

# The University Reporter.

IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY.

VOL. IX.

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No. 8.

## GOD'S ANVIL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Pain's furnace-heat within me quivers,  
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,  
And all my heart in anguish shivers,  
And trembles at the fiery glow;  
And yet I whisper—as God will!  
And in his hottest fire hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,  
On the hard anvil-minded so  
Into his own fair shape to beat it  
With his great hammer, blow and blow;  
And yet I whisper—as God will!  
And at his heaviest blow lay still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it,  
The sparks fly off at every blow;  
He turns it o'er and o'er and heats it,  
And lets it cool and makes it glow,  
And yet I whisper—as God will!  
And in his mighty hand, hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow  
Thus only longer lived would be;  
Its end may come, and will, to-morrow—  
When God has done his work in me;  
So I say, trusting—as God will!  
And, trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindled *for* my profit purely  
Affection's glowing fiery brand,  
And all his heaviest blows are surely  
Inflicted *by* a Master hand;  
So I say praying—as God will!  
And hope in him, and suffer still.

## CONFLICT AND PROGRESS.

W. D. EVANS.

It is a worthy curiosity that constrains every rising generation to cast a thoughtful glance at the history of generations gone. It is one of the advantages of history that it presents us with a view of human character as developed under all the varied influences that centuries have been able to produce.

To say that the law of organic progress is the law of all progress, and that human progress is but a passing from the simple to the complex, is to stand aloof from the world and to look down upon its intumescent population as mere passive things subject to laws that are above them. It still remains to step into the moving throng and observe those things that are of humanity itself—its own peculiar forces that have swayed it to

and fro and that have urged it forward with sure though wavering tread.

In the operation of these forces, is presented to some degree the strange anomaly of series of events individually destructive and retrogressive in their tendencies, yet resulting in progress as the great sum of all. Whatever in history may be the real secret of human progress, and however it may be traced in the character of kings and courts, and in the development of laws, forms, and constitutions, it appears, nevertheless, as the somewhat paradoxical result of apparently adverse circumstances. The history of men is not the history of co-operation and harmony. It is the history, rather, of antagonisms, of uprisings, that have disregarded law and set aside constitution, of wild frenzy, that has torn down throne, decapitated king, and in the mire trod down imperial crown and name.

The low murmur of sedition, the mad outbursts of rebellion, the heavy tread of advancing armies, the fierce din of conflict, the crashing and confusion of falling empires, are scenes and sounds among which the student of history is continually compelled to stand. It is not strange if sometimes the thought is forced upon him that in the midst of an unfolding universe, the function of man has been merely to neutralize; that nation has been matched against nation, faction against faction, and man against man, to expend their energies upon each other in counteraction, leaving no result between them. *Built and destroyed* is apparently the sum of history; the *rise* and *fall* seem to tell the whole story. One has raised up for another to cast down. One army rears a rampart, another levels it with the ground. To-day huge walls and magnificent temples are erected; to-morrow there is left "not one stone upon another."

Babylon in her grandeur, teeming with her myriad people; embracing a river with arch above and tunnel beneath; beautified by palace, terrace, and temple; surrounded by her massive walls, her lofty towers, and her brazen gates; and Babylon with battered walls, gardens precipitated to the earth, towering arches given to the flood, beauty reduced to a shapeless mass,—Babylon sublimely magnificent and Babylon fallen! Such are the alternations of history. Look where we will, the annals of the past are the annals of conflict, laden with destruction and with the lives of untold millions that have paid the price of intercourse between man and man. Hostility has burned unceasingly in the

human breast since it was first declared between the seed of woman and the seed of the serpent, and the voices of brothers' blood crying from the ground, have risen with every departing day to announce above the bruising of the head and heel below.

These are the facts as they stand on the surface of history. They can be rightly understood only by tracing them to their remoter causes,—down, as it were, into the depths of the human soul. Man is not by nature a lover of strife. There is, rather, a ceaseless yearning in the human heart for universal peace and concord. But implanted in the very soul and entering fundamentally into human character, is a passion strong and irrepressible, restrained neither by compassion nor fear, and exercising its power over humanity equally whether walking in the light of knowledge or groping in the darkness of superstition. *It is a zeal for what seems true and right*; and it is in this devotion to supposed truth and persistence in supposed right that are contained the *secret of human progress* and the *cause of human conflict*.

Whatever motives may sometimes move ambitious leaders, there is in the masses that follow them an honesty of purpose whether that purpose be pursued with intelligence or otherwise. The great aim of humanity is, and always has been to remedy defects and maintain what seemed desirable, however wisely or unwisely it may have judged of their source and nature. This is not to say that men have never committed willful evils but that, as a rule, the great mass of mankind acts under a conviction of right; that persecutions, proscriptions, and inquisitions have been carried into effect with the greatest zeal by those who verily believe themselves in the service of truth; that, deep down, underlying human actions, in general, is a desire to eradicate the wrong and establish the right, as the grand motive power however obscured by folly and wantonness and after-thoughts of myrtle boughs or triumphal marches. Man's notions of right may at times have been crude. They may have centred in self or state or doctrine, or have been based upon ignorance and superstition, but they have been notions of right none the less, and if adhered to and enforced, they have been adhered to and enforced in accordance with that impulse of the human soul that has given progress to the race. If the world were indifferent as to the notions promulgated in it, it would be liable to abandon at any time truths already established, or, retaining them, it could receive no vitalizing influence from them, and the prevalence of no ideas whatever could be regarded as a stage of progress. While, however, a zeal for those things which it has once believed, may encourage fanaticism and bigotry and so-called patriotism to sow the seeds of hatred and strife among men, yet truths and principles once established are established forever and become a living and life-giving part of humanity itself.

There is an element of conflict that enters necessarily

into the nature of progress—a certain alternation of waste and repair that must go on while development continues. Systems of religion and of philosophy and forms of government incorporate within themselves the imperfections of their peculiar age. Institutions cannot be perfect while existing under imperfect conditions. A theoretically perfect form of government must lose its perfection among practically imperfect men. A monarch must be imposed upon such as cannot rule themselves; fancy *will* interpret for those whose powers of reason are wanting; and golden calves must be made for such as can see their gods in nothing else. Thus in all human affairs do imperfections exist by a kind of necessity. But no necessity has ever been able to render them less galling, and man striving to cast off the burdens that they impose and burst the fetters that they bind, is kept in unrest forever. New theories advanced and old ones attacked, dynasties overthrown, forms warped, creeds torn, and images shattered make a continuous struggle between conservative and iconoclast—a struggle that *will* go on until men and institutions, hand in hand, may have attained to perfection together.

Whether this struggle is to be characterized forever by hatred and anger and destruction and blood, the future alone can tell. The most earnest zeal is not necessarily rash and impetuous, but is very liable to be. We are wont, indeed, to look with melancholy interest at the wanton ruin of the past, to remonstrate against the destruction of a Carthage or a Jerusalem or an Alexandrian library, and to ask reproachfully "To what purpose is this waste?" But it has been the way of the world to lament the past without profiting directly by its lessons; to adorn graves and rear monuments for prophets and kings whom the fathers ignorantly slew, without avoiding the rashness into which those fathers fell; and while it would fain have healed wounds that had done their work, it has thrust poignards into beating hearts.

Thus impetuous has the human family stumbled on, bruising itself over broken thrones and wrecks of temples and leaving blood-stained foot-prints on every stepping-stone by which it has gained its progress; and bruise itself it must until it learns to temper honest zeal and conviction with liberality, toleration, and charity and a sympathy broad as the world.

#### JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

##### New version of Hiawatha:

"Give me of your bright tobacco,  
Of your nicotinic surplus,  
Which the poets call the weed;  
I a pipe will quick procure me,  
Pipe that teeth of Gods would water  
Make, and envy in them call up.  
Thus equipped a match I'll get me  
From some sympathetic brother,  
Strike it quick, apply it quicker,  
Fumigate post-prandially."

## REMEMBERED ELOQUENCE.

BY W. A. POTTLE.

Ossian has beautifully said that the memory of joys that are past is pleasant yet mournful to the soul. Moore has written that "you may break, you may ruin the vase if you will, yet the scent of the roses will cling round it still." We do not like to forget our joys, even though to recall them is oft but to waken anew the sorrow which their loss occasioned. The weekly public Junior Rhetoricals are a thing of the past; but, though no more, they are to memory dear.

As for children looking forward to Christmas, as for boys anticipating the glorious Fourth, so for us the future was tinged with the roseate hue of brightest expectation as we counted first the slow moving months, and then more gladly the days which must elapse till the time when, on Friday afternoon's, we could leave our work, our rest, our play—leave everything to assemble in Chapel and listen to the Junior orations.

The poet says of one who is not alive to the charms of Nature:

"A cowslip by the river's brim,  
A yellow cowslip was to him;  
And it was nothing more."

Now, had we been lacking in an appreciation of rhetorical excellence, it might have been said in reference to us,—

A Junior with his little speech,  
A Junior only was to each;  
And he was nothing more.

But we do not count ourselves of that class; for we attended rhetorical, and now feel that we will be pardoned for manifesting something of pride in the thought that we did appreciate "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" which greeted us on those occasions. Well has it been said:

"But nature's voice will be remembered still."

For her language is plain alike to all. Her beauty hath she painted on the rainbow; her innocence, upon the open flowers; her merriment, upon the laughing waters; her freedom, in the flight of birds.

True art follows nature. The connoisseur viewing the works of genius in the studios of Rome or the Dresden Galleries, detects in them a subtle *présence* which, speaking the hand of a master, attests the genuineness of their claim to the world's esteem. Junior rhetorical are no more; but true to nature, and in accordance with all great works of art, they had their distinctive points which we cannot soon forget.

Since the world began, examples of heroic self-devotion for the good of others though, perhaps, obscured for a while by personal jealousy or partizan strife, have ultimately received the highest commendation of mankind.

This noble principle—this forgetfulness of self ever characterized the Junior orators.

For as they have striven to lift us from the work-worn path of every-day labor into the pure atmosphere of intellectual and moral culture, not only have they

told us of history, poetry, art, of the beauty of thought, the harmony of forces, and the wonderful adaptation of means to ends throughout the universe; but, standing a self-devoted offering on the altar of Right, they have dared expose the follies of kings, the errors of republics; while the perplexing problems of finance and the political questions of the day they have discussed with the ability of consummate statesmen.

Yet, after listening to thirty or forty of such orations, one imagines that he can detect, if not a similarity of thought, at least a fondness for certain well tried expressions.

We would have been disappointed—would have thought it an intended disregard of our rightful expectations, had they ever grown weary of entreating us with their wonted moving tenderness to mark the triumphs of intellect throughout eternity's unnumbered ages; to give impetus to the onward wheels of progress; to keep step to the rhythmic tread of humanity's advancing footsteps;—and to assist in rolling back the waves of ignorance, and in dispelling, with the magic wand of truth, the deepening shadows in the moral sky, until from pole to pole, from center to circumference of our world shall rise the glad acclaim, harmonious with the accord of nations,—"Truth, truth shall reign."

But in the Junior oration we always expected to hear something about Greece. They called it classic Greece, the country of Pericles and Plato, the land of Olympus and Thessaly, the birth place of Letters, Liberty, Art. As we have listened, that by-gone age has passed in review before us. Again has the blind old bard of Chios sung the tale of Troy divine; again has Jupiter summoned the gods in counsel; again has Illium trembled; again has Greece prevailed. Then we knew that they would tell us of Marathon, Thermopylae, Plataea, and how, when the night of Persian oppression paled before the morning dawn of freedom, the Greek mind emerging like light from darkness immortalized itself in philosophy, eloquence, and song; and in the matchless temples, the breathing marbles, the speaking canvass, the splendid tombs—those peerless achievements of genius which have been the models of art through all the ages.

We have been charmed by the sweet accents of Lysias; and to the torrent-like eloquence of Demosthenes have yielded our sympathy captive. For us has Socrates drained the cup of poison; for us has Plato discoursed on the soul. We have heard of Athenian worth and Spartan valor; and how, at length, obscured by the clouds of civil dissention, the sun of Grecian liberty declining from the zenith of its splendor was drawn into the seething whirlpool of Roman cupidity.

After Greece came Rome. And they told the story well:—beginning with that "lone mother of dead empires"—the seven-hilled city that sprang immortal by the Tiber side; and speaking then of the aggressive policy of the Patricians; the revolts and final triumph

of the Plebians; the magnificence of the Augustan era, and the gifted names that adorned the golden age of Roman thought; of the perfidy of Nero, and virtues of the Antonines. But, when the tables change, the conqueror becomes the conquered, *then* had the Juniors struck their theme. And as they depicted the closing scene—the degeneracy of Roman valor, and the decay of that mighty fabric of empire which had “forged the political chains for one hundred million people,” with what earnestness, what enthusiasm, what persistency, were they wont to recount how the barbarian hordes came down from the north and swept away the majestic but hollow civilization of the Cæsars. Oft have they discoursed of that period in the world’s history when liberty slept; when the spirit of discord was rife; when men forgot to be men, and might ruled right; and how, later, the mists of dogmatism hung low o’er the mind of man till the Reformation served the chains of priestly despotism, and illumined Reason with the light of christian toleration.

How have they won our lasting gratitude by their untiring efforts to impress us with a sense of the immortality of thought! Change, they have told us, ceaseless change is written on every hand,—change the battle-cry of progress, change the watch-word of the hour. Bablonian strength, Egyptian grandeur, Grecian beauty, Roman power, alike have yielded to the touch of time; but thought, immortal thought, like the light of Hebe’s eye loses not its luster.

But with an Addisonic nicety of expression, there was coupled, in the Junior orations, a pomp of rhetoric, a Johnsonian march of numbers which could not fail to leave its impress on the listener’s ear. The Good Book tells us that it was ordered, “Let there be light; and there was light.” In the Junior oration we would be told that,—from his majestic throne, the sovereign arbiter of the universe, by the creative energy of a single volition acting upon the boundless fields of limitless space effected the displacement of that primordial element of chaos, by the introduction of a subtile agent in whose presence, nature, obeying the immutable laws of her being, rejoices; and under whose benign and efficacious rule, all things are rendered capable of demonstrating to our optical centers the fact of their metaphysical identity.

Nor can we forget how in chapel, we have seen these Juniors point impressively to the wall behind them, and endeavor with almost tearful eloquence to persuade us that *it* was a *vista of the past*. And we have sat in silent admiration of the acuteness of their penetration, the depth of their research; in short of the profundity of their knowledge which seemed bounded only by the limits set to human inquiry. For gazing down this vista of the past, with truth their guiding star, they have assured us that, comprehending the present, and spanning the gulf of the centuries, they drew the data of their speculations e’en from the misty dawn of time.

ZETAGATHIAN HALL.

#### THE “ZETS.” THEIR EXHIBITION.

With each returning winter the leading societies of the University set before their friends and rivals a literary feast whose intellectual viands would tickle the palate of a royal epicure, and whose quantity would satiate the greatest gormand.

Friday evening, April 13th, the Zetagathians gave their annual exhibition to a coterie of admirers, whose members are unsurpassed. With culpable tardiness, the exercises did not begin until many of the audience had been kept in waiting for almost an hour. The speakers then filed in like Indians on the war path.

Robert M. Goshorn presided and announced the speakers, with dignity and grace. Following the Invocation by Rev. W. B. Craig, came the opening oration by H. M. Henley. As his theme, Mr. Henley had selected “Swiss Republicanism;” a subject which he developed ably and presented with interest.

The assertion that the United States was the only genuine Republic, he characterized as a mere boast—Switzerland was certainly an exception. It had existed for five hundred years, and is to day as genuine a Republic, as pure a Democracy, as the United States. After discussing the chief characteristics of Swiss Republicanism, he endeavored to project its probable future. While calling attention to its infirmities he showed conclusively that it had points of stability; and predicted a bright future.

C. C. Ziegler, that artless communicant with the Muses, sang of “Arion.” He was short; therefore we forgive him. While as a rhymester, he is without a peer in the University, we fear that for a poetaster he floats too much in the ethereal realm of sentimentality. The skill with which the rhyme and metre were perfected was acknowledged by all: the thought, however, was subordinate to the metre and unworthy of Mr. Ziegler’s comprehensive mind.

John W. Conley spoke of “Property and Civilization.” The fact that the audience did not notice the unusual length is sufficient evidence of the great merit of the production: the occupation of fifteen minutes of time, when every one was tired, suffocated and restless did not show suitable deference to the feelings of the listeners.

He said that civilization was complex—composed of elements varying with climate and other influences. Between property and civilization there is a reciprocal relation. A strong moral power is necessary to control the evil tendencies of property. Man has learned the dangers of riches, and if he uses his knowledge, our nation may continue to be “the land of the free and the home of the brave,” and show to the world the harmonious union of wealth, justice and equality.

The debaters had selected the trite issue: “Resolved That Roman Catholicism has been beneficial to American Institutions.” The merits of the arguments adduced were deliberated over by the judges, A. C. Younkin, J. R. Elliott and Jacob Ricord. C. S. Finkbine was the first speaker. He claimed that the civil, educational and religious liberty of our country had

been promoted by the Catholics; and that these three items were the pivots of our prosperity. To substantiate this view he presented numerous instances and narrowed his adversaries down to an exceedingly small space on which to manœuvre their their logical batallions.

E. P. Seeds now rushed into the affray, and fought vigorously. He claimed, from Catholicism's open boast that she was always the same, that her whole history was diametrically opposed to all American institutions; and back into history he went to prove it. There he found many facts upon his side of the question, all of which he presented in an attractive style.

Euclid Sanders began where his partner left off, and coherently argued that historic records contained many accounts of the advantages we have received from the Catholics—that the Catholics were the foes of tyranny, although the head quarters at Rome might have been friendly thereto. Mr. Sanders is one of our good debaters and always speaks extemporaneously and logically.

H. J. Bentley was the next speaker. Like his colleague he spoke fluently and forcibly, and like his colleague he hardly spoke on the question which was on the printed programme. His remarks, however, were effective and pleasing. Both Mr. Seeds and Mr. Bentley delivered set speeches, and therefore the debate lacked the vivacity which it ought to possess. The audience decided the question in the affirmative: the judges, in the negative.

Joseph H. Mullin now presented a dramatic selection—The Saracen Brothers. Into the depth of feeling Mr. Mullin entered with unusual pathos; his personation of the three characters, and the different mutations of his voice were splendid; but the selection was too long.

Arthur Springer, the Zet's president, ably represented the REPORTER upon this occasion. In solidity and acumen of thought, he was excelled by none, although we dissent from some of his views.

All the fundamental laws of progress are recognized in Sociology, but its claim to a place among the sciences is disputed. The hero worshiper, the fanatic, and the conservative theologian are necessarily hostile to a science that inculcates the idea that human societies are the result of of natural evolution. The indolent philosophy, that falls back upon "special providence" for the explanation of those phenomena that are difficult of solution, has no share in building up a true science of sociology. Modern science has shown that the universe is governed by a plan, perfect in detail, uniform in operation and immutable in principle. It is complained that the sources of sociology are fragmentary; but it must be remembered that history itself is only collected in fragments, and such a construction is as philosophical in one case as in the other. Decline in a nation is not necessarily inevitable. When Sociology is recognized as a science, and studied by the citizen and the statesman, it will be possible to prolong indefinitely the life of a nation; and future statesmanship can recognize with Seneca: "That the inhabitants of the world are all citizens of a common country."

For the last we have reserved a few criticisms. With

regret we refer to them; but open and just criticism is the only true way of rectifying such evils—such flagrant abuses of the courtesy and kindness which the public manifest by attendance. First, the programme did not begin until 8:25—inexcusable carelessness. Second, the salutorian spoke *thirteen* minutes. Third, the middle oration occupied *fifteen* minutes. Fourth, the declaimer took up *nineteen* minutes. This could proceed from one of several causes: ignorance, unpardonable; negligence, also reprehensible; or from a feeling that the audience would be exalted into the third heaven of rapture over the production, and would not grudge the speaker a few minutes of time. But we don't wish to be hard on the gentlemen on account of a youthful indiscretion. We presume, in purile prattle, they "didn't mean to," but they should have recollected that all their time exceeding ten minutes was *stolen property*; they were defrauding *some one* of the attention and interest of the audience, when he rightly deserved it. Although not laid down in the statutes it comes under the same (moral) category as pilfering or robbery. We grant that their productions were unusually fine, and all that; yet for such conduct what reasonable excuse can there be? We trust that no future speaker will so disregard the sensibilities of the audience. The patience of the people is being exhausted; verily it is time for a much suffering public to rebel against this outrage of propriety, courtesy and common sense.

The music of the evening by Miss Goodrich and Mrs. Pryce combined every excellence. It was short and sweet. The programmes, printed in beautiful colors upon card board, cut and eyeletted into fan shape, were the neatest upon which an Iowa City audience ever gazed. They will long be preserved as a memento of the Zets. and their long but attractive exhibition.

#### THE SOPHOMORE CONTEST.

Without doubt a goodly number of the *innumerable* patrons of the REPORTER attended the unostentatious contest, held in the chapel, Friday afternoon, May 4th. Such can attest the careful selection of productions, the painstaking preparation and the thorough drill evinced by the performances. The order of exercises was:

"O'Conor's Child"—Georgie Countryman.

"Crossing the Rubicon"—Frank B. Cowgill.

"Garnett Hall"—Mary Loring.

"The Dying Alchemist"—Mary H. Johnson.

The Judges, Dr. Thacher, John J. Seerley and Wm. Lytle, were agreed in the awarding of the first prize (ten dollars) to Miss Loring; two of the judges favored Mr. Cowgill for the second prize (five dollars); one, we believe, thought Miss Countryman deserving of the second prize; while the audience were, so far as we heard, undivided as to the first prize, and hailed the announcement with applause; opinions varied as regarded the second post of honor, between Mr. Cowgill and Miss Countryman.

# UNIVERSITY REPORTER.

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## THE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The students held a meeting in the Chapel and selected representatives for our home contest,—antecedent to the State contest. It was the desire of those present that at least the following should compete: Lou E. Hughes, Minnie E. Leonard, Hattie J. Parker, Ella Hamilton, W. D. Evans, Ed. Butler and G. T. W. Patrick. It was particularly understood that none should be excluded; but that these eight should be a nucleus for a beginning merely and to insure a contest of some sort or other.

We insist that our students ought to take hold of this matter and push it forward earnestly. The benefit of the work itself is sufficient advantage to the student; the honor of representing the University is not a trifle; that of representing the State is much greater; and the students, laying aside their own interest, ought to be willing to work for the good for the institution—to increase the reputation of the rigid culture and training imparted by the State University.

## COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

It has been a matter of much concern and dispute of late, whether or no, it would be wise to establish a compulsory education system. Grant proposed it in his eighth annual presidential message to congress. It has been since taken up by some few of the states and decided, some for, some against.

The opponents to this system have urged, that it is not ours to interfere with the rights of others, While we do not believe in class legislation, we cannot help but favor the proposed movement. Wherein is the class distinction so much talked about? Does not a compulsory school law include the children of the wealthy as well as those of the poor; of the educated as well as those of the uneducated?

Do we not by such an act bring the children of the community together in such a way as to make the citizens of all classes know each other, and thus prevent

the alienation of the weaker from the more prosperous? It is then a question of common interest. Were it universally adopted we can see its beneficial influence on politics, art and literature. Any one acquainted with the wants of the time, knows that there is a lack of individuality among our people—a tendency to follow party leaders—which can only be remedied by education, the civilizer and forerunner of all organized society.

## SOCIETY MATTERS.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather, and the fact that the halls were not filled to overflowing, the public sessions of the literary societies were adjourned on Friday and Saturday evenings, April 27th and 28th.

This leads us to ask, would it not be better to have instead of our weekly public sessions, monthly ones; and that the other meetings be spent in the practice of extempore speaking and such other exercises as would enable the student to grasp quickly the thoughts with which he is to deal, and at once place them in a clear and lucid manner before the public. By the way in which the societies are at present conducted, the time for the accomplishment of this art is not given.

Each student has in view his or her reputation as a speaker. Oft times feeling their incapability to appear before an audience without a written production, they leave uncultivated the art of extempore speaking, that is so essential to the man of the world, the lawyer, the minister, the statesman. Now it is essential to the extempore speaker that he have preparatory discipline before exercising his voice in public. For, as in the accomplishment of every other art, so in this, time must be spent in attaining it. Success in every field of labor, whatever may be the talent, depends in a great degree upon the labor given it.

## MORE OF REFORM.

Since this is a period of reform, and since politicians seem to be indispensable to the welfare of our Government, why not establish a system of political schools wherein to train up politicians in the way they should go? Our present custom of training men in all the arts of money making, and then accepting them for politicians, seems to lead to an extra draining of the government treasury boxes, not at all necessary to the healthy proportion of their contents. For centuries the nations have been striving to eliminate political corruption from their governments; and in these attempts it has been customary to deal with adults. Times without number have an indignant people banished rascally politicians from their land, deprived them of office, or caused them to swing between heaven and earth, as an example for their associates. Yet this evil, like steam, when suppressed at one point, is always sure to break

out at another. That the difficulty arises from the quality of instruction imparted to the young at home and in the common schools can not be doubted. Hence we repeat, that, if we would free our government from corruption, we must take care to train up our politicians in the way they should go. '81.

## LOCALS.

—Subscribe.

—Send the financial agent \$1.00 for the REPORTER. Botanizing is becoming quite fashionable.

—Mooted matter: who's president of the oratorical association?

—In the class room. Prof: "When does a woman become a citizen?" Sen.: "When her husband dies."

—Dr. Thacher is in his wonted place again. May he soon regain his health.

—A. N. Fellows will represent the Zetagathians, and W. D. Evans, the Irvings—at the Society "Annual."

Fresh: "Quotations from Arabian Nights are extremely fascinating."

—Class in Constitutional Law. Prof: "How many territories in the U. S.?"

Junior: "They are 40 in number."

—One of the History class has a marvelous facility in explaining *why* he does not know the point in question.

—Query: Do the societies adjourn most frequently for want of a programme for lack of an audience, or for want of *both*?

A Sophomore kissed his sweetheart the other night, and asked her if she felt his moustache. "Oh, no!" she said, "I only feel a little *down* in the mouth."

—The sociable on May 5th was hardly a success. Could not some of the town urchins be brought before the Mayor for the hissing and disorderly conduct upon these and similar occasions?

—One of our students after a few years experience in the University, has gained the following title: Right Honorable General Guest Gordon Whitmore Pedestrian Windy Jim the Jumper.

—The latest gleam of Freshman sagacity: After having listened to a very fine oration as pronounced by one of the seniors; a Freshman remarked that "the views therein expressed, coincide congenially with my own."

Complacent Soph. to aspiring Fresh: "What's the composition of ecstatic?"

Fresh: "Egstatic; why that comes from eggs and sto. literally, standing on eggs."

Soph: "You'll pass, it is evident you will make your mark in the world."

—Class in Constitutional law. Prof: "Why was the

Vice President of the U. S. made President of the Senate?"

Pupil: "Because they had nothing else to do for him."

Prof: "That is sufficient."

Student took his seat, complimented by laughter from the class.

—The boys are all "strapped." It is remarked of one—a law—who always seems to be "flush," that after having occupied a reserved seat (\$1.00) at the entertainment given by Charlotte Thompson, he was asked the next day for a 15 cent due bill. He blandly replied that he was without a cent. He thinks that he will do well to take a 50 cent seat at the next.

—Professor in German: "What is the idiom for I am deficient in a thing?"

Student: "Es fehlt mir an einer sache."

Prof: "Then what would 'I am deficient in beauty be?'"

"The truth," answered a sarcastic, auburn haired student.

—Saturday, May 5th, a game of foot ball was played by the Juniors and Seniors. After an exciting contest the first three games were announced in favor of the Seniors. A few of the indignant Juniors then challenged the Seniors to a game of base ball. At the end of five innings the count stood 12 to 3 in favor of the Seniors. The Juniors, it is said, have retired from the field, to wait for farther reinforcements.

—The officers of the Freshman Class organization were all re-elected to their respective position and that too without even the help of the returning board, to say nothing of a commission, this speaks well as regards their efficiency. This class seems to be full of energy, and alive to its best interests. It has already procured a suitable book, and intends keeping a minute record of its actions, which will be, no doubt, of very great interest to coming ages, and in the far distant future may be looked upon as a specimen of perfect ancient literature.

—The present Sophomores are not very much elated over their praises from Prof. H. who is of the opinion, undoubtedly, that the class, in general, is over-burdened with a very great surplus of accurate and definite ideas on the subject of physical science. Lately he tried in vain, from one of them, who boasts of 18 years existence in this beautiful State to find out whether or not Iowa is situated above the sea level. Before this, however, another of this supercilious conglomerate of ordinary (?) intellect, who is distinguished for his peculiar, accurate contortions and idiosyncratic affection, had the unparralled honor of being likened to a common "freshman." Though some what discouraged, the class seems inclined nevertheless to keep "burroughing" a head, and probably may yet attain a certain degree of proficiency.

—With the reopening of drill, a new spirit seems to

have been infused into the members of the battalion regarding it which is owing, mainly to the congeniality and ability of Capt. Chester, the Prof. in charge. The prospects for an interesting term's work are far better than usual, and much advancement in military tactics may be expected. True, owing to the proverbial physical laziness of most male students and their extreme dislike to expose their delicate corporeal frames to the merciless rays of a summer's sun, there are quite a number, who prefer to be excused from military drill, and are almost as cunning in devising means to escape their supposed tortures as cowards in the late rebellion in avoiding service. Still, there are some who have very creditable excuses. The majority of students, however, though they may have some dislike to drill, and where it not compulsory, would remain in a state of sublime indifference, do not attempt to split hairs in being excused, but rather accept stern realities, and endeavor to reconcile the inconsistencies, or rather what they consider faults in the Military Department. We had doubted before this whether it would be well for a superior officer to become very intimate with private soldiers, thinking that as "Familiarity breeds contempt," he would thereby lose his dignity and, consequently his authority; but we no longer hesitate, for after a practical illustration, we have come to think that scarcely anything else so much ensures success to a military commander as a jovial social disposition, which our present professor seems to possess to an eminent degree.

—The following conversation was recently overheard between a Soph. and a Fresh, which clearly shows the bent of their lax minds. For the sake of brevity we will call the Soph. X and dub the Fresh Z. (both, of course, unknown quantities). While leisurely enjoying the pleasant evening breeze before an open window, a bright thought all at once seemed to stir the innermost soul of X, and in an animated tone he thus spoke: "I say, Z, let's us make a supposition. Suppose a brigand armed to the teeth, was to come in here, and should compel each one of us to make a choice of the ladies of this institution, i.e. (granting their willingness) to make a selection of one, with whom we would best of all prefer to join fortunes immediately." Z. replied, "Well, I don't care: who'd be your first choice in case of such a calamity?" After some hesitation X. answered, "I hardly know; there are so many nice ones, and so many considerations. I will take—no, let me see.—There are three or four that please me so much." (Mutual hesitation.)

Z. said, "Let's write down the names of several, say three or four, whom we like best, and 'twill be easier to scratch off the ones we prefer least. Who's your first?"

After great hesitation, X. finally speaks out, "Well—well, I believe I'll take Miss H.; who's yours?" Z.—"Mine, I guess, is—is—is Miss G." And so they continued until the score stood thus: X's choices were Misses H., C., M. and H., while Z's were Misses G. L.,

R. and W. Then came the tug of war; with long drawn sighs they at last began the heart rending work of crossing out. In the end, X. triumphantly claimed Miss C., and Z. concluded to accept Miss L. for better or for worse.

In conclusion, we would say for the benefit of the institution, that every class, not excepting even the sub-Fresh. was honored with a choice from these two curious fortune dreamers.

#### CHAIR OF DIDACTICS IN THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA.

FROM "THE EDUCATIONAL WEEKLY."

Normal instruction has been given in this institution since 1855. During the first ten or twelve years, the chair formed practically a normal school, with a model school and other usual appliances. At that time the University was largely engaged in preparatory work. Believing that it was inconsistent with the high aims of the University to give such elementary normal instruction, its grade was gradually elevated, until, in 1872, it was resolved to transfer all elementary normal training to such normal schools as might be established in the state, and reserve to the University only such instruction in didactics as is appropriate to an institution of highest grade. This was consummated in 1873. By this action didactics was made an elective study during the senior year, and only such collegiate seniors as intended to teach, and special students who were qualified to be classed with them, were permitted to enter the class. It was also provided that those who completed the professional course in a satisfactory manner, on receiving the degree A. B. or B. Ph., would also receive a certified testimonial of qualification as teachers, and after two years of successful teaching, might receive the degree of Bachelor of Didactics. Realizing the need of a professional degree, this was selected as an initiative, until a degree indicating similar attainments shall be generally adopted.

In establishing a chair of didactics *of this grade*, we ventured into an important but hitherto an almost unoccupied field. The following results have been observed in our brief experience. Over one third of the successive senior classes have elected didactics as a study. Nearly all of these had previous experience in teaching. They entered the class with a culture, an experience, and an enthusiasm that have made their instruction a delight. A larger number of our graduates have entered the profession of teaching, and with greater success. The bond of union between the University and the high school is strengthening. In order to show the appreciation of this instruction by the graduates after subsequent experience in teaching, the following is submitted:

Superintendent S. writes: "I attribute whatever of success I may have achieved since leaving college to

the theory and practice I there and then studied and afterwards tested. I have been gratified to see the success that has attended the normal graduates, for I think their success has been note-worthy."

Superintendent G. writes: "To the young teacher, this course, or a similar one, is indispensable. It supplies what would require years of experience and perhaps many failures to obtain. This course has greatly assisted me in organizing and grading my schools. But it is still more valuable in that it not only tells the teacher how to *begin* his school work, but how to lay the foundation for successful experience."

Principal S. writes: "At the beginning of my work in graded schools, I am confident that I was saved from many errors, both in my instruction and government, which at least would have been detrimental if not fatal to my success. In all the school work which I have done, I have found that the plan had been formed in my normal instruction, which needed only to be developed by experience."

Superintendent L. writes: "I hold the normal instruction received in the University in the highest esteem. If I have attained a measure of success, it was due in no small degree to the professional training it was my good fortune to receive before entering upon my work. It is gratifying to know that of those who have enjoyed the benefits of normal training at the University, many are occupying positions among the best in the State. The principles, hints, models, etc., serve as guides, and enable the wide-a-woke teacher to solve all the problems that may arise."

Superintendent M. writes: "I have found the knowledge I gained in the study of didactics of much more practical value than all that I gained in the other departments during the same year. It has enabled me to avoid many difficulties, and helped me out of many others."

S. N. FELLOWS.

### SPECIFIC PERFORMANCE.

BY ROBERT EGGERT.

Should by the breach of a contract the complaining party suffer an injury which no court by law could adequately compensate in damages, a court of equity will decree a specific performance of such a contract. This statement is intended to serve as the text of this article, and the inquisitive reader can find the same laid down with more or less accuracy in any treatise on equity jurisprudence.

I shall now endeavor to show that compelling the performance of certain contracts tends to the realization of the reform which every good citizen wishes to see instituted and for whose furtherance thousands are offering their services.

Among those thousands who by word and pen join in the threadbare song of reform are but few who comprehend the importance of their own offerings.

The teacher's advice, the minister's exhortation, the patriot's vow, the author's glowing picture of virtue and the youth's fervent resolve, are or should be contracts, which, as soon as they escape their hidden birth place and are witnessed by the world, should be irrevocable, and the spirit which gave them birth should as that high tribunal of justice compel its mortal keeper to carry out such contracts according to their tenor.

When two parties with opposing interests have after long deliberations at last agreed to do or not to do a certain act they write down the result and affixing their signatures, call it a contract which is binding on both parties. Two elements in our nature are forever opposing each other; the most sacred resolves which in the excitement of the hour are adopted by the one are quickly undermined by the other. If these ephemeral beings of our better nature were kept secret, little harm would be done, but our pride and our frailty spur us on to make known to the world the glad tidings, and the world may listen, perhaps believe in the expounder for awhile until the old story repeats itself, and the new apostle as slave of that part of his nature which he failed to consult, stands exposed before the multitudes. Star after star has thus been extinguished, disappointment after disappointment has thus cruelly dethroned our ideals, and sick at heart we bury our confidence in human nobility and permit the tragi-comic wail of reform to sweep over us as the gale sweeps over the ice-fettered lake.

Whoever feels himself called upon to act as a guide to the purer and better regions of life, must in order to be successful, consult at every step the two elements which compose his being and as mediator induce them to a compromise, which when made known to the world must be irrevocable and binding upon his dualistic nature. Long and severe will often be the opposition before a compromise is effected. Chastity, justice, diligence, charity, the noblest traits of man, are arrayed on the one side and caressingly beckon you to become their own, while the passions, the vices, in their fascinating beauty, cling to you, and as occupying claimants exert a still stronger influence and demand a still greater right to your future possession than those stern, exacting sentinels of virtue which only God can kindle into bewitching splendor.

Forgotten, long ago erased from the memory of men would be that teacher who on Calvary, with breaking eyes and gashing wounds, compelled the antagonists within him to perform the last grim term of their contract, if he had given the peace of his soul as damages for the breach of the sacred vow. Through eighteen centuries that calm, sweet voice, trembling in anguish and still freighted with love, calls to us: "Father forgive them for they know not what they do;" and "Father forgive them for they know not what they do," his disciples pray in bitter anguish when they see unholy hands pluck from humanity's summit the brightest

flower and in thoughtless bigotry dedicate it to the Gods.

Reform? ! That word is meaningless unless it is uttered by a man, who, after mature deliberation pledges himself to stand by his teachings and who does not shrink from redeeming his pledge with every comfort of this earth and if necessary with his life. Words that issue from such fountains carry with them the glow of battle, the fragrance of faith and penetrate the darkest night, the coldest heart.

Not only for the sake of the throng that in deplorable haste, on their journey to the grave, trample in the dust the precious jewel and burden themselves with the worthless bauble instead; but for your own sake choose cautiously, determine firmly, and adhere to your choice with a tenacity which only death can overcome. Millions have in the ecstasy of youth and actuated by the purest motives, sworn allegiance to their ideals, and millions have broken their oaths, and as punishment for their perjury died in despair. Upon the steep and thorny path of virtue which leads over yonder hill to the dreamland of eternal youth the tempter's snares are many.

Idleness dressed in charming innocence invites the wanderer to stay, the wine cup in its strange beauty leads him astray, lust in her god-like form inflames his very breath, poverty with her wants points to a richer and fairer land, hatred with its poisonous fangs tempts him to deal the cruel blow, conceit in her vanity strikes him with blindness, and even love at times, with her melting eyes, with her willingness to sacrifice the dearest treasure for his sake, robs him of the elasticity with which he fought his way, and in her embrace he heeds not the knell which his weeping genius sends forth as his last ideal disappears in the greedy flames, and the gates to yonder dreamland close forever.

After years of aimless and fruitless searching for contentment amid the exciting scenes of a busy life he recognizes the familiar path and in the distance the promised land. The fond dream of his youth returns while his sun is hastening downward, and the homesick wanderer takes up once more the staff, but—too late; habit has woven around him the lines which his strength is unable to sever, and irresistably flows the time, longer grow the shades, paler his hopes, and in despair the long and dreary night sets in.

Skeptics, perverters of a holy truth! there is on this side the mysterious river an Eden not less glorious than the one which you proclaim in utter ignorance, but specific performance of your contracts is the price of admission, and eternal happiness your reward.

A clergyman recently aroused his sleepy audience by asserting in the most positive manner that "notwithstanding the hard times, the wages of sin had not been cut down one iota."

#### COMMENCEMENT ITEMS.

The "address," which is given in behalf of the faculty and regents on every recurring commencement, will this year be delivered by Hon. J. M. Gregory, LL.D., president of the Industrial University at Champaign, Ill. A gentleman of long established literary, educational and oratorical ability. Mr. Gregory will undoubtedly give one of the finest literary treats to which Iowa City has ever listened.

Rev. D. Murphy, of Oskaloosa has been selected to deliver the "master oration," and J. S. Clark, of Des Moines is the "Alumni orator," Mrs. Priscilla Craig is the poetess of Alumni anniversary, all well known and highly respected for their literary abilities. Will our "exchanges" assist in circulating these facts over the State?

#### PERSONALS.

Mr. Rule is reading law in Mason City.

'81. Wm. Patterson is at his home in Charles City

'81. C. A. Kaye is at his home near Riverside.

Jennie Button has left school and is teaching at Lone Tree.

'76. Mrs. Alice B. Cook, for several days visited classes in the University and enjoyed the renewal of old associations. She resides in Des Moines, where her husband, S. D. Cook also well known in this city, is engaged in business.

Law, '75. Mr. Lecky has been visiting his friends in the city. He is going to Kansas and expects to permanently locate in that state.

G. R. Roberts, formerly a student of the University, graduated with the honors of his class in the St. Louis Medical school.

Law '75. Mr. Bailey is now looking for a location in Texas. Success is the earnest wish of his friends.

Benjamin Birdsall is reading law at his home at Alden, Iowa.

Jerome D. Steere spent a few days with his friends recently. He is traveling for his health, expects soon to go to California, where he will remain until September. Health permitting he will again be in school next year. His friends wish him a speedy recovery.

'69. Mr. Fort who for some time has been teaching in the Public Schools at McGregor, is with us again. Will take the degree M. A. at commencement.

Chas. Fry is employed as clerk in the Summit House of this city.

Special: George Provoost is at his home in Dubuque.

'81. Willis Healy is at work on his father's farm near Earlville, Iowa.

Miss Ada Gaston, formerly a student of the University is teaching in the public schools at Decorah.

Clayton B. Hutchins is pleasantly located on a farm, near Algona, Iowa.

Law '76. A. L. Hudson is a successful practitioner of law at Algona, Iowa.

Med. '77. Geo. W. Wilson is practicing medicine at Chelsea, Iowa.

W. H. Coutts is at his home in Tipton. He expects to meet Prof. Huebner in Germany in the fall.

'81. C.A. Miller has gone to the Black Hills in search of gold.

Med. '78. T. C. Cole is reading medicine at his home in Plum Hollow, Iowa.

Law '76. Swisher and McCrary is the name of a firm at Cedar Rapids. Success to you, boys.

'75. Law. A. J. Herschl revisited us. He is doing finely in the practice of law in Davenport.

'78. J. D. Stuart, whose illness many remember, passed a short time with his friends. Next year he contemplates continuing his studies.

Mrs. Rich, of Vinton, formerly one of our successful teachers, came back to look after the welfare of the University. She is ably assisting her husband in the editorial duties upon the Vinton *Eagle*.

'75. C. B. Jack and '76. J. J. McConnell are in Albia. Under the care of these popular and praiseworthy young men the schools of Albia are fast rising to perfection.

'76. Lucy D. Evans is educating the rising generation at Le Grand. If "Little Lucy" meets with as much success in teaching heads as she does in winning hearts, she need never despair.

'76. Allan D. Draper, has an invitation to supply a pulpit at St. Martins, N. B. during the summer's vacation in Union Seminary, N. Y. In consequence of which his contemplated Iowa visit will be deferred for a time. He will repair thither shortly and remain several months, delightfully located on the Bay of Fundy. The best wishes of hosts of friends at Iowa City attend him.

'75. Rollin J. Wilson paid his respects to his friends here in a short visit. At the request of the Zets., he made a few remarks to them in their business session. Leading them for a few moments into a contemplation of the realities of life, he earnestly exhorted them to live for a purpose and closed with an impressive tribute to Character. He has delivered his lecture upon the duty of an American statesman with marked success.

The Law Class of next year will be honored by his presence.

Fame is fleeting and short lived. The laurel wreath of glory and respect is fading from the memorable brow of the man who discovered America and settling on that of the man who gives the most chewing tobacco for five cents.

### THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Look on the bright side, it is the right side. Times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine and not the cloud that gives beauty to the flower. There is always before or around us that which should cheer and fill the heart with gladness. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles it may be. So have others. None are free from them; and perhaps it is as well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life, fortitude and courage to men. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never acquire skill where there is nothing to disturb its surface. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can within and without him; and above all he should look on the bright side. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will turn and the night will end in broad day. In the long run the great balance rights itself. What appears ill becomes well, that which appears wrong, right. Men are not made to hang down their heads or lips, and those who do, only show that they are departing from the true paths of common sense and right. There is more virtue in one sunbeam than in a whole hemisphere of clouds and gloom. Therefore, we repeat, look on the bright side. Cultivate all that is warm and genial, not the cold and repulsive, the dark and morose.—*Baptist Weekly*.

### EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

The course of study in the last three years at Harvard will soon be entirely elective.

There are 50 female students in attendance at Cornell University.

At Yale, the appointments for commencement were determined by a trial in oratory, which took place on February 25th.

It is rumored that the University of Chicago is in embarrassed circumstances. An insurance company is about to foreclose a mortgage of \$162,000 which it holds against the institution.

The State Superintendent of Public Instruction has decided that there are no legal holidays for school teachers, unless fixed by the directors. Twenty days constitute a school month.

There are 205 students in attendance at the Agricultural College.

Iowa has 9,454 ungraded and 405 graded schools.

The salaries of the Amherst professors have lately been reduced 10 per cent.

The State Normal Institute meets in Des Moines on June 25th, and will continue four days.

A British M. P. recently travelling in this country examining by the way the Public Schools, remarked, regretfully, that in no case did he meet with a pupil who expected to follow the occupation of his father, if the latter was employed in a mechanical pursuit.

## STOLEN SQUIBS.

Fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

Ennui is the parent of expensive and ruinous vices.

Eternity, thou pleasing, dreadful thought!

Love is a flame that burns in heaven and whose soft reflections radiate on us.

False eloquence is exaggeration, true eloquence is emphasis.

That is a most wretched fortune which is without an enemy.

The most ridiculous of all animals is a proud priest; he can not use his own tools without cutting his fingers.

Christian piety annihilates the egotism of the heart; worldly politeness veils and suppresses it:

My heart laments that virtue can not live out of the teeth of emulation.

There are no friends more inseparable than pride and hardness of heart, humility and love, falsehood and impudence.

Pride is not the heritage of man; humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error and imperfection.

If he could see how small the vacancy his death would leave, the proud man would think less of the place he occupies in his lifetime.

If it were ever allowable to forget what is due to superiority of rank, it would be when the privileged remember it.

The swan subdues the eagle when he attacks her on her own element; so the weakest may subdue the strongest foe if he but keep his place and do his duty.

An aspiring orator, in connection with a college says that he begins his debates by going back to the time when Noah and Eve *promenaded* the garden of Eden.

Who is wise? He that is teachable. Who is mighty? He that conquers himself. Who is rich? He that is contented. Who is honored? He that honor-eth others.

Here is a model verdict of a coroner's jury: "We do believe, after due inquires, and according to our best knowledge, that we do not know how, when and where the said infant came to its death."

Is it not the wound our pride sustains by being deceived that makes us more averse to hypocrites than the most audacious and barefaced villain?

Pride is like the beautiful accacia, that lifts its head proudly above its neighboring plants—forgetting that it too, like them, has its roots in the dirt.

The disesteem and contempt of others is inseparable from pride. It is hardly possible for us to overvalue ourselves, but by undervaluing our neighbors.

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES.—While we are dreaming, and resolving, and wishing, golden opportunities are passing swiftly by. If we would catch them we must

be up and doing. The great fountain of love, implanted within our hearts must be kept open and allowed to flow forth freely if we would keep its waters pure and sweet. Though we have not the riches of earth with which to contribute to the world's evangelization, or to relieve the wants of the poor and the needy, yet we can give that which is far better and more enduring to many hearts—precious words of loving sympathy. We can extend the warm and friendly hand, clasp, we can give the encouraging and cheering smile, which shall make glad and inspire new hope in many an aching, suffering heart.

Philosophers have done wisely when they told us to cultivate our reason rather than our feelings, for reason reconciles us to the daily things of existence; our feelings teach us to yearn after the far, the difficult, the unseen.

"Does your sister Annie ever say anything about me, sissy?" asked an anxious lover of a little girl. "Yes," was the reply, "she said if you had rockers on your shoes they'd make such a nice cradle for my doll."

The merry jingle of the sleigh-bells, the sparkle of the chrysalis snow in the lambent light of the moon, and the confiding creature that nestles closely to him beneath the buffalo robes, tenderly clasping his left hand in hers while his right holds the reins, constitute the winter night's poem that is floating through the doting lover's soul and leaving him in doubt whether to let go long enough to get his handkerchief or draw his coat-sleeve across his nose.—*Brooklyn Argus*.

How a man wears his hat: At 20, tipped sideways over one ear; at 30, on the back of his head; at 40, drawn down over his eyes; at 50, sitting square on his caput, with the brim trying to rest on both shoulders.

The Cincinnati Commercial says: "Why is it that editors never commit suicide?" The Burlington Hawk-eye has investigated this subject a little, and thinks it is because druggists won't sell strychnine on very long time.

"You write for money, but I write for honor," exclaimed an author in the fury of dispute with another author.

"Ah! each writes for what he most needs," replied his companion.

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the B. C. R. & N. R. R. on the third page of cover, and also to the fact that this company will place on sale June 1st, round trip excursion tickets to the following popular summer resorts of Iowa and Minnesota: Clear Lake, Albert Lea, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Lake Minnetonka and Duluth. A large reduction will be made from regular rates, and the tickets will be good to November 1st.

For full information apply to C. J. Ives, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.