

The University Reporter.

STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA.

VOL. XII.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, JANUARY, 1880.

No. 4

SYMPO'S GHOST.

READ AT THE SYMPONIAN REUNION, DEC. 14, 1879

The town-clock, from its lofty tower,
Tolled out to sleepless man the hour
Which ghosts and phantoms choose to take
Emerging from the mystic lake,
Where darkness spreads its gloomy pall
Of sombre blackness over all,
The place Uranus has assigned
Departed spirits of our kind—
A dwelling place, until again
They manifest themselves to men.

Sad the autumn's moaning wind
Its mournful funeral dirge to play,
As, leaving all the trees behind,
It bore their withered leaves away.
The doleful Earth beheld her clay
Dismantled of its robe of green,
And wept, as clothed in sable gray
It seemed unworthy to be seen,
And helpless called upon the gloom
Of midnight, for a lasting tomb.

Old Euclid in his Castle mused,
While half asleep and much confused
With gods and angels, demons, sprites,
Once dwellers of the heavenly lights,
Which Milton in his song relates
As angels held their first estates;
Till envy stamped them with disgrace
And sent them down to tempt our race.

Such visions played upon his brain,
Till Morpheus, from the ethereal deep,
Beheld him bound with magic's chain,
Transformed his musings into sleep.
The lamp burned low within the room,
Its light like life's grew dim with age.
The flickering flame enhanced the gloom
With mystic shadows on the stage.

The very air's sepulchral breath
Seemed like an atmosphere of death,
Inviting manes of the dead
To congregate around his bed.
A phantom passed before his eyes,
Which gave his being strength to rise
Above the stupors of his dream,
And make the spirit real seem.

No hideous monster's fiendish glare,
No apparition's frightful sight
With squalid face and grizzled hair
Was this lone vision of the night;
But form all beauty, face all bright
And dark eyes, stern and firmly set,
With something of angelic light,
Looked out beneath their brows of jet;
And features pale and worn with care
Were turned toward Euclid in despair.

"O valor's son, and friend of justice too,
Attend my prayer and my petition do."
This was the speech, the salutation brief,
The spirit uttered, calling for relief.
The veteran paused, in doubt could scarce control
The pious nature of his startled soul.
"By thy sad face I know thou'rt not a god,
For sorrow haunts but dwellers of the sod.
Speak on, some victim of the fates art thou,
I'll do thy bidding, if the gods allow."
"O righteous heaven's favored son," it said,
"Unhappy spirit, am I, of the dead.
A prince was I and of exalted birth
And honored by the people of the Earth.
With prudence judged I and with mildness ruled,
And 'n the worthy arts my subjects schooled,
I praised their virtues, on their faults I frowned,
The end, their happiness might more abound.
But Satan's leaven fertilized my realm
And bred rebellion, which did overwhelm
With fell destruction all the land, beside
Themselves they stained with bloody regicide.
Immortal gods who dwell in heaven, forbear
That such vile wretches here, should enter there.
My name, they hid in some secluded spot
And left it with my bones to be forgot.
No pitying eye to shed a parting tear,
No sorrowing hearts to mourn around my bier.
No funeral fires to light my wandering soul,
No friendly hand to rear the funeral mole.
My soul on Earth must stay, the fates insist,
While yet unburied my poor bones exist.
Seek ye my bones in Philo's old domain,
Seek ye my bones where Sympo used to reign.
Since Mother Earth provides the meanest slave
With ample space, the honor of a grave,
O grant my royal bones no harsher lot;
But sprinkle virgin soil upon the spot
And thus my soul, released, can soar away
Obedient to the Almighty king of day."

The spirit here ceased its petition for aid
And vanished from sight, to its darkness and shade,
Like the dews of the morning, or mist's sable gray
Are insensibly drunk by a midsummer day.
Old Euclid the warrior, was strongly impressed
That the heavenly gods would indorse the request;
And his fierce indignation could give him no rest,
Till the sword of his might should confirm the behest.
For he longed to encounter with death dealing blows
The hordes of rebellion and impious foes,
Who had smitten their prince, and with cowardly shame
Had insulted his ashes and tarnished his name,
He summoned his warriors, and marshalled his hosts
To the traitorous camp pointed out by the ghost.
No challenge he sent them, no threat and no warning,
Nor rested his soldiers, nor waited the morning;
But charged on the traitorous legions by night,
And aroused them from slumber to join in the fight.
Stood Vesperous high when the battle begun—
When the gray of the morning appeared, it was done,

And the streamers of day not a foe could disclose
 Save the motionless forms which lay down to repose;
 For the vanquished in flight had swift hastened away,
 Like the night being chased by the king of the day.
 Midst the trophies of battle in heaps on the ground,
 A treasure, a jewel of value was found:
 'Twas a signet dishonored, and covered with mould,
 With the name of the spirit in letters of gold.
 And the search for the bones, as the spirit directed,
 Was carefully made, till they all were collected.
 And they tenderly laid them to rest in the clay,
 Which shields from their whiteness the light of the day.
 And watch fires, kindled, were guarded with care
 To illumine the pathway, which leads through the air,
 To the dwelling of spirits the home of the blest,
 Where the souls of the righteous forever shall rest.
 And the monument, builded of wide scattered blocks,
 Is as firm and as lasting as the adamant rocks.
 And proclaims to the world the might of his hand,
 All his wealth, and the power and bounds of his land;
 For each stone is a masterpiece chiseled with care,
 And old Sympo himself was the architect rare—
 Every one is a giant in forum and field,
 And in each is the spirit of the master revealed.
 And to-night they are chanting with hope's tender tones,
 The love for their master, the grief for his bones,
 And they celebrate solemnly now in this room
 Symponian's funeral rites, at his tomb.

J. M. H.

THE KNAVE OF HEARTS.

When Mother Goose crystallized into song the memorable theft of the Knave of Hearts—when she portrayed the diabolical fiendishness of his character—when against the black foil of his dastardly nature, she drew with almost supernatural vividness the gentle sweetness of the Queen and the righteous Justice of the King of Hearts—she did what many another writer has failed to do; she embalmed a principle which has lived through the ages, and which will never cease to render the embalmer immortal.

We read the story, intense from its very brevity, thrilling us as no other of her poems can, yet not in the mere beauty of the language, not on its outer surface is its truest meaning to be found. We may probe it deep. Every word will bear examination. Every vowel and consonant is rich with hidden force.

Not carelessly was the poem written, although the story rushes on to its catastrophe with little preliminary. Only the bright picture of the queen, happy in her domestic life, happy in the thought of the bliss she is preparing for her lord and master. It is a summer's day, and the summer's sun, shining through the morning-glories that adorn the window of the royal kitchen, sends flickering lights and shades over the royal, bread-board—over the lady queen herself as she stands there—sleeves rolled up to dainty elbows—taper fingers concealed in the exquisite mass of lard and flour which she is manipulating. Later on we may almost see the puffy, flakey pie-crust, and the quivering moulds of cranberries, and the queen, her cheeks flushed with excitement, her eyes dewy with the intoxication of success. A picture rich with meaning, warm with all the tints of home and happiness.

But even now its peace and beauty are destroyed. The dark tragedy is enacted. The coward Knave skulks off, bearing with him the precious tarts. How his fiendish eyes gleam! How he gloats over the success of his infernal plan.

But this is not the end. A poor artist might have laid his brush down here, thinking the picture complete; a lesser moralist might have allowed the knave to slink off and pursue his downward course toward the darkness of hell unpunished; a Shakespeare might have been contented with this grand climactic scene; but not so a Mother Goose. She who never fails to point her moral. A writer whose songs for ages have taught the strictest honesty and purest integrity. We read on and find that a just retribution came swift and sure.

"The King of Hearts he missed those tarts,
 And beat the Knave full sore."

Picture the scene. The moment comes which the queen has chosen for presenting her offering of love. Then come the agony of discovery, the hurry of search, and the utter hopelessness of ever regaining the lost treasures, till, finally, the blanched cheeks and coward eyes of the Knave tell all the dreadful story and display the real criminal. Then follow in quick succession, punishment, confession, promise of reform—and Mother Goose lays down her pen.

Like every other truly great work, even this one has not escaped the ruthless hand of the critic. Gross inconsistency is charged against it. The poem tells of tarts regained, but it is urged that by no possible stretch of imagination can it be conceived that, once in the possession of the Knave, any perceptible time could have elapsed before they were forever lost to the world and history. We admit the force of the charge, but if it is not presumption, would rise in defence of the myriad-minded genius in question. We claim that if the Knave had been represented as eating the tarts, no punishment could afterward have been assigned to him great enough to outweigh the bliss previously experienced, thus the story could have had no moral. Felony would have been rendered charming—vice, picturesque. Mother Goose saw this difficulty, and did what a lower order of genius could not have dared to do. She sacrificed consistency to morality, and gave to the world its noblest lyric. This we offer as the ethical and aesthetic reason why

"The Knave of Hearts
 Brought back those tarts."

And this is the Knave of Hearts. A low criminal—a coward thief robbing a king of his dearest treasures without a quiver of remorse. No one of the creations of Mother Goose equals this in power and intensity. Simple Simon stands forth as one of the idiots of fiction, but the Knave is complete, as a fool. Peter, the Pumpkin Eater, is perhaps a villain, but there are depths in the Knave's nature that Peter would never have sounded. Tom, the Piper's son, commits a crime of the same nature, though not of the same enormity

—yet we read of him as weeping over his sins in the deepest self-abasement. The Knave of Hearts is absolutely without a conscience. Not a tear dims his hardened eye. Under the stress of necessity, he promises reform—yet not an expression of contrition passes his lips.

A knave, in a world of knaves he stands supreme. A fiend, in the realm of fiends without a peer. Hopelessly steeped in vice—we can only think of him as going on in his hideous career of sin, without a pause, to the bitter end.

Collegiate Department.

TERMS INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One Cop. a year, \$1.00.

SIX Copies, one year, \$5.00.

Published monthly during the collegiate year. Communications on matters of interest are earnestly solicited from students, teachers, alumni, and friends of the University everywhere.

Anonymous articles are invariably rejected. Any and every past and present member of the University is an authorized agent to solicit subscriptions for this paper; but we are responsible only for funds actually received by our financial agent.

Address all orders and communications to the University Reporter, Iowa City. W. V. SMITH, Financial Agent.

EDITORIAL AND PERSONAL.

O. A. BYINGTON, '80.

JAS. A. KERR, '81.

LOCAL.

EXCHANGE.

GEO. K. REEDER, '82.

R. W. MONTAGUE, '83.

WITH the last issue of the REPORTER, two editors with emaciated forms, sunken cheeks and corrugated brows, laid aside their official dignity; and with this issue their successors appear upon the field of action.

To our respective classes—'80 and '83—we would say, that we profoundly appreciate the respective honors conferred, and, that we shall respectively endeavor to perform, to the best of our respective and respected abilities, the respective duties of our respective offices. Congratulations are due the REPORTER corps for the valuable accession. Our minds are filled with vast stores of knowledge, the accumulation of much reading, study, experience and observation, and as we are rich in the unfailling resources of constitutional enthusiasm, we predict for the REPORTER a brilliant future.

"He that bloweth not his own horn, the same shall not be blowed."

"H." of Grinnell, wrote to the Davenport *Gazette* of the 14th inst., a report of the Kellogg tragedy in which one of the drinking-party of Iowa College students was crushed under the cars. He adds also a word of the drunken carousals of a party of "boys under 16" on New Year's day, and even on the College campus. Let us hope that, hereafter, when interested parties are tempted to assure confiding parents that college students in Grinnell have neither temptations nor opportunities to drink, that mangled, lifeless body will shock and shame them into the truth. "Safe in Grinnell!" How souls should shrivel and lips blister that have uttered it! Temptations and opportunities exist everywhere.

THAT man alone has individuality who thinks for himself and defends his thought. If after thorough investigation a man is convinced that this theory is correct, he maintains his individuality by a vigorous defense of his theory. Firmness is one of the stays of a successful career. In business the shifting, ever changing man is but rarely a success. So in the intellectual world, the man that changes at the nod and beck of every author rarely runs a successful career. That man is certainly happy whose "mind is raised above the confusion of things;" "where he may have the prospect of the order of nature and error of men."

Thus spoke Bacon in praise of knowledge. Bacon, doubtless experienced less of confusion of things than many men of his time. He had a "prospect of the error of men to a great degree; but a prospectus of his writings reveals many errors of the man. He was not infallible. The age of infallibles had passed away long before his time. But, "there arose up false prophets." These false prophets were established in the English Universities. Their opinions were final. The disbeliever "was apprehended as a disturber and innovator."

It was simply believe. To deviate was to be marked "passable" or as likely as not expelled from the institution. This was the age of *bigots*. We thought that age had passed, but still there linger a few infected schoolmen of the 16th century whose opinions *must* be respected. There is no reward for labor at the hands of such men. They serve only as the faint remnants of a defunct school of stuffers. If we take a college course simply for the collection of a few truths from our textbooks such men are fit instructors, but if we take a course for the purpose of developing the powers of the mind they belong to the past.

The true patron of education gives encouragement to thought and investigation. The reasonable and sensible instructor naturally expects his pupils to have mistaken ideas, and it is his duty to correct the students' errors. But upon questions upon which the best thinkers in the land are divided he should give the different theories and whatever instruction he had in favor of his own; and not attempt to compel the student to believe with him. This compulsory process is so out of harmony with the spirit of the age that it cannot help creating a disrespect for the man that attempts it.

If we are to be mere machines we had better follow the plow or swing the scythe in the open air and not shut ourselves up in close rooms, not be living monuments of dead schoolmen. If we are to push out into the unknown and to investigate for ourselves the problems of to-day, we need encouragement, not discouragement. There is a Greek proverb that says: "Full many a student has become more famous than his master." But a student does not go beyond his master who merely believes the theories of his master without investigation.

For a man, when asked by his pupil for bread to be given a stone is not a sign of the best motives that fill

the human heart. Over our Assyrian Library was found this inscription: "Medicine for the Soul." The medicine will take effect only when the mind fully digests it; and thought is the mode of digestion.

An evenly balanced college curriculum would be a prodigy. Curricula, as men's minds, differ. The more variety of mind in a Faculty, the more varied the curriculum. The student is expected to traverse and understand every step from Beersheba to Dan.

Inasmuch as college curricula are so varied in this country, we think they should be kept proportional. We believe our college curriculum is above the average. It harmonises in most respects with the ideals of men of the best ability. Bacon fully understood the influence of literature upon the mind when he said, "Histories make man wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend." Again, "Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not."

It can be justly said of our curriculum, "one thing thou lackest." I believe systematic reading should be inserted with the other studies in each term's work. Not that I think it would improve the curriculum but that it might cause the professors in assigning lessons to take into account that "that makes a full man." The student who is acquainted with poetry cannot be expected, according to Bacon, to appreciate the wit of his poetical professors. Professors do not take into account the fact that poetry makes a man witty and often seem to think their pupils dull because they cannot appreciate their wit. This fact the students fully understand and very often make the grossest mistakes. They often laugh at what they think a joke and are surprised to see the professor's indignation rise.

Not a few students have sacrificed their standing and are sacrificing it to-day in order that they may read and write. Teachers maintain with Macaulay, that a thought digested is better than a volume hastily read, and yet they assign lessons, that it would take twenty-four hours for an ordinary student to completely master. They take no account of reading. We maintain that for a student of ordinary intellect, to obtain a satisfactory record in the University to-day, he must necessarily do nothing but study.

Are we to spend four years in our course and at graduation be merely prepared to begin investigation, or is it possible for us to investigate and store up that which will enable us to be men and women. Are we merely to obtain that "cunning that will enable us to seem to know that that we do not?" We are sorry to see the tendency to increase the number of studies and not diminish the size of the lessons. More seems to be

expected of each succeeding class. '81 has a half study more than '80, and doubtless '82 will be compelled to carry four full studies besides their drill and tactics.

We propose to spend a portion of our time in systematic reading, and if life is a failure and due to the fact that we did not adopt the 'cramming' process, we will warn students to adopt it and thereby become a benefactor to the students of the future.

It is our unpleasant duty to announce (one month after date) the departure of Captain Chester, our genial Professor of Military Science and Tactics. The rigid rules of the War Department assigned him to three years' duty in our University, and the same rigid rules now recall him to his regiment. During his residence in Iowa City, the Captain was held in high esteem by all, and his departure is sincerely regretted.

By the unexceptionable manner in which he performed his duties, his department has been made quite popular. His lectures to the Senior Class were always listened to by a large number of visitors, and were justly regarded as literary treats.

Captain Chester was always a warm friend of THE REPORTER, giving several lectures for its support, and being one of its best contributors.

The students, unwilling that he should depart without some token of their esteem, determined to procure, by voluntary subscription, a fine sword; but as he bid farewell to Iowa City before their return from vacation, it will be forwarded to him at New York.

On the evening of January 2d, a large number of the University Faculty met at the residence of President Pickard, to bid the Captain a final farewell.

Prof. Calvin read the following expression from the faculty:

"Upon the eve of the departure of our associate—Captain James Chester—the Collegiate Faculty of the State University of Iowa, would put on record their appreciation of the manly character, of his helpful spirit, of his fine social qualities, of his ability as an instructor, and his sterling moral worth.

"His coming to us was under circumstances unfavorable to himself. His three years of service with us has given to his department a standing of honor. His work is left in good condition for his successor.

"He will carry with him as he returns to his regiment the hearty good will of his associate Professors, who will ever court the distinction of being known and recognized as his friends."

President Pickard then presented the Captain with an album, containing the photographs of all the members of the University Faculties. The following was his presentation speech:

"CAPTAIN CHESTER—Nearly twenty years ago you heard and heeded the cry of the country of your adoption. In the thickest of the fight you were ever found true to her interests. Nobly have you sustained the character which the scenes and the history of the land of Wallace and of Bruce and of John Knox are so well calculated to develop. Ever obedient to your country's

call—from the heroic defence of Fort Sumter under Major Anderson, through the thickest of the Gettysburg fight to the last struggle at Appotomax—and then without complaint to the fever-infected regions of the South, you have earned and deserved the rest which we trust you have enjoyed among us. By command of your superior officers you came—and by the same command you go. However reluctantly you obeyed the first it was promptly done. None the less prompt is your obedience to the second command, but will you not afford us the gratification of believing that your reluctance is greater even than at first? The sorrow we feel at your departure is lightened somewhat by the knowledge that promotion for you is in the near future, and still somewhat by the knowledge that one who is thought worthy of your intimate friendship is to take your place.

“The faces of your associates have been shortened and broadened often in your genial presence, and now are lengthened at your expected absence. But the average business face you may be glad to look upon when your services here shall become a thing of memory.

“Please accept this token of our regard from all the Faculties of the University; though your service has been largely with the students of one department, the other departments desire to express their gratitude for the many pleasureable hours your society has afforded them. As from time to time you turn the pages of this book, be sure that every face is the face of a friend, and from every mouth is heard, ‘God bless you!’

“The students, unaware of your sudden departure, will follow you with their gift.”

Although taken completely by surprise, the Captain made of fitting response.

The next evening he left for the east, carrying with him the best wishes of all.

PERHAPS some of our readers will recollect an item in our last issue which was copied from the Grinnell correspondence of the *Davenport Gazette*, in which the writer advised some of the students to remain at Grinnell, so as to be under “exhilarating christian influence.”

“On Saturday evening Mr. Andrew G. Wheaton, in connection with four of his associates, left Grinnell to have a grand spree in the drinking hells of Kellogg, the first station west of here on the C. R. I. & P. R. R., where, after imbibing freely in the saloon south of the depot, young Wheaton attempted to cross between the cars of a freight train, when, losing his hat, he jumped down between the cars to pick it up. Just at that moment the train backed up, running across the legs and head of the victim, and instantly killing him.

“About a dozen lads of this city, under 16 years of age, spent New Year’s day in swaggering about in different parts of our city under the influence of intoxicating drinks; some even contaminating the college campus by their presence there. Grinnell is able to boast now of as many bad boys as any other city in the State.”
—*Davenport Gazette*.

This item tells its own sad story of “exhilarating christian influence.” We are afraid that there is something wrong with the Grinnell code of morals. Does this incident show the existence of a better state of morals than are taught here? It is true we do not have many rules. A person should be induced by something

higher than fear of punishment, to obey the law. Our neighbors say we are immoral. Perhaps we are. If so, why do such good effects result from a system which places every student upon his dignity, leaves his own conscience to decide right or wrong, and recognizes honor in all.

GREAT evils demand prompt remedies. The most proper and most efficient remedy which THE REPORTER knows, for any evil, is to speak against it in thunder tones; to inquire the cause of its existence, to demand its immediate abolition. We will not attack an evil by sarcasm, for we are not sarcastic; nor will we demolish an evil by wit, for we are not witty. But (according to an invariable and time-honored custom of THE REPORTER) we will express our views in a straightforward, ingenuous manner.

It has been the custom for some time, with a large number of young men and young boys, to crowd around the doors of the society halls, while the audiences are assembling. They come early with their cigars, and, in a short time, the air is made suffocating by tobacco smoke. A lady can enter the halls only with the greatest difficulty. We see no good reason why this custom should continue. It is very disagreeable to those who attend the literary sessions of the societies. Many of those who stand in the hall do not remain to the exercises, but depart, as soon as the doors are closed. The societies always extend a hearty welcome to all who wish to attend their literary sessions, but they do not think it necessary to have their audience inspected as they enter the halls.

THE question of co-education of the sexes is almost a sectional one in the United States. The East, very generally, rejects the system; the West adopts it. On account of its general acceptance in the West, we have come to look upon co-education as an established fact.

But there is now a bitter contest in progress over its attempted introduction into some of the eastern colleges.

The *University Magazine* says: “We sincerely hope the day will never come for women to be admitted to our regular courses. Let them if they must attend lectures on History, Archæology, and some other extras, but spare us from the torture of being accompanied from room to room, day after day, by a parcel of giggling school-girls.” Co-education needs no defense in this section of the land. Its unqualified success has been established by experience, the best of all teachers, the strongest of all arguments.

WE announce with this issue the sad death of a student of one of our neighboring colleges. The death is rendered doubly sad on account of the circumstances that led to it. The following we clip from the *Newton Journal*:

Our exchanges generally attribute the death of young

Wheaton, who was killed by the cars at Kellogg recently, to the fact that his stomach was so full of "beer that will not intoxicate" that his head was so confused that he did not know what he was doing. There is a lesson in this sad case which it may be well for some of our young men to seriously study.

Sad must be the tribute in such a case. The circumstance needs no comments. It tells its own story and gives its own warning.

SINCE the last issue of THE REPORTER Capt. Chester's successor, Lieut. Geo. A. Thurston, has arrived, and assumed the duties of his Department. THE REPORTER extends a hearty welcome in behalf of the students. He comes highly recommended and will make an excellent successor to Captain Chester.

ROBERT E. FITCH, Col., '72, is still the popular Supt. of the schools of Laramie City, Wyoming. That city knows a good teacher when she has one.

LOCALS.

—Is it a joke?

—"Jokes and poetry."

—The Seniors have a Moon-Hunt for the next six weeks.

—"Glad to see you back!" "Shake!" was all the talk Jan. 7th.

—Look at some of the Laws' heads and ask them when they escaped.

—The scientific lectures at the Unitarian Church are largely attended by the students.

—Remenyi, the rival of Wilhelmj, and the greatest living violinist will be here soon.

—Isn't it about time to have a Sophomore meeting? To get up a sociable for instance.

—Mr. E. R. Free, a former student of the University, died at Toiedo, Iowa, on January 20th.

—"Professor, I tried this example a good while yesterday and couldn't make anything of it." Prof.—"Oh, that's nothing; you worked on Sunday."

—Junior election, Jan. 9th, 1880. C. C. Clark, Pres.; J. S. Jourdan, Vice-Pres.; J. A. Kerr, Rec. Sec.; Miss S. C. Ham, Cor. Sec.; August Shricker, Treas.; W. F. Skinner, Sergt.-at-Arms; W. T. Reed, Historian.

—Prof. (*At first meeting of Senior Class after vacation*)—"It has been suggested that the Seniors have come out to see their shadows." Senior—"Shall we return and stay six weeks?"

—The Senior orations must be handed in by the first of March. This seems unnecessarily early, unless, as has been suggested, the Faculty wish to take them in homeopathic doses. It is thought that reading more than one a day would prove fatal.

—The joy which the Seniors manifested in chapel on

the first morning after their return, was unparalleled. After skilfully executing "Forty-nine Blue Bottles," "Good-bye, my Lover," and applauding all who entered, they finally subsided. The classical atmosphere of the University seems to have an exhilarating influence upon them.

—Prof. in Rhetoric—"Mr. H., will you explain the difference between analysis and synthesis?" Mr. H.—"My views on the subject do not correspond with those of the author; I think he is wrong" (argues earnestly and logically for twenty minutes. Prof. (interrupting mildly)—"Mr. H., if you have any difference with the author, you will please settle it with him."

The following books have recently been added to the Library:

Life of Benedict Arnold.—J. N. Arnold.

Travel in Alaska.—F. Whymper.

Philosophy of Rhetoric.—Geo. Campbell.

The Colour-Sense.—Grant Allen.

Life and Letters of Mme. Bonaparte.—E. L. Didier.

A True Republic.—A. Stickney.

The connection of the Physical Sciences.—Mrs. Somerville,

The History of Corporations in England.—G. J. Holyoake.

Milton.—S. A. Brooke.

History of American Politics.—Alex. Johnston.

Metallic Wealth of United States.—J. D. Whitney.

Louis the XIV. and the Court of France (two vols.)—Pardoe.

Memoirs of Shakespeare.—Richard Grant White.

Art Tour to the Northern Capitals of Europe.—J. B. Atkinson.

Pestolazzi, Life, Mark, and Influence.—H. Krüsi.

Treatise on Astronomy.—Elias Loomis.

Life of Alexander the Great (four volumes).—Quintus Curtius Rufus.

Fool's Errand.—By one of the Fools.

The Electric Light.—Paget Higgs.

PERSONAL.

'77, Miss Emma Rankin teaches at Red Oak.

'78, W. D. Brown is studying law at Sioux City.

'83, McFarland did not return to school this term.

'78, special, Miss Emma Stafford spent the holidays in the city.

'83, Miss Carrie Mordoff has resumed her studies in the University.

T. J. Henderson, a former member of '79, is a promising attorney of Sioux City.

'79, Miss Hattie Parker has been admitted to the celebrated University at Leipsig.

'79. It is thought by some that W. H. Cottrell spent the holidays in the city or vicinity.

'82, S. P. Bailey will discontinue his studies in the University. He goes to Colorado for his health.

W. R. Ramsdell, a former student in the University, performs the duties of host at the Central House, Goodwine, D. T.

'79, C. A. Dickey is reading law in the office of Arthur Springer, at Columbus City. He expects to be admitted in June.

Law, '78, G. A. Mathews is one of the legal lights of Brookings, D. T. He is senior partner of the firm of Mathews & Schobey.

Law, '78, E. R. Ruggles, for a few months a member of the class, dispenses justice and Ayer's Pills to the people of Gary, D. T.

'73, Prof. Sanderson, Superintendent of the Burlington Public Schools has been chosen President of the Iowa Teacher's Association.

'82, Miss Ada Gaston has been elected Engrossing Clerk of the Iowa Legislature. She has already filled that office, very acceptably, during one term. Miss Mira Troth has also been elected Assistant Postmaster of the Senate.

EXCHANGE PLUNDER.

Prof. in Physics—"Give me a good example of an elastic substance." Student—"Conscience."

Professor (to student in natural history)—"Mention six animals of the frigid zone." Student (eagerly)—"Three polar bears and three seals!"—*Ex.*

Tutor (dictating Greek Prose composition.)—"Tell me, slave, where is thy horse?" Startled Soph.—"It—it's under my chair, sir; I wasn't using it!"

First student—"Well, I ought to accomplish more, I'am twice as large as you." Second student—"In yer mind." First student—Yes, that's where I meant."

The Freshman class was unusually large, and when they assembled for the first time at Chapel, the Doctor opened to the third Psalm and read: "Lord, how are they increased that trouble me."

Instructor in Latin—"Mr. C., of what was Ceres the goddess?" Mr. C.—"She was the goddess of marriage." Instructor—"Oh, no; of agriculture." Mr. C. (looking perplexed) "Why, I'am sure my book says she was the goddess of husbandry."

A SERENADE—(*Alphonse discovered at the window of his adored, guitar in hand. Time, midnight.*)

I fain would woo thee, love, to-night—

(By Jove! how the mosquitoes bite!)

When sleeping nature by the moon's pale ray

(Confound those frogs! she can't hear what I say!)

Is softened, and the little elves in fairy ring—

(Thunder! there goes another string!)

Gleeful, chant praises on thy beauty rare—

(A bug or something's got in my hair!)

* * * * *

At last she comes and opens wide her lattice,

What's that? she wonders where that cat is!

She can't refer to me; it's just her fun;

And yet I do behold the old man with his gun!

Farewell, dear little heart! I think I'll run!

COLLEGE NEWS.

Gymnasiums are all the rage with Eastern colleges.

Beloit has a new \$1,400 microscope, and exults accordingly.

Military drill has been abolished in the University of Minnesota.—*Ex.*

One student of Chinese has appeared at Harvard, and he is a German. The celestial professor at Yale has not had a student for two years.—*Ex.*

The students at Michigan University indignantly deny that the fault was their's in the recent riots, and cast the whole blame upon the city authorities and police, whose conduct does seem to have been justifiable, if we may trust the *Chronicle's* report; \$300 has been raised and lawyers engaged to prosecute the city authorities for false imprisonment of students.

EXCHANGES.

The *Student Life* highly compliments one of the REPORTER'S poems. Ah, this good taste is refreshing. They appreciate poetry in Missouri.

The *Oberlin Review* ranks high in literary worth among its cotemporaries. But the *Review* must breathe in more of the true college spirit and life than it has now.

The *Madisoniensis* is a fresh, bright little sheet, a great relief after the ponderous dullness which some of our exchanges so delight in. We welcome it as one of the best of them.

The *Acta Columbiana* is a Triton among the minnows. It has no rival among college publications in point of humor, certainly; it is ably edited, attractive in external appearance and faithfully reflects the life of its Alma Mater.

The *Lafayette College Journal* is one of the neatest and most admirably gotten up papers, in external appearance, on our list. Its interior shows a taint of that slowness and sleepiness which is such a bane of college journalism, but it is by no means so badly affected as some of our papers, the *Simpsonian*, for instance.

The *Aurora*, candor compels us to say, is "a root out of dry ground." We do not see how a paper could well be emptier of interest and free from sign of life or suspicion of literary excellence than is the *Aurora*. Editors cannot always be smart for obvious reasons, but they can keep from utter inanity.

The pedantic and elephantine style of the *University Press* forces itself upon our attention as the most prominent mark of that paper. Why cannot college students lay off their mantle of cumbrous "Johnsonese" and put on terse and manly English. We have the best of all dialects for directness, simplicity and force, and why abuse it by misty conglomerations of sentences like this: "But while the fruit and flowers of mental horticulture are springing to a sudden development, we are apt to find by their side the luxuriance of conceit mitigating the usefulness of the fruit and destroying the fragrance of the flowers."

Medical Department.

C. A. ATWOOD, Editor.

"'Tis the sublime of man,
Our noonday majesty, to know ourselves
Part and proportions of a wondrous whole."—Coleridge.

A new year and a new term has fairly dawned upon us, and never before has the beginning of the year found the Medical Department in a more flourishing condition. The large increase in the number of students and the adoption of a more thorough and systematic course of instruction are events which preeminently place the year 1880 above all of its predecessors, and mark upon the history of the department the beginning of a new era.

True, the new system may not at first prove an entire success, and will undoubtedly have to undergo several important changes, yet it is a step in the right direction and must eventually succeed. Already its stimulating effects are commencing to tell upon the students, never have they been more earnest in their studies or more alive to the responsibilities and cares of the profession which they are soon to assume; and never, we venture to say, has a class done more in a quiet gentlemanly way towards dispelling the foolish delusions in consequence of which a few addle-brained individuals have sought to ostracize the medical student and degrade the practical study of medical science.

But a few weeks more remain in this term, then let us endeavor during that time to sustain unsullied—the record of the year, and to show by close attention and hard work that the class of '79 and '80 thoroughly appreciate the labors of its instructors.

CHIPS.

The judgment day is close at hand—are you thoroughly prepared?

Strange that the only artist in the class should be a Schumacher.

Of all sad words 'mongst college men
The saddest are "I've flunked again."—*Ex.*

Life's pleasures consist in little things, a baby, a tin whistle, and a crib, causes even a Johnson to rejoice.

I never crammed a lesson fine,
And tried to catch my teacher's eye,
But that he'd call all names but mine
And calmly, coldly pass me by.—*Courant.*

We would suggest to the gallery that less stamping during lectures would materially lessen their shoemaker's bill, and *might slightly* improve their knowledge of chemistry.

There is a patient in one of the New York hospitals who, in his delirium continually calls out "Next! Next!" The physicians are undecided whether he is a college professor or a barber.—*Ex.*

At a meeting of the Senior class held January 17th, Messrs. Leslie L. Renshaw, J. C. Davis, and F. S. Johnson were elected candidates for class valedictorian. The Faculty will select one of the above named gentlemen at their next meeting.

THE LADY ANATOMIST.

I.

So fair is her face and so classic her brow
No pen can her beauty portray;
But in vain do the graces her figure endow,
She is cold as a vestal, though bound by no vow,
And she casts adulation away.

II.

From her lips scientific the words that are heard
Seem to issue direct from her brains;
Like Minerva, whose owl she has always preferred,
Regarding it as a superior bird
To the doves Cytherea maintains.

III.

Yet low at her feet see the youngster that sighs,
And offers her jewels and gold;
While in piteous strains with entreaties he plies
To gain,—were it only a glance from her eyes,
Yet he obdurate finds her, and cold.

IV.

"But let me interpret thy silence aright;—
I knew I was wrong from the start,—
Thy esteem for this gold and these jewels are light;—
Mere wealth can afford thy pure soul no delight;—
Then I offer thee, dearest, my heart."

V.

A gratified flash from her eyes he observes,
And he can but rejoice at the sight.
"'Tis just what I wanted—blood—vessels and nerves,
And muscles contracting in regular curves!—
I'm obliged to you, really, sir, quite!

VI.

"I'll examine your auricles, ventricles, too,
(While the muscles relax and contract.)
And the valves that the swift flowing blood passes through
And I'll see what the *chordae tendinae* do,
And how the *papillae* must act.

VII.

"And since you are so free with your heart, I suppose
That your lungs you will also donate,
With the air-cells and the bronchial tubes they enclose;
I'll keep them in spirits."—But here he arose
With his love metamorphosed to hate.

VIII.

"I'll be blown if you will!" it was all he could say,
Though his feelings tumultuous raged.
So he bowed a farewell; but he called the same day
On another young lady just over the way,
Who didn't anatomy study, and they,
In less than a week, were engaged.

One more unfortunate;
Thought I was bunk,
But cribs were no go;
Made beastly flunk.
Took 'em out tenderly,
In spite of Prof.'s glare;
Peeped at 'em stealthily,
Answers weren't there. —*Tripod.*

Homœopathic Medical Department.

F. W. WINTER, Editor.

"How did you spend the holidays?"

"Have you written your thesis yet?"

Senior Medics are beginning to look sober.

Dissections are about over and canines seem to be plenty still.

Van Sickle spent the holidays in Chicago visiting his aunt and cousin.

Miss Disbro has been on the sick list for some time. We are glad to see her out again.

McAlister and Tremaine are enjoying the socialities of the Chicago Hahnemann this year.

Dr. Thompson, '79, expects to return from the East in time to be here for Medical Commencement.

Somers has returned. Whether the "future relative" has become a thing of the present he doesn't say.

Those who have hard calloused spots on the hand, can rid themselves of them by holding the spots over the grindstone for a moment or two.

"How one thing brings up another," said a lady absorbed in pleasing retrospection. "Yes," replied the practical Dobbs, "an emetic for instance."

With the close of the old year the editor of this department had hoped to lay down his pen, as some of his colleagues have done, and thus make room for some one who could give more time and attention to a post so important; but as this seems not to be the order of things in the Medical Departments, we again seize our pen to do the best we can under the time and circumstances, trusting that, as you have borne with us in the old year, so will you bear with us in the new.

About a week preceding the holidays an invitation was extended to the students of this department, by the Dean of the Faculty, Dr. Cowperthwaite to spend an evening at his residence. So cordial was the invitation that with one or two exceptions, none failed to make their appearance. There were present besides the other members of the faculty, some friends of the city and the members of the legislative committee of the Hahnemann State Medical Association, who were in the city at the time. Never was a company more hospitably entertained nor an evening more pleasantly spent. It was an evening that will long be remembered by all who were present.

The committee on legislation of the State Homœopathic Medical Association, met last week at the St. James Hotel to prepare an act to regulate the practice of medicine in the State. An act was prepared subject to revision by the joint meeting of delegates from the Electic, Homœopathic, and Regular Schools of Medicine to be held at Des Moines, on Tuesday, January 27th. This is a much needed reform, especially since the adop-

tion of similar acts in neighboring States. Iowa has been made a rendezvous for exiled quacks. It is hoped that legislators elected to further the interests of the people will not be blind to the fact that protection from malpractice at the hands of unlearned men has become a necessity. We are in lack of one of the essential elements of civilization until such an act is enforced.

Not many days ago the students of the Homœopathic Medical Department of a certain State University were greatly taken aback by the appearance of a circular, purporting that a couple of its matriculants, who by the way were in attendance but a few weeks at the opening, were the only qualified physicians in the West who make chronic diseases a specialty. Not only that they even braved to open their office in the very centre of that well established University town, claiming thus to supply a long felt want in the community and State. How it is possible for them to claim to be adepts in the treatment of all chronic diseases, when it is known that one of them had never studied medicine before matriculating in said department and that the other had made several unsuccessful attempts to graduate from various medical colleges, is quite beyond comprehension. It is said they style themselves Eclectics, thus giving glory to Eclecticism. In the face of such procedure and all similar forms of quackery going on in this State, it were high time indeed, for our legislature to enact a regulation such as contemplated by the steps taken as just mentioned above.

The following ought to have appeared last month but was crowded out for want of space. Though the event took place some time ago, it is too good to keep and hence is given now: Some time since a lone Medic might have been seen walking up and down the streets of the city, and judging from his looks, apparently in search of something. Not finding the object of his search, he stepped into a neighboring door to obtain if possible some information which might lead to its discovery. Here the fact revealed itself that he was a brother Allopath who had gone astray and missed his way. He told his sad story with a countenance almost picturing despair, but upon being told that the desired information could be given him, he sprang from his chair, his face gleaming with returning hope, seized his interlocutor by the hand, and exclaimed with agitated voice. "Where, oh, where, may 'Joy' be found?" Back came the answer, grave and mild, "Nowhere, 'El(li)s'—e, except among the Homeopaths." He went his way a happier and wiser man.

"I know I'm losing ground, sir," tearfully murmured the pale-faced freshman, "but it is not my fault, sir. If I were to study on Sunday, as the others do, I could keep up with my class, sir—indeed I could; but I promised mother never to work on the Sabbath, and I can't sir, no never"—and as his emotions overpowered him he pulled out his handkerchief with such vigor that he brought out with it a small flask, three faro chips, and a euchre deck, and somehow or other the professor took no more stock in that freshman's eloquence than if he had been a graven image.—*Acta Columbiana.*

Law Department.

J. H. WILLIAMSON. Editor.

The attractiveness of the Law Department of THE REPORTER has been fully recognized in the past, not only by those who are particularly interested in it, but by all who have perused its columns. Especially has this been the case during the past term. The ready pen of the ex-editor made the department a worthy exponent of the intelligence and ability of the class, and enabled the one who wielded it to retire with merited honors. In stepping into his place we feel some trepidation as to the successful accomplishment of our undertaking. However, we are determined to do all we can for the cause, and what we lack in ability we hope to make up in being faithful to our trust. We shall endeavor to merit and obtain the hearty co-operation and assistance of all friends to our department of THE REPORTER. Those whose names appear contrary to their wishes, and those whose names do not appear even though an appearance would be agreeable, will please bear with us. Any mistakes that we may make we trust will be overlooked. By thus working together in a spirit of mutual helpfulness and forbearance we can, at least, hope to keep this department up to its present high standard.

PECULIARITIES.

In a body of young men as large as the Law Class, there is great variety of peculiarities and also commendable traits of character. In looking over the class and cultivating the acquaintance of the different members, we note the following:

- The handsomest, ourself and Jackson.
- The greatest ladies' men, Williams and Filkins.
- The most religious, Hanley and J. B. McFarlane.
- The most delicate eaters, Richards and Griffin.
- The most graceful waltzers, Posten and Ayer.
- The most eloquent, N. Smith and Hatlestad.
- The most muscular, Bonfield and Conner.
- The sweetest singers, VanHorn and McGovern.
- The greatest politicians, Kasson and Hutchins.
- The most judicial and dignified, Hewes and Coats.
- The swiftest runners, Todd and Bell.
- The most bashful, Borton and K. A. Pence.
- The most skilled on stringed instruments, Withrow and Joerns.
- The most punctual, White and W. M. McFarland.
- The deepest in love, Bassett and Rushton.
- The most Shakesperean, Headlee and Neilan.

The advanced class argues every afternoon, before Judge Adams, cases now pending in the Supreme Court.

"Now, your honor, our client is an honest man."

Several new members entered the class at the beginning of the present term.

All the members of the class are well acquainted with each other, and fraternal feelings prevail.

The school year will soon be half gone. An appropriate question for each one is, am I improving my time?

Nowhere, in all this wide, wide world, is applause so freely, so spontaneously given, as in the Law Classroom.

We will give, next month, the names and post office address of the new members who have entered the class this term.

Jas. Corlett, one of our number who was ill so long, last term, has entirely recovered. He is again in his place in the class.

Any information concerning former members of the Law Department will be thankfully received by the editor of this department of THE REPORTER.

W. R. Hart, one of the best members of the Class, was called home last week by the death of his sister. Mr. Hart has the sympathy of the entire Class.

G. W. Mathew was suddenly called to his home in Illinois, a few days since, on account of the illness of his brother. We are pleased to see Mr. Mathew back again in his place in the class.

It is reported that one of the literary societies intends to challenge the other to a joint discussion of some appropriate question. Correct, young men; we'll tally one for the side that comes out first best.

Mr. Remley, of the Johnson County bar delivered a lecture to the class on the last Wednesday of last term. The lecture was a fine effort and was highly appreciated by all who had the pleasure of hearing it.

The Club Courts, nine in number, are all in motion, regular sessions being held once a week. Thus far, the sessions of all the Courts have been interesting and, we are certain, productive of much good to the diligent and attentive student.

The Law Library had a valuable addition made to it in vacation. We refer to the Massachusetts Reports which have been placed upon the shelves of the Library. These are good Reports and add much to the size and worth of the Library.

Judge Adams, of the Supreme Court, put in appearance, Monday, the 19th, and began lectures upon that important subject, "Domestic Relations." The Judge handles his subject with ability, and the Class appears to be pleased with his method of instructing them.

Upon being interrogated as to where they would spend their vacation, many members of the Class replied somewhat as follows:—"Well, I am not going home; I think I shall go to Clinton to visit 'my uncle.'" Some went to Illinois to see their "aunts," and others went to

Davenport or elsewhere to see their "cousins." It is quite apparent that these students were preparing to practice as advocates in courts other than Moot or Club Courts.

Senator Johnson of Winneshiek County, introduced to the Iowa State Senate, on the 22d of January, a bill asking that the Reports of the Supreme Court be furnished at \$2.00 per volume. This, we hold, is a wise measure, and one that should be passed; \$5.00, the present price, is simply enormous.

The re-opening of the Tichborne case in England, promises to be of interest to the legal profession the world over. "The Claimant" has secured the services of Judah P. Benjamin, the ex-American Israelite lawyer, who before the war was a Louisiana Senator and since his expatriation has become the leading lawyer of the British Empire.

We understand that several members of the Class, who went home during vacation had the opportunity of trying cases in the Justices' Court. One enterprising member was employed to conduct a case in which a flock of turkeys was the subject in dispute. Our sapient disciple of Blackstone and Walker won his case, and obtained a turkey as his fee. He, the promising law student, is a representative from the "grand old commonwealth of Illinois."

An old darkey was sentenced, at the District Court, of this (Johnson) County, a few days since, for stealing cattle. A number of the law students were present when he made his speech to the Court, and his pathetic declaration of innocence quite overcame the "laws" some of whom were seen to wipe the tears from their eyes. It won't do, boys, to be so tender-hearted. Brace up, in such scenes, and be men; men who are prepared to have justice done though the heavens fall.

The regular election for Class officers was held at 3 o'clock, P. M., on the last Wednesday of last term. Party spirit ran high and party lines were closely drawn. The utmost harmony prevailed; good order(?) and parliamentary rules were strictly observed. As a result of that election the following officers were chosen: President, Posten; Vice-President, Sears; Secretary, McCracken.

The Law Class runs two literary societies, the Hammond and the Howe. The former holds its meetings on Thursday evenings, and the latter on Friday evenings. Considering the amount of time that the students have to spare for literary work the performances are quite praiseworthy. Meetings are held in the law lecture room, and we feel assured in saying that visitors will be welcome.

In the year 1703 Lord Holt declared with much warmth that promissory notes payable to bearer were not negotiable and fought against the "obstinacy and opinionativeness" of the merchants and traders who were putting forth efforts to set the "law of Lombard

Street above the law of Westminster Hall." He had no idea of the important part that negotiable paper was to play in the great transactions of commerce.

HISTORICAL.

Justices of the Peace were established under Edward Third.

Trial by jury was first advocated and practiced by the Saxons.

The principle of the equal distribution of property is derived from the Saxons; that primogeniture from the Normans.

Circuit Courts were first established in England by King John. The first Parliament was also summoned about this time.

The writ of Subpoena was invented by John de Wortham 1386, in the absence of Lord Chancellor Michael de la Pole.

The first code of English laws, *Dombee*, was compiled by Alfred the Great from the customs of the different states that composed his kingdoms.

Francis Bacon, "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind," Lord Chancellor of England, was born in 1561, and died 1627. Sir Edward Coke was his rival in the law, He had no rival in philosophy. It was his great misfortune to live at a time when pleasure was the object of life, and learning a *vulgar accomplishment*.

Jeremy Bentham was born in London, 1747. As a student of the Law at Oxford University, England, he had the advantage of the instruction of Sir Wm. Blackstone and heard him deliver his lectures, so justly celebrated since as commentaries on the law of England. He differed from his great teacher in his theory of the law, promulgating the Utilitarian Theory, "The greatest good to the greatest number." He devoted himself to the reformation of the criminal law, and especially to the regulations of prisons. He died in 1838.

"The laws of the Aztecs were stamped with the principles of morality to compare favorably with the primitive laws of the Greeks and Romans. The murderer of a slave was punished with death; so was adultery, removing the boundaries of another man's land, altering the established measure, abuses of the guardian's trust, drunkenness, prodigal waste of patrimony and theft, and also hospitals and refuges were for the sick and disabled soldiers. Public defaulters were liable to be sold as slaves. The marriage institution was protected and represented. Slavery existed in a very mild form prior to the conquest. The slave was permitted to have his own property and even *other slaves*. Intermarriage was allowed between slaves and freemen. Their children were free, *for no one could be born a slave in Mexico*; an honorable distinction and not known to any civilized community where slavery has ever existed."—Prescott.

It has long been prevalent with a certain class of people to look upon the profession of law as a useless one. The lawyer is considered as a worthless member of society; one whose services could be well dispensed with, and without whom the community would be better off. Without taking into consideration all the facts of the case they pass judgment of the severest kind upon the entire profession, from the man whose limited talents are displayed in the Justices' Court up to the Judge of greatest ability the fruits of whose thought and learning adorn the civilization of the nineteenth century.

Some of the very men who are, to-day, enjoying to the fullest extent the happy and beneficial results of the labors of the eminent and faithful jurists of the past, are the first to utter sentiments in derogation of the lawyer's calling. Dishonesty, chicanery idleness, and selfishness are hurled alike at all lawyers whenever opportunity for so doing presents itself.

Perhaps it is not entirely out of place for us to say a few words upon the subject. As regards the honesty of the average lawyer, we do not, for a moment, hesitate to say that it compares favorably with the honesty of any other class of men the world ever knew. We can turn back to history and present a grand array of civilians and practitioners of the English common law whose honesty was up to and in advance of the times in which they lived. Proving honest to their clients and to the interests of their country they solved mighty problems and performed a noble work, the benefits of which we still enjoy. But looking at the lawyer of to-day in all phases of his life; scrutinizing him in all his dealings and studying the secret springs of action we cannot help but arrive at the conclusion that the lawyer is honest. In fact we cannot conclude otherwise when we consider that his ear is the receptacle of all men's troubles, and to him are committed all the interests that men hold dear on earth. When we compare his honesty with that of the mechanic, the bank cashier, the physician and even the clergy, we hesitate not to say that the lawyer stands in the foremost ranks as an honest man. As far as trickery and knavery are concerned the lawyer will stand the test with men of any other calling.

But we wish to emphasize the great truth that of all men the successful lawyer is the most untiring of workers. Before he can claim to be a lawyer he must spend years of toil and laborious investigation. He must read, digest and make his own the principles as laid down in hundreds of volumes. He must master the common law of England, even back to the time when the first books were written. To do all this requires a life time, and only he can accomplish the task, who has great self-control, concentration of powers and fixedness of purpose that cannot be turned aside.

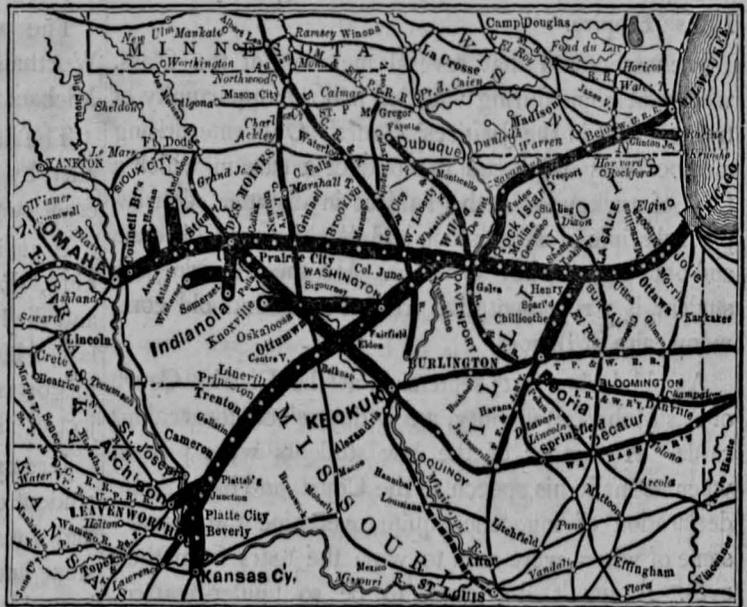
'Tis true, that very many set out to accomplish this task who never succeed, but that is the case with other callings. The long list of bankrupt merchants and farmers tells the same story. But there will always

be lawyers as long as there are disputes to settle, justice to administer, and human law to enforce. And we may say that the honesty, the industry and worth of the lawyer will always compare favorably with that of the men with whom he associates and for whom he transacts business.

Nothing creates such a complacent, angelic, happy expression upon the manly countenance of the ordinary law student as is apparent when the instructor remarks: "Well, Mr. X., you agree, perfectly, with Judge Story, Cooley, Dillon;" or some other eminent jurist.

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AT OTTUMWA, with Central R. R. of Iowa; St. Louis, Kan. City & Northern and C. B. & O. 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.