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STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA.

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A STORM SONG.

HELEN.

Sing me a song, O Wind of Night!
Through tossing branches sweeping,
Till listening to your wild delight,
My heart forgets its weeping.

Sing me a song, O moaning Sea,
O billows madly breaking!
Till listening to your storming glee,
My heart forgets its aching.

Sing me a song, O Cloud and Storm!
Upon the wild winds flying,
Till gazing on your coming form,
My heart forgets its sighing.

Sing me a song, O Lightning bright,
O Thunder's echos waking!
Yes, sing a mad wild song to-night,
To calm a heart that's breaking.

IAGO.

FIRST PRIZE ORATION AT INTER-STATE CONTEST BY R.
M. LA FOLLETTE, STATE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

ABSTRACT OF ARGUMENT.

1. Mental analysis of Iago.
Has but two of the three constituents of mind.
Loss of emotional nature has cost him his moral parts.
What he lacks in feeling, he has gained in knowing—he knows everything; he feels nothing.
2. Originality of his methods of meanness, as shown in his relations to the other characters of the tragedy.
Display of his intellectual acuteness—his power of dissimulation, his *manner* and his *means*.
3. He is a being without conscience, but his acute mind redeems him to us as a subject.
His questioning, his "reasons," the result of his mental mechanism, not the protest of conscience.
4. Contrasted with Richard III., Iago is more perfect as a devil, Richard more perfect as a villain. Richard's conscience finally asserts itself; Iago has none, hence, is his superior in pure hellish consistency.
5. Iago, Shakespeare's conception of the "Evil Principle"; hence, the vagueness of his fate, which can be explained in no other way. It is consistent with a devil—not with the villain of a tragedy.

Shakespeare's Iago personifies two constituents of mind—*intellect* and *will*. These alone are the springs of his action, the source of his power. What he lacks in emotion he has gained in intellectual acuteness, but the

result is deformity. The character is not *unnatural*; it is fiendishly natural. His reasoning power is abnormally developed; but he has no feeling, no sympathy, no affection, no fear. His is the cold passion of intellect, whose icy touch chills the warm life in all it reaches. He is an intellectual athlete and is unceasing in his mental gymnastics. His contempt for all good is supreme; his greatest crime is his greatest pleasure; and his own hypocrisy gladdens and intoxicates him. Whatever is most mean, whatever is most hard, whatever is vilely atrocious and dangerously difficult, he seizes with greedy glee. Skeptical of all virtue, to him love is lechery, truth-telling stupid goodness, and lying a daring to be ingenious.

The emotions are the native soil of moral life. From the feelings are grown great ethical truths, one by one, forming at last the grand body of the moral law. But Iago is emotionally a cipher, and his poverty of sentiment and wealth of intellect render him doubly dangerous. Here we have the key to his character—he is possessed of an inflexible will, of an intellect, pungent, subtle, super-sensual. He not only knows more than he feels, he knows everything, feels nothing.

The other characters of the tragedy of Othello—a tragedy which Macaulay pronounced Shakespeare's greatest—are but puppets, moving at the will of this master. He reads them at a glance, by a flash of instinct. He wastes no words on Roderigo other than to make the "fool his purse." But upon Othello he plays with more subtlety, and infinitely greater zest. Upon him he exercises his crafty ingenuity; and the "double knavery," the "How? how?" whets him keen. Now flashes forth the invisible lightning of his malignant mind, and woe to all virtue within its reach. Now we see his character in all its artful cunning, all its devilish cruelty. With what marvelous skill he makes his first attack! He does nothing in the common way. His methods have the merit of originality. He does not assail Desdemona's virtue with a well conned story, but is seemingly surprised into an exclamation, appearing to utter his suspicions by the merest accident. And, when he has engaged Othello's ear, note his matchless cunning; he comes and goes, and comes and goes again, with his ingenious inuendos; changing like the chameleon, quick to take his cue from the Moor, yet craftily giving direction to the other's thoughts; cursing Cassio with his protestations of love, and damning Desdemona while joining in a benediction to her honest

ty. The "constant, loving, noble nature" of the Moor changes quickly under the "almost superhuman art" of Iago; but too well he knows the human mind to gorge it with suspicion; and, with every dose of poison, gives just a little antidote. With pious self-accusation, he says, "'tis my nature's plague to spy into abuses;" and "oft my jealousy shapes faults that are not;" but carefully adds, "it were not for your quiet nor your good to let you know my thoughts;" and is equally careful to tell them; smothering with one hand all suspicion of his perfidy, and kindling with the other the consuming fires of the Moor's jealousy.

Iago's manner of practising on Othello is only matched by the means he employs. Like the genuine devil, he destroys the entire household—not through some unguarded vice, but through its very virtues. He sets all goodness by the ears. The strength of the Moor's affection is made a fatal weakness; and, more than this the very medium of all their misery is she,

"Of spirit so still and gentle that her motion
Blushed at herself."

Iago and Desdemona! Strange, unspeakable union of opposites! Weird harmony of discords! Sombre mingling of a smile and a sneer! O, the poet whose genius could compound these elements without an explosion! O, this "unequal contest between the powers of grossness and purity!" That Desdemona, whose childlike nature is a divine fusion of innocence and chastity, should be played off against a moral outlaw, a being whose livery is "heavenly shows" and whose logic is the "divinity of hell," is a juxtaposition appalling, fascinating! 'Tis Diana in the talons of a Harpy. That virtue should be "turned into pitch," that "out of goodness" should be made "the net to enmesh them all," that innocence should become the instrument of the infernal, is a "moral antithesis" that preludes the oncoming of chaos. And it comes like the quick night and consummates the tragedy; while over all, in sullen silence, gloats this imp of darkness.

Somewhere, Thomas Carlyle has said, "there are depths in man that go the length of the lowest Hell, as there are heights that reach highest Heaven;" but Iago is a magnet with only one pole which ever points toward the infernal. Why is it, then, that this character does not disgust us? Why do we follow his intricate windings with such intense interest? Why do we tolerate him? We find the answer in his great intellect. This is the core of his character—abstract intellectuality united to volitional force, devoid of all morality, divorced from all feeling. He is hardly human, yet he sounds humanity like a philosopher. He is wanting in ethical parts; yet he makes the nicest moral distinctions. He is a fraction, yet greater than a unit; a part, yet more than the whole. He is a paradox. In his deep schemes, we nearly forget the villain. His triumph over all obstacles pins the attention to his intellectual powers. He is "instinct with thought." This re-

deems him to us as a subject, and yields another explanation for what has been termed his "little trace of conscience." His self-questionings, his subtle sophisms, his cataclysm of reasons, are not the weak protest of a moral part, but the logical outcome of a sleepless intellect. He is emphatically a being of reasons. He will do nothing except he furnish to himself the "why!" It is not that he requires these reasons as a "whetstone for his revenge," it is not that his "resolution is too much for his conscience," but rather that he revels in reasons, that his hungry mind will have its food. He "suspects the lusty Moor," and fears "Cassio with his night-cap, too," on occasion; not that he dreads to destroy either without some motive, but because his mental constitution demands a reason for all things. Schlegel defines wickedness as "nothing but selfishness designedly unconscientious; but Iago makes no effort to deceive himself, for he says:

"When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now."

He does not care to justify himself, except as an intellectual satisfaction. He desires no moral vindication. In fact he commits crime merely for crime's sake, and there is no sin that he will not claim as his own. Think of it! a being who clutches at wickedness with all the greed of a miser. Thoroughly passionless, coldly intellectual, he is forced into the self confession that he is no libertine; yet fearful lest the admission has cost him one hellish trait, he quickly adds that he stands "accountant for as great a sin." This is a moral defiance sublimely hideous, but hardly reconcilable in a being with even a "little trace of conscience." Were there a single golden thread of moral sense to knit him to the good in humanity, it would shine forth when Desdemona—whose only offence against him is that she is pure—sinks under his cursed cunning. But it is a quality he feels not, knows not; and what Coleridge calls "*the motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity*;" this constant combing of his wits for reasons, is simply a service performed at the mandate of his craving intellect.

These are the premises from which, as a conclusion, we deduce Iago—a character without a conscience.

Mark the "steep inequality" between him and Richard III.: The Duke of Gloster, born with teeth, a twisted body, and a majestic mind, cuts his way through those of his own flesh, to a throne. Malignant and artful, hypocritical and heartless, he "seems a saint when most he plays the devil." Monster, he stands apart from men; he is "like himself alone," and he stalks along his bloody course, a solitary creation. Brave, he has the audacity to defy destiny, the impudent confidence to enter the lists against the Unknown. But hidden away somewhere in his black soul is a germ of conscience disguised as superstitious fear,—a germ of conscience which starts forth when that towering will is off guard; coming in the thin substance of a dream, yet so terrible

that the remorseful "drops hang on his trembling flesh." Here is his humanity, his mortal weakness; and through this the "all-powerful and ever-watchful Nemesis" hurls her lance, barbed to the shaft with retribution. Pursued by croaking phantoms, scourged by the invisible lash of violated conscience, he flings himself into the conflict, and with a royal flourish, in perfect keeping with his character, closes the tragedy. His death satisfies the equation of right.

Richard and Iago possess some qualities in common: both have mighty intellects; both are wily, cunning, crafty; both dissimulators, both actors. But farther than this they are profoundly unlike. Richard III. is more humanly terrible; Iago more devilishly perfect. Richard loves nothing human; Iago hates everything good. Richard is arrogant, passionate, powerful, violent; Iago egotistical, cold, cynical, sly. Richard is fire; Iago ice. Richard III. is more objective; Iago, more subjective. Richard would pulverize the universe; Iago would like to reverse the order of things. In point of satanical finish, Iago is Richard—and more. Richard III. murders many and sweats with horror; Iago few, and forgets remorse. Richard III. mounts the throne of England on a score of dead bodies; Iago wins the throne of Hell in three strides. The conscience of Richard wakes from its throne; Iago has no conscience. Richard III. is a monstrosity; Iago a psychological contradiction.

We offer Iago then as Shakespeare's conception of the "Evil Principle." And how perfect the creation. In the whole course of his crime, he betrays never a weakness, never a check of conscience—nothing to mar the elegant symmetry of his fiendishness. From the time he lays down the postulate that "I am not what I am" till he attains his infernal majority, he is the same refined, pitiless, sarcastic devil. He is often surprised, but he is never disconcerted. He plans, but it is because he likes the mental exercise. It has been said that "deep rogues take all their villainy *a priori*; that they do not construct plans in anticipation." Iago's carefully perfected schemes would seem to rebuke this philosophy were it not that they appear, rather, meat for his mind, than directions for his diabolisms. Indeed it is in those unpremeditated scenes where the occasion fails to fit his plans, where all the odds are arrayed against him, that he achieves the greatest triumph. This is nothing short of Stygian skill; and it is just here that he attains the dignity of a devil. That dignity would have been sacrificed in his death. By all the principles of dramatic tragedy, Othello is his fit executioner. Significant fact! we are only promised that his "punishment shall torment him much and hold him long." This is to appease the moral demand, and in its vagueness the poet seeks to avoid a decline in tragic intensity. This we offer as the ethical and æsthetic reason for the indefiniteness thrown about Iago's fate by the dramatist. He had pushed his creation to the verge

of the finite, punishment was demanded, none could be devised which would requite him.

The full course of tragedy, the mighty evolution of its events must yield an apt sequence, a sublime completeness, else it fails in its aim. Schiller says: "Life is great only as a means of accomplishing the moral law; and nothing is sublimer than a criminal yielding his life because of the morality he has violated." With the single exception of Iago, Shakespeare has availed himself of this principle. The thane of Cawdor tops all his murderers with his own head; Lady Macbeth bleaches in death the "damned spot" from her unclean hand; Richard III. seals with his own blood on Bosworth field the sublime in his career; but Iago is just beyond the reach of death and we can fancy him disappearing in the darkness of which he is a part.

There are two fitnesses in a villain's death—the moral fitness and the tragic fitness. The one, the ethical satisfaction at the inevitable recoil of the broken moral law; the other, the grandeur of a *finale*. To condense into one moment the whole of life, to put a fiat on existence, to engulf a soul in the awful immensity of its own acts—this is sublime. But to have conceived and brought forth a being so super-physical, so positively devilish, so intensely infernal, that his death would be pathos—this is genius.

And this is Iago. The polished, affable, attendant; the boon companion; the supple sophist, the nimble logician; the philosopher, the moralist—the scoffing demon; the goblin whose smile is a stab and whose laugh is an infernal sneer; who has sworn eternal vengeance on virtue everywhere; who would turn cosmos into chaos. This compound of wickedness and reason, this incarnation of intellect, this tartarean basilisk is the logical conclusion in a syllogism whose premises are "Hell and Night." He is a criminal climax; endow him with a single supernatural quality and he stands among the devils of fiction supreme.

If there is any thing the REPORTER and University need, it is a good lecture course. With the exception of two or three home lectures, the REPORTER Lecture Course (if such it may be called) has been a miserable failure.

Editors complain that the students do not turn out to the lectures, and students reply that we do not give them anything to turn out to,

"The fault (dear Editors) is not in
Our stars, but in ourselves."

Here are abundant facilities for a *good* lecture course. None in the city, a University town where one is needed badly. Such men as Swing, Cook, Ingersoll and Gough would command good audiences of students and citizens. Other Colleges have lecture courses. Why not ours? Why not have a good lecture course under the auspices of the REPORTER?

It is late for this year, but we think it ought to be considered preparatory to next.

University Reporter.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, MAY, 1879.

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THE REPORTER has a word to say in behalf of the pocket books of students. These same pocket books, as we all know, are seldom in such a plethoric state as to cause their owners to lose much rest for fear of being robbed. But collapsed as is the average student's pocket book, yet after each visit to the book stores, at the beginning of each term, it, like Pharaoh's kine, is leaner than before. Of course, a student must have books, and expects to pay for them. However, he wants to buy them as cheap as he can and wishes to use as many of his brother's or friend's old books as he can. But this is rendered impossible by the present system of procuring books, and the frequent changes made in the text books used in the University.

We know the faculty claim that they do it "all for the best," and are aiming to secure the best text books that can be obtained. Still, we think that they should weigh the matter of a change well before they make it, knowing as they do, that each change is a matter of several dollars to many a struggling student.

We make these remarks in view of the many changes that have been made during the past year, and the complaints (not loud but deep), that are going up on all sides. The oppressed ones say that in many cases they cannot see that the new books are any improvement on the old. That they have already or can easily procure, at little or no cost, the books used last year. But when they enter the class they find an additional bill of five or ten dollars added to the expenses.

In many other colleges the faculties supply the students with books not aiming to make any profit. This reduces the prices of books about one third, and saves many hundreds of dollars to the students.

Something of this kind must be done to stop the growing discontent with the present system of fleecing the students.

A MOVEMENT in the right direction has just been taken by the President and the Faculty, in securing the services of Prof. Booth, of Chicago, to train the Seniors,

Society orators and nine of the Law Class for Commencement, and the Juniors for their Exhibition.

This is an aid that has been badly needed for some time past.

Voice culture and manner of speaking are essential things that have been sadly neglected in our State University, and this is one of the chief reasons that her orators have been compelled to take inferior places in the State contests.

Thought is much, but the best of thoughts delivered in a dry, uninteresting manner, loses much of its force. Prof. Booth is an excellent voice culturist of twenty years experience; a gentleman graceful in his every movement. And we prophecy, as a result of his efforts, more satisfactory Commencement Exercises than we have had for several years, and, as a larger result, a great revival of attention to expression and manner of speaking.

MAY the 7th marks one of the grandest occasions in the intellectual history of Iowa City and the University.

The contest was a success, intellectually and financially. On Monday the 5th orators and delegates from the different States began to arrive in our city, and by Wednesday, students from Cornell, Grinnell and Iowa Wesleyan University thronged in upon us. Over \$400 were taken in. After all expenses were paid, the sum of \$150.00 remained; enough to purchase the "medals" for this year and last. This is an evidence in favor of holding the Inter-State Contests in University towns.

A Reception was given immediately after the contest by the Irving and Zetaganian Societies in their halls. Invitations had been issued. Between four and five hundred people were present. Here Orators, Judges, Faculty, Students, Friends and Visitors mingled, became acquainted and passed away two pleasant hours.

The Convention of delegates was held the following morning. Officers and place for next year chosen, (see *contest notes*.) Some important changes were made in the Constitution; others *need to be*, as is evident from the not very pleasant discussion in regard to awarding the Silver Medal. The fault seems to be in the fact that each year a new set of delegates comes together. The old Constitution is none too well understood, and each one has some pet theory and wishes to immortalize himself by creating a new constitution. The plan has been suggested, (and it meets with our approval) of sending the same delegates for two successive years, beginning with Sophomores or Juniors. This would insure those at the convention who would be experienced and familiar with its proceedings. We intended to say something in regard to the benefits derived from the contest. But as it had been said in a better manner, by the Rev. F. L. Kenyon in his "Lessons From The Inter-State Oratorical Contest," we will insert a part, copied from the Daily Press of the 12th inst.

"Another lesson was that the cultivation of power of expression should be more and more attended to. The education of the past was deficient in this direction. It is deficient to day. I know of nothing more valuable to the educated man of to day than this power of expression, and yet how few colleges pay any considerable attention to it. What use to know if you cant tell it in a happy and effective manner, why should grand thoughts be shorn of their beauty and strength by reason of imperfect expression, why should quality of cloth be everything and the cut and fit comparatively nothing. Expression does not mean a flow of words. If that were all, memorize the dictionary and you are fully equipped. No it means the most fitting words in the most becoming manner. Every thought has its own appropriate words and physical action. Robbed of these it is emasculated; it appears like a foreigner, and apologies for its existence are in order; clothed in its own words and accompanied by the proper physical action, its right to live is unquestioned, its power acknowledged. We speak of thoughts that live and of words that burn; that is hardly ever true of those thoughts that are expressed by improper action or inappropriate words—whilst it is true in the highest stage of eloquence that the orator is born not made, nevertheless in all below the highest it is only qualifiedly true. Taking it as absolutely true in the lower planes of oratory great mischief has been wrought. Very few reach the highest plane of expression. They are the rare exceptions. So for all general and practical purposes, we may say that the orator is no more born so, than the linguist, the astronomer and so on. Humanity is endowed with certain faculties, (frequently I know with a natural bias in some one direction, and it is usually wise to follow out this bent), which faculties can be cultivated according to the wish and intent of the person. Most any man may make of himself a classical scholar, an astronomer, a chemist, not however, without hard and continuous study.

So may any man or woman cultivate the power of expression, until he shall be able to say, correctly and effectively, what he wishes to. This lesson of studying, more and more, the subject of expression was brought home with emphasis to every one who listened to the orations on Wednesday night. He who by the verdict of all took the first prize was the most natural in action and therefore the most effective. His words fitted his thought and his thought filled his words, so that they came to the auditor not harsh and piercing, but round and full. The image of Iago was so in his soul, the truth concerning Iago was so in his mind, that he was able to present to the hearer, the truth and the image in such a way as to make them appear living realities. We lost sight of the man and seemed to be listening to Iago pronouncing his autobiography, so completely at one was the speaker with his subject, without which, by the way, there can be no true and high expression. Voice, gesture, tone and feeling corresponded to the thought and harmony and unity were the result. So it ever is, and this is what we call the power of expression. This is a cultivatable thing and in my judgment is second in importance to nothing in the college curriculum. Of what use is the water in lake or stream to the thirsty one, if it is frozen and he has no way of reaching the water. So of what benefit is a heart full of feeling and a mind furnished with truth if the hand and tongue be incapable of uttering the one or describing the other. There is nothing so flexible as tongue, and this too without regard to sex; or so mobile as words; they are independent of all, dependent on none. They have no trail of "cousins, uncles and aunts" that must be cared for. You can choose and use as you please. So that the cultivation of expression is without limitation, or qualification. How strange that in this utilitarian age so little time should be given to the study of this art. An art without which all higher education is comparatively a failure. An art without which men cannot be moved, nor States governed. Its cultivation is given over to societies, those pleasant annexes, as it were, to the college course and whose exercises students so frequently get excused from."

THE announcements for the Commencement Week are already out and promise an interesting occasion.

The Societies hold their anniversary Friday evening June 13th. The Representatives are, for Erodelphian Society, Miss M. L. Loring; for Hesperian Society, Miss Leona Call; for Zetagathian Society, Mr. C. N. Hunt, and for Irving Institute, Mr. J. D. Gardner.

The Alumni hold their anniversary Monday evening June 16th. H. H. Seerley, A. M., Orator, and Mrs. M. B. Holmes, A. M. Poet.

The Graduating Exercises of the Law Class occur on Friday, June 17th, at 9 o'clock. A. M. Messrs. Billingsley, Campbell, Day, Evans, Ham, McIntyre, Maryatt, Osmond and Pickering, are the orators selected for that occasion.

Hon. J. H. Craig, of Keokuk, is to deliver the Law Oration, Tuesday evening, June 17th.

Wednesday, June 18th, at 10 o'clock, the Collegiate Department presents as Orators, Messrs. Burrows, Chase, Cottrell, Cowgill, Gilliland and Patterson, and Misses Countryman, Hanson, Johnson, Osmond and White.

Miss Laura S. Ensign, of the class of 1876, is to give the Master's Oration.

Sunday, P. M., at 4 o'clock, the President gives the Baccalaureate Discourse.

Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D., of Chicago, will give the Commencement Oration, Tuesday, P. M., June 17, at 3 o'clock.

The Alumni Banquet, the President's Reception and the Commencement Collation, will furnish opportunities for social acquaintance and enjoyment.

A good time may be expected. There will be room, and a welcome for all.

OUR EXCHANGES.

"Is it in destroying or pulling down that skill is displayed? The *shallowest* understanding, the *rudest* hand is more than equal to that task."

We would ask the Exchange editor of the *BERKELEYAN* to read carefully the above quotation, from *Burke*, and be guided by it in *her* future criticisms

And yet, we would not call the understanding of the fair Exchange editor of the *Berkeleyan*, shallow, shallower, shallowest, or her gentle hand *rude*,—for that would indeed be rude in us. We would try and think that some untimely word of our deceased "Ancient" made her *HUFFY*, and thereupon, she vented her spite upon the Reporter. And even that "wretched" "imbecile," Reporter, permits a smile to pass over its usual sober "*acme of ugliness*" as it sees rolling off from it, like rain drops from a duck's back, the following ridiculous superlatives from the pen of the fair, sarcastically witty, but woefully wrathful, Exchange editor:

"The *University Reporter* is one of the most wretched papers which it has been our misfortune to read. In external appearance it has reached the acme of ugliness; in reading matter, with the exception of the article by the President, it has fallen almost to the lowest depth of imbecility. The editorials are weak and marked by expressions of unpardonable vulgarity, evidently intended to be witticisms; the local column may perhaps be interesting to "Clinker," who appears spasmodically at every turn, engaged in the edifying occupation of blacking boots, carrying water, etc., but to no one else; the exchange department, the worst of all, still presided over by the horrible old "Ancient" is—what? No words can describe it. And yet since from our childhood up we have been firmly impressed with the idea that nothing was made in vain, we have searched diligently for a use for the *Reporter* and have one. It is most excellent to light fires with. We heave a sigh of relief as the "Ancient" crackles cheerfully in the flames, the ugly cover disappears, and the whole becomes a little heap of blackened paper-ash, infinitely better looking, infinitely more entertaining and instructive than the *Reporter* from which it came."

Oh, ho, ho. You don't think so, do you? Well, we don't. We think it is a pretty good paper considering. To be sure it does not cost \$2.50. Nor is it published in a large State like *California*, where writers have plenty of room to expand, like gas bags, and then collapse. Neither, after opening the green cover with "Westward the Course of Empire Takes Its Way," printed upon it in italics do you have to wade through ten pages of advertisements, and then find nothing but dry, pedantic "*Dam Loquimur Mores Decadunt.*" Yes we think they do out in California, if the Exchange editor of the *Berkeleyan* is any sample.

In short, the *Reporter* is not a "Whited Sepulcher." It puts its worst side out.

The *Daily Globe* is one of our new exchanges, bright and spicy it is too. It is filed in the Library Reading Room for the benefit of students.

The *Davis County Republican*, with one of our old boys, John J. Hamilton as editor, is one of the readable papers that occupies an important place in the University Reading Room. Its well filled columns testify that John's four years with us were not spent for naught. We notice the following as a "finis" to an editorial: "We can wish no better fortune to the Republican party of the State than that its ticket this fall should bear the name of Gilbert L. Pinkham, (ex-Prof. Eng. Lit. S. U. I.) for Superintendent of Public Instruction." J. J. is getting to be quite a party man.

The first issue of the *Cornell Graphic* is upon our table. It is throughout a type of neatness. Its first sheet bears upon one side the name of the paper; Society and College Directory and an "Ad." for the College. Upon the other side a beautiful steel engraving

of the College Buildings and Campus. Some new features are a Musical Column and Science and Art Column. All hail *Graphic*; may you ever equal if not excel your first issue.

The *University Press*, of which Mr. R. M. La Follette, the Wisconsin State orator, is one of the editors, needs to be awakened to a sense of its responsibility. Its Literary article is too long and must certainly be tedious to the majority of its readers. "Antagonism" is a good oration. Its editorials are well written. Its Locals scanty and poor. And, then, we don't like the way it has of mixing advertisements in with its locals, viz: A Good Shave, First Class Boots and Shoes, at, etc., and last but not most offensive is; students of the University will find the finest cigars, &c.

CONTEST NOTES.

—Over a thousand persons attended the Inter-State Oratorical Contest.

—Grinnell was represented by about 30, and Iowa Wesleyan by fifteen students.

—Strange! We think, the way the Cornell senior ladies go with the "Preps."

—The next contest will be held on the first Wednesday in May, 1880, at Oberlin, Ohio.

—President King, Lieut. Myers, and about seventy-five students were with us from Mt. Vernon.

—The contest was a great financial success, after deducting all expenses, nearly \$150, will remain in the treasury.

—Mr. R. M. La Follette was received with great enthusiasm by the students of the State University of Wisconsin, and a large Reception was given to him in the evening.

—The Cornell "Preps" wore plug hats higher than the senior hats of the S. U. I. We commend the Cornell seniors for wearing their low hats, and not interfering with the "Preps" in this strange caprice.

—The four-in-hand of the Cornell boys got tired of gnawing hoop iron, wrought nails and hitching posts, and before they left had a little run down College, Dubuque and Burlington streets, but being strangers lost their way and were captured.

—The following are the officers of the Inter-State Oratorical Contest elected at the meeting this morning: President, C. E. Morse, Oberlin, Ohio; Vice President, Ida M. Miller, Springfield, Mo.; Secretary and Treasurer, J. M. Dodson, Madison, Wis.

—Mr. Anderson and Mr. Mason were *tie* in the Indiana State Contest. The Referee Judge was not present. Two numbers were put into a hat, one marked "Asbury" and the other "Wabash," and one of the learned Judges drew therefrom Mr. Anderson's number. So it was luck after all.

—The Inter-Collegiate Convention which met Thursday, passed unanimously the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we, the delegates and orators of our various associations express our sincere thanks and our best wishes to the judges, the executive committee for their services, and to the people of Iowa City for their kind welcome and courteous favors.

Resolved, That, in order to express our thanks more appropriately, we publish these resolutions in the PRESS.

—What is the physical effect of poetical inspiration? Ask E. J. Cornish.

—“Westward the Course of Empire takes its way.” It has struck the University, and it now boasts of one who is deemed a *special creation*.

—Prof; (in Political Economy); Mr. H—, what is the object in having a standard unit of measure, why not, for instance, measure calico by moonlight?

Mr. H.—They do.

Prof.—Yes in some instances where the *Metre* is considered the standard.

LOCAL.

—Who stole our boat?

—Leave no footprints on the campus.

—A Senior sat under a tree,
On a bumble bee.

—“My Dictionary says so,” is getting rather monotonous.

—Ohio thinks smoking ought not to be allowed in our University. He’s pretty nice.

—Political outlook for 1900. Connie for President and Clinker for Sergeant-at-Arms.

—Two of our Sub-Freshmen are getting rather frequent. Boys, wait till you are Juniors.

—Our Society Halls compare favorably with those of the several Colleges represented at the contest.

—Of course, when a Junior and Junioress go to the farthest corner of the campus, they go there to study—their lesson.

—The delegates and contestants at the Inter-State contest and all our visitors went away well pleased with the University and its workings.

—Student giving the Ages in Geology: There is the age of Mollusks, and the age of Inebriates, (invertebrates).

It was’nt a Junior.

—The morning that chapel services opened, for the seventeenth time this term, with singing: “I Need Thee Every Hour,” the audience joined very heartily in the peculiarly appropriate scripture which followed: “O come and let us sing unto the Lord, a new song.”

—Eager Law, Greenbacker, at table, in tones of thunder; “I tell you there is more fraud in the Re—” land-

lady, “Mr. — let me have the floor, I propose to have quiet at the table.” A great calm. Scene closes, Law somewhat abashed: “If that is woman’s rights, I don’t want any thing to do with that phase of politics at all, and will stick to greenbacks.”

—Scene. Geology Class.

Prof.—“You will notice that all the fossils of the mar-supials consist of *jaw-bones*.”

Witty Junior—(interrupting), Perhaps that is as far as they had developed.

Prof.—“If we had fossils of the present age they would consist mostly of *“cheek.”*”

(Junior, suffused in blushes, subsides.)

—Why are the Sophomores, Greenbackers? Because they believe in calling in the Bonds.

—The Zetagathians will have a boat house picnic, Saturday, May 24th.

The Band and Military Tournament to be held in this city, May 21st and 22nd, promises to be one of the finest entertainments of the kind.

—Scene Society Hall. Mr. F.: Mr. President, if the meeting was not called to order at the tap of the *gravel*, when was it?

BASE BALL.

The Davenports came. They bore the gaze of a wondering multitude till the hour for the game arrived. Upon reaching the grounds they found a large gathering of Iowa City’s best awaiting them, among whom were Prest Pickard and Captain Chester of the University, anxiously waiting to see how their boys would do it. They wore a look of mingled pride and hope, till the little Davenports entered the diamond, then a heavy shadow of doubt spread over all. The game was called with Blong (of the Davenports) to bat. The expression of the despondent multitude was sickening, as the next instant the ball took its departure for parts not habited. Scarcely had they recovered, when *infant* Kimmerly seized the willow, and groans of agony disturbed the death-like calm, when “with one fell swoop” “Spaulding’s best” was seen a mere speck in the dim distance. But see! as if by divine injunction, like the “white cloud” and “*ball of fire*,” which led the Israelites, our worthy Junior rushed madly to the spot and saved his country’s honor, amid shouts and words of praise. Then a ray of hope penetrated the despairing multitude, which grew more and more lustrous as each succeeding time “Spaulding,” although in a *distant land* met a friendly hand of greeting, for when the “ball of fire” was not there, the Freshman poet was. The game on the whole was a very fine and very interesting one. The total number of base hits made off from Bohn, of the Davenport nine, were six, off from *Bones* of the University, eleven. But taking into consideration the difference in the batters, we conclude our *Bones* was too numerous for them. The result of the game was

nine to two, in favor of Davenport. Now a word for our boys. It is evident that "the one thing needful" is money. While, of course, the expenses of the nine are too great for nine or ten persons to bear, when shared by five or six hundred different ones, the share of each is but a trifle. If each would give a dollar, or even fifty cents, it would pay all the expenses of the nine, and enable them to furnish us some rare entertainments. There is no doubt but we have the best amateur club in the State, and now let us all come down with our little dollar—which will never be missed—and see the University leading the State in the field as she does in the school.

BOOKS ADDED TO LIBRARY DURING APRIL AND MAY.

History of the Knights of Malta—Porter.
 Philosophy—Le Fvere.
 The Encyclopedia Britannica, vol. 9.
 History of England—Adolphus, 7 vols.
 The Days of My Life—Oliphant.
 May—Oliphant.
 Squire Arden—Oliphant.
 The Ogilvies—Miss Mulock.
 Olive—Miss Mulock.
 The Head of the Family—Miss Mulock.
 Agatha's Husband—Miss Mulock.
 Art of Thinking—Hinton.
 Harry Blount—Hammerton.
 Celebrated Violinists—Phipson.
 Posthumous Works of Shelley.
 The Great Tone Poets—Crowest.
 Origin of Language, 2 vols.—Kavanagh.
 Bokhara, 2 vols.—Vambery.
 Rise of the Macedonian Empire—Curteis.
 Roman History; The Early Empire—Capes.
 Oliphant and Faver's Moliere.
 Barbarossa and Other Tales—Hayse.
 The Princess of Brunswick—Zschokke.
 L'Arrabiata and Other Tales—Heyes.
 Miracles and Modern Spiritualism—Wallace.
 The French Retreat from Moscow—Stanhope.
 Autobiography of John B. Gough.
 Assyrian and Egyptian Texts, 11 vols.
 British Rule in India—Marti
 England's Policy in the East—DeWorms.
 Individual Liberty—Vasey.
 Civil Service of the Crown—Bryant.
 Stories of the Rhine—Erckmann, Chatrain.
 Eastern Life, Present and Past—Martineau.
 History of England, 5 vols.—Stanhope.
 History of Our Own Times, 2 vols.—McCarthy.
 Works of Sir Wm. Jones, 6 vols.
 Private Law Among the Romans—Phillimore.
 Cyclops Christianus, 2 vols.—(Stonehenge) Herbert.
 History of Egypt under the Pharaoh's—Brugsch.
 History of England, 2 vols.—Walpole.

Political Poems and Songs of English History—Wright.

Annals of County Families of Wales, 2 vols.—Nicholas.

History of Greece, 10 vols.—Mitford.

Jacobinism, 4 vols.

Deutcher Novellenshaft, 5 vols.—Heyse.

Goethe's Prosa—Buchheim.

Joseph in Schnee—Auerbach.

State Papers, 6 vols.—Brown.

Syllabus of Rymer's Faedera, 2 vols.

Resources of Modern Countries—Wilson.

Struggle for Parliamentary Power in England, 2 vols.—Bisset

Etruria, 2 vols.—Dennis.

Ten Thousand a Year—Warren.

Socialism—Kaufmann.

The Twelve Egyptian Obelisks in Rome—Parker.

Reboisement in France—Brown.

Archaic Dictionary—Cooper.

Poetical Works of Thompson, 2 vols.

Cook's Voyages round the World.

Ancient History, The Gracchi, Marius and Sulla—Beesly.

Political Progress of Christianity—Canning.

Morice's Pindar.

"And when he thinks his greatness is a ripening, nips his bud."

"A Horse! A Horse! My Kingdom for a Horse!"

A student of some renown for his dashing manner and his popularity with the ladies, designing to give the humble citizens of Iowa City some glimpses of high life, engaged one of Smith's finest turnouts, and having secured one of Iowa City's fairest female denizens, he sallied forth to provoke the open mouthed amazement and wide eyed wonder of our simple uninitiated rustics. He sailed up our principal street quite slowly, allowing the passers by to drink in the scene of oriental magnificence at their leisure. When he believed the aesthetic taste of his spectators to have been sufficiently cultivated, he gradually increased the speed of his courser.

Now, at the postoffice corner, there were assembled, as usual, a large concourse of his fellow-students. This seemingly unimportant fact did not escape his watchful eye. *In his mind* the decisive moment had arrived. There was no time to be lost. His action was characteristic of a great general—prompt and well planned. He straightened up majestically, gave a magnificent flourish of his whip, and from his oracular lips dropped a single burning, magic word—"Hi cah," but its effect was startling and immediate. Smith's horse made fast time. It was the proudest moment of the young gentleman's existence; the next was the saddest. The young man found an obstacle in his way. It was a very unpretentious looking obstacle; a very modest

looking horse and buggy, and a very modest looking female occupant. The young man saw one *more* golden opportunity, he would pass this homely, slow-going vehicle and add lustre to his exploits by means of contrast. He reined out in a masterly manner and became an unwilling recipient of a surprise party. The modest looking lady shook the reins gently and the modest looking horse shot out with the rapidity of lightning. Our hero bit his lips with anxiety and shoved the ribbons hard; his fair companion's cheeks were suffused with soft blushes. She was not happy; and this fact maddened our hero's soul; he whipped Smith's horse unmercifully; he leaned far out over the dash-board with eager expectancy; he opened his mouth and shouted fiercely the magic "hi cah," but its magic was lost. Smith's horse lacked the speed, and when they passed the postoffice corner, the modest looking horse was a full length ahead, and as he passed under the wire, the applause of the unfeeling students was deafening. It was a cruel stroke of fortune, but it has its moral, namely:

The race is not always to the beautiful,
Nor the victory to the sweet-scented.

"SOBER THOUGHTS."

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities. — *Shakespeare.*

We build statues of snow, and weep to see them melt. — *Walter Scott.*

Life, like a dome of many colored glass, stains the white radiance of eternity. — *Shelley.*

We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not breath; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest acts the best. — *Bailey.*

'76, J. J. McConnell was elected City Superintendent of Atlantic, Iowa, on the 6th of May. This is a deserved promotion. He has been the very popular principal of the Oskaloosa High School during the past two years. The citizens of Oskaloosa are very sorry to lose him, but rejoice in his success.

Score of Game Between Davenport and Universities.

DAVENPORTS.											UNIVERSITIES.										
R I B T B P O A E											R I B T B P O A E										
Blong, ss.	1	1	2	0	2	1	Fellows, rf.	1	0	0	1	0	0								
Kemmler, c.	2	1	1	8	0	2	McIntyre, ss.	0	1	1	0	3	2								
McPhee, rf.	1	1	2	0	0	0	Skinner, 1b.	0	1	1	12	0	1								
Hayes, cf.	0	0	0	1	0	0	Preston, 2b.	0	0	0	3	2	0								
Croft, 3b.	0	2	2	5	1	0	Monroe, p.	1	0	0	1	6	1								
McDonald, 2b.	0	0	1	3	2	Goshorn, cf.	0	1	1	3	0	0									
Bohn, p.	1	1	1	2	7	1	Bond, 3b.	0	3	3	0	0	1								
Mason, 1b.	2	1	1	7	0	1	Cornish, rf.	0	0	0	4	0	0								
Stockwell, lf.	2	2	2	3	0	0	Forney, c.	0	0	0	3	1	2								
Totals.	9	11	27	13	7	Totals.	2	6	6	27	12	7									

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Davenport	2	2	0	3	0	0	2	0	0-9
Universities	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0-2

Wild Pitches—Davenport 0. University 2.

Passed Balls—Davenport 0. University 3.

Time of Game—1h 45m.

C. J. Powers, Umpire.

Law Department.

The REPORTER appears close upon the heels of the April number; we hope, however, that it will prove none the less interesting on that account, and can assure you that we have done our best, in the short time allowed us, to find matter that will enable it to take an equal rank with its fellows.

We desire to call particular attention in this number to an extract from an address delivered at Cincinnati Law College Commencement, by Charles D. Drake, L. L. D., Chief Justice of the United States Court of Claims; a man whose name is sufficient to call the careful attention of young lawyers to an article from his pen. An eminent business man once said: "In my youth I listened attentively to the advice of older men, who were *successful* in business." The same remark is good advice to young lawyers.

JUDGE ADAMS, upon finishing his lectures on Insurance which completed his course before the present class, spoke of the extended legal acquaintance we form as one of the special advantages of attending a law school. He urged upon the boys the advantages of keeping alive the friendships we form here, after leaving the institution, and entering upon the active duties of real practice. Aside from social considerations we should sustain friendly relations with each other, because it may sometime be a matter of great convenience, as well as a financial advantage to be acquainted with a prominent attorney in a distant town or city, and our honored judge feels quite sure that many members of the present class will be prominent attorneys.

HONORED.

The following gentlemen have been selected to deliver addresses at the approaching Commencement: Ray Billingsley, J. Campbell, F. L. Day, W. D. Evans, W. J. Ham, J. E. McIntyre, D. P. Maryatt, jr., W. Osmond and W. E. Pickering.

The Chancellor has said that making these appointments is one of the most disagreeable duties that devolve upon the Faculty. First: The theses are so nearly equal in merit there can be no choice, and in making the selections, collateral circumstances must be considered, as attendance, attention and general deportment. Second: There always is more or less dissatisfaction with the appointments, and jealousy toward the successful members. Laws are ambitious, the number of applicants for these positions of honor greatly exceeds the number of places to be filled, some must be disappointed and the unfortunate ones are inclined to think they have been wronged.

The general verdict, however, with regard to the

gentlemen lately appointed, is that they will represent the class well, better, perhaps, than any others that could have been chosen. These gentlemen have been very attentive and circumspect in their conduct, especially in the presence of any member of the Faculty; they have regularly attended Sunday school, church and prayer meeting; they have carefully avoided the demoralizing society of a large part of the class which they are pleased to denominate "The Rabble;" in short, they have been good boys. Success to them.

EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS,

DELIVERED MAY 8, AT THE ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT
OF THE CINCINNATI LAW SCHOOL.

BY HON. CHARLES D. DRAKE, L. L. D.

My young friends, when one who has travelled far on the journey of life addresses young men, though he may not have the rare gift of interesting them in a high degree, he ought to be able so to present what he has learned by experience, as to profit them.

You stand at the portals of the profession of the Law. I need not ask you if you fully measure the scope and dignity of that profession, for I doubt if I do myself, after a connection of more than forty-eight years with it. And for the very reason that I have, probably, not yet fully learned how noble and grand a profession it is, I would in a plain and earnest way, endeavor to help you, in the outset, to a broader and higher view of it; confident that if you follow it industriously, faithfully, and manfully, the view will every year become to you broader, higher, and more elevating.

Law, in its largest sense, is the rule and bond of all existence. There never was a time when law was not, nor a place where it did not reign, and there never will be. In the words of one of England's great thinkers, "Of Law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world." He, therefore, who studies law, natural or moral, physical or mental, municipal or international, handles some branch of the greatest merely worldly topic that can engage the mind of man. Each branch is not necessarily the peer of every other, but each is Law, the offspring of thought and will, full of purpose and energy, ever tending to definite ends, and finally overcoming all resistance and shaping all destinies.

But not of law in this broad sense do I now speak. Your lot is cast in a land where the rights and obligations of men are, or are intended to be, established, regulated, and enforced by law; and you are to engage in the life-business of advising and aiding men in asserting and maintaining the one and enforcing the observance of the other. Whoever obtains a license to engage in that business is an attorney-at-law, but he is not therefore necessarily a LAWYER. That title rightly belongs to comparatively few of the more than forty thousand attorneys-at-law scattered over this broad land.

If any one of you is satisfied to be merely an attor-

ney-at-law, and cares not to be a Lawyer, the process is very simple and very sure,—get a smattering of law, and trust to your wits. An hours discourse on the point could not make it clearer, at least to me. But let any such remember that it is but a single step down from the sidewalk to the gutter,—from the mere attorney-at-law, relying on his wits, to the pettifogger relying on his brass. Assuming, however, that none of you are looking forward to so inglorious a destiny, but that you all would be Lawyers in the true sense of the term, let us try to find the way to that high achievement.

The first step toward it is to resolve that you will be Lawyers. Men rarely rise above the level of their resolves. To expect to be a Lawyer, without an intelligent and fixed resolve to become so, is a fantasy and a folly. The profession is too full already of purposeless Micawbers, waiting for something to turn up to make them Lawyers, or to make people believe them so. Do not add to the number of such, but plant yourselves on a solid rock of resolve that all the manhood in you shall, for all your life, be bent to the attainment of the distinction of the true Lawyer.

Standing on that rock, pause, and deliberately survey the field of life, and get as sensible a view as you can of what is needed to give effect to your resolve. The world is filled with men who fail in what they purpose, because they do not know what is needed to carry out their purpose. Let me, then, stand with you in your survey, and point you to some of the needs of your position.

In the first place, dare to be honest with yourself. Many that would scorn to cheat others, have great ease in cheating themselves. Put yourself on the witness stand, and tell your own heart the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in answer to some such questions as will now be indicated.

Let the first be,—*Have I the pluck to stick to my resolve?* Before answering, look ahead. Do you observe that the way is not over a flowery lawn, but up a rugged mountain? Do you note that it is a ragged way, full of difficulties, which only resolute self-denial, steady patience, and unflinching perseverance can surmount? Do you see that there is always a great multitude at the foot of the mountain, beginning the ascent, but that few are to be seen on the heights, and all the rest have failed to reach them? And does your pluck quail before the outlook? Look steadily aloft, and spur your intent with thoughts of the manliness of a well-fought battle of life; the value of an acknowledged influence in the affairs of men; the power of a commanding legal mind; the confidence it may win, the good it may do, the honors it may gain, the fame it may earn, and possibly the historic immortality it may achieve; and if such incentives fail to "screw your courage to the sticking-place," get down from the rock, and take up your trudge along the dirt-road of life, as a mere attor-

ney-at-law. You may make a living, but you will never make a Lawyer.

Let your next question be,—*Am I aware that I really know very little law?* Let not pride and self-esteem two as lying enemies as you will ever have—fool you out of a downright truthful answer; for as your answer is, so may be your future. If you say you know a great deal of law, be sure that before very long you will see your mistake. But if consciousness and conscience force you to answer that you know very little law, then forthwith to your books, and by daily increase of your knowledge make yourself every day more worthy of the troops of clients your fancy sees on their way to your office.

We will close this scheme of self-examination with the suggestion of one other question, which may excite a smile, but, I think, only for a moment. Let each of you ask himself,—*Do I know how to talk?* Of course, every young man of sound bodily and mental faculties know, in one sense, how to talk; but does every young man, about to begin the practice of law, know how, in his intercourse with men, to talk so as to win, what he most needs, their respect and confidence? He who knows how to give deliberate and thoughtful expression to views and opinions carefully formed, may answer in the affirmative; but he who is addicted to hasty and careless utterance of ill-considered words, had better realize at once that he does not know how to talk so as to secure that end. I know not how to estimate the former too highly, as a help to a young attorney in gaining popular confidence and support, sometimes even beyond his intrinsic desert; nor how to condemn too strongly the latter, even if witty and brilliant, as tending to mar substantial and lasting success. Men may admire, applaud, and run after the witty and brilliant talker, for that costs nothing; but when a Lawyer is needed, the pocket to be touched; and then they look for the man that knows law and how to apply it, though he be—as many successful lawyers I have known—an utter stranger to wit and brilliancy. Somehow the world insists on believing in the man of few words, if only his words prove that he thinks. Show me, then, a young attorney who doesn't blurt; who is silent until he has something to say that is worth saying; and who stops when he has said it; and I will show you one who, at the bar, will soon outstrip the rattling talker; albeit the latter may get into the Legislature, or even into Congress, first.

Leaving now this form of self-scrutiny, what comes next in the young man's career? Why, the office; the gilt-lettered sign; the waiting for clients; the advent of the first, most likely with no fee; the maiden speech, perhaps before a squire who never knew, and can't possibly learn, any law; the disappointment of the first defeat; the thrill of the first victory; the delight over the first fee actually in the pocket; and then, the surely-coming ups and downs of success and failure, hope and fear, protracted, possibly, for years; through all of which he is to work out the great problem whether he shall be a Lawyer, or only an attorney-at-law. Here is an entry on a life estate, the outcome of which he cannot foresee, with a remainder over, whose value he cannot compute; but he may know of a certainty that

both outcome and value will depend almost wholly on himself. Facing an inscrutable future, his fears may sometimes equal, perhaps exceed, his hopes; but let him scout the fears; he need fear only *himself*. If true to himself, he dare swear the world will be true to him, and that his course will be onward and upward. Herein he differs from those who embark capital in commercial, mercantile, and other ventures, the success of which depends much on circumstances beyond their control. But his capital is his head, and while that is sound, men will pay for the use of it. I count it among the certainties of human life, that the competent, industrious, and faithful Lawyer will be rightly estimated by the community, will be taken by the hand by good men, will be trusted and advanced, will live respected and die lamented."

LOCALS, BRIEFS AND PERSONALS.

—Blighted hopes.

—"I didn't hand in my thesis."

—The boating fever is abating among the Laws,

—It is better to have tried and lost, than never to have tried at all.

—Prof.—"I think you are on the right track." Law

—"Yes, Sir."

—E. P. Campbell writes that he is 'growing' at Edyville, Iowa.

—The lucky nine "set up" the ice cream and lemonade handsomely to the boys.

—Now organize Quiz Clubs, and at the first meeting play one game of *Pedro*, then burn the cards.

—H. E. Deemer was confined to his room two weeks with the mumps. We are happy to announce that he is again 'on deck.'

—The young Greeks of the Law class delight in wrestling matches, foot races across the campus and other athletic sports.

—Eli H. Chandler requests that his Reporter be mailed to Topeka, Kansas; also sends his love to the boys, and the girls too.

—James L. Carney, of the class of '73, now a very successful lawyer, of the Marshalltown bar, was married in that city lately, to Miss —

—Wednesday the 14th inst., Judge Howe delivered a very entertaining and instructive lecture, entitled "Imagination in a Lawyer." We regret that we cannot give an extended notice of it.

—Query: Is it in accordance with Prof. Fannings rules of etiquette, for two juniors to wait until their ladies have reached the iron bridge, on College street, to ask if they can escort them home from Society?

—"The Chancellor just riddled one thesis and he tore all of 'em to pieces more'n he did mine, he only made two immaterial suggestions to mine." The above was addressed to a small group of admiring listeners, by a youthful Demosthenes, who will spout at Commencement.

—We have heard many members of the Law class remark, that they were under obligations to Prof. A.

N. Currier, for assistance rendered them in the University Library. One rarely meets a more kind and courteous gentleman than Prof. Currier. This, with his extensive reading and intimate acquaintance with the Library, makes him one of the student's best friends.

IN MEMORIAM.

The deaths among the graduates of the Law Department have as yet been few. Even the members of the first class, thirteen years ago, are still young men, who in the east would be regarded as beginners. Nowhere indeed, but in our young and vigorous West could so many young lawyers be found occupying high offices, judicial and other, or ranking among the leaders of their respective bars, as is the case with a considerable proportion of our five hundred and fifty elder brothers. Hardly a mail arrives that does not bring to the Chancellor some tidings of the success that has attended one and another of the "boys," who have gone out year after year, to place their feet upon the first round of that long ladder that leads to the "upper story" of the profession.

But for the very reason that so few have as yet dropped by the way; that in the already long roll of the alumni, there appear so few *stelligeri* as compared with those of older institutions; the tidings of death make a deeper impression when they do come, to tell us that one more of the number has been cut down in his prime. And when it happens, as it often seems to happen, that the very one is taken, who to our human eyes should have been the one to spare, even those who never knew him personally, share in the sense of loss. But Mr. Wullwebber's frequent returns to Iowa City had made him known to many members of the later classes, upon whom the news of his unexpected death will fall with all the weight of a personal grief.

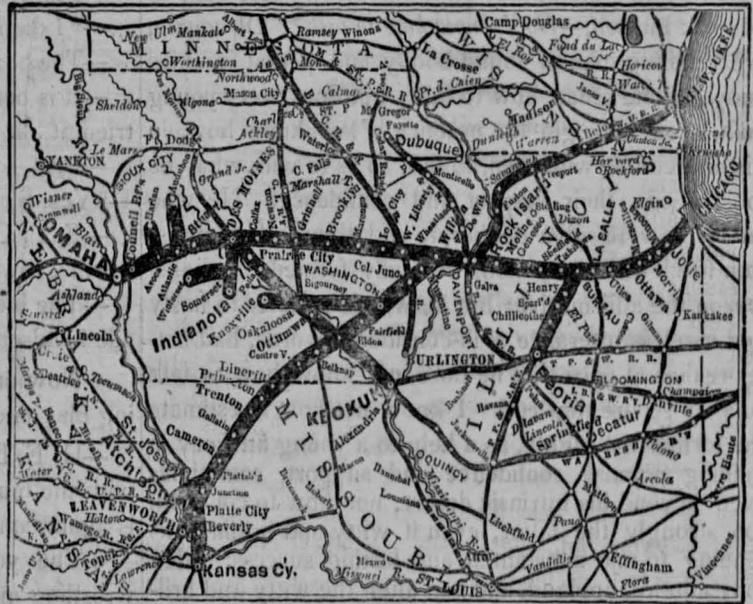
Hulbert G. Wullwebber graduated in the class of '72, and began practice at once, in Dubuque, with his brother, the late minister of the United States to Ecuador. Both were successful lawyers in the best sense of the term; men who served their clients well and faithfully, while never forgetting that they were also servants of justice and right. During the elder brother's absence upon his mission, Hally took entire charge of the business which the other had built up by years of earnest devotion to his profession, and thus found himself in a position of responsibility not often attained so soon by a young lawyer. How well he bore the test then as well as later, when his brother's death by consumption, left him entrusted with all the clients and business of the firm, is testified by the resolutions of the Dubuque bar, and by many private testimonies of bar and bench, to his professional talents and success. His amiable disposition, unaffected courtesy of

demeanor and geniality made him a general favorite, while his strength and poise of character commanded a respect beyond his years.

Married but two short years ago, he found the greatest and most satisfying of all human enjoyments in a happy home. His illness was short but severe, and ended in death, May 4th. His remains were brought to Iowa City, May 8th, and laid in the Ransom family vault, to which they were followed by a very large number of our citizens, who had known and esteemed him while a student here, or in his subsequent visits, before and after his marriage to Miss Ransom, youngest daughter of Prentiss Ransom, Esq.

A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



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Its main line runs from Chicago to Council Bluffs and Omaha, passing through Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Geneseo, Moline, Rock Island, Davenport, West Liberty, Iowa City, Marengo, Brooklyn, Grinnell and Des Moines, (the capital of Iowa) with branches from Bureau Junction to Peoria; Union Junction to Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Eldon, Belknap, Centerville, Princeton, Trenton, Gallatin, Cameron, Leavenworth and Avoca; Washington to Sigourney, Oskaloosa and Knoxville; Keokuk to Farmington, Bonaparte, Bentonsport, Independent, Eldon, Ottumwa, Eddyville, Oskaloosa, Pella, Monroe and Des Moines; Des Moines to Indianola and Winterset; Atlantic to Audubon, and Avoca to Harlan. This is positively the only Railroad, which owns, controls and operates a through line between Chicago and Kansas.

This Company own and control their Sleeping Cars, which are inferior to none, and give you a double berth between Chicago and Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, or Atchison for Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, and a section for Five Dollars, while all other lines charge between the same points Three Dollars for a double berth, and Six Dollars for a section.

What will please you most will be the pleasure of enjoying your meals, while passing over the beautiful prairies of Illinois and Iowa, in one of our magnificent Dining and Restaurant Cars that accompany all Through Express Trains. You get an entire meal, as good as is served in any first-class hotel, for seventy-five cents; or you can order what you like, and pay for what you get.

Appreciating the fact that a majority of the people prefer separate apartments for different purposes (and the enormous passenger business of this line warranting it), we are pleased to announce that this Company runs its PALACE SLEEPING CARS for sleeping purposes, and its PALACE DINING CARS for eating purposes. One other great feature of our Palace Cars is a

PALACE CARS are run through to **PEORIA, DES MOINES, COUNCIL BLUFFS, ATCHISON and LEAVENWORTH.**

Tickets via this Line, known as the "Great Rock Island Route," are sold by all Ticket Agents in the United States and Canada.

For information not obtainable at your home ticket office, address,

A. KIMBALL, Gen'l Superintendent.

E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Tkt. and Pass'gr Agt.,

Chicago, Ill.

SMOKING SALOON where you can enjoy your "Havana" at all hours of the day.

Magnificent Iron Bridges span the Mississippi and Missouri rivers at all points crossed by this line, and transfers are avoided at Council Bluffs, Leavenworth and Atchison, connections being made in Union depots.

THE PRINCIPAL R. R. CONNECTIONS OF THIS GREAT THROUGH LINE ARE AS FOLLOWS:

At CHICAGO, with all diverging lines for the East and South.

At ENGLEWOOD, with the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern and Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne & Chicago R. Rds.

At WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, with Pittsburg, Cincinnati & St. Louis R. R.

At LA SALLE, with Illinois Central R. R.

At PEORIA, with P., P. & J., F., L. & D., I. B. & W., H. Midland and T., P. & W. Railroads.

At ROCK ISLAND, with Western Union R. R. and Rock Island & Peoria Railroad.

At DAVENPORT, with the Davenport & North-Western R. R.

At WEST LIBERTY, with the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern R. R.

At GRINNELL, with Central R. R. of Iowa.

At DES MOINES, with D. M. & Ft. Dodge R. R.

At COUNCIL BLUFFS, with Union Pacific R. R.

At OMAHA, with B. & Mo. R. R. (in Mo.)

At COLUMBIAN JUNCTION, with Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern R. R.

At OTTUMWA, with Central R. R. of Iowa; St. Louis, Kan. City & Northern and C., B. & Q. R. Rds.

At KEOKUK, with Toledo, Peoria and Warsaw; Wabash, and St. Louis, Keokuk & N.-W. R. Rds.

At BEVERLY, with Kan. City, St. J. & C. B. R. R.

At ATCHISON, with Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe; Atchison & Neb. and Cen. Br. Union Pacific R. Rds.

At LEAVENWORTH, with K. P. and K. Cen. R. Rds.