

The University Reporter.

STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA.

VOL. XII.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, APRIL, 1880.

No. 7

The livelong day the storm has beat,
As if in wrath and pain,
Now hushed and smooth to slumber meet
Sinks back the troubled main.

Thereon the gentle wind of night,
Broods low with balmy sweep,
It is God's Spirit in its flight
That hovers o'er the deep.

He kisses there the waving hair
Of the weary, dreaming sea,
With murmured, benedictive prayer:
Sleep, my child, peace be to thee."

Oberlin Review, (from the German.)

THE SHOSHONE FALLS.

A FEW months ago, while *en route* from Boise City, Idaho, to Kenton, Utah, I determined to take advantage of the opportunity, and visit the celebrated Shoshone Falls, on Snake River. The road passes within seven miles of the falls, and so slowly were we traveling, that by a little hard riding one could make the round trip from the road to the river, and still overtake the train that same night. Not being able to find any one in the train with an eye for the beautiful, I was obliged to go alone. Just as the sun was rising I mounted my "Cayuse" and, leaving behind the white-sheeted "Schooners of the Prairie," started on my solitary way. Ever since leaving Boise, I had looked forward to this with the most pleasurable anticipations, and had counted each day's journey as so much less between me and Shoshone.

But a little way from camp I passed one of the stations of the Overland Stage Road called "Desert," from the vast sage plain or desert surrounding it. This sage brush is such a despicable shrub that I feel called upon to bear witness against it. It is found throughout almost the entire western part of the United States, and needs but to be known to be despised; from the time you first see it till it fades from sight, you see nothing, feel nothing, taste nothing but sage; nor is it pleasant to any of these senses. This station is situated on the brink of a canon which in itself is a curiosity; not, as is usual with such canons, surrounded by mountains or hills, but dropping from the level of the plain.

A man was in the stable yard engaged in skinning a beaver, and from him I learned the location of the trail leading to the falls. Crossing the canon, the trail starts off across the desert with seemingly no object in view,

winding and meandering through the sage brush as if the first to travel it had followed the sinuous track of some snake. Eagerly I rode forward, plowing through that odorous ocean, watchful and expectant, thinking each minute the next would find me on the river bank. So anxious was I, that the way seemed very tedious, and I had almost become skeptical regarding the veracity of my informant, when suddenly before, or rather underneath me, spread the river, as if by the waving of a magician's wand or the dropping of a curtain the scene was changed. Surely stream had never banks like these, dropping sheer to the water's edge, nearly one thousand feet below. On the bottom of this tremendous chasm rolls a melted avalanche of snow on its way from the summits of the Rocky Mountains to the great "commingling of all waters," a volume of water equalling at its lowest the Sacramento, and in the warm summer months bearing between those mighty shores in a tempestuous flood, more than half the waters of the Columbia; rivalling the crystal in its purity, yet, from that height seeming of a deep sea green, edged with violet wherever the sun's face was not shadowed by the overhanging cliffs. Here for the first time did I hear the sound of the falls coming in a muffled undertone, rising and falling on the wind, sounding in its pulse-like throbs not unlike the roar of breakers on the beach.

Although the river in itself was beautiful, the great mystery was as yet unexplored; so turning resolutely I urge my horse up the stream, whence those sounds are coming. Scrambling down and through a shallow ravine leading to the river, out upon a ledge of lava rocks on the smooth surface of which my horse slips as on glass, pressing forward, going around all obstacles too large to be surmounted, over all keeping a sharp lookout ahead, lest the dread secret should be revealed unheralded. The sound has been increasing steadily, and now booms on the ear with startling distinctness, echoing from wall to wall of that grand old canon and dying in low murmurs far down the stream. Through the tops of some dwarf pines clinging to the rocks ahead, I can see a fine steam-like cloud waving and tossing on the air as a veil of gossamer, in an unseen hand, seemingly beckoning me on to participate in this great jubilee of nature, of which as yet I can but hear the chorus. A little longer, and before me is spread a vision of surpassing loveliness, one glance alone at which is sufficient to repay time and again, all the troubles and trials of the past hour.

The dreary plain stretches away for miles on either side, bounded by the hazy blue peaks of the Humboldt on the one, and the Rocky Mountains on the other; at my feet rolls the river "as calm as the sky in the serenest noon" bearing on its bosom no trace of the mighty war of waters going on so near at hand, save here and there a flake of foam, mere remnants of the ruin; directly in front stands the masterpiece of all, of truth "The flower of the desert." In plan the fall recurses up stream resembling the general outline of Niagara. Two narrow ledges run along its face dividing the fall into three distinct and separate parts, as a man falling from a height, makes two ineffectual attempts to catch, and comes crashing to the earth. It aggregates considerably over two hundred feet, the highest individual fall being about one hundred and ninety feet in height, and over seven hundred feet in width, excelling Niagara in elevation by more than fifty feet, though of course lacking in volume. The reddish tinted sandstone cliffs reaching hundreds of feet above, are fit settings for such a diamond, the dark green of the stunted pines on their sides furnishing the emeralds surrounding the central brilliant, all "shrouded in a veil of mist," reminding me of the veiled beauties of the east who, when a playful wind discloses the charms concealed beneath, stand blushing at the gaze of the fortunate beholder. From the right side of the lower fall a small plateau extends back to the second and thence to the foot of precipice. Having gazed my fill from a distance, I determine on reaching this platform and on holding closer communion with the object of my adoration. And by diligent search I find a narrow trail along the side of the cliff, a mere ledge on the face of that great wall. In looking down upon the river I experienced that inexplicable desire to jump; I know not the cause but the wish is strong and requires the exercise of considerable will power to overcome it. At the point where the trail reaches the plateau stand three deserted wigwams, or "Wickeups" as the Snake Indians call them, with their willow frames for drying salmon extending back to the rocks close beside, on an out heap, I discover the imprints of two moccasined feet. But a few years more and all that will be left to us of a great race will be a few symbols like these. Between these "Wickeups" and the river is a dug-out with "Preemption Notice," duly posted notifying the public that John Smith or George Jones has "filed upon" and has in his possession the one hundred and sixty acres immediately around the falls, and consequently the falls themselves, a crime truly American, which should be made capital and punished by a death no less violent than that of being thrown over the falls so desecrated.

Leaving my horse luxuriating in the tall grass surrounding this mansion, I seek a nearer view of the wonder. A point of rocks bounds the southern extremity of the lower fall and on this is quite a group of cedars on the trunks of which may be seen the names of many

mortals seeking immortality. Over this point down the outer face, clinging to projecting rocks and shrubs sprawling on the rounded surface of stones like some huge spider I finally reach a small table rock where with the flood above and on both sides of me and surrounded by its exhalations I can truly think myself in "The Presence." Lying prostrate on my back I look up into that grand old kaleidoscope which mother nature has mounted for her children.

For ages has it been turning and for ages will it continue to turn, a new combination being given for each succeeding moment of time, and never a repetition. Through the magic of the scene the granite rocks become cliffs of solid gold over which is pouring a deluge of molten silver; the heaving and tossing foam assumes the forms of marble columns, supporting the over arching mass of rain bows, a dome on which is painted by that painter of all painters, the sun, a grander fresco than any e'er traced by the hand on cathedral old; over all comes the never ceasing accompaniment of its voice filling all voids as only such music can, and leaving an impression even the arch enemy cannot destroy.

The whole seemed symbolical of the life of man. First as a boy learning to walk it takes a short hesitating step and sinks back as if abashed by its own success; thence gathering strength with age, it bounds down the second declivity with all the life and grace of an untrammelled youth, and rushes on with rapid, powerful steps to make, in all the pride of a full blown manhood, the last, the highest vault of all, to bear away on the bosom of a peaceful old age but faint recollections of bygone beauty and strength.

Watching the rays of light as they play on each rift in those mountains of milk white foam, as the lightning on the edge of the summer storm cloud, gazing, listening, dreaming, I pass into a state of semi-insensibility, the earth, its cares and sorrows, time, the place and even my own existence forgotten in the all absorbing scene around me. The evening shadows are lengthening along the land when I come to a realizing sense of the situation, and upon my unwilling mind is forced the conviction that it is time to depart. We part as lovers, after the last long embrace turning back a second and third time for a final kiss from the rosy lips of the nearest rainbow. Slowly and reluctantly I climb the trail so joyfully descended, turning again and again to gaze at some new prospect presented by the tortuous path and, and when on the summit, I turn for a very last farewell, a sudden gust from down the river bared the face of the fall, filling the canon with shooting particles of light forming a halo divine, clustering around the Madonna like centre; forming a scene of beauty destined to haunt the innermost recesses of my being, and which by mere volition, I can call before me as though it were but yesterday. In my dreams I hear its voice like Minnehaha calling to me through the silence, but unlike Hiawatha I can come not at the calling

J. A. M.

Collegiate Department.

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EDITORIAL AND PERSONAL.

O. A. BYINGTON, '80.

JAS. A. KERR, '81.

LOCAL.

EXCHANGE.

GEO. K. REEDER, '82.

R. W. MONTAGUE, '83.

SOON after the departure of Captain Chester the students voted to procure for him a fine sword. This would be a fitting token of the high regard in which he was held by the students, but the sword has not yet been procured. The students were unanimous and hearty in their approval of the plan, and it is really to be regretted that so much delay has been suffered. The fault of this remissness evidently lies with somebody, and the matter should be closed up at once.

PRESENT appearances indicate that bicycles and velocipedes will be the general medium of travel during the coming summer. Many have put in an appearance, and still there are more to follow. It is becoming fashionable, and that is sufficient to secure a general participation. Already it is dangerous for the pedestrian to walk along the sidewalk. The street is the proper place for such machines, and every young man who has the impudence and assumption to usurp the sidewalk should be gently "led off to the turf" by a policeman.

It is said that a fool can ask more questions than a man of wisdom can answer. But there are persons that ask questions that a fool should answer. It seems to be the special business of some persons to make every one around them miserable by their interminable questionings, and that merely to gratify an idle curiosity. The thoughtless inquisitiveness of children is often a harassing burden to the patience of a fond parent. But this inquisitiveness becomes truly distressing when it assumes a method in its madness. There are some students who have this inquiring spirit to such an extent as to become habitual bores to their associates. We believe in questions in their proper place, and it is by discussion that much truth is elicited. Some one has said, "Never ask a question if you can help it, and never let an opportunity pass of gaining information for the lack of asking a question if you can help it." This is a good rule. Some by their questions think to atone for a lack of patient study and thought. They come to recitation with a poorly prepared lesson and think to

gain the reputation of sages by entering into a discussion with the instructor. Frequently the valuable time of the class is consumed listening to a profitless discussion which a few moments thought on the part of the questioner would have rendered unnecessary. When we shall have a class of students that do their own thinking, and are not dependent upon others for their ideas, then shall we cease to be burdened with that undaunted nuisance—the questioner.

SINCE the last issue of THE REPORTER the Legislature has adjourned, an action which it seems meets with the hearty approval of their constituents. Fortunately, no legislation detrimental to the interests of the University was effected. It was feared by some, before the meeting of the Legislature, that the University would suffer at its hands; but such fears are now happily set at rest.

The length of the Law course has been a much mooted question, and in its wide discussions the proposal to extend it to a two year's course has met with considerable approval. A bill was, therefore, introduced in the Legislature by Regent Duncombe, providing for a two year's course. The general opinion was that it would become a law. It passed the House, but failed in the Senate. Sentiment seems pretty equally divided between a one and two year's course.

The bill provided that only one year's attendance would be required from applicants who had previously spent a year in a law office. Had the bill passed many would, no doubt, have availed themselves of that advantage. Most of the Law Schools throughout the United States have a two years' course, but Iowa at present takes the other side of the question. As to the University, neither the passage nor the failure of the bill could materially affect its welfare.

SOMEONE has declared slang to be a necessary evil. That author must have been "a little off." We object to his statement. Slang is a universal good. The number of arguments which can be brought forward in its favor is far greater than the number of people who never use it.

Its advantages are manifold. It is so expressive, so easily used, so suitable for any emergency. Webster says it is unmeaning. It is very evident he was not swift enough to the front or he would never have pronounced such phrases as "pitch in" and "freeze to it" unmeaning. There is a hidden wealth of thought in one of these sayings—a pith and energy which all the lengthy words in Webster's Unabridged fail to express. Take for example the word "tony." Imagine the consternation if a student should be called a "well-to-do, high-in-rank, arrogant, ostentatious, ignorant, self-important simpleton"? We hear a chorus of voices exclaiming "What are you giving us?" But condense the defini-

tion into "tony" and everyone understands at once. "Tony" "takes it all in."

Slang is also the greatest labor-saving machine ever invented. It has been estimated that students save one day out of each month by using these short, terse expressions in place of Greek and Latin derivatives.

There is some slang phrase suited to each emergency. When victorious and desirous of administering consolation to the vanquished, "I told you so," and "You put your foot in it that time," suggest themselves "as easily as rolling off a log." When at loss to reply to the arguments of an opponent, "shut up" and "cheese it" are always in order. When conquered and obliged to obey the commands of another, "I don't ha-ave to" will cover the most ignominious defeat.

In its extensive vocabulary can be found maxims appropriate for any possible combination of circumstances. A few of these choice expressions, well committed, are the best investment that can be made. No danger of stock depreciating, or of the bank failing. Slang is an exhaustless fountain, from which at any time fresh supplies may be drawn. It is always ready for use when wanted, and sometimes when not. It was never known "to go back on" its patron on the most trying occasions. It sticketh even closer than those talismanic lines,

"Punch, brother, punch; punch with care.
Punch in the presence of the passenjare."

Among the eight hundred languages of the globe not one has the power to express such fine gradations of thought as slang." Notice the delicate distinction between "I should smile" and "I should remark." Words cannot define it. Philosophers cannot explain it. Yet each hearer instinctively feels that the terms are not synonymous. There is a difference. It is a subtle essence which must be felt and not defined.

Some have objected to slang on account of its recent origin. There never was a greater mistake made. It is highly classical. The greatest philosophers of antiquity used it. Cicero upheld it—"in his mind," and the last words of Socrates to an erring world were, "Don't you forget it."

Iowa has at last declared for compulsory education. Many States have had experience with this educational problem at some period during their development. Many have adopted it; some have abandoned it, others have retained it. In some it has been an utter failure, in others partially so; in few it has been a partial success, while in none has it been eminently successful. Some of the most efficient educators in our country are bitterly opposed to it, while with others of equal ability it finds favor.

The term "Compulsory Education" with which we are all so familiar, is in reality a misnomer. Education, learning, cannot be compelled, it must be induced. The power to learn, to acquire knowledge, to comprehend,

and the will which directs that power, does not come from without the student, but from within. Our Solons may effect compulsory attendance at school, but they can never compel education. There are, in our opinion, many and serious objections to such a law in this State, and we do not think it meets with a general approval.

In the first place, our common school system is very efficient. School houses are so numerous, and the opportunities for education so ample that the law can have but slight effect. This, furthermore, admits the ability of the State to enforce every provision of the law, a power which many States have not been able to exercise. Such a law can only affect those parents who do not desire, or are negligent of, their children's education. To such persons, a thousand means of eluding the law present themselves. Attempt to compel such persons to send their children to school by such a law, and you sharpen their ingenuity for its avoidance. It immediately creates a rebellious spirit, which is inconsistent with a ready compliance with the law, and which must harm the cause of education.

Some years ago, Michigan adopted a compulsory school attendance. The law is still on the statute book, but is utterly without force. In Brooklyn, New York, men were appointed to lead wayward small boys to school by the ear, but such leading has ceased amid the ridicule of the public.

Besides its practical effects, or rather non-effects, a compulsory school law is opposed by many because it interferes with personal liberty. The parents are the natural guardians of their children, and, of course, this right is accompanied by the corresponding duty, that the children receive proper care. If this duty be neglected grossly it is, undoubtedly, the duty of the State to interfere. But because this right is granted the State, does it follow that it also has the right to dictate at what time each child shall begin and during what time he shall attend school? and can the government prescribe the manner of the child's education?

If a parent wish the assistance of his child at home for a day, can the State refuse it the privilege of remaining at home?

This authority can be well questioned. It certainly arrogates new powers to the government. Such power is unquestioned in monarchical Germany, but it is essentially un-American. It is not in accord with our free institutions.

Again, it violates the right of the parent to decide at what age his child shall enter school. Some prefer to begin earlier, some later, than at the age arbitrarily fixed by the government for all. No great injury can be expected to proceed from this law, for it will, probably, be without effect, for good or bad. But it will show useless legislation and will be a bad precedent as a dead letter law.

—The Seniors are going to have Class day this year.

LOCAL.

- Bicycles are the rage.
- Baseball is commencing again.
- Wouldn't a gymnasium be a great improvement to the University?
- The Seniors are getting ready for Commencement. Where is that bar of soap?
- Prof. (struggling for a simile): "They would enter heaven as white and pure as a—a—a—lamb!"
- Some of the students have formed a club for the purpose of shooting glass balls. They meet once a week.
- Pres. Pickard recently delivered a lecture to the young men of the University on the subject of self-restraint.
- Pinafore has been translated into Russian and little Buttercup will appear on the bills as Churncreamof-cowsky.
- Capt. Chester is a thing of the past, but the students eagerly look forward to the time when drill will commence(?).
- Irving officers, Spring term: Pres., Otto Byington; Vice-Pres., Frank Funk; Sec'y., Jno. Jones; Treas'r., Fred. Remley.
- The vermilion-tipped editor of our esteemed contemporary will, it is said, study theology next year at Garret Biblical Institute.
- Prof.: "Can you answer Mr. P.?" Mr. P. (rises), "Well—ahem—ahem—Professor, I don't know what you want me to say." Mr. P. sits.
- It rather staggered the Senior, when the Professor asked him to advance some good argument why the *Dutch* should be the language of Paradise!
- We would recommend to the Faculty the observance of a certain by-law passed by the Board of Regents a few years since concerning attendance at Chapel.
- Prof.: "No, I have not worked at carpentering since I made a bee hive for my father. Father said it looked like a sourkrout machine. That discouraged me, and I quit."
- Prof.: "Mr. C., can you tell me all about spontaneous generation?" Mr. C.: "Well, Professor, I—I understand it perfectly, but have not the flow of language to express it."
- Miss Harriet J. Parker writes home, from Italy: "I have seen the Pope, knelt before him, and kissed his hand, still am no more inclined to Catholicism, though he is a *model* old gentleman."
- Prof. (at 8.30 A. M., angrily descending from the platform, and wildly, but effectively, swinging his fists in front of a student): "We've had that stated in the class a dozen times! Tie a string around your finger, and you will not forget it!" At 9.30 A. M. (to another class): "There is nothing that degrades a teacher more in the eyes of his scholars than to allow his passions to

to control him." Our opinion: "Consistency, thou art a jewel."

—With the last issue Myers and Ingham cease to be editors of the *Vidette*. Congratulations, *Vidette*! With the next issue Wood and Goshorn assume the editorial management of the *Vidette*. Poor *Vidette*!

—Prof.: "Now, my young friend, will you describe the planimeter?" Der Classic: "It has a movable arm which sweeps around like a hay-rake, and—" Prof.: "That will do, sir; we know what you mean."

—Prof.: "Mr. A., who presides when the President of the United States is tried for treason?" Mr. A.: "The Chief Justice of the House of Representatives, I believe, sir—Oh, no! it's the Chief Justice of the Senate." Loud applause.

—Prof. Fowler recently delivered one of his interesting lectures on the subject of Phrenology, which was justly appreciated by a large and enlightened audience. He made a public examination of several heads to the extreme satisfaction of all.

—At a recent election of the Symmathian Society many peanuts were dropped on the floor and then stepped on, soiling it badly; also, a window glass was broken by the noisy rabble. This is not the first time that this Society has made trouble, but we hope the last.

—That which is agitating the Seniors most at present, is the question of class hats. Something should be done in that direction immediately. They have gone long enough with no distinctive mark to designate them from the rabble. Let them get something, anything, to let the world know they are Seniors.

—The *News Letter* never comes to us without bringing a liberal amount of good vigorous thought, but when the last number intimated that the college faculty sometimes reported "lies" to parents it was certainly "free speech." And when you were "up" for it, (as Rumor tells the *Herald* you were), you "'fessed," didn't you?) and as heartily as the little urchins did when on the roof and in the grip of young Elisha Kent Kane. You ought to, friends.

—The question of having an Inter-Collegiate Editorial Association is just now attracting some attention among the college papers of the east. It is however very doubtful whether such an association could be made a success. The colleges are too far apart, the expense of travel too much, and the ordinary term of editorial office too short for much benefit to accrue from editorial associations of this character.

—Would it not be wise for the present Senior Class to plant a boulder in the campus opposite class '70's boulder? A decade has elapsed since '70, amid cheers, rolled their 5,000 pound pebble into position. '80 should leave behind it some monument to its former greatness. Nothing would be more appropriate than an immense boulder. Its size, its weight, its roughness, its somber streaks, and its glittering crystals would each symbolize

some characteristic of Class '80. The pebble, ready-fashioned by nature, can be found a short distance out of town. Let us move in this matter.

—Mr. Wood, (*Vidette*) interviewing at the St. James the famous New York Prima Donna, Arabella Root. Ah, yes; you had heard of me before had you, Arabella? You probably read some of my "Pungent Witicisms," or my "Caustic Comicalities" which appeared a few years ago in a leading Cincinnati paper. Yes; yes; those were palmy days but I have risen since then. I am now editor of the *Vidette*. In other words the *Vidette* is my offspring. I conceived it and it came forth. Yes, Arabella, it came forth. I said, said I, "*Vidette*, come forth, and it came." I smote the jagged rock of journalism and, like an imperial man-of-war, with a livery stable advertisement in front and a saloon advertisement astern the *Vidette* appeared. You have an engagement at this hour? well, good-by, Arabella. Good-by.

—The second annual contest of the Eastern Iowa High School Oratorical Association was held at the Opera House at Iowa City, Friday evening, April 16th. There were eleven contestants, all of whom showed themselves to be perfect masters of their voices and gestures, and very good elocutionists. The audience was well pleased with the graceful appearance of all the speakers, and with the neatness and taste with which they were dressed. But in spite of all the good qualities which we might mention, we could not help noticing a few points wherein the entertainment might have been bettered. Of the eleven selections recited eight were of a tragic sort. This was at least tedious to say nothing about the styles of the selections. We think that these high tragedies should be ruled out of High School contests. It was quite difficult for the judges to decide between three or four, but they at last succeeded in doing so. The first prize was awarded to Mr. C. L. Gillis, of Iowa City; the second to Miss Fannie Savage, of Cedar Falls. Hurrah for Iowa City! The audience was well pleased with this decision. Excellent music was furnished throughout the evening by the Iowa City Light Guard Band.

—On Monday morning, April 19th, quite a little excitement occurred at Chapel. During the singing of the hymn, George Boal, son of George Boal, the lawyer, of this city, suddenly threw up his hands and in a few minutes was dead. Medical aid was immediately applied, but in vain. He came to school at eight o'clock and recited his German, whence he went to Chapel, where he met his untimely end. He was apparently strong and healthy, and bid fair to live a long and happy life. He was one of Iowa City's finest young men, and was greatly beloved by all who knew him. George had not a single enemy among his acquaintances or fellow students, but, on the contrary, made friends wherever he went. He would have completed his Freshman year in June, but the hand of death sudden-

ly snatched him away from all earthly trials and troubles. But it is useless to comment on the merits of the departed, for of all who knew him, not one could be found who would not testify to the fact, that among all the students, no one was more deserving of respect, more beloved by his fellow students, or more modest and unpretending in his general deportment. His bereaved parents have the heartfelt sympathy of the students.

TO CLASS '80.

Our college days will soon be o'er,
And college scenes we'll see no more;
With tears we lay our "cribs" aside,
For very oft, when unespied,
They've saved us from a flunk,
They've saved us from a flunk.

Our "ponies," things that captious Profs
Condemn, we've sold for cash to Sophs,
No more at "Ep's" our seats we'll squander,
Nor on the boulevards we'll wander;
For we have other fish to fry,
For we have other fish to fry.

Ye Fresh with toil your way still "grind,"
Ye Sophs still ape your elder kind;
To all, "farewell," perhaps for aye,
And now the world may wag its way,
For we're agoing to skip,
For we're agoing to skip.

For years the question of the student vote has been a mooted one. Good and weighty reasons have been urged on both sides of the question. Finally, however, in the election of 1878 Messrs. O'Hanlon and Shinn determined to take upon themselves the responsibility of refusing the student vote, trusting that in an action before the courts their act would be sustained. So in the due course of time the case of Vanderpool vs. James O'Hanlon, *et al.* was tried in the Circuit Court of Johnson county. The case was decided in favor of Mr. Vanderpool, but was appealed to the Supreme Court where it has just been decided, reversing the decision of the court below. In Judge Seevers' own language the following instruction "embodies correct propositions and should have been given without modification":

"In determining the question whether plaintiff was or was not a legal voter in the ward where he offered to vote March 4th, 1878, you will ascertain and determine the residence of plaintiff prior to his coming to Iowa City; what he was doing there; whether to obtain an education or not; whether he was supported by his individual efforts or by his parents; whether during vacations, he went to the home of his parents; whether he had any intention of abandoning the home he had, prior to coming to Iowa City, at the time or after he came to said city; and whether, at the time he offered to he had the intention to make Iowa City his home; and if you find that, prior to his coming to Iowa City, he was residing with his parents in Mitchell county; that he came to said city with a view to obtain an education, with no intention of removing after he ceased to attend

the University; that he returned to his father's in vacation; that he received support from his father while attending school; that his father paid his expenses while attending said institution; and that at the time of offering to vote he had no intention as to whether or not he would remain in Iowa City after he had ceased to attend school, you will be justified in determining that plaintiff was not a legal voter, March 4th, 1778."

The principal established is that a right to vote cannot be based upon a lack of intention.

RETURNED.

O'er hill and dell
The dreamy spell
Of the evening bell
Falls gently, love, on you and me;
Soft,—you may hear
Though faint, yet clear,
Its echo dear
Expire upon the twilight sea.

From flowery dale
The nightingale
In song doth hail
The Queen of Night o'er yonder steep;
Still ocean lies,
And to the skies
His murmurs rise
Like muttered plaints of giants' sleep.

How oft have I
In days gone by,
When thou wert nigh,
Felt here the magic of this hour,—
My troubled breast,
Like billow's crest
Subdued to rest,
Grown quickly calm beneath thy power!

Oh love, to me
Far o'er the sea
Came word from thee
That thou would'st meet me here again,—
Is't true thou hast
Forgiv'n the past—
Yes? then at last
Thy lover had not come in vain. —*Ex.*

PERSONAL.

—'79: W. H. Cottrell is in Kansas.

—J. W. Whitmore has entered the Law Class.

—Law, '79: J. L. Bookwalter is teaching at Carroll City.

—F. A. Duffield is working in a starch factory in Otumwa.

—L. C. Dennis, a former student, has entered the Law Class.

—H. K. Morton, who has been teaching for some time, has returned to school.

—'83: A. T. Horton and S. B. Howard will not be in school this term. They will rejoin their class next fall.

—Law, '77: W. A. Meese was elected City Attorney in Moline by six hundred majority.

—'79: F. A. Wadleigh, attending school at Ann Arbor, was summoned home by the sad news of his mother's death.

—'79: D. C. Chase is reading law in his father's office at Webster City. He contemplates taking the Law course next year.

—J. K. Osmond, city editor of the Davenport *Gazette*, suffered a paralytic stroke. For some time his life was despaired of, but he is somewhat better and hopes are entertained of his recovery.

—Law, '78: E. P. Campbell is practicing law in Eddyville. He was lately elected Mayor, and is also Superintendent and treasurer of a Sunday School. He holds other honorary and remunerative offices.

—THE REPORTER, in its last issue, informed its readers through the personal column, that "A. B. '77 and LL.B. '79," had gone to Colorado! The printer added the title, but left out the name. We meant Ed. McIntyre.

EXCHANGES.

An arrangement has been made with the Librarian whereby a number of the REPORTER'S Exchanges—the best of them—will hereafter be kept on file in the reading room, accessible to any of the students who care to look them over. An occasional inspection will take but little time and will, we think, amply repay you for the trouble.

The *Cornell Graphic* is decidedly superior to its dim- visioned colleague, the *Collegian*. The literary is inferior in nothing but "gush," and the editorial departments are far better both in style and substance. We think that with a little more independence of thought, the *Graphic* would bear comparison with many more pretentious representatives of the college press.

The *Centre College Courant* is one of the lucky papers which has hit upon a remarkable pretty exterior, and the graceful design is conspicuous among the heap of sign-bills and advertisements which ornament our table. "The typography and internal arrangement are as pleasing as the cover. A discreet respect for fiery Kentucky editors, induces us to refrain from commenting on the *Courant's* true inwardness.

The *College Rambler* is published by a joint stock company and has the merits and demerits incident to such among the college papers; namely a certain consistency unity and individuality for the first, which virtues are incompatible with a frequently changing editorial board; and for the latter, a failure fully to coalesce with and represent the college from which it emanates. The *Rambler* is a vigorous and plain spoken sheet, having a mind of its own and expressing it distinctly and clearly.

The Collegian attracts our attention by an external appearance so ugly as to be almost sublime. Penetrating further toward the dim recesses of its "inner consciousness," if it can be said to have any, we find a literary department which would be very tolerable if it were not thoroughly saturated with "Sophomoric" eloquence; and elsewhere not one spark of wit, not one glimmer of originality, energy, or life. The exchange editor in particular, seems to be grouping about in a cloud of misty bewilderment, finding "not light but only darkness visible." It is devoutly to be hoped that something will clear away the fog which obscures his mental vision and reveal to him the delusions under which he labors in regard to THE REPORTER. The *Collegian's* spelling is fearful and wonderful.

The Knox Student for March fairly outdoes itself. The leading literary article, on "The Power of Purpose" is one of the most nobly conceived and perfectly executed essays it has been our fortunes to meet with this year. The remainder of the paper is a little too heavy and shows altogether too much servility to the Faculty. Independence is absolutely essential to any journal, and when a college paper cringes before and fawns upon the Faculty in disgusting obsequiousness, (to their credit be it said that very few of them do this,) its usefulness is ended, its highest duty neglected. With the *Student* however the submissiveness is not carried to abject debasement. The paper is full, so full as to excite surprise till we learn that it represents three schools and has ten editors. The abundance of its matter merits commendatory notice even then.

The Vidette with the self-confident certainly which becomes that mighty sheet, has rendered its decisive judgment against us and we ought to succumb to the decrees of fate and sink into the waters of oblivion, but we don't want to. It is not our purpose to criticise the *Vidette*; that would be an insult to its readers who have imbibed "higher culture" enough to estimate the *Vidette* fairly we think; but we should like to suggest to its respected and respectable editors; that indiscriminate abuse is not criticism, and that only so much ability as enables the denouncer to write is required to denounce another paper as beneath your lofty notice. Exercise discretion even in your censure and do not let your eyes be entirely blinded by your wrath over a little good humored satire.

OTHER COLLEGES.

Chapel services are held twice a day at Trinity.

Princeton boasts of the finest elocutionary course in the country.

Williams received first honors at the oratorical contest in New York.

Russia has only nine colleges. Sweden has two universities, Norway but one.

Eleven Seniors at Columbia, for delinquencies at chapel have received notices that they are no longer

candidates for a degree; and thirty men have been dropped from the class of '82, at Harvard, for poor scholarship,

Bowdoin has received the fine library of Caleb Cushing and Cornell has sold Bayard Taylor's library.

The *Asbury Monthly* contains a laudatory article on Daniel W. Voorhees, "the greatest of her alumni."

Class day and class reception have been abolished at the University of Michigan. A class supper will take their place.

Prof. Alexander Aggassiz pays from his own pocket most of the expenses of the Harvard Museum of comparative Zoology.

Hon. John Welsh, late U. S. Minister to England has been invited to deliver the Annual Chancellor's oration at the next Harvard Commencement.

The great Mohammedan University, in Egypt, has 10,000 students and 300 professors. Its only text-book is the Koran, one professor teaching its theology, another its poetry, another its ethics, etc.

Bowdoin has graduated one President, one Secretary of the Treasury, eight Senators, eight Governors, twenty-five Congressmen, sixteen College Presidents, thirteen Judges of Supreme and Circuit Courts, and over eighty Professors of real colleges. The *Orient* specifies the following from the classes of '23-4-5-6: Longfellow, Hawthorne, J. S. C. Abbot, George B. Cheever, Franklin Pierce, William P. Fessenden, &c.

THE TRYSTING PLACE.

While they lingered, he and she,
Un derneath their linden tree,
Twilight fell on land and sea.

Trembling as the color fled,
Swiftly from her lips of red,
"Kiss me not again," she said.

He, unheedful of her prayer
Kissed her madly, then and there,
Lips and cheeks, and brow and hair!

"Let me go," cried she, "I pray,"
"It is late,—I dare not stay,"
With a leap, she sprang away!

With a swifter leap sprang he,—
Caught her,—clasped her,—bent his knee,
Vowed his vow,—and plead his plea!

Did she frown and answer nay?
Did she smile and whisper yea?
Not a word had she to say!

But a maid who sinks to rest,
Mutely on her lover's breast,
Leaves her answer to be guesed.

Never fell the evening dew,
Since in Eden love was new,
On a love more pure and true,

When those lovers, hand in hand,
Went from where those lindens stand,
Morning dawned on sea and land.

—Tilton.

BORROWED HUMOR.

Kate Field—Kellog's singing is described as drift-wood floating in a stream; it drags on the bars and yet doesn't amount to dam.

The fact that most of the streams and ponds in Florida abound in alligators makes it uphill work for the Baptist church in that state.

Prof.—“Now I ask you as a practical miner what spade do you thing is the very best.” Third year man, (scornfully), “Why, the ace of course.”

One of the ladies says the reason she peeps through her fingers during prayers is because the Bible says, “Watch and pray.”—*Cornell Collegian*.

Prof. to student in Physics.—“I will let you mention how a ray of light travels.” Student—“It comes sort o'—sort o' screwquirky like.” Prof. is all broken up.—*Exonian*.

An ambitious young writer having asked, “What magazine will give me the highest position quickest?” was told, “a powder magazine, if you contribute a fiery article.”

A Chinese student at Andover wrote in a lady's album the following version of a well known poem:

How doth the little sting-bug
Improve every sixty minutes all the day.
Go pickee up sting-bug juice
From flowers just got busted.

Scene at Williams.—Junior, translating the New Testament—“And the—an'—and the Lord said—Lord said unto—unto Moses.” Here he hesitated and looked appealingly at a neighbor who being also unprepared whispered “skip it.” Junior, (triumphantly.) “And the Lord said unto Moses, skip it”. (Great consternation.)

The night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one,
Yet the light of the whole world dies
When day is done.

The mind hath a thousand eyes,
The heart, but one,
Yet the light of the whole life flies
When life is done.

—*Oberlin Review*.

What!” said an ancient Dutchman of the Mohawk valley, when asked to contribute to a new lightning-rod for the church, “you tinks de Lord dunder his own house down?”

Ninety per cent. of the students of Oberlin College profess religion. This is the largest showing of any institution in the United States. Harvard has the smallest per cent.—25.

An Oil City Irishman having signed the pledge, was charged soon after with having taken a drink. “Twas me absent-mindedness,” says Pat, an a habit I have of talking wid meself. I said to meself, says I, ‘Pat coom an have a dhrink.’ ‘No sir,’ says I ‘I’ve sworn off.’ ‘Thin I’ll dhrink alone’ says I to meself, ‘an wait outside’ says I. And meself came out faith an he was drunk.—*Derrick*.

The Fresh sat in the Gallery,
At the female minstrel show;
“I’m too far back,” he sadly said,
In tones both soft and low.
“I’m too far back,” he sighed again.
But he could no farther go,
For he saw a bald professor’s head
Loom up in the forward row.

—*Ex.*

SANCTUM BALLAD.

TUNE—“Oh what shall the editorial be.”

Who teareth his hair in wild despair
As he sits in the glare of a lamp at ten?
All unaware of his tragical air
Who waveth in air a merciless pen?
The editor.

Who, seized with a thought, no matter on what,
“Damned with a spot” a Faculty man?
Who, attempting to dot, makes a terrible blot,
But sweareth not like a Christian?
The editor.

Who bothers his mind to get up a grind,
E’en be it unkind on a tu-i-tor?
(Who tried to find in poets refined
A word that rhymed with janitor?)
An Editor.

Who gives him his pay for what he doth say
‘Most every day in his pap-i-er?
Who puts a ray of hope in his way
That some fine day he’ll be rich-i-er?
Conundri-um!

Harvard Echo.

Law Department.

H. D. TODD, Editor.

—We reluctantly consented to attempt to conduct the Law Department of THE REPORTER for the spring term. Native modesty, and the want of side-whiskers and a cane, prevent us from attempting to play the part of a pedant, by assuming that we are equal to the emergency. The writer is quite conscious of the fact that it is very difficult to write on a subject that he knows little or nothing about; and this is doubly true when the object is to interest or instruct those who are his equals and superiors. This presents the beautiful paradox of the blind leading the blind as well as those who can see, which the class can assimilate at its leisure. In the present predicament, we may compare ourselves to Necessity, *which knows no law*. Negative virtues are sometimes said to be potent factors in many undertakings, and having an abundance of such elements of success, we will make the effort.

Had we the natural faculty of our predecessor during the fall term, for gathering and spreading news, we would regale the class each month with much that is appropriate(!), instructive(?), and interesting.

If we shall discharge our duties as well as the retiring editor has done during the winter term, we will do better than we expect.

We will endeavor to give to this work whatever time we can spare from our studies, and hope the Law Class will have sufficient charity to indulge us in our errors and shortcomings.

A PREPARATORY COURSE OF LAW.

I hope I shall not be considered to intrude upon the province of others if I ask here whether it would not be possible to provide within the University a special course of instruction for those who mean to be lawyers, briefer, cheaper and more directly adapted to their wants than the full collegiate course. Perhaps it will be said at once that all who desire it may take such a course as special students. Certainly they may, and the few who appreciate the value of general education, but cannot afford a full course, will no doubt do so. But the object I have in view is to reach a much wider class, and this can only be done by presenting the proposed course to them as directly connected with their professional studies, as forming, indeed, a part of the Law course. We all know that to the average boy who has no educated friends to guide him, the question commonly presents itself in the simple form of going to college or not. He does not discriminate between the value of this study and that, or even between one year one year and another of the regular course. If he has the means or resolution to make the most of himself, and if his eyes have been opened a little to the vast extent of human knowledge, and of the task he will set to himself in attempting to carry out his boyish dreams of distinction, he will go to college and work his way through, because it is the regular traditional means of accomplishing his purpose. But the proportion who do this is after all small, and the worst of it, as statistics show us, is that it is growing relatively smaller every year. The majority look around them and see some men succeeding in every path of life without a college education, and they jump at once to the conclusion that whatever may be dispensed with is useless; and they will go to the law school, or the medical school, or the attorney's office instead of going to college. It is useless to reason with them for at their age and under their circumstances they can no more see the real value of a thorough education, than they can see or imagine what has never come within the range of their bodily vision. Their number too is increased by not a few who have gone perhaps a little way in the college course, and turned back, some for absolute want of means, more for want of perseverance and energy, still more because in the traditional course they had to work on blindly by the month or the term upon studies in which they could take no interest, because neither they could see, nor their teachers point out the bearing of those studies upon their chosen profession. I will not stop to inquire

whether this may not prove a deeper defect in our present system of education than concerns us here. It may be one chief cause of the present unpopularity of higher education, that it has not sufficiently yielded to the specializing tendency of the age. Of this I do not wish to speak now; my suggestion is intended only for those who cannot or would not take a full college course of any kind, and who do, in fact, reject one altogether. I think if we could offer to those, under the name of a law course, so much of academic and college study as could be embraced within two years, and be seen to lead directly up to professional topics, we might draw in a very large number of students who would never think of taking the same studies in the shape of a special collegiate course. I do not presume to mark out the details of such a course, that is a task for more than one mind. Upon some parts of it there would undoubtedly be much difference of opinion. But all would agree that it should ground the student thoroughly in good English, that he may read, write, and speak accurately and well. He should, of course, have mathematics enough to handle the various questions with which a lawyer may have to deal in practice, and that is not a little. He should master history: at least that of England and his own country, as very few students actually do master it in a college course; so as to understand, when he comes to the legal part of the course, how all the law has grown out of that history as crops grow out of the soil, and been affected by it as no crop was ever yet affected by the soil from which it grew. A few weeks spent upon formal logic would be an economy of time, for it would save as much in waste of words or confusion of thought even before his course as a student was ended. Finally, though upon this point there would no doubt be much difference of opinion I would insist upon the study of Latin. The reasons commonly given for it are futile. All the Latin words left in common use in our law, can be learned by rote in a few hours from a glossary; and I doubt very much whether the study of foreign languages is of service as a training in rhetoric to the writer or speaker, so far at least as fluency is concerned. But there is no kind of study so exactly adapted to prepare a student's mind for the abstract reasoning, the nice distinctions, and the remote conclusions of law as the study which breaks up, once for all, the bond between thought and word, object and concept in the child's unreflective mind: and in choosing between languages, the greatest advantage in this respect, the widest field of literature made accessible, the largest proportion of valuable records of our own history, belong to the Latin, while in almost every other point of view it is at least equal to any language at all likely to come in competition with it. W. G. H.

—E. McClain, of Des Moines, of the class of '73, will soon have a new annotated Code of Iowa published by Callaghan & Co., of Chicago.

BRIEFS.

—The lectures on abstracts of title, by Judge Haddock, spoken of in last issue, for some reason, were not delivered.

—We notice that C. H. Mohland, of the class of '77, was a delegate to the Democratic State Convention recently held at Burlington. He is a good farmer, but will soon go into practice.

—C. Smith has taken charge of a summer school. Prof. Fowler told him he was better adapted for physician than for a lawyer. He will enter the Medical Department the ensuing term.

—The Legislature reduced the price of Supreme Court reports to \$2.00 per volume, after the fifty-first or second volume. We suppose the volumes already out, will be kept up to the same exorbitant figures as before.

—E. P. Campbell, class of '79, was recently elected Mayor of Eddyville, Iowa, on the Democratic ticket. His father was the late Greenback candidate for Governor, and his brother is a member of the present Law Class.

—The last two or three class meetings show a great improvement in the order. We might also add, that lately two or three visitors have been present without the Comanche cry of "speech!" "speech!" from about a dozen members.

—The case taken to the Supreme Court recently, from this city, in regard to students voting at elections, while attending school, has been decided; and the Court holds that the students cannot vote, unless *bona fide* residents of the county and State.

—The bill requiring two years' study for admission to the bar, and adding another year to the course in the Law Department, did not become a law; nor did the bill prohibiting the attorney fee in notes get further along than through the lower house.

—Many of the Laws interviewed Prof. O. S. Fowler on the subject of Phrenology recently. The Professor's prices were from \$1.75 to \$3.75 per head. Cornell and Bonfield were considered the best subjects to test the Professor's skill; but the Class finally decided in favor of Bonfield.

—The Howe and Story Club Courts have changed into "quiz" clubs for the remainder of the term. The Hammond Club has been changed into justice of the peace court. Review preparatory to examination, is of more interest to the members of the Club Courts just now than waging farther war on imaginary causes of action.

—We are sorry to learn of the death of J. McFarland's father, causing his presence at home in Youngstown, Ohio. Hope it will be possible for him to return and finish his course with the class. We learn, also, that our class-mate Mr. White is obliged to discontinue

his studies, owing to the recent death of his father, and is going to Georgia to settle his father's business. We are sorry to lose him.

—New "Laws" are announced at the homes of our friends Sullivan, Wheeler, and McCrackens. Don't ask Mc. anything about it, boys, as he has engaged Berry and Headlee to assist him in keeping the matter a secret. We also learn of a new edition (or addition) at the boarding place of our esteemed friend, J. J. Pollard, of Victor, Iowa, of the Law Class of '74, and of the Academic Department of '78.

—President Pickard closed his course of lectures on the political history of the United States two weeks ago, with a tabulated synopsis which showed the work of a master hand. The President is very popular with the Law Department, and we desire to have him with us often. We have known something of the President's work in other fields, and will be the last to doubt his ability in anything he undertakes.

—"Charity suffereth long and is kind." B.'s shoes were very bad. D. said, "come to my room and I will give you mine." B. did not even wait for further invitation on a postal card; but waived notice, and his *magni pedes* now find protection in his friend's only shoes. D. finds his consolation in the fact, that warm weather is near at hand, when he will not need shoes, and expects to appear at Commencement as a representative of the bare-footed Democracy.

—Five members of the Class graduated at the close of the winter term. Mr. Summers will teach a summer term of school in Marshall county; Mr. Stewart goes to Illinois, and will spend the summer in settling an estate, in which he has an interest; Mr. Crawford has gone to Dubuque, and will enter an office for a few months, for further study; Mr. Williams goes to Aurora, Illinois, and will devote the ensuing year to preparation for admittance to the bar of that State; Mr. Connor first goes to Chicago, next to St. Louis, and then will embark for an extended tour in the far west. Messrs. Remley, Ball, and Parvin, the examining committee, pronounce this class quite as well, if not better, qualified, than any that has before left the Law Department.

—A petition signed by ninety or more of the Law Class has been submitted to the Faculty, requesting a discontinuance of the practice of choosing ten speakers from the class for Commencement. A remonstrance signed by a few, has also been presented; but we think a desire to patronize the Faculty, and exercise their characteristic opposition, are the controlling motives of some, who are conspicuous as remonstrators. We are of the opinion that the jealousies, and feuds, that will be prevented in the class, by dispensing with this exercise will be productive of such good results, as will justify the Faculty in granting the petition. The feeling of the class seems to be, that if each man can't speak his "peace" none ought to speak.

—The High School Contest, for Eastern Iowa, held at this place, was patronized very liberally by the Law Class. Each member decides for himself, irrespective of the judges, as to the merits of each performer. We, of course, consider the Law Class is as competent to decide on such exercises as most judges, for the reasons that most all members of the Class have been college students and school teachers, and many of them are college graduates, and coming, as they do, from twenty or twenty-five different States, are not easily affected with local prejudice. Most we have heard express themselves think that Miss Fannie Savage, of Cedar Falls, should have had the first prize, and Miss Carrie Reed, of West Waterloo, the second. While the opinion as to the third best performance, is pretty well divided between Miss Hattie Hickox, of Marshalltown, Miss Ruby Parsons, of Knoxville, and C. L. Gillis, of Iowa City. As to the other six, we consider, taken as a whole, in point of merit, there was not a great difference. This was a very fine entertainment and did great credit to the performers themselves, as well as to their respective schools and teachers.

—Owing to the heavy rain last Thursday evening, the Law Class was prevented from serenading Judge Love as per arrangement. The city band, and other music, had been engaged, and but for the act of God, for which the Judge has taught us, no party can be held accountable, he would have had more visitors and music that night than he would have known what to do with. The class was considerably disappointed in not having a favorable opportunity, to manifest even such feeble evidence as this would have been, of the high esteem in which the Judge is held as a teacher and lecturer by each member.

—Mr. Admire, of the class of '79, has located at What Cheer. J. A. Osborn, of Sigourney, is also going to hang out his shingle at the same place. Both of these gentlemen had better look to their laurels. Headlee will be ready to contest the field with them in June.

—The Missouri papers speak in the highest terms of Chancellor Hammond's address, at the commencement exercises of the Law Department of the Missouri State University. No one knowing the Chancellor, will doubt the correctness of the reports.

—We learn that Mr. Parker has left the Class, and has gone into practice in Indiana; while Mr. Powell has taken a position in the cutlery works in the city.

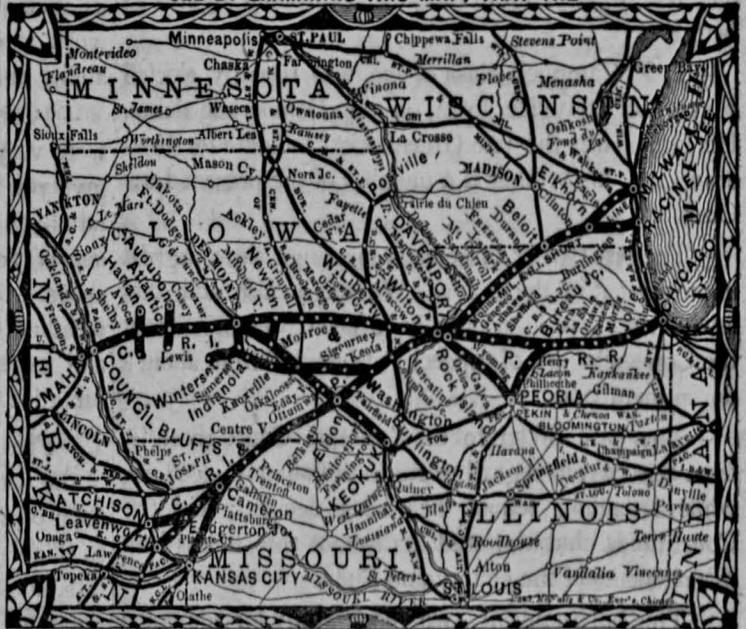
—The petition spoken of in another place, was presented to the Faculty, and was by them favorably received; but being a matter over which the Board of Regents has control, it was, of course, not granted. The petition is on file for future consideration.

—The following are the names of the new students who enrolled at the beginning of this term: Chas. A. Rogers, Solon; Walter A. Church, Hampton; and Leander Dennis, Solon.

—Messrs. Edwards and Borten are proprietors and managers of a telephone at the Pinney House.



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At COUNCIL BLUFFS, with Union Pacific R. R.

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At COLUMBIAN JUNCTION, with B. C. R. & N. R. R.

At OTTUMWA, with Central Iowa R. R.; St. L. & Pac. and C. B. & Q. R. Rds.

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