

The University Reporter.

IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY.

VOL. IX.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, JUNE 15, 1877.

No. 9.

AN ACROSTIC SONNET.

FROM THE ALBUM OF A LAW STUDENT.

Whilst you, my friend, the Golden State do seek,
In search of fame, wealth—all that you deserve;
Long as remembrance in my heart shall keep
Love for the past, from you it cannot swerve.
In friendship's bonds though late our hearts were tied,
And knotty law did much usurp our time,
Making deep midnight with the day divide
Labor, without thee, that could not be mine:
And tempting pleasure little did we know,
Revels we shunned, and all that could distract:
Denied our glances wandering to go
Near beauty's snare, that could them not attract.
E'en yet our hearts unto each other twine,
Remember, Gulielmo, thou art mine.

THEY SAY.

They say! they say!! What say they? Let them say;
Are we obliged to sup their sland'rous slime?
No heart can have an appetite that way,
Untainted with the leprosy of crime.
I'd rather err a thousand times a day,
And let a guilty man escape each time,
Than suffer unsworn tongues to steal away,
One charitable impulse, or resign
A single gen'rous thought of this poor heart of mine.

THE DISH-CLOTH.

BY LUCY HEMSTED.

The mechanic may construct a wagon, strong in every part, well designed, well executed, finished and ready for use; but take away a single lynch-pin and the whole structure becomes as unfit for service as though it lacked axle or pole. The teamster may harness his steed to a freight wagon. Bit, collar and tug may be able to bear twice the strain he puts upon them, but let the hamestrap give way, and the horse is as powerless to move the load as though it were his neck that broke. One little strap of leather, one little scrap of iron, bearing just as important a part as tug or king-bolt.

Life with its manifold theories and unsolved problems; death with its awful mysteries and dread certainty; heaven with all its rewards and glories; questions like these I will leave for others to discuss, while I will endeavor to set forth the merits of some of the lynch-pins and hame-straps of our domestic economy.

With the memory of feast days fresh upon you, and the praises of bountiful dinners still sounding in your ears—the delicacy of the oysters, the magnificence

of turkey, the witchery of mince pie, and the succulent, spicy meltiness of the preserves—you can comprehend the importance of my query. Where, I ask you, would *that* dinner have been had it not been for the dish-cloth?

You may think that any other cloth would have done as well, but I reply, that as surely as the wizard's fabled wand, when swayed by the avaricious king, changed all *it* touched to solid gold, so surely does any cloth, of whatever name or texture, become a dish-cloth, when used as such.

There has been much complaint among women, aye verily and among men too, about "Woman's Rights," although observation has shown, and experience proven, that if a woman brought skilled hands to the field of labor, she found plenty to do. And if she did anything, and did it well, her recompense was not withheld. But because she could not swear and be thought moral; because she could not over-reach and cheat, mislead and dishonor her fellow creatures, and be thought respectable; because she cannot play cards and get drunk, and still be thought honorable, she has concluded that some of her inalienable rights have been monopolized and withheld by the lords of creation. To such I would say, have courage. So long as it is your unquestioned right to wield a dish-cloth, you need not despair. Did it never occur to you that you could make this the keenest weapon of your warfare? Did you not know that you can make every meal disgusting, every drink loathsome and even the house itself disagreeable, by the aid of this little assistant? There is nothing on earth a manly man is so tender of as his stomach; turn this for him and victory will surely perch upon your banner. You may have my right to bet on elections and vote; you may have my right to hold office, and I had almost said my right to *gossip*, if you will leave me undisputed authority over the dish-cloth.

You have often been told that "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Look at the dish-cloth, stained and begrimed by constant use, and often bearing unmistakable signs of the direst abuse. It is not much of a beauty, you may say, but I declare to you it may be a *joy forever*.

Like the vesture of old, for which they cast lots, the orthodox dish-cloth is without seam; and sad as it is to relate, by the neglect of some house-wives, it is often found without a hem. It resembles some oil paintings that I have seen, or a modern chromo that is held out to bait some sinking newspaper in that it is about 14 x 22, and holds an indescribable latent charm that needs

only intelligent, patient study to develop. If you are partial to any thing that can show a pedigree, honor your dish-cloth, for no other article in use can boast so long a lineage. For ages and ages it has been transmitted from mother to daughter, its original form and application as unchanged as the prayer of the Episcopalian. Again, there is nothing used by man that can boast so general an application. In every country, in every clime, and among every class of people—Pagan, heathen, Jew and Christian alike know it is indispensable. The king, robed and sceptered, is a royal ruler. The citizen, vested with the right of suffrage, is a civil power whose importance may not be overlooked; but a lively woman armed with a dish-cloth, is a domestic sovereign. Think of it then as a necessity; think of it as acknowledged by all mankind as indispensable; think of its antiquity; think of it as an emblem of power, and despise it not.

When I remember the army of noble women that have wielded the dish-cloth, and think of the hundreds and thousands of their daughters that carry on the good work at the present day, I cannot refrain from expressing my wish for the continued prosperity of this little promoter of comfort and preserver of health. Nor would I forget the self-denying practical philanthropists who in the name and for the good of humanity, execute the mission of the dish-cloth. Blessings on the warm hearts that prompt, and the clear heads that direct, its unperverted use. Blessings on the willing hands, with nimble fingers, that are skilled in its many mysteries. May their abundance be as unbounded as their benevolence. May their peace be as sweet as their charities. May they never be purposeless, or loose their cunning, until their work ended, they are quietly folded for their final rest.

HESPERIAN HALL.

THE EVERLASTING WAR.

BY CAPTAIN CHESTER.

Man is, and always has been, a fighting animal. The earliest traces we find of his existence, the testimony of history, and the evidences of our senses to-day, alike proclaim the fact. Since God commanded him to subdue the earth, and exercise dominion, the problems, "How to kill," and "How to keep from being killed," have produced a series of solutions, which we trace from the war club, through the pike, the sword, the battle axe, the bow, the matchlock, the musket, and the minnie rifle, down to the murderous breech loader of to-day: or if we follow another branch of the development we shall find the battering ram, the catapult, and the gun, and the bigger gun, and the bigger, bigger, bigger gun, down to the modern monster which projects a missile weighing an even ton.

There is no apparent tendency towards the ploughshare and pruning hook in these solutions so far. In fact the progression seems to be tending the other way.

Yet the soldier who witnessed the performance of the Gatling gun for the first time, and wished that he had learned some other trade, doubtless felt strong premonitions of the coming impossibility of war.

Astounding as have been the attainments of the human intellect in its efforts at destruction, equally astounding have been its efforts in the struggle for life. The genius which directs the struggle operates on the defensive. Its adversary has had the initiative all along, and therefore the advantage. Yet no attack, so far, has long remained without some good defence. At first perhaps, the assailant sweeps the board, and war seems ready to depart and hide his gory head in universal empire; but always, in the very nick of time, some new device appears, and helps the vanquished to his feet again, and bids the war proceed.

The efforts of the intellect to counteract destructiveness have left us many monuments to mark the progress of the game. We trace them from the lake villages of pre-historic man, down through the castle keep, and walled city, with their peculiar garniture of moat and drawbridge and portecullis, to the mysterious zigzags of Vauban escarped with costly masonry, and later still, the unpretentious earthwork, escarped and graded into gentle slopes as if to aid the assailant in his charge. And here and there along the line we see the evidence of strife, less noble in its nature, cropping out, and as if conscious of its hideousness, proclaiming loud that "all is fair in war." The "crow foot" used by Bruce at Bannockburn, the "trous de loup," the "stone fongass," the secret mine and treacherous torpedo, disclose a devilishness in the defence which no assailant ever yet has equalled.

And still the war goes on. To-day the ancient champions are squaring for the fight upon historic ground, as resolute as when they clinched a thousand years ago. The chances of success are scarcely changed by all the ups and downs of centuries. I see no Russian or Turk contend. I only see the genius of attack equipped according to the latest style, and facing him the spirit of defence, with all his modern armor on. Old enemies they are, who used to fight with clubs, and stones, and may be teeth and toe nails: who can tell? They wrestled last in France, and there Defence, exposed without his proper garniture, experienced defeat. It may have done him good. Experience is the fountain of his power.

The world will watch the progress of the war through multitudes of eyes, and each particular pair will see a different combat. One, through diplomatic specs, sees nothing but the clash of Empires and its consequences upon boundary lines. The penny has been tossed, and if it turns a tail, the equilibrium of power is lost. Another wearing blue glass spectacles believes religion is at stake, and fearing that the power of God might fail, proclaims another crusade in support of what he calls the truth. A third sees nothing but the opening scene, the sickening horrors in Bulgaria, and thinking that he hears the cry "come over and help us," calls the world to

arms to help him lynch a nation. Another with a mean commercial soul, sees profit in the carnage, and counts prospective gains with secret glee, while openly he plays the hypocrite and deprecates the war. And last the military man, unmindful of the Russian, Turk, or Slav, or cause or consequences of the war, watches with eager eye each movement of the adversaries in this their hundred thousandth round of the great contest that began when men began to multiply upon the earth.

FAITH AND DOUBT AS MOTORS OF ACTION.

BY S. F. PROUTY, PELLA, IOWA.

This is truly an age of doubt. The blind credulity of a few centuries ago has been followed by a natural reaction. Children no longer passively accept the creeds and traditions of their ancestors. The people have ceased to receive without question the utterances of clergy, bishops, priests, or popes; or to bow reverently to the declarations of the most lordly dignitaries. Scientists receive with mistrust the theories and even the data of their predecessors.

Everything, before it can be accepted, must, not only be submitted to the focus of reason, but also be tested through the microscopic agency of distrust. First doubt, and believe only when forced by evidence, is the maxim of the age.

The present spirit of investigation seeks not so much to establish truth as to detect errors; not so much to confirm existing creeds, theories and institutions, as to overthrow them.

The spirit of doubt has been bold and aggressive. It has questioned the wisdom and perfection of nature, the genuineness of revelation, the existence of a God, the existence of matter or spirit, and even the existence of the doubter himself. There is scarcely a fact in history that has not been questioned. Not even those institutions hoary with antiquity and made almost inviolable by the universal acceptance of past ages, have been able to escape the searching blasts of modern skepticism.

The fact, that this age of prevailing doubt should also be distinguished as an age of unequalled progress, has led a certain class of writers, who are wont to connect two contemporaneous events as cause and effect, to infer and freely assert that it is doubt "that is moving forward the wheels of progress." One writer has gone so far as to assert that "doubt has done more for the world than faith." If this be true it is the greater motor of action; for it is action that blesses and renovates the world. Motion is nature's great purifier. Without it the crystal stream would become the stagnant pool; the vitalizing air, a fetid and ruinous gas; and the universe, one vast ocean of turbid stagnation. Perfect cessation in the social, no less than in the material world generates impurity; it breeds vice and corrodes virtue.

All human action flows from principles of the soul.

We recognize from the operations of the mind that it is apparently composed of certain principles and their opposite conditions—positives and negatives. Thus hope is a principle of which despondency is merely the absence or perversion. So with faith and doubt. One is the positive, the other the negative. One is the principle, the other the opposite condition. One is the natural, the other the acquired state of the mind.

But the fact, that the child believes without evidence, and the aged person scarcely with it—the fact, that faith finds its maximum in the mind of the confiding infant, and its minimum in the incredulous old man—proves that faith is the innate principle and that doubt is only the result of frequent betrayals and flagrant abuses of natural confidence—that faith is the positive and doubt the negative. It is a misconception when we attribute to nonentities moving agency. Heat expands but cold does not contract.

Again, instead of a man's believing nothing without evidence, he naturally believes everything until evidence and the results of experience cause him to doubt. It takes a preponderance of adverse evidence of it to create doubt, but faith is the gift of the Creator. Skepticism is a disease of the intellect, for which the subject is responsible to the same extent that he is for a disease of the body.

Believing is the normal, doubting the abnormal condition of the mind. That which is abnormal may hinder but cannot promote action. It may retard but, on the whole, cannot facilitate progress. It may tend to rest but never to motion. Here theory and fact coincide. Our tendency to act in any direction is diminished just in proportion to our doubt in that direction. Though skepticism in one field, as regards effects or results, may turn our attention toward another, yet there must be faith in that other field before there can be action. It may stop from pursuing one course, but it cannot lead us along another. It may cause us to reject one thing, but it cannot induce us to lay hold upon another. It may restrain us in one direction, but it cannot, even by a reflex operation, propel us in the opposite. It may cause stagnation, but action, *never*.

Its mission is to tear down, not to build up. Its power is wholly destructive, not constructive. It may, by the diversion of interest and the relaxation of energy, cause the monuments reared by ages to crumble, but it cannot erect others on their ruins. It may cause the scientist to reject a thousand theories, but it cannot stimulate him to form a single new one. Though he should doubt the soundness and validity of every known theory, and had no faith in any scientific investigation to develop other and better ones, there could be no action, Doubt may destroy but it cannot restore.

On the other hand, into whatever department of human enterprise we look, we find that faith is the power that moves every energy employed. Without it not one act could be performed; not one thought matured; not one plan executed. Without it, every other faculty

would become dormant, and every energy of the whole man paralyzed. Faith is the great motor of action. It is the well-spring of human energy.

But there is a higher form of faith than that which is centered upon an object of pursuit, to which this class of writers may refer. If they mean that such a faith has done less for the world than its corresponding doubt that irreligion has done more than religion, it is but necessary to appeal to history and fact. In this appeal it matters not whether the faith was pure and enlightened or mingled with superstition, whether it rested upon a false or true Deity—upon Jehovah or an idol of benighted Africa—faith in its motive power is a unit. And when it is centered even upon a mythical deity, it excels, in the benefaction of mankind, its corresponding doubt, as motion transcends stagnation. The firm believer in any religion is endowed with an enthusiasm that lifts his mind above the whole visible world, above the power of perishable things and above the fear of death itself. Hence the believing world has ever represented the highest highest activity. Religious faith has ever furnished the highest stimulus for the highest energy. It nerves the soul with Herculean strength in time of danger, and enables men to perform the most heroic deeds. It arms them with that Cyclopean power that enables them to accomplish the most stupendous works, to overcome the most insuperable difficulties, and move resistlessly forward on the highest plane of human activity.

Again, if you will turn to the smoky pages of the past, or the fresher pages of the present, though you will there find it recorded that religion has sacrificed thousands of human victims, both upon the altar and upon the field of battle, that its bigoted devotees have frequently waged war against the rights of others, and, perhaps, against the rights of humanity; that priestly influences have frequently stifled investigation and curbed free thought, yet you will there find the record of few real blessings that have come to the human race that have not been borne upon the wings of some religious faith. In every nation and every age it has formed the anchor of society, the basis of morality, the foundation of government. If at present you should dig deep beneath courts, laws and offices, you would still find it underlying and forming the basis of the grandest governmental structures. Remove this, and they must fall. Blot from China faith in the doctrines of Confucius, and that old empire—that empire which has stood there immutable through centuries, that empire which has been preserved by an unchanging faith while every other government in the world has fallen or undergone a revolution—would crumble to pieces in a fortnight. Religion is the rock upon which governments must rest. It is the only cement that can unite into a whole the diversified interests, or bind together the factions of a widely differing people. When one of those ancient forms of religion fell, it carried with it, not simply government, but letters, laws, and all the splen-

dor of its civilization; all was anarchy and ruin, confusion and dissolution, until another religion gained supremacy, formed another government, and thus secured peace and harmony.

No government can long survive the egress of religious faith from the hearts and minds of her people. Infidelity removes all restraint, lets loose all the fierce pent-up passions of man's depravity, subverts the very foundations of morality, and soon sweeps away the virtues of society, and the institutions of good government. Relaxing the higher energy, it calls into activity the lower and more debasing; removing the nobler stimulus it increases the power of the ignoble.

Again, it is to this faith that the world owes its marks of the higher civilization. It has established the colleges for the enlightenment, and the philanthropic institutions for the amelioration, of mankind. It has promoted science and *true progress*. Instead of stifling investigation and curbing free thought, as is sometimes charged, it simply moderates wild and fanciful speculation. At present, at least, it is moving forward the wheels of *true progress*, while infidelity is "throwing on the brake."

It has also made the world blossom with beauty and teem with grandeur. It was this that inspired Milton, Dante, Virgil, Homer, Horace, and all the Hebrew seers to utter their noblest strains of poetry. Examine the libraries of the world for proof of the assertion that the master productions in literature, in every nation and tongue, have been developed under the influence of the same power.

Sculpture and painting arose with heathen worship, and reached their culmination when Raphael and Angelo, with brush and chisel, wrought out their grand conceptions of a perfect yet incarnate Jehovah.

Here too, architecture finds its origin and perfection. If you were to wander far back amid the ruins of ancient architecture, and pause before the crowning perfection of "the glory of kingdoms, and the beauty of the Chaldee's excellency"—the temple of old Babylon, rising tower above tower, and column above column, to the height of six hundred feet, and ask what power could have reared that marvel of colossal grandeur, the huge golden statute of Jupiter, resting upon the summit of the topmost tower, would tell you, in language that could not be mistaken, that it was faith in a divinity. If you were to wander over into Northern Africa, there the pyramids, Cheops and Chefrenes, the mighty monuments of antiquity, with their hoary heads still towering o'er the wrecks of time, would tell you that it was faith in a divinity that reared them. If you were to pass back to classic Greece and Rome, there the temples of Delphi, of Juno, of Olympian Jove, and of Diana, the grandest specimens of architectural grandeur, would tell you that it was faith in a divinity that reared them. If you were to stand by the pagodas of China, the cromlechs of Wales, the obelisks of Egypt, the mosques of India, or the ruins of those magnificent temples of ancient Mex-

ico, they would all tell you that it was faith in a divinity that reared them. If you were to interrogate the finest specimens of modern architecture in the world, the cathedrals of London, Milan and Rome, with all their richness of proportion and grandeur of effect, their lofty spires piercing the heavens, would tell you that it was faith in a divinity that reared them. Were you to repeat the interrogation to the thousands of spires and colossal domes that tower heavenward from Germany, France, England and America, they would tell you that it was faith in the divinity of the Galilean Carpenter that reared them. This faith to-day is the mighty engine that is moving the world. It is the mightiest of the mighty powers that are shaping, moulding and controlling the destiny of the human race. It is the heart of the great giant of progress and civilization. With every pulsation it sends life, energy, and humanity through every vein.

On the other hand every dominant religion in every nation and time has had its legion of unbelievers. But what monuments of their achievements have they left us? To what really noble strain of poetry have they given utterance? What fine specimen of sculpture or painting have they given the world? What grand or magnificent edifice have they erected? What great and noble work have they accomplished for humanity? What colleges or benevolent institutions have they established for the enlightenment or amelioration of mankind? None! We seek for them in vain among the ruins of the past or the realities of the present.

Skepticism is a land of perpetual snows, where flowers never bloom and the plant of humanity never grows. Doubt wherever found paralyzes energy and congeals the well-spring of human activity. Faith gives life and energy. It is faith that moves the mind; "it is mind that moved the world."—*Second Prize at Madison, Wis.*

THE JUNIOR'S DEFEAT.

BY J. W. CONLEY.

The Great Centennial Year was past;
The big celebration was over, at last,
With all its noise and dust and din;
And President Hayes had been counted in;
The war in Europe had just begun;
When the Junior boys, to have some fun,
And show their girls how they could run,
And just how foot-ball playing was done;
And earn for themselves undying fame,
Challenged the Seniors to play them a game.
The Seniors, absorbed with loftier themes,
Were very busy laying their schemes,
And racking their brains to find a way
For all to come on Commencement day.
But they stopped, and said 't would never do;
They must show those Jun's a thing or two.
So the time was fixed, the fifth of May,
And it soon came round, a glorious day.
All Nature smiled, and the girls smiled too;
When they thought what the Junior boys would do.
And all were gay and the laugh went round.

While on their way to Carleton ground.
The hour came for the game to commence,
When excitement on all sides became intense;
For a Soph, without a Faculty pass,
Said he belonged to the Junior Class,
And the Juniors, knowing how well he could play,
Had asked him to help them gain the day.
But the Seniors were firm and would n't give way;
And all talked loud and had their say.
And some noisy Fresh, there, joined in too;
For, of course, they knew just what to do
And two of the Seniors, all in fun
Thought they would make a big Junior run;
Or else keep still and a little less say
About who should and who should n't play.
But they failed; and the place is still to be found,
Where those two Seniors got rolled on the ground.
But at last arbitration adjusted the claim,
And the Soph was beat in his little game.
And now each captain draws up his band,
And proceeds to exhort and to give command,
"My men," the Senior captain said,
"This is a battle without any lead,
So don't be afraid, but wade right in,
And run, and kick, and yell like sin.
Look out for your shins, and try not to fall,
And kick at a man when you can't kick the ball,
Throw dignity off, and never give in,
Then victory's laurels you are certain to win."
The Junior leader exhorted his men,
In language beyond the power of pen.
Why the little Bohemias, with wide gaping jaw,
Stood fixed in silent, speechless, awe.
He told his men how they had been wronged,
How the Soph had rightly to them belonged;
But right would triumph in the end,
And Senior pride would, for once, descend.
He spoke of honor, of their girls, and of fame;
And urged them to win an undying name.
And many more things he intended to say,
But the Referees shout: "All ready, play!"
By the Junior boys the first kick is done;
And the game, at last, is fairly begun.
They all rush in, undaunted by fear,
While the little Bohemias give cheer upon cheer;
And some reprobate Sophs are betting the beer.
And the discordant sounds that come to the ear
Make one think that the world has got out of gear.
Like heroes they all contend for the field,
For a time it is doubtful which party will yield;
But the Juniors, at length, are compelled to give way;
For the judges, you know, wouldn't let that Soph play.
A rapid retreat they are forced to commence,
And the ball is soon carried clear over the fence.
Then quickly again they are drawn up in line;
But Junior courage is on the decline,
Yet they think of their girls and the honor at stake,
And resolve a desperate effort to make.
The Seniors now give the ball the start,
And swift-footed Mac plays nobly his part.
The Seniors are rapidly gaining the ground,
While cheers from their friends are heard all around.
The Juniors are wild with excitement and fear,
As dreadful defeat seems drawing so near.
They run, all unheeding their captain's loud call,
And their tall, dark-haired man steps square on the ball.
You've seen people slip on walks that were glare,
Heard them talk, and seen them clutch at the air;
But if you would witness a number one sprawl,
You must see a big Junior step on a ball.
If you can, just imagine Darius Green,
Trying to work his flying machine;

See him strike with his arms, now left and then right,
 And then kick and claw with all of his might,
 And at last come down with such force to the ground,
 As to shake the earth for a rod around;
 And you understand somewhat of the wonderful way
 This Junior came down on that ill-fated day.
 Though the Junior was stopped and greatly confused,
 Legs arms, and head, and body all bruised;
 The ball was not stopped, but went on with a bound,
 And was soon again sent fairly off from the ground.
 Little needs to be said of the last game they played,
 For their very best efforts the Juniors had made.
 But a few still strove with a resolute will,
 And hoped, even yet, their dream to fulfill.
 As the ball is hurried across the field,
 And the Junior's doom is well nigh sealed;
 One of their boys, as if driven by fate,
 Comes tearing ahead at a terrible rate.
 The Seniors stop short, not daring to speak;
 And the stalwart Junior gives a terrible kick,
 But he missed the ball and stepped in a hole,
 And you ought to have seen that fellow roll;
 His feet came round in the laughable scene,
 Like the rake of an old McCormick machine.
 And when they were just about to lose all,
 One threw himself headlong on to the ball.
 But the kick that he got made him afterwards say,
 He did not think that the best way to play.
 But it was of no use, spite of all they could do,
 This game was lost by the poor fellows too.
 Then the foot-ball was over, and the Junior's defeat,
 However regarded, was plainly complete.
 But right then and there, not waiting at all,
 They wanted to try a game of base-ball.
 But, alas for the Juniors! 'tis sad to rehearse,
 They all did their best, but made bad matters worse.
 And then they went home, all tired and lame;
 But humbler and wiser than when they came.

ZETAGATHIAN HALL.

COMMENCEMENT.

The schedule of Commencement exercises is as follows:

Sunday, June 17th, 5 P. M.—Baccalaureate Address by Dr. Thacher.

Monday, 8 P. M.—Union Anniversary of Literary Societies.

Tuesday, 9 A. M.—Law graduation programme.
 8 P. M.—Law* Oration by Hon. Henry Strong, Chicago.

Wednesday, 10 A. M.—University Oration by Hon J. M. Gregory, L. L. D., Regent Industrial University, Champaign, Ills.

8 P. M.—Alumni Anniversary; Oration by J. S. Clark, Des Moines; Essay by Rev. Mrs. W. B. Craig, Iowa City.

Thursday, 8:30 A. M. and 2:30 P. M.—Academical Commencement.

Thursday, 8:30 P. M.—University Sociable and Reunion.

The REPORTER for July will be mainly devoted to Commencement exercises and will give a complete account of the exercises. Orders for extra copies should be left with the Financial agent.

UNIVERSITY REPORTER.

Iowa City, Iowa, - - - June 15, 1877.

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INTER-STATE CONTEST.

The members of the four Academic classes will take much interest in learning about the Inter-State Oratorical contest. It was held at Madison, Wis., on the 10th of May last. Our State was represented by S. F. Prouty of Pella, whose oration is published in this number. From the *Central Ray* we learn that he became somewhat confused in attempting to omit a part of his oration. The first prize was awarded to O. A. Curtis of Wisconsin. His theme was "Satan and Mephistopheles." It is said that Mr. Curtis triumphed purely on account of literary excellence—being deficient in delivery and thought. The judges marked as follows—

Mr. Curtis, of Wisconsin..... 88—2-9.

Mr. Prouty, of Iowa..... 87—7-9.

Mr. Baird, of Illinois..... .. 84—1-3.

Mr. Goodenough, of Ohio..... .. 80—7-8.

Mr. Christian, of Missouri..... .. 78—8-9.

Mr. Hawkins, of Indiana..... .. 75.

The judges chosen were Lyman Trumbull from Illinois; Wm. F. Vilas from Wisconsin; and C. C. Cole from Iowa.

The next Inter-State contest will be held at St. Louis; and the Iowa contest at Mt. Pleasant. The financial condition of the Association is said to be flattering and much interest is manifested in the several states. How will the State University come out next time? Echo answers "how?"

BLUNDERS.

If any of the REPORTER readers find fault with the proof of this sheet, we wish them no evil—only that they may have an opportunity to read it themselves.

The omission, in the last issue, of the name of H. J. Bently from the list, especially chosen to represent the "Oratorical contest," was exceedingly annoying to the corps and very unfair to that gentleman, as he was among the first elected. Well,—we promise to "do better next time."

THE NEW ORGANIZATION OF THE REPORTER CORPS.

At a meeting of the students, means were proposed by Mr. Moser and accepted by the assembly, to make the REPORTER corps a permanent organization. This is effected by having the time of service *two terms* and having the classes elect at different times.

It is now in order for the Sophomore class to meet and elect an editor for the Fall and Winter terms of their Junior year. Likewise the Sub-Freshmen will select a representative for the same time.

We are much pleased with this as it enables one corps to bequeath much valuable *advice* to those who follow them.

SOCIETY REFORMS.

Our attention has recently been called to what we consider defects in the present society system as adhered to by the gentlemen of the institution. While we are probably rather conservative in our views, we still consider a judicious blending of the radical element essential to successful action; and in the present instance, though we think the societies (as they) have done very effective work, we nevertheless regard the present demand or change in respect to them worthy of deep consideration. The first attention deemed necessary is one relative to open sessions, many thinking it would be far better for the two gentlemen societies to hold alternate, instead of weekly literary sessions. That this plan would be successful in its operations, we have only to refer to the shining example set by the ladies some time since, which, we think, shows them to be more far-sighted than the gentlemen, though they may have "built better than they knew;" for their main reason, if we rightly understand, was a scarcity of members, which although an excellent reason, yet hardly applicable, at present to the gentlemen, rather necessitated a change of some kind.

As all are aware, the ladies have far better audiences than the gentlemen, which is mainly due to two causes. The first and especial one is that the society goes people form but one audience Saturday evenings, for the ladies society, while on Friday nights they are divided between the two gentlemen societies; and secondly, it is a probable fact that city residents have more leisure Saturday evenings. In the first place, then, were this change effected we would have at least respectable audiences, and more time for preparation, of which many members feel much in need; and, further, the other evenings could be given up, as has been suggested to extemporaneous exercises, participated in by the whole society, and thus amply compensating for the few appearances in public that such exchange would unavoidably necessitate. Besides, by such measures, it could be arranged that late business sessions, those inhuman ordeals, might become a thing of the past.

The second great change thought needful by some, is that the annual society exhibitions held in the chapel should be hence forward discontinued. In regard to this, we are quite confident that some would urge objections, but on what ground? Some may say that we have exhibitions to show the public our progress in strength. Cannot that be done, however to better advantage in raising the general standard of the society by using the time and talent expended on them, upon regular programmes? and as regards honor, it would take considerable argument to convince us that there is more honor in one grand glowing (?) out-burst once a year, than to have a marked degree of excellence in every programme throughout the entire year. If, however, there must needs be something extraordinary (?) let it be a special programme held in their own respective halls.

Exhibitions are very expensive, and since students, generally, can ill afford to make grand displays. Not any thing except brains we oppose exhibitions.

Just consider for a moment the palpable inconsistency of a small body of students, the majority of whom are not always extremely *flush*, paying out \$50.00 for the noble purpose of appearing well before the public for only *one* evening. It is a little less than outrageous, and should be decried by every thinking person; and besides this great expense there is an immense amount of physical labor to be performed by the society, and when such duties involve upon a few members as it invariably does it causes long sighs and thoughts somewhat harsh, or at least in no wise favorable to exhibitions.

However one society will make neither of these changes unless the other does. Two nations were never more watchful of each other's success and interest than these two literary antagonists. Still, let each be friendly disposed, consulting together the changes suggested; and, for next year, these new departures having been inaugurated, we may confidently hope for a much better year's work than usual.

"CHAIR OF DIDACTICS."

Secretary B. G. Northrop, of Connecticut, writes: "A Chair of Didactics has lately been established in the University of Edinburg, in which Prof. S. S. Laurie was inaugurated in March last. It is a reproach to us that no similar professorship exists in any American College except the State University of Iowa." It may be stated that this subject is receiving considerable attention from leading Educators. Steps have been taken toward the establishment of such chairs. By request, Prof. S. N. Fellows, will prepare and read a paper upon the above topic, before the National Educational Association, which meets in August next at Louisville, Kentucky.

—In the Junior class, the prize offered for "Thesis" was awarded to Mr. E. B. Butler.

LOCAL.

—Whence so great a tendency to the law? Is it gold or glory?

—Just think of it! The other day a steamboat ascended the river to Iowa City.

—All games are prohibited on the campus. The Laws had better seek some other place for amusement.

—There is a tendency among those students occupying the back seats in chapel, to move forward.

—The Sophomores learned that their three prizes for essays had been given to Cowgill, Chase, Cottrell.

—A literary student says that the only Latin he remembers is: —

—A bird in search of a mate among the laws in their dreary hall, was terror stricken at the sight of so many diabolical faces and quickly returned to light and liberty.

—The present Senior class is remarkable for the facility with which they produce petitions, and the rapidity with which they recede from a once taken position.

—Give Townsend a call, if you want to see how you look in photograph fashion. "Put your best clothes on and spruce up."

—Base Ball is being revived. The game played by the Laws and Academics resulted 17—25 in favor of the latter.

—The Senior class has at last yielded to the photographer; and with the old capital as a back ground may be had for 55 cts.

—The immortal Freshmen have heard from the prize essays. The fortunate five were: Lou Younkin; gents, Snyder, Hough, Gardner, Myers.

—President Hayes continued his reformatory measures by appointing Chancellor Hammond as visitor to the Naval Academy, at Annapolis.

—The year is drawing near to its close. Those indebted to the REPORTER will please respond at once. We are in need of funds.

—The rather meagre gymnasium on the west side of the campus affords exercise to such of the students as do not improve the opportunity of developing their muscle by the manly art of war.

The essays this term by the members of the Sophomore Latin class, comprised sketches of various phases of Roman life, and studies of the different systems of Grecian philosophy.

—The Seniors have had their pictures taken. Townsend, the Photographer, undertook the job, we hear that they will be enlarged and that Prof. Gunning will hereafter carry them to illustrate his course of lectures.

"Amo, amas, I love a lass,
As a cedar tall and slender,
Sweet beauties grace her nominative case,
And she's of the feminine gender."

—Sophomore to young lady: "Well, how do you like the fellow?" Young lady: "I don't like the feller at all, but there is one fellow I do like, but he's not here this evening." "The d—— (dickens) you say."

On account of having an extra study this term, the

Sophomore classicals were favored with an early examination in Latin; by which wise provision they were enabled to enter upon the last two weeks' review with but the usual three studies.

—The Symponian Society has made the following election of officers for the Fall Term of '77: President, D. H. Dodson; Vice President, F. S. Hebard; Corresponding Sec., T. B. Carson; Treasurer, J. W. Kime; Usher, W. H. Mahannah.

—This number will reach the students near the close of the term. The next number will be mailed to the subscribers. It will contain a full report of Commencement and other items. Leave orders for extra copies with the financial agent.

—Through the Winter months the chapel, when not too cold, was the resort of students during their vacant hours. But with returning Summer, they are glad to exchange that gloomy retreat for the shade and freedom of the Campus.

—Athletic games are fine, we grant; but Seniors (despite their crushing defeat of the Juniors in the late foot-ball match) are not always successful. D. B. Ellis sports a black eye—the result of the pugilistic proclivities of a base-ball. Special dispensation of Providence, say the Juniors.

—The Sophomore prizes for best work in preparation of Themes were carried off this year by Warren H. Cottrell, Frank B. Cowgill and D. C. Chase. Mr. Dickie and Miss Leona Call, each of whom had written but one of the two essays required, received favorable mention for excellence of thought and composition.

—The battalion now makes quite a showing. Under the courteous and efficient management of Capt. Chester, the military drill is fast winning favor among the students. Since the military is a requirement in the University, it is a pleasure to note that it is so conducted as to be thought by the students well worth the time devoted to it.

—The Juniors have caught the petition fever. In the rhetoric class the other day, after a petition to begin examinations immediately; they ended by a general acknowledgment of good will toward two lady members of the class. It is to be hoped that the class of classes, the Freshmen, will not become infected with the contagion: they might be inconsiderate and petition the *Universe* to favor the Freshman class by ceasing to move.

—During chapel service on the morning of May 18, the occupants of the three last seats in the middle row neglected to rise for singing. For this discourteous act they were *invited* by President Thacher to remain in their seats on exhibition while the Faculty and the body of the students passed out. The *glowing* faces of the delinquents attested their own appreciation of the cutting but well merited rebuke. When, as is the case in some institutions, the rights of students are curtailed by rigid and useless rules, a little opposition to law may

seem almost pardonable. But in our own University, where the spirit is eminently that of freedom; where the only requirement from students is the gentlemanly and ladylike conduct (which alone is consonant with such a spirit of liberality); any willful disregard of authority must be looked upon as having its origin in a want of good breeding.

Spelling reform: The way one of our Freshman spells nuisance (nu sence).

Chapel singing is growing better under the leadership of Prof. Woolett.

Gossip says that the Zets. are getting a little "sweet" on the Hesperians.

How melancholy it makes the students to have a Prof. get sick or leave town.

One of the Seniors has got a new hat. It cost one dollar!

Flowers have lately suffered excruciatingly from the rapacious Sophs.

The REPORTER's European correspondent has, thus far, failed to make connection.

Why don't some body treat the editors? Ice cream and strawberries, or anything in that line will be thankfully received.

A few of the boys came home from West Liberty, highly elated over their success. Received bouquets from the fair sex.

Mr. President, Honorable Judges, Ladies and Gentlemen, my colleague on the other side, will now make a few remarks.

Why don't the Heps. place their bulletin board on the south side of the door in the central building, and the Erodelphians theirs on the North?

Those hastily improvised tiles of the Law boys are both inexpensive and becoming to the intellectual brow beneath.

A certain Soph., one whom Prof. H. thought was becoming intellectually demoralized, made himself quite distinguished the other evening by a very long conversation, on his door step, with the ladies across the way.

—Prof. Philbrick has just received a valuable addition to the engineers library in the form a number of scientific text and reference books. We congratulate the engineers in having as their instructor one so fully alive to their best interests as we know Prof. Philbrick to be.

Here's how a western paper records the triangular struggle: "The Congressional commission are gathering grasshopper data; the people are gathering grasshoppers, and the grasshoppers are gathering the crops, with the chances three to one in favor of the grasshoppers."

Base ball is looking up a trifle. Every fellow that has known, does know, or ever expects to know anything about playing ball, is anxious to become a proficient; and so it goes, Juniors, Sophs., Fresh., Sub-Fresh.

and even Seniors, tumble about on ensanguined fields, each one (especially the last two) having enough conceit to imagine himself, professional science.

HESPERIAN Exercises May 27th were quite good. Ida Ingalls' essay was unusually fine. The corporal punishment debate was lively toward the latter end. Amy Cavanagh and Julia Stark were very interesting. Of course Miss Moser's manner elicited much applause.

Two Sub-Fresh. made their appearance in the Senior class room the other day by a mistake. One quietly dropped himself into a seat to await further developments. The other, leaning against the window, took in a view of his audience, and quietly retired.

Post Office corner: Law W—, to one of his fellow students, "See that ar' feller with his long tailed black coat on, striking off there." Fellow student, "Yes, what of it?" W.: "Well when he gets on that long tailed coat you may know there's something a goin' to be done." Wonder what the matter was?

Prof. Tyndal would be quite pained, no doubt, to hear that one of our very learned Sophs., when questioned the other day, was unable to inform his teacher whether the talented Professor lived in the sixteenth or seventeenth century. Such is wisdom(?)! How enviable, O, Sophomores, is your lofty position!

Some of the students, a couple of weeks since, organized a base ball nine and took a tour to West Liberty. They had a splendid time, and defeated that club by a score of 21 to 14. The same day the "scrubs" who did not get an opportunity to go to West Liberty, defeated the nine from the Law class.

In the Cornell *Collegian* for April, we saw something like this in the information department. Question by Vinton correspondent: "Is there a negro professor in the State University?" Answer by editors of said paper: "We don't know." We would inform our Cornell friends that there is no such as personage, as yet, in the University.

The Oratorical Meeting chose the following officers for next year: President, W. D. Evans; Vice President, Miss Loring; Secretary, Lulu Younkin; Treasurer, O. C. Scott. The incumbents of the offices at the present are: The Rt. Hon. J. W. Conley, president; His Royal Majesty, J. E. McIntyre, F. R. S. T. U. V. &c., &c., &c., secretary.

After petitioning the Faculty, the Seniors have been granted another vacation of three days at the close of the term. It is rumored that another petition is to go in to the effect that it be lengthened to six days, and with the agreement that the University campus be mowed by them. We would recommend this measure as a means by which it may be done.

In compliance with a request made last term, Prof. Currier favored his Fresh. Latin class with a very interesting description of the ruins of Pompeii, together with some quite amusing incidents of his travels. He

pictured, in a vivid manner, the special features of the of the surrounding country, and in his usual spirited, happy style of expression gave quite an extended sketch of the numerous articles found in the buried city, with various inferences respecting them. It is, perhaps, needless to say that the class heartily appreciated his pithy lecture.

The following in behalf of the poor Seniors:

"Respect the poor Seniors,
Their hearts are so warm;
And if you don't hurt them
They'll do you no harm.

"See them walk through the halls
With nothing to do,
Oh, how you should love friends
So gentle and true."

Law Class day will occur, this year, upon Monday evening:

Orator—Frank Gaynor, Iowa City;
Valedictory—Frank L. Dodge, Davenport;
Historian—O. M. McPherson, Mt. Sterling, Ill.;
Poet—W. A. Meese, Moline, Ill.;
Toast—E. K. Lucas, Iowa City.

Commencement appointments are, Henley, Baldwin, Springer, O'Reiley, Gardner, Grimes, Byington, Johnson, Greene, Finkbine, and Mrs. Haddock from the advanced class.

—A few evenings since we had the misfortune of witnessing a scene which we hope will not be repeated, at least on our campus. A drunken being (we cannot call him man) had found his way to the steps of the central building, and was there executing a series of disgusting performances such as only a drunken person can execute. But the worst part of all was to see the large number of students who had gathered around, many of them apparently enjoying the scene and cheering the crazed liquor slave on with their laughter. We censure the ancients for the barbarity of their sports; but do we ever read of their enjoying such degradation of their fellow men?

—SOCIETY ELECTIONS.—The "Zets" chose Ed. B. Butler for their fall President and as coadjutors: Vice President, Whipple; Corresponding Secretary, Brown; Recording Secretary, Hunt; Treasurer, Gillespie; Sargent-at-Arms, Ingham.

The Irvings selected Frank Sherman for presiding officer and the following to fill the other offices: Vice President, Monlux; Recording Secretary, Chase; Corresponding Secretary, Richardson; Treasurer, Dickey.

The successful candidates will bear their "blushing honors, &c.," until they will under the late business sessions of the fall term; when they will realize the emptiness of the bauble—honor.

—Prof. Parker and his most estimable lady have long been known among the students for their genial hospitality. True to their kindly feelings they gave the first Senior reception to the members of '77 on the evening of May 16th. Notwithstanding the hot, sultry and stormy weather the guests assembled at the ap-

pointed time and enjoyed an evening such as only those who have been the guests of Prof. and Mrs. Parker know how to appreciate. And here we are tempted to enlarge upon the benefits to the "weary students," of just this kind of social culture, and the advantages of a more intimate acquaintance and sympathy between all the Professors and those under their charge. However we forbear to enter upon a discussion of this point and simply add that we partook of the beautiful supper, and were made glad by the hearty good cheer of all present, and shall long remember with pleasure this very pleasant entertainment.

—"Jaded Seniors" is the name for what is left of the class of '77. Their friends have been too kind. Prof. and Mrs. Parker entertained them one rainy night. Prof. Currier and his wife extended their hospitalities to them through a moonlight evening. Louise Clapp cordially greeted his classmates at the paternal residence on College street and helped them while away some very pleasant hours; cake, cream, oranges, coffee, strawberries and a very long category of delicacies disappeared with alarming rapidity and ease down their cadaverous jaws; "soft eyes looked love to eyes;" danc-cards called forth their mental energies; and, too, the anxiety over commencement orations, hard study, ceaseless care in preparing and undaunted cheek in the presentation to the "honored faculty" of bits of paper which usually end "and your petitioners will ever pray;" vexation over the refusal of the faculty to defer to senior judgment and desire,—these mental cares with physical disipation have joined hands to prepare the class of seventy-seven for grim combat with the realities, and chagrin of actual life.

—A Sophomore, having read Tusculan Disputations, and having been deeply impressed with the Socratic method of reasoning; when he saw how surely and inevitably the *magister* led the *auditor* to the desired admissions by a series of adroit questions, resolved to employ this method in proving to a certain Freshman a pet theory, and one which he had probably taken up in self defense. After salutations the following conversation occurred:

Soph.—Is not one's estimation of himself based upon a conviction or consciousness of his own power, knowledge, or worth?

Fresh.—Y-a-a-s, I suppose so.

Soph.—And must not a person be conscious of what he is conscious?

Fresh.—W-e-l-l n-o-w, you are getting things considerably mixed.

Soph.—And can a person be conscious of that which does not exist? or is nature?

Fresh.—Of course not! how can it be?

Soph.—Well then, since one's judgment of himself is based upon a consciousness of his intellectual powers, and since this consciousness increases with these powers, and he is conscious of what he is conscious, must not the genius be conscious that he is such? and since

one cannot be conscious of what is not true, is not egotism itself a vindication and sure proof of itself?

Fresh.—O, pshaw now! you can't corner me in any such pen as that. I have seen fellows who thought they were some punpkins; but they didn't know much after all.

The intended application was so evident that the Soph. was completely disconcerted and disgusted. He says that the Socratic method of reasoning may have done very well in an age and people in which there was some regard for logical consistency, but it isn't worth anything in these degenerate days.

For several days preceding examinations, Miss Apthorp, owing to ill health, continued her labors in the class-room only at the sacrifice of much personal comfort. We are pleased to note her recovery.

For the few days during which, on account of illness, Prof. Eggert was unable to attend his classes, his German recitations were conducted by that genial personage and competent instructor Robert Eggert, at present a student in the law department.

SYMPONIAN.—The other evening we entered, as in days of yore, the hall in which the Symponians hold their weekly exercises. Evidently there had been unusual preparation made by the members. Strangest of all we beheld well nigh thirty ladies listening, spell-bound, to the fiery sentences of the orator. He concluded. One fair maiden boldly tossed forward a bouquet, and the usher kindly carried two green leaves and a lilac to the blushing boy. Thus it was the evening long. The debate upon what Science and religion have done for civilization was good. Peter H. Couzen read an essay upon "Culture, a basis of Brotherhood." It was good, but it seemed *familiar*. Indeed the REPORTER published many sentences thereof in a production upon the same subject, which secured the first prize over Graydon at Indianapolis. Mr. Couzen, you were unfortunate in your selection. It was not obscure enough for an *original* essay.

—Two systems of law are now in vogue. The one is laid down in innumerable books, and is preserved in customs; the other, unfettered and free, is enclosed within each man's breast and is the exponent of his god-like nature. The study of the former system results, but too often, in the crippling of the latter; and to counterbalance the disastrous effects which would be the natural consequences if our controversies were adjudged by the expounder of the external law only, our ancestors instituted the jury system, and thus wisely attached a balance wheel to the inflexible and sometimes unjust and despotic conclusions of one sided judges.

—"There is not a bit of humor in me, but I grasp deep," remarked a member of one of the upper societies, after having listened to rather a humorous essay. Consider, friend, that the sub-soil turned to light is barren, and that he who is incapable of making an audience smile is incapable of influencing them either way. If

your mental field is fertile, majestic trees will denote the richness of the sub-soil and there will be no lack of flowers, of birds, of foliage, of spice and of sunshine.

—The study and practice of the law tends to sternness. The student is either dealing with abstract theories or applying them to man's actions, which have their origin chiefly in human frailty and wickedness. Both occupations exclude the genial sunshine of mirth, and you will pardon the student to whom that sunshine is life, and who strenuously endeavors to ward off the thickening clouds which threaten to deaden his horizon, when he, in your society halls, discards seriousness for a while, and in your smiling faces reproduces the retreating sunny sky.

—The advanced class in Law of 1877 has finished Story's Equity Jurisprudence, Cooley's Constitutional Limitations, and is at the verge of its dissolution. As pioneers of the second year's course we are heavily indebted to Chancellor Hammond for the untiring energy and ability with which he pursued his plan; to Judge Adams, the intensely practical lawyer, we owe the origin of the Supreme Moot Court and three weeks of the hardest study and fighting of the year; to Judge Love we owe the introduction of the United States Court's pleading and practice, and our successors owe us a great many thanks for having broken the way to future victories.

For the convenience of our fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, and all whom it may concern, we appropriate the definition of a few of the most common college words and phrases:

A "rush" is a glib recitation.

A "dead rush" is a recitation flawless, polished and sparkling.

A "fizzle" is when a student "thinks he knows, but can't quite express it."

A "flunk" is a complete fizzle.

A "dead flunk" is made when a student refuses to get up out of his seat.

To "pass" an examination "is not to go by it, but to secure it in the necessary fifty per cent. required for a degree."

To "strike 20" in examination does not require any muscular exertion, except that of writing out a paper, which receive the maximum mark, or a "straight 20."

PERSONAL.

'79. Miss Leona Call is teaching in the public school of Webster City, Iowa. We are informed that it is her intention to go out with class '80. We congratulate that class upon so valuable an acquisition to its membership.

'79. C. H. Connelly has returned to his home at Rock Island, Ill. It is probable that he will next year be a student of Kansas University.

'79. F. G. Hersey is teaching near Inland, Iowa.

'75. Prof. J. W. Myers, of Central University, expects to visit his Alma-mater at commencement.

'80. H. J. Bentley is at his home in Waukon. Expects to teach next year; and will enter the law class the year following. Seeds is inconsolable.

Prof. F. E. Nipher, formerly of the University, and a University graduate, has been elected Secretary of the St. Louis Museum of Arts and Sciences. This is but one of the many honors given him recently.

'77. C. E. Tebbetts has been elected to a Professorship in Penn College at Oskaloosa.

Arthur Goshorn, of class '79, is at his home in Winterset. He will return to school next year. The class of '80 may expect a valuable addition.

Special. A. T. Free has finished his Junior year in Oberlin College, Ohio, and is now teaching near his home in Tama county. We all know A. T. as being a hard student and worthy of success.

W. B. Louthan, of class '78, is teaching in Ida county. Will return and enter the next year's law class.

'74. Alfred Wood, a tutor in the University during '75, is in the office of Tulloss & Pryce of this city.

Law '76. John P. Swisher and W. P. McCrary united their fortunes and settled in Cedar Rapids, where clients and fees are flowing in upon them.

'75. Charles J. Berryhill is pursuing a post-graduate course at Harvard.

'76. Hugh Porter Skiles passes his time at Walcott, thriving physically, according to accounts.

'76. Lizzie L. Clark, having passed a year in the West Liberty schools, as Assistant in the High School, will, next year, take entire charge, with a salary of eight hundred dollars. Such sudden promotions are rare; and when they occur, signs of unusual merit.

'73. Homer H. Seerley was in town for a few days. Homer is one of the most promising graduates of the University. He combines studious habits with an affability which wins him many friends. The school board of Oskaloosa are in raptures over his successful superintendency of their schools. His only want is—a wife.

'75. Charles B. Jack holds forth at Albia. Next year he will enter the Law Department. May he meet with good fortune in wooing the blind goddess.

'74. Alfred Wood is studying Dentistry in the office Tulloss & Pryce, in this city.

'75. Carroll C. Wright is upon the Des Moines Register, doing well, we hear.

Law '74. John Shortley, of Symponian renown, is now at Brooklyn, Iowa.

Law '76. J. M. Ingalls and Geo. McClelland hung out their shingles at Des Moines, last fall. Doing well, we hear.

Law '73. Charles A. Berger left his profitable practice in Dexter to look once more upon his Iowa City acquaintances. Situated in a thriving town, with good

country backing, and being industrious and frugal, Charlie is fast winning a reputation and a fortune.

'76. J. J. McConnell, of the "Centennial class," trod once more the classic pavements of the University. Albia engaged his efforts, in company with those of Charlie Jack, who enters next year's law class. The large boys of Albia were very unruly and slightly disgusted these aspirants for didactic skill. Next time they will choose a *civilized* community.

Ida Osmond, another teacher, has just given up the routine of recitation for the quiet of home. Her health was slightly impaired; but, with rest and society, it will soon be recuperated, we hope.

Dr. C. A. White passed many pleasant days among his numberless friends in this city. Prof. White is most pleasantly located in Washington, D. C., where he is in U. S. employ. Just now he is going West to assist in the Powell explorations of Colorado. Major Powell is well known from the racy articles he wrote for Scribner. These articles were unusually interesting, from the incidents and the illustrations of the canyons and scenery of Colorado. The expedition, under the guidance and care of Major Powell, will conduct governmental surveys and explorations in the same quarter this summer. Their work is very pleasant and profitable; and Dr. White is their Paleontologist.

'76. Ossian H. Brainerd rusticates for the time being at the paternal mansion. He presents a very *distingue* appearance, owing to the manly appendage to his lower jaw. At Oskaloosa his success as a teacher was unusual.

J. C. Warnock (of the senior class) lately returned from a visit to the "short horn" sale at West Liberty. "Jim" has a good eye for cattle and reports himself well satisfied.

C. H. Connly (Freshman) left his many friends some time since. "Clark" hopes, after a few years, to return to our famous Law department.

Alfred W. Lee is in the Muscatine P. O. He occasionally comes up to see the girls.

Medic. Henry G. Brainerd was to be seen, some time since, about the University. He takes his grub, we think, at Grinnell.

Law '76. Palmer Trimble was in town—doing nicely in partnership with his father at Bloomfield.

Acad. '72. Law '75. "Wm. Lytle, attorney, &c.," reads a sign upon Washington street in this city.

'74. Frank E. Brush was married May 16th to Miss Nettie A. Stout, of Evanston, Ill. Mr. Brush has attended Garrett Biblical Institute during the past year. The happy event speaks well for the theology inculcated there. Later information says that Mr. Brush has consented to take charge of the 14th st. M. E. Church in Davenport. This is a first rate charge and Frank is fortunate in procuring it.