of relation. An ideal formed, grows, influenced by the talent of the ages and by all physical, moral and intellectual forces.

"Lives of men, to a great extent, are true exponents of their idealism. If idealism is bounded by thoughts of gain, mental culture will be thereby limited. A low standard of idealism among public men. Would that purer thoughts were theirs; that from a pure fountain might issue streams, flowing through the national veins and developing a nobler national manhood!"

Next was William P. Whipple; subject, "Modern Degeneracy." Commenced by observing the tendency of the times—mental and religious. Dwelt at some length on mental degeneracy, showing its effects on France and our own country, and afterwards noted the religious degeneracy, and some of the causes which have led thereto.

Third, Miss V. J. Slagle; subject, "Strike but Hear."

The fair speaker drew a vivid word-picture of the situation of the contending Persian and Grecian naval forces in the narrow strait of Salamis, on the eve before the battle, and of the discussion between the Grecian commanders, on the following morning, over the question of retreat or attack: "When Eurybiades, no longer able to restrain his passion and raising his weapon to strike, elicited from the sagacious and prudent The mistocles that significant and benignant answer, 'strike

but hear." She spiritedly portrayed the contest for dominion over humanity and society, between the boiling, seething passions, and majestic reason; the benignant results of the triumph of the latter in the progress of scientific research—in the subjection of the forces of nature to the service of man—in the incorporation of the principles of liberty, equality, and justice in human governments, and above all in the accomplishment of the divine plan of human redemption.

"Look back again, adown the time-worn pathway of the ages, and view the scene. A hissing, scoffing, multitude, and in their midst the crucifix; their passions and their blinded ignorance slew Him, whose only reproach was: 'Father forgive them, they know not what they do;' yet by that act the truth triumphed, and through the dim infinity of space has spread the mighty influence for good, itself a starry firmament inscribed with diamond points of right and justice, whose light shall never fade, and man, beholding, shall believe."

Fourth, John Campbell; subject, "The Franco-Prussian War." He gave the immediate cause of the war, its distinguishing characteristics and its results. Prussia's victory is to be attributed to her superior military system, excellent system of education and consciousness of contending for the right. France was hurled from the leading position in European affairs. The North German States, consolidated into a compact empire, which, guided by Bismark, with a wisdom that commands universal admiration, march on to grander conquests than they have ever before attained.

Fifth, Jefferson C. Clyde; subject, "Tendencies of our Newspaper Press." Arraigned the press as making too great a display of scandal; too violent in partisanship; not reliable, and violently assailing private character. Public sentiment is the only instrument capable of correcting these abuses; should call men of the highest culture and noblest humanity to fill our editorial chairs, to educate and elevate the masses. Only then will our press merit the praise now so lavishly bestowed upon it.

The judges chosen were Mrs. Currier, Rev. W. B. Craig and L. H. Jackson. Before announcing the result of the judges' deliberations, Dr. Thacher remarked that: "When a young lady combines talent and scholarship with eloquence, there is a poor chance for young men." This, as an indication that Miss Slagle was entitled to the first prize, was received with applause. Mr. Campbell received the second prize. The audience was quite large and appreciative.

THINKING is the talking of the soul with itself.—*Plato.*

THE LATEST THING ON CENTENNIAL.—One of our aspiring Sophs. is raising a moustache.

THE Cherokee nation pays the highest salaries to teachers—men receiving \$225 a month, and women \$200.

IDEAS make their way into silence like the waters that filtering behind the rocks of the Alps loosen them from the mountains on which they rest.—*D' Aubigne.*

A writer in the *Methodist* ventures to say:

"The young gentlemen of twenty years and upwards, graduates of colleges, 'honor-men,' and orators mayhap of their class, fill the waste-paper baskets of the editors of the magazines with rejected addresses; they crowd the newspaper offices, finally settling down as penny-a-liners in the city department of the daily papers. And so numerous are the candidates for that kind of work that they but snatch from the fates an unbuttered crust."

In reply to which Chancellor Haven:

I have been connected with three universities sixteen years of my life, and have seen about 800 young men graduate from college, and do not know now of five out of the whole number, alive and well, who are not making a comfortable living. Of them I do not know of one who "feeds on unbuttered crusts," or who is in a condition fairly described by that figure of speech. Nearly all the penny-a-liners whom I have seen doomed to earn a scanty subsistence by the lowest kind of literary work—if long persisted in—were not college graduates, but men who, without education, had simply picked up just about enough practical ability with the pen to do that and nothing more. I have known many college graduates to begin with such work, but never one, unless he was intemperate, long to remain in it. I have known a large number to enter into business of various kinds, some starting at the bottom, mechanical, mercantile, agricultural, but never one who did not find his education profitable to him, in the lowest practical money-getting sense of the word.

THE following story is told of a minister who was slightly "off" in his beliefs, talented, witty, and lives in this State. For a long time he had not read from the bible in the regular service, but at last some of his flock remonstrated, and expressed a wish that he should do so. Accordingly, on the next Sunday he read a chapter from Genesis, then closing the book, put his head on one side, and asked, with a most pitying smile, "Now, do any of you believe that jack-knife story?"

MARRIED.

On the evening of April 19th, at the residence of the bride's parents, in Des Moines, FLORENCE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Ankeney, to GEORGE P. RUSSEL, Law '73. Ceremony by Rev. T. S. Berry.

G. W. Ball of this city acted as "best man" to the happy groom. Many elegant and costly presents were made by the many friends present to witness the ceremonies.

At the residence of the bride's parents in Iowa City, on the 30th of May, at 3½ A. M., Mr. HERBERT S. FISHER, Law '74, to Miss LAVINA C. RANKIN, Special, '74, Rev. E. T. Hiscox, officiating.

The editors of the REPORTER were kindly remembered by the happy bride, who sent a variety of choice cake to ye appreciative corps. The well wishes of each of us attend the young couple to their new home in Carroll City, where their future home will be.

On Thursday, May 4th, at the residence of the bride's father, at Albia, Iowa, by the Rev. I. O. Kemble, FLETCHER W. YOUNG, Deputy Secretary of State, and Miss NELLIE COZIER.

Mr. Young was formerly a student in the Academical Department of the University, and, more recently, in the Law Department, from the latter of which he graduated with the class of '75. The REPORTER unites with his numerous Iowa City friends, in wishing him many years of joy and prosperity.

At Bowling Green, Ky., on Wednesday, May 3, Mr. JOSEPH B. CHAPMAN, of Tama City, Iowa, to Miss MARY E. CHAPMAN, of Bowling Green, Ky., Rev. Mr. Smorsti officiating.

Mr. Chapman, formerly a member of Class '77, is now editor of the *Tama Press*, and is recognized as one of Tama's model young men. The best wishes of the REPORTER attend him.

PERSONAL.

- '80. W. V. Smith has left school.
Special. Miss Adams has left school.
- '79. Ella M. Tice is missed by her classmates.
- '74. C. A. Bond was in the city a few days ago.
Special. Miss Emma V. Williams is living in Shelby.
- '79. Pauline Wentz is recruiting and resting this term.
- '78. E. P. Griffin is reported married. How is it Enos?
Medic. '76. Mrs. Azuba D. King has located in Des Moines.
- '80. J. L. Jenkins has left school and will not return this year.
- '81. W. R. Pollard is spending the summer at home in Illinois.
- '78. Frank Sawyer was in the city over Sabbath but has now gone East.
Special. E. E. Dennis was in the city a few days since visiting friends.
Special. H. E. Caldwell, looking medic-ward, is studying at Madison, Ind.
- '78. Adda S. Kelly is not in school this term. She will be in the University again next year.
Frank Call, a former student of the University, was admitted as a Cadet at West Point last month.
- '78. Thomas G. Roberts has left the I. S. U. in order to study medicine under Dr. Holt in Marshalltown.
- '78. Charley Ketner came to chapel the other morning, and received a hearty welcome from his many friends.
Special. Miss Laura Shipman has been out of school the most of this term, but has returned for examination.
- '77. A. T. Free had a long tedious sickness after his return to Ohio, but has finally recovered and is attending Oberlin College.
Normal '76. Mrs. Brad. Pendleton, formerly Hortie E. Bowen, has been in the city for some time visiting her sister—Mrs. Sterling.
- '80. Miss Lizzie Chandler is just recovering from an attack of the measles. We hope she will soon be able to re-enter school.
- '75. C. J. Berryhill spent a few days in the city lately. Judging from his appearance, he is still blessed with a clear conscience.
Law '71. Van Camp made us a call. He is located at Wilton, and says law is a success. He is married and has two of the nicest boys in Iowa—he thinks.
- '75. Edwin W. Craven has been teaching this year in Des Moines. He expects to be in the city during Commencement, and hopes to meet many of his old classmates.
- '80. J. Calvin Muray has left school in order to go to the Centennial. He will not be back next year, as he intends entering some college in the East, but expects to graduate from I. S. U., with class '80.
- '75. Graydon, T. W., late Superintendent of the Indendence Public Schools, has accepted a position in the New York Agency of the Pulvermacher Galvanic Company, of Cincinnati. Salary \$3,000, laboratory and library furnished.
- Law '75. J. M. Hemingway called in to the Law Department the other morning and talked to the boys a few moments. He is located at Hampton. He is on his way to the Centennial, will return in time to attend the re-union of his class at Michigan University.
- Law '69. Butler, whom all the old students remember as a royal good fellow, paid the University a visit on his way home from the State Convention. He is located at Northwood, Worth county, Iowa. He has built up a large practice, and been Prosecuting Attorney for four years past. Success attend him.

EXCHANGES.

Some writer in the *Aurora*, after laboring through a long article comes to some very sage conclusions, viz: "That the sun is cooling; that it makes no difference if it is; that the sun is a molten mass, and of necessity must be cooling, but that it concerns us not a particle; that the earth is *not* a 'bonfire;' that the sun is our center of heat; that the sun is the grand thermal center or pole, and that the forces are so related as to form a circle or cycle, in which cycle around the sun may be considered as the starting point." The object of the article is stated as being "to quiet the nerves and calm the fears of morbidly doubtful philosophers." We sincerely hope this philanthropic mission has been accomplished, and that henceforth no one will have the slightest fear of becoming a "human icicle." The *Aurora* contains a good article on the "Study of Words," and a very pleasant letter entitled "Up the Hudson."

The *Observer of Nature* is published at the Kansas State University with the motto: "*Quid videt, scit.*" If this motto is lived up to, and the *Observer* is carefully read, we think the Kansasns are in a fair way to become the greatest scientific people in the world. No doubt many an incipient Humboldt, or Agassiz or Linniaus is now collecting specimens for the *Observer's* cabinet. What pleasant reading the *Observer* is—Beetles and bugs, moths and butterflies, ducks and cranes, chinch bugs and Rocky Mountain locusts, useful insects and insects that are harmful, small bugs with long names and large animals with short names, fluttering and screaming, fairly cover the pages of the *Observer*. The greatest treat of all, however, is the Lepidoptera of Kansas. We scarcely know whether Lepidoptera pertains to the animal or to the mineral kingdom, but this article is just the very thing needed to pass away a few leisure moments pleasantly. We did not know before that there were so many (or so much) of these (or this) Lepidoptera in the world. The bug fever rages to such an extent in Kansas that the Orophilian Literary Society (named after some bug very likely,) discusses such questions as: *Resolved*, "*That insects are more beneficial than injurious.*" Of an ordinary person reading the *Observer* it may be said, "*Videt, sed non scit.*"

COULD we follow people home and see them in the privacy of their own chambers, when the green curtains are down, we would see much anguish that is carefully concealed from the world.—*Ouida*

M. B. COCHRAN,



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