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STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA.

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No. 8

FREE WILL.

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PROF. C. A. EGGERT.
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WEVER since the days of Kopernicus, Kepler, and Gallileo the tendency of human thought in the civilized world has been towards the recognition of LAW as the method and the rule by which the great soul of the universe works out the wonderful problems of creation. What was only dreamt of by the most gifted Greek, what had been vaguely conjectured by the thinkers of different ages and various climes, gradually assumed that appearance of reality which we call fact or truth. To prove the existence of law, that is, of an observed regularity of sequence in a series of facts, or in more common parlance, of the necessary connection between cause and effect, became the object of *science*. In English speech, the word science is generally limited to natural and physical science so called, but in all other languages, of civilized society the common and regular use of the word embraces all other pursuits that fall under the definition just given. In order to discover a law it is necessary to examine a great many facts, and to examine them critically, cautiously. The most extraordinary accuracy, the most conscientious efforts, the most unwearying persistency, not of one man, but of as large a number of trained minds as possible, are needed to establish clearly and beyond the possibility of doubt or cavil, the existence of a scientific law. Mesmer, in the last century, and his spiritual brothers and sisters of spirit-rapping proclivities in this, prove what need there is of complying with the conditions just mentioned in order to avoid running riot in the most nonsensical of fantastic pursuits under pretense of advancing the cause of science. On the other hand, if language, history, civil polity, jurisprudence, psychology, etc., are to rise to the rank of sciences, they must likewise guard against the tendency of taking appearances for realities, accidents for experimental truth, and a successful *tour de main* for a scientific proof.

There is no part of the so-called modern sciences on which the progress of modern investigation has thrown a more vivid light than the subject called "Will," or "Free Will." Has a man a "free" will, or is his will subject to law as his memory or his muscular power is? Those who have not given very close attention to this subject will affirm the absolute freedom of the will as stoutly as the uneducated child will assert that the sun

does move. "Of course my will is free! I will prove it to you if you will tell me that I shall not do this or that thing!" "Of course, the sun moves! for don't I see it with my own eyes rising in the East and setting in the West?" Convictions of this nature are not easily upset unless a great deal of attention is given to each step in the process of thought that leads to the one or other conclusion. The statement that the will is free because I can do the very thing some one asserts I can not do, is easily met by the other, that I do this thing because I was told I could or should *not* do it. For while the *freedom* of the will—in the accepted sense—is denied, the existence of Will as an essential faculty of the mind cannot be too strongly affirmed. In its crudest form it is simply force, energy obedient to every impulse of sensuous excitement. By training, it becomes more docile, more capable of doing the work of the designing, reflecting mind, though never so completely subject to the mind as to allow us to feel safe in regard to its tendency to re-enter the service of the passions. The process of training, by means of which the will is brought in subjection to the intellect, is called moral training, and, as the name (moral from *mores*—customs, habits) indicates, consists in the enforcing of certain habits, as for instance, to speak the truth, to be diligent, cleanly, ready to oblige, etc. In proportion as these habits are forming, the will becomes more and more trustworthy, hence all true education is moral training, though the word "morality" may never be used. The labor of going through the operation of a problem in geometry, of an experimental demonstration in physical or natural science, of translating a page of an ancient or modern language, and all similar work, provided truth in some form is the object sought to be attained, is in a very special sense moral training. But then there are people skilled in mathematics and philosophy who are great rascals. Are they moral in so far as they have the habit of attention to problems of geometry and philosophy? According to our definition they are moral in so far as these habits are concerned; they have, in spite of their rascality in other respects, some of the essentials of a moral education. Why, then, are they not perfectly moral? The answer is, because their will obeys other impulses even more readily than the impulses that led them to the study of geometry; it was never trained into the habits of obeying the dictates of their reason, and this reason, though developed in one respect, was almost totally neglected in every other. But now comes your professional mor-

alist and argues in this way: "Here is a man who learned from the study of mathematics, if in no other way, that there is a difference between right and wrong; he knew, besides, that the law of the land forbids stealing, and his own conscience must have told him that to steal is not right, but wrong, hence there could have been not the remotest doubt in his mind as to the wrong he committed in stealing. His course enables him to become rich and influential, perhaps to become mayor of a city like New York, and perhaps, unlike some others, *e. g.*, "Boss" Tweed, to end his days in affluence and seeming happiness. How then can it be affirmed that this man was not possessed of a perfectly free will, and what would become of society, if we were to allow such individuals to plead that they really acted in obedience to an irresistible law when they put their hand into the city treasury? What would become of the principle of personal responsibility if we consider the acts of a man merely as the resultant of a complex variety of influences and forces? Would it not virtually be the same as saying that man is a mere machine?" The answers to these questions and arguments are not difficult to give though they may not have any great weight with those who have not familiarized themselves with the present state of scientific knowledge.

First, however, let us state for the benefit of those timorous souls who are always afraid of the downfall of society, or the degradation of the human soul whenever a new scientific truth comes to light, that by dethroning the dogma of the freedom of the will no one wishes to do away with those checks and restraints which society has imposed on its members for the common protection of them all. True, if the scientific view of the will is accepted, these checks may possibly be changed or differently applied, but laws and ordinances for the punishment of thieves and other public enemies will be devised and enacted as now. Neither would the principle of individual responsibility suffer. Every man would be held accountable for his deeds then as he is now, only in a different and truer sense. And, finally, man would not be degraded into a machine any more than a plant is, as we unquestionably deny freedom of will, nay moral responsibility, even, to the most beautiful rose and the most hateful nettle. Man is not a plant, but something better. Everyone knows that, why should a scientific thinker be supposed to be ignorant of it? The way to find out the truth in this matter is not by raising an outcry about the safety of society or the dignity of human nature. Neither society nor human nature are apt to suffer by the discovery of a truth, and still less by the statement of a fact.

In another article we shall try to examine the question a little more in detail.

Petitions are popular at Harvard. The Seniors have had 35 granted; the Juniors 55; the Sophomores 74 and the Freshmen 117.—*Chronicle*.

Collegiate Department.

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W. V. SMITH, Financial Agent.

EDITORIAL AND PERSONAL.

O. A. BYINGTON, '80.

MINNIE F. CLARK, '81.

LOCAL.

EXCHANGE.

S. A. OGLE, '82.

R. W. MONTAGUE, '83.

WHAT a grim critic the *Nation* can be! Observe this: "Buckle was not the intellectual giant which he appeared to the small circle of friends, one clergyman, three ladies, and two school boys."

THE victor at the Oberlin Oratorical Contest, Mr. L. C. Harris, was welcomed home with great joy by town and college, and deservedly so. We notice that he ascribes the honor of his elocutionary drill to Dr. Sturtevant, the pastor of the Congregational Church in Grinnell. The Doctor has rare common sense and not a particle of fustian about him; and Harris has done him great credit.

It is reported that the Minister of Education in Greece has issued an order that the highest classes in the "common schools" shall use the Greek Testament in the original. How "dead" then is the Greek? Could any class in the "common" school of Iowa, with any degree of profit, use English books written even five hundred years ago? Who will try *Canterbury Tales* or *Piers Plowman* here?

THE following is an extract from a letter received here: "A friend of mine who will graduate this year is an able scholar, but cannot write an essay, and is willing to pay for one. Can you give me the name of some writer who would do this for her?"

Oh, yes! that is easy enough. At all events, several of our acquaintances have been made useful in that way. Ralph Waldo Emerson could write a fair essay on "Oratory," or Tommy Carlyle on "Hero Worship," or, at least, they have done so on occasion! Possibly they would fall below the intellectual demands of so "able" a scholar and the moral claims of one so conscientious. Denis Kearney has ample leisure—in the evening—for her service, and several gentlemen in the State prison have rare moral qualifications for the work she desires.

PROPHECY is "as easy as preaching," and sometimes made as confidently as if by interpretation. A few

weeks ago a college president wrote, "she [the English Queen] will *never* forgive Mr. Gladstone." "All the honors England gives him in return for the insulting abuse of a few years past, will only stiffen the Queen's opposition and *sharpen her resentment.*" And yet the ink of that prediction was scarcely dry when Gladstone became the Queen's Premier, and was received by her "with a personal cordiality more than enough to efface the recollection of some previous slight." Historians are safer guides than modern prophets.

THE close of the school year draws near and already preparations are being made for Commencement. It has been sarcastically said that among the many well-disguised blessings that Adam escaped none is more prominent than college Commencements. It is probably true, that if a person had as few college friends and college associates as Adam, college Commencements would not be very entertaining. But to the alumni, the students, and the friends of the college it is a pleasant reunion. As the number of the University Alumni is constantly increasing, the exercises are more largely attended. From present appearances the coming commencement promises to be a successful one. Let every one do what he can to contribute to its success.

THE Inter-State Contest took place at Oberlin, Ohio, May 5th, 1880. But five States were represented—Missouri claiming last year's award to be unjust refused to send an orator. The following was the programme:

"Americans—Anglo, Afric, Aborigine"—Martindale, Wisconsin.

"The Evolution of Government,"—Richard Yates, Illinois.

"The Standard Nation of the Future,"—Lincoln Dixon, Indiana.

"Our Prison Walls,"—E. S. Lorenz, Ohio.

"Poe,"—L. C. Harris, Iowa.

Iowa took the first prize, and Illinois the second. In previous contests, Iowa has taken four prizes; Illinois, three; Ohio, two; Wisconsin, two; Missouri, one; and Indiana, none. This is the first time, however, that Iowa has taken the first prize.

The judges were Gov. Hendricks, Judge Owens, and Rev. Mr. Brand.

BOTH of the lower societies were lately combined into one, assuming the hybridous name, Symmathian. By so doing one of the vital elements of success, rivalry, is lost; however, the new society seems to be doing good work. We lately attended one of its sessions and were highly entertained. The most notable feature was the hearty applause that greeted almost every sentiment uttered. The debate was animated and interesting. One gentleman thought that "Grant should not be

chosen president for a third time, even if he had traveled around the world, and talked with Queen Victoria and the Chinese Empire. Another debater conceived that his opponent resembled the man, who "filled a barrel with eggs, and set the hen on the bung-hole to hatch them." The illustration was forcible, but we failed to see the application. While their diction is less elegant, the debaters spoke with an earnestness and an animation that is a credit to the drawling utterances of some of the debaters in the upper societies. The Symmathian society is an important institution and the work it is doing is creditable and encouraging.

THE Literary Societies are, or ought to be, an important factor in any college, and society work should receive careful consideration in every collegiate course. It is a subject of frequent remark that our societies have sadly degenerated during the last few years, and the programmes are subject to many witty remarks and savage satires. We will not attempt to defend any laxity or inability on the part of the members, nor will we attempt to institute any comparison of merit between the societies as they are at present, or as they were some years ago. But we think that there are some difficulties unnoticed by the general observer and critic, under which our societies struggle.

In the first place, there is no department of elocution or oratory in the University. All practice for society performance must be self-guided. There is no instructor to point out the mistakes or to guide the effort. There is no stimulus, no inducement, no advantage to practice thus. It is not strange that there are so few orators and, comparatively, no good declaimers in the University. Even if a person have excellent natural talents and a special desire for this kind of work, his efforts will be discouraged, and his work unsatisfactory. Again, there seems to be but little interest felt for the societies by the citizens, faculty, and students.

Friday night should be recognized as "society night" by persons giving home entertainments: on the contrary such persons usually choose Friday night for their entertainments. By some strange fatality, church festivals usually occur on Friday night, thus debarring, society members of the privilege of attending, and, of course, diminishing their audience.

Within the memory of no man living has any member of the faculty, except the President, been seen in the society halls. But besides these there are difficulties more material in their nature.

The items of expense are constantly increasing. Until recently the Regents have made provision for the payment of the gas used by the societies. But for the last two years they have, in their wisdom, refused to pay this, and an additional expense of almost two hundred dollars is charged up to the societies.

The small boys and rowdies frequently make so much disturbance in the outer hall as to disturb the speakers,

and the societies were compelled to procure a policeman at their own expense to stand guard.

These, and other difficulties, the societies must contend with, and we invite the attention of the indiscriminate critics to them. If the speakers are not well prepared and the programme is uninteresting, it is, of course, the fault of the society, and is not to be excused.

We only ask that the societies be properly encouraged and justly censured.

Now, that the Gypsies have gone and the excitement over their presence has somewhat abated, the question naturally arises, who are these wanderers, and by what right do they receive so much of our attention?

The Gypsies we see now-a-days have greatly deteriorated from the original condition of the race. Seen in Europe a half century ago they were eminently a handsome people as Victor Hugo's charming sketch of "La Esmerelda" teaches.

The word "Gypsy" calls up before us a face beautiful as a whole, though with somewhat hard and coarse features; complexion, brown; with piercing black eyes peering out from a cover of coarse black hair, with an expression fierce and penetrating, and yet so artful and sly; so lithe and agile that they seem almost to possess the power of volitation.

Very different from this ideal picture are the real Gypsies as they appear to-day. Old in appearance though young in years, bent, careworn, haggard, wind-beaten, sun-burnt, ugly, they wander from house to house, pilfering small articles, telling fortunes, begging, doing anything for the sake of a little profit. The brilliant costumes and gay variety of colors in which they formerly delighted are gone, and there is a strange incongruity in the medley of sealskin and rags, plumes and filth in which they array themselves.

Their origin is shrouded in mystery. Mystery surrounds their history. Mystery involves their peculiar habits. In fact, mystery seems to be the peculiar characteristic of this singular people.

The chief occupation of the women is fortune telling. The credulity of human beings their capital. Ability to read character at a glance, their stock in trade. Knowledge of the future the bargain they offer. The longing to anticipate the future is universal. Present deeds are arduous. In recollection of the past, joy is mingled with regret. But the future hope paints as unalloyed happiness. The impatient spirit seeks sometimes to overstep the limits of the human, and to know the secrets that are hid behind the veil. Every demand soon meets with its supply, and there are not wanting those who profess to be able to grant even this request. The practice of this imposition upon human credulity is chiefly confined to the Gypsies. A few old maids still indulge in it over their tea grounds, but their number is becoming less and less. It is only a pastime for the latter, a sort of grim consolation for what "might have

been." The Gypsies, however, by their own natural shrewdness, united to the reputation given them by romance writers, succeed in making it a profitable profession. Even in this collegiate city where learning, if judged by the number of schools, must be so widely disseminated, there are individuals so shrouded in superstition, that they regularly consult fortune tellers before commencing any important undertaking. The crowds that flocked to the tents of the Gypsies during their stay here, and crossed their hands with silver, only to learn that there was joy and sorrow in store for them, grief and pleasure, a dim and distant love, an illusory chase for happiness, a fleeting day of riches and honor, these crowds show the eagerness to anticipate the future.

There are some redeeming qualities in even a Gypsy's character. They have a high regard for honor among themselves, and will defend each other to the utmost of their power.

It is a hard, rough life they lead; fitted to stultify and numb all the finer sensibilities. A sunshiny day with plenty of food and drink is all that is necessary to happiness, as they experience it. When they are miserable it is with a dull cold, misery that finds its alleviation in a nomadic life. Without religion, or any pretense to religion, they live with little hope in this world and with none for the next, and are rather to be pitied than persecuted.

Geology deals with eras, periods, ages and epochs. It covers a period of more than one million years. History deals with but a small portion of geological time, with the last era, the era of man. The geologist asserts, with an appearance of great certainty, the state of things, eras and ages before man existed. The Historian is compelled to put an interrogation point after nearly every assertion regarding our race prior to Greek and Roman annals. The geologist is now independent, the rocks and their contents form his library.

The Historian is an usurper, and rummages through the whole realm of literature. In Philosophy of History we find the Era of Man, divided into various ages. For example, the stone age, iron age, bronze (brass) age, silver age and golden age. The stone age closed when the "capstone" was placed on the last pyramid. The iron age before the time of the Cæsars. We read in Roman history, how Cæsar triumphed in Gaul; crossed the Rubicon, won Pharsalia and the Consulship; and how Marc Antony came forth and reversed the work of the twelve; how the virtuous Cicero expelled a traitor, and was himself slain by the men he saved. They called that the golden age of Rome. It was the age of Brass. Greece too had a golden age. It saw Socrates drink the hemlock. It worshipped the brazen statue of Athena, standing at the entrance of the Acropolis. Rome was the "Mother of Empires," Greece of Democratic Institutions.

There is such a thing as evolution of governments. The family was the ape. Away back in antiquity somewhere, a father of some bad boys said: "spare not the rod" In the course of evolution the rod became the musket and Russia carries her eagles across the Danube. She wants to make a David out of the Turk. We call that brass. We sent an embassy over to China, to bid the Chinaman welcome to our hospitality. He came. He is too good a citizen. The Sandlotter tells him "to git." The government thinks Kearney has too much brass, and so shaves his head and gives him a new suit of striped clothes. So much for rulers and ruled. But there are other indications of a continued bronze age. Creeds first "revoluted," and then "evoluted." Mahomet swung a sword, the Inquisition put "Confessions of Faith" in her dungeons. Luther threw down his missal and evolution began again. The Dark Ages differ from the present, in that they were pure brass. Brass is not good unless alloyed. Unalloyed it is too soft; alloyed in right proportion it is strength. It is the prime factor of civilization. Mr. Mill, a recent lecturer, supposes it will finally turn to gold. He is an experimenting alchemist, and thinks to find the Millennium. Theodore Tilton spoke of fashion as a power. It is a power. A power of weakness as with a woman. Fashions are eccentric, and eccentricity is brass. Brass assumes a multitude of forms. In one case it is courage, in another, cowardice. In one it is "love without dissimulation," in another, jealousy the "green-eyed monster." Now it is gentle, peaceful and quiet; now mulish, pugnacious and rebellious. Now a logician, now an iconoclast. Here God-given manhood, then Satan-given impudence. "Man's abode is its abode, and its abode is man." It forms the helmet of the student of Blackstone, and the shield and buckler of the poor rose-water Aesculapian. It is said to be inquisitive, and teachers hate it. It often blunders but aids mightily to recite an unstudied lesson. What is brass? We heard a professor call it "cheek." It is sometimes defined as an overplus of freshness, due to greenness.

When school opens in the Fall, and we see a stranger walking around the campus with mouth open, and staring at us, we say: 'verily thou art a Freshman' (in the sense of a new man.) It is his first year; we expect him to be green. So it is with college papers. The yearlings are expected to be green and brassy.

Vidette, thou surely art a Freshman. Thou art corroded brass,—the brass of brass. Thy wit savors too much of Hood; gin it some Woody fibre.

We have said thus much about you because we are deeply interested in your welfare. We own one share of your stock now at a discount. We thought you would be a freshman above the average, not knowing that you wore that fabled skin. Alloy your brass and you will prosper.

K.

N. B. We will sell the above stock at 95 per cent. discount.

LOCAL.

- 108° in the shade.
- Prof. Booth is with us again.
- We expect some fine orations in June.
- Isn't it fun to go boat riding when your girl does all the rowing?
- Do all your violent squeezing, my young friend, with the hydraulic press.
- What fine advantages we have for a boating club; and yet they are not improved.
- The Academics have formed an orchestra consisting of violins, cornets, &c. &c. Go for it boys
- One of our professors stopped in the midst of a lecture, and exclaimed: "Now is not that eloquent!"
- The University Archery Club gratefully acknowledges the gift of a handsome bow and arrows, from Pres. Pickard.
- Who wrote the Senior Class ode? It is a fine piece of poetry and will be sung to the tune of "Bulldog on the Bank."
- It is currently reported that Newcomb will enter the nursery business next year. Ah! Newcomb! Wish you much jaw-y!
- Three Seniors will be theologians, two will be scientists, and the rest, except the ladies, will be in next year's Law Class.
- Rumor has it, that our "Fast Little Sophomore," goes botanizing about seven times a week, with a fair little lass of Muscatine.
- After one of our Seniors had answered a question in the most glowing language, the Prof. said: "Yes, Mr.—, that is a very good remark."
- Poor Freshy has to go home at last to see his ma, (being laughed at, replied) "boys its no laughing matter, I've lost twenty pounds." (Too much study.)
- Professor: "You see this is a parallel veined leaf." Der Classic: "Why, no, it isn't; I analyzed it yesterday." Prof.: "That don't make any difference."
- One of our wary professors always asks, as the first question, for the general subject of that day's lesson, a stunner, which generally floors half the class.
- Seniors begin to turn their pockets inside out, tear off the soles of their boots, and rip open their old vests, in search of a stray dime to help defray graduating expenses.
- It is probable that Class '80 will get a large boulder and place opposite to that of '70, in the campus. A committee has been appointed and report good prospects of success.
- The other day the President and two members of the Faculty started out with bow and arrows to try their skill. They brought the bow and a whole target back with them.

—It is a lamentable fact that the exercises of one of ladies' societies consists of essays and select readings, instead of orations, debates and declamations, as announced by the programmes.

—Meeting of *Vidette* editorial corps, Wood presiding: small voice queries, "Mr. President, under what head are we now?" Large voice, borne in by the wind from the play-ground, responds, "Blockhead!"

—On Monday morning, May 3rd, Lieutenant Thurston walked up the chapel aisle with his uniform on, amid the loud applause of those immediately interested in the drill. It's come at last, and none regret it.

—Prof. Now my young friend will you illustrate the expansibility of gasses. Der Classic rises and talks for a few minutes without coming to the point. Prof. (interrupting him,) a very good illustration young man. Class howls.

—Charles: "Will, why is a man about being married like one going to a celebrated French city?" Will: "Because he is going to Havre." James, "No! he is going to Rouen." Charles: "You are both wrong; he is going Toulouse."

—In the last issue of the *Vidette* it kindly offered its columns open to all advertisements of THE REPORTER. THE REPORTER gratefully declines the offer as it never advertises in theory-stuffed, classic-washed papers so far below the standard of college journalism.

—Wood (*Vidette*):

Wood, to calumniate thou art so lie-able,
And on the printed page so arid and friable
That one might almost think
Thou wert the "missing link."
But ah! thy "wit," alas! alas!
Uplifts the veil, and lo!—an ass! an ass!

—The other day we were visited by Pres. Hayes of Washington and Jefferson College. Never were the recitations poorer in any department, and the Law Class ended in a knock down. It is to be regretted that Pres. Hayes struck such a bad day, when he could only see the worst side of things.

—Hurrah! we have a play ground now. It is back of the University, and large enough to play a game of base ball and foot ball at the same time. The trees have been grubbed out and the ground leveled; and so ball clubs are rapidly being formed. We hope the next step will be a gymnasium.

—All the persons elected to appear on Senior class day resigned and a new programme was made out, as follows: Orator, Hattie J. Dennis; Poet, Jno. M. Helmick; Prophet, A. C. Kelly; Historian, Clara E. Coe; Junior Advisor, A. E. Goshorn; Class Ode, —. So the Seniors will have a class day after all.

—"The Ministry of Sorrow," an oration recently delivered by Mr. Myers, is one of the most worthy efforts we have ever listened to. Mr. Myers's style is bold, trenchant, imaginative. It is, in fact, the culmination of that very popular style so aptly illustrated in the writings of Victor Hugo, Castelar and C. N. Hunt.

—Financial agent of *Vidette* (at Academy): "Say, young fellow, do you go the Academy?" Academic: "Yes, why?" Agent: "We would like to have you subscribe for the *Vidette* for the remaining two issues. Commencement is coming on, and it will be full of pungent witticisms, and will amply repay you for your trouble in reading it, and seeing the point to its jokes. Only fifty cents."

—At a meeting of the Senior class, held April 30, a committee on class hats was appointed. This committee consists of ladies, and of course the hats will be in the latest style and in good taste. At a subsequent meeting a hat was recommended and adopted. And thus Class '80, after a four years struggle has a class hat. They cost one dollar and, owing to this fact and to the abundant supply, the heads of half the small boys in town are already graced with them.

—Prof.: "Mr. Ingham, will you give the origin of language?" Ingham: "In the beginning was a mighty void filled with indifferentiated protoplasm from which was evolved bioplasm and cellular structure following which was a mighty congeries of segregations and differentiations and after æons of sporadic multiplication of genera an entity of the genus homo walked unclad in the land of Nod. That is the author's view of the origin of language, as nearly as I have been able to get hold of it." Prof.: "That will do."

NORMAL REUNION.

All students who attended the Normal Department of the State University of Iowa are invitee to attend a reunion, to be held Commencement week.

State papers please copy.

—GOVERNOR HENDRICKS had the pleasure of being presented to the Iowa delegate to the recent Oratorical Regatta at Oberlin. The governor told the Iowa delegate from S. U. I., that he was pleased and gratified and honored to grasp the warm hand of a man "Beyond the Mississippi," but he wanted it distinctly understood that he would accept no second place at Cincinnati. That point he had settled, and he would prefer that nothing more should be said on that score. The Iowa delegate, after having assured him that the proper influence would be brought to bear upon the Iowa delegation to compel it to throw its vote solid, first, last, and always, for Hendricks, of Indiana, closed with a very affecting apostrophe to liberty, the last words of which were, "Give me liberty or give me death!" To which the governor responded, "Sic semper tyrannis!"

Later the Iowa delegate jostled the Hon. E. B. Washburne, who immediately apologized for the space he occupied, but insisted that it be understood thoroughly, and once for all, that he would not allow his name to be acted on at Chicago. Said he, "I am, sir, first, last,

and always, for the 'laurelled warrior,' 'the foremost citizen of all the world,' 'the Duke of America,' Gen. U. S. Grant, Esq." Said the Iowa delegate, extending his hand, "Washburne, put her there! Grant gets there! Owing to a mysterious dispensation of Providence, Blaine delegates from Iowa shall become confused and shall vote Grant tickets. Don't ask me the reason; I never give reasons; but, Washburne, the Duke gets there!"

It has been rumored that Washburne was not at Oberlin. We characterize the rumor as vile, slanderous, false, untrue, and based upon an incomplete examination of facts.

ORDER OF EXERCISES FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

Friday, June 18th, 8 P. M.—Anniversary of Literary Societies.

Saturday, June 19th, 4 P. M.—Chancellor's Address to Law Class.

Sunday, June 20th, 4 P. M.—President's Baccalaureate Address.

Monday, June 21st, 4 P. M.—Class Day Exercises; 8 P. M.—Alumni Exercises. Address by W. H. Judson, New Orleans; Poem by Mrs. E. H. Haddock, Iowa City.

Tuesday, June 22d, 9 A. M.—Graduating of Law Class; 3 P. M.—Commencement Oration, Rev. A. D. Mayo, Springfield, Mass.; 8 P. M.—Law Oration, T. L. High Esq., Chicago; 9 P. M.—President's Reception.

Wednesday, June 23rd, 10 A. M.—Collegiate Commencement.

JUNIOR CONTEST.

On Friday evening, May 21st, took place the annual Junior contest. After the preliminary exercises of music and prayer, Mr. Kerr did "Ireland" in a right royal manner. Mr. Kerr has a magnificent voice and the well-rounded periods rolled forth from his larynx smoothly and grandly, but too often his sentences closed with an abrupt falling intonation resembling the last groan of a man dying without hope.

Mr. Leonard rendered "Unrest" very neatly and effectively. His beautiful soprano voice did ample justice to the music of the piece. The production was brimfull of ideas, but we are disposed to think that Mr. Leonard gestured to much with his bosom.

Miss Knight showed up the "Powers of Man," Miss Knight was earnest and made the audience believe that she was devoted, heart and soul, to her subject. Earnestness is always interesting, and especially when united with elegance and delicacy. There are other Sapphos besides the Grecian madam.

Mr. Arnold now exhibited the "Influence of Agitation." It was a fine production well rendered. His gestures, though after the derrick fashion, still had the merit of effectiveness.

Miss Clark, with a winsomeness peculiar to members

of the REPORTER corps, spoke of "Activity in Human Government."

Mr. Dickinson next stepped to the front and shrieked "Dip it up then." Mr. D. did finely; was as graceful as a fawn, as cool as a cucumber and as pretty as a plaster paris woman.

Wilcox now advanced. He took eight minutes to tell what "Pessimism" is, but in the two minutes remaining he mangled it so dreadfully that even Schopenhauer himself would have disowned his offspring. Wilcox was too deep for the audience. He should remember the limitations of the human intellect.

Miss Noyes gracefully descanted on "Mixtures." She showed how all things are mixed, how air and water and thoughts and sensations, etc., are mixed, how the audience was mixed. With the deftest kind of *naivete* she mixed her mixture and a mixed mixture was the "Mixture."

Day now dawned. "Republicanism" was his theme. Mr. Day is nervous, realistic, and capable of great things.

Kuehne brought "Wallenstein" before the bar of criticism. Mr. Kuehne had good ideas well put together. It was a gem of criticism. A kind of forced bravado was too noticeable in his delivery. Ages of practice however will remove this.

The first prize was given to Mr. Kerr; the second to Mr. Kuehne; the third to Miss Knight.

We wish to remark that those bogus programmes were unjustifiable, outrageous, indecent. The perpetrator of this malicious joke should be beheaded without confession. We simply ask the question, is there no means to reach a man who though he be editor of a college paper, yet because he is not a member of the University dares to trample on common decency and criminally calumniate honest worth.

PERSONAL.

'81: J. E. Murray is in Chicago.

'78: J. J. Pollard is teaching at Victor.

Law '79: C. J. Powers has left school.

'76: Al. D. Draper is at Red Creek, New York.

Law '76: W. O. Schmidt is an alderman in Davenport.

J. D. Steere, a former member of class '80, is in California.

'82: J. W. Bopp is attending the Upper Iowa University.

'76: J. J. McConnell is the Superintendent of the Atlantic schools.

H. G. Thurman, Law '77, is the law partner of Gov. Vance, of Nebraska.

Law '75: A. J. Hirschl and family lately returned from a European tour.

'78: W. D. Evans is located at Hampton, Iowa, and is successfully practicing law.

Law '77: M. B. Bailey is the University's representative at Leadville, in the legal fraternity.

H. L. Landes, who was formerly a student in the University, is principal of the Bloomfield schools.

Pres. Geo. P. Hayes, of Washington and Jefferson College, Pennsylvania, made a short visit in Iowa City, the guest of Pres. Pickard.

'80: C. N. Hunt, the University's representative at the State contest, delegate to the Inter-State contest, at Oberlin, and formerly editor of *THE REPORTER*, made quite an extended visit.

JESUS PRO ME PERFORATUS.

A LATIN VERSION OF THAT GEM OF ENGLISH HYMNOLOGY
"ROCK OF AGES," BY THE RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

Jesus pro me perforatus,
Condar intra Tuum latus,
Tu per lympham profluentem.
Tu per sanguinem tepentem,
In peccata mi redunda.
Tolle culpam, sordes munda.

Coram Te, nec justus forem
Quamvis tota vi laborem,
Nec si fide nunquam cesso,
Fletu stillans, indefesso;
Tibi soli tantum manus;
Salva me Salvator unus!

Nil in manu mecum fero.
Sed me versus crucem gero:
Vestimenta nudus oro,
Opem debilis imploro;
Pontem Christi quero immundus,
Nisi laves, moribundus.

Dum hos artus vita regit;
Quando nox sepulchro tegit;
Mortuos cum stare jubes,
Sedens Judex inter nubes;
Jesus pro me perforatus,
Condar intra Tuum latus.

GENERAL COLLEGE NEWS.

The Circulation of the *Harvard Echo* amounts to about 3,200 a week and is rapidly increasing.

It costs \$142,000 a year to run Michigan University, \$101,000 of which is paid in salaries to the professors.—*Ex.*

Even Oberlin,—the oasis in the desert of college depravity—where there's no tobacco, no whisky, no men, has been able to kick up a row. Naughty Oberlin.—*Index*

It is proposed by eight New England Colleges, Yale, Harvard, Amherst, Brown, Trinity, Boston University, Tufts and Dartmouth, to arrange a uniform examination for all, and on the same day.

Professor Frieze, who now becomes acting president during Pres. Angell's absence as U. S. Minister to

China, has been, since 1850, professor of the Latin, Language and Literature in that institution.

There are sixty-four college secret societies in this country having a membership of 65,256, and 487 living chapters. These societies have thirty-five chapter houses. The most expensive one costs \$46,000

The Mercury, of the college of the City of New York, recently published an article in which the writer, without insulting or improper language, criticised the manner in which oratory and elocution are taught in that college. He was promptly expelled by the Faculty, who say that "no student shall criticise his superiors." This is the most tyrannous abuse of authority yet, and is causing no little indignation and excitement in the college world.

CURRENT COLLEGE HUMOR.

Is it the office of the faculty to serve as suspenders for college breeches?

Prof.—"What word have we from the Latin *ingens*?"
Bright Soph.—"Injuns."—*Portfolio.*

In the race for matrimony, it is not always the girl who covers the most laps that wins.—*Ex.*

Conundrum: What is the difference between Tiffany's establishment in New York and Vassar? Why-er-er, Tiffany's contains many clocks ticking, Vassar many a clocked stocking.—*Amherst Student.*

My cigarette! The amulet
That charms afar unrest and sorrow;
The magic wand, that far beyond
To-day, can conjure up to-morrow
Like love's desire thy crown of fire
So softly with the twilight blending
And ah! meseems, a poet's dreams
Are in thy wreaths of smoke ascending.

My cigarette! can I forget
How Kate and I, in sunny weather,
Sat in the shade, the elm trees made,
And rolled the fragrant weed together?
I, at her side, beatified
To hold and guide her fingers willing,
She, rolling slow the paper's snow,
Putting my heart in with the filling.

My cigarette! I see her yet
The white smoke from her red lips curling,
Her dreaming eyes, her soft replies,
Her gentle sighs, her laughter purling,
Ah, dainty roll, whose parting soul
Ebbs out in many a parting billow,
I too would burn if I might earn
Upon her lips so sweet a pillow!

Ah, cigarette! The gay coquette
Has long forgot the flames she lighted
And you and I, unthinking by
Alike are thrown, alike are slighted.
The darkness gathers fast without,
A rain drop on my window splashes,
My cigarette and heart are out,
And naught is left me but their ashes.

—*Harvard Crimson.*

Tough Freshman (to Senior): "Going to drink water hey?" Gad I never use water, you know, except to wash with, you know." Senior, calmly: "Ah— er, have you—er, used any lately?" (Sudden collapse of T. F.)—*Acta*

Scene—Student chastising small boy. Senior passing, says: Why is that scene like the one which Robinson Crusoe first saw on the desert islands and immediately replies: "Because it is a heavy swell running into a small cave."—*Sackvilliana*.

Mr. V., what is a dose of strychnine." "That depends" responds Mr. V., "Upon the condition and constitution of the patient." "Well," said the professor, "suppose for instance I was the patient." Mr. V (with great zeal,) "I'd give you about a teaspoonfull." Great applause.

Scene: Four examiners sitting on the body of one more unfortunate, at the divinity schools. Innocent of anything scriptural was he. "Is there no text in the whole Bible," said one, in grim despair, "that you can tell us?" A light beamed in the young man's eye, "yes" said he, with a steady gaze, I do remember one, "and I looked up and saw four great beasts." That young man was plowed.

Law Department.

H. D. TODD, Editor.

PREPARATORY EDUCATION.

As the recent legislature failed to extend the present law course, or to elevate the standard for admission to the bar in the study, would it not be well for the Board of Regents, at the coming meeting, to enquire into the expediency of requiring the applicants for admission to the Law Department to pass an examination, similar to that required in the Academical Department? The bill before the legislature provided that each applicant for admission to the bar, should be a student of the law at least two years; and to be entitled to a diploma from the Law Department, he must be a member thereof for at least one year.

We take the position, that a person, with a fair or good education, will become, other things being equal, a better lawyer, with only a one year's course of law than one with an imperfect knowledge of even the common branches, and a two or three years course of law. One year spent in the Law Department will enable one to at least lay a good legal foundation, and if he has the necessary culture and the inclination and desire to study, his future attainments may place him in the front ranks of his profession. While on the other hand the instances are rare, where those who are not very well acquainted with the elementary branches, ever rise above mediocrity, much less attain distinction as lawyers.

Since the two years of the preparatory department have been discontinued, will not the tendency be for students, who cannot gain admittance to the collegiate classes to enter one of the learned professions, so called, and become members of the Law or Medical Departments? We can not think that the object of the professional departments is or ought to be to afford a refuge for those who are rejected from the Academical Department, nor do we think that the best interests of these individuals or the State are thereby subserved.

As no examination is required to enter the Law or Medical Department, we find many places in each occupied by beardless boys, with premature judgment, limited general education and little practical experience, so necessary in either legal or medical vocations. Even though these youths may succeed in mastering the doctrinal or theoretical parts of the courses, years must intervene before they can hope for clients and patients; as people are not inclined to trust either their lives or property to be wrecked by following a will o' the wisp or the utopian conclusions incidental to boyhood.

By adopting this system of examining for admission, another element would be eliminated from the professional departments, viz: a number, who are too old to expect to acquire a general education, and perhaps have failed already in one or more avocations, conclude that they have been unfortunate in selecting their calling, and only need "other fields with pastures new," and drift into the law or medicine. It is vain to expect those who have "gone to seed," figuratively speaking, and under such adverse circumstances to succeed.

The objection might be made that every one will succeed according to his ability, and hence no restrictions should be made. The same objection could be made to the examination for admission into the Academical Department to the profession of teaching, or to any business or profession requiring a certain degree of qualification.

We think there are less than twenty per cent. of the members of the present Law Class that could not pass a good examination in the elementary and many of the higher branches. That the number in attendance would be somewhat reduced, is quite true; that it should be reduced, or more room must be provided, is a patent fact; that the public will not object to reducing the number in the class, is a self evident fact.

If some change is not made soon in this Department, at the present rate of increase annually, it will become so large that the present facilities will be entirely inadequate. That the standard of the profession may be placed on a more equitable basis; that the candidates for admission to the professional Departments may be stimulated to greater efforts and higher aspirations; that these Departments may be better adapted to the wants and circumstances of the University and the State. We urge the Board of Regents to consider the propriety of making the regulations that we have here suggested

MENTAL AND PHYSICAL EMPLOYMENT.

In an admirable paper by Miss Rosecrans, read before the Superintendent's and Teacher's Association for southeastern Iowa, held recently at Mt. Pleasant, we notice the following: "Boys and girls of our schools get a taste for mental employment and straight way physical goes to the wind. "I want to make my living a little easier than working for it," cries the young farmer, who has finished Ray's Third. Immediately he puts on his Sundry clothes and applies for the position of dry goods clerk, at the nearest village. The shoemaker's son prefers law, the mechanic's medicine, and so it goes. Out of our State University alone an average of seventy-five lawyers, and as many doctors go yearly and facts will bear me out in saying that every other large institution in our State sends two-thirds of its pupils into professions. "What then" says the practical man of to-day, "is to become of our producing classes?"

The number of lawyers from the University, may not appear so large, when we state that the one hundred, who will probably graduate this year, are residents of at least twenty-five different states. The country is represented from New Hampshire to Texas, and from Minnesota to Florida.

We are repeatedly reminded that the law profession is over crowded. Let us ask what business, calling, avocation, or profession is not crowded to the utmost? Why should the shoemaker's boy not study law? He will no doubt do better than the attorney's son. When he is adapted to law will you keep him pegging away at shoes, when his father can't get enough "cobbling" to keep him from the poor house? Why should not the farmer's son clerk, or edit a paper! The mortgage will soon take his father's farm, and can you expect him to raise corn at fifteen cents a bushel and hogs at two dollars and fifty cents per hundred, on a rented farm? Why should the carpenter's and blacksmith's sons not study medicine or theology? Their fathers can make about as much at their trades as at peddling books, and peddling books is about the same as starving. Why insist on anyone pursuing that which is neither congenial to his tastes or adapted to his nature or ability. Is it the part of wisdom for one to drag through life after a plow, when he ought to be practicing law? Or is it prudence for the mediocre to become a pettifogger, when he should be tilling the soil?

No one, as a rule, excels in doing that which he does not like; and as competition has become so great in every department of labor, whether mental or physical, that he who expects the greatest measure of success, must not be content to do as well as others by thinking and doing as others do, but he must do that which he can do better than anyone else, and there, as the mountain rises above the surrounding plain, will he rise above the competition of the laboring masses.

An ancestor can not transmit his genius or ability as a hereditament to his posterity. Neither is it expected that one can develop those qualities and powers by following in the footsteps of his parent, which are only the results of bold resolution, independent effort, and original research. We have perhaps but one prominent example where the great opportunities afforded by the father have been fully improved by the son; that was in the case of John Quincy Adams, son of John Adams. And in this case it is said that the son's character was shaped and molded more through the teaching of his mother, than the training or influence of his father.

Competition will we find at the bar, in the field, in the mines, and in the work shops; a survival of the fittest "is the law of progress;" and if each does well his part, he can confidently expect to be rewarded accordingly to his merit.

The greatest competitor of the municipal labor is labor saving machinery. The extent to which machinery is substituted for the work of human hands is incomparable. A steam engine will do more physical labor than a Roman army. A steamship will carry more passengers and freight than all the elephants of Queen Semiramis.

But what machine has been invented to think? What contrivance or invention can perform the intricate functions of the human mind? It takes more labor rather than less to learn natural science, language, mathematics, didactics, law, medicine and theology, than was required a hundred years ago. We hear of no revolutions, strikes or panics among the laborers in mental pursuits. In this unlimited field the harvest is great and the workers are comparatively few; but if one keeps up his station, he must first acquire the skill.

KANKAKEE AND THE INQUISITION.

Kankakee—"I heard you wished to speak to me."

Inquisitor—(Adjusting his goggles and critically looking through and through the brunette Illinoisian.) Take your hands out of your pockets! None of those grimaces! Facial gymnastics of that character belong not to the genus homo. Listen! A great tort has been committed—*nec injuria nec damnum* are wanting. It is a *scelus improbum et audax et damnatum et scurrillous*. Time beyond which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary was never such a thing seen. Of that dark midnight jambouree succeeding election you know. Speak, slave, speak!

K.—Sire I know nothing—I was asleep—I was sick—I—I was out of town—I was insensible—I was dreaming! Oh! let me go to my mammy, do!

I.—Silence! Divulge!

K.—Oh! most potent sire, I can't divulge! I'm too full for utterance!

I.—*Quo usque abutere mea patientia?* (To servant.)

Here, Cerberus, bring the thumb-screws! (To K.) Do you see this iron truth-producer?

K.—Oh! don't put it on me! I'll tell everything, and more too!

L.—I presumed as much, but be careful; for I have a dark lantern, called consistency, whose light I shall occasionally flash in *foro tuae conscientiae*. Proceed.

And the victim confessed all, and more too, and received abundance of advice, the parting injunction of which was "to wear a liver-pad on his conscience and to preserve *aequitatem* if he would avoid consequential *injuriam et damnum*." [CONTRIBUTED.]

A QUESTION FOR THE JURY.

A Bridgeport, Conn. attorney recently took strong exception to a ruling of the court that certain evidence was inadmissible. "I know, your Honor," said he warmly, "that is proper evidence. Here I have been practicing at the bar for forty years, and now I want to know if I am a fool." "That quietly replied the court, is a question of fact and not of law, and so I will not pass upon it but let the jury decide."

BRIEFS.

A Law thus states his case: I very politely asked her for her company; but she demurred to my petition. Her demurrer was sustained, and I traversed by way of confession and avoidance.

Thos. O'Hair, of the Class of '77 has located at Dallano, Minn. Mr. Britton has returned to his home in Ark, while Mr. Van Dorstand has gone, we think, to Ioka in the south part of the State, to see his girl.

It appears that the Board of Regents abolished the regulation last year of requiring each graduate to write a thesis. But by some oversight it was not reported to the Faculty in time to make the necessary change without some inconvenience; so the same plan will be adhered to this year and each student is required to file his thesis.

We are sorry to learn of the action taken by the Hammond Club, in regard to five of its members. This course can have no more effect than to cause a little unpleasant feeling for the time being. We venture the assertion, however, that no other five gentlemen in the class stand higher mentally, morally and socially, than these to whom we refer.

We learn that Mr. Watkins and Mr. J. B. Anderson have met with serious losses by fire. The former gentleman had his law office and library burned recently in Arkansas, and was worth \$800; while the latter had his dwelling house burned in Nebraska, which was worth \$800 or \$1,000. We are very sorry that our friends have met with such misfortunes.

Mr. Kasson believes in "taking in" the whole field of law while he has an opportunity. As Chaplain of

the Law Department, his duties require that his knowledge of the moral law should be of the highest order. Municipal law he learns, as a matter of course, with the class. He has lately turned his attention to natural law, and is now engaged in collecting a geological museum. He pays a dollar and upwards for good specimens delivered at his residence. For further particulars enquire of J. Mercer, business manager.

We understand that some parties put a wrong construction on a statement in the first part of our editorial of last month. We meant the remark for no particular person; much less a member of the class. Besides we protest against any gentleman trying to get up a corner or a patent right on such necessary adjuncts as a staff and a pair of burn-sides are to a law student. Indeed we aspire to be the owner of these important attachments ourself, as soon as our means and Mother Nature will admit. We wish no one would take offense at anything we have said, or shall say, if our assertions are not always warranted by facts; as we act on the best information we have, at the time of writing.

The recent discussion of the question by the Irvings, as to the right of the Faculty to control the actions of students outside of the University campus, has placed Faculty on the alert. Not long since some Laws, who, as a class, are known to be the guardians of liberty, discovered the President and Prof. Currier in a secluded spot in the forest practicing with bows and arrows for the coming conflict. Our informant states that the President missed the target tree, twelve times out of a dozen shots, and Prof. Currier could not shoot quite as well as the President. But considering everything this was not bad for tyros; and we expect by the opening of the fall term, Iowa City will have at least two expert archers. As soon as each one can hit an apple on the others head, at one hundred paces, then Academics you had better start for your firesides, for hostilities will begin.

We can hardly excuse ourself for a pointed remark in our last issue, which caused a red headed man, with auburn side whiskers and cane to dance around as if he had been stung by a hornet. When he began menacing and belaboring us, for the first time we saw the lyric beauty of the following lines from Falstaff:

He who lives and runs away,
Will live to fight another day.

At a convenient distance from the scene, we looked around, though our velocity was a two-forty pace, and
The victor viewed his flying foe,
As vanquished he appears;
Then turning round with haughty mien,
He walked off on his ear.

We now give the road to that man, and take the other side of the street. We have hired a man to fight for us, while we do all the necessary running. Relying on our record for speed, we confidently "pick our flint" and try again.

John W. Rogers, Esq., of Davenport, gave the class a very valuable course of lectures recently on constitutional law. We consider ourselves fortunate in having an opportunity to hear such a distinguished member of the bar. We doubt whether Mr. Rogers appreciated properly, the Chancellor's kindness, when he (the Chancellor) carefully locked his (Mr. Rogers') hat and overcoat in his office and went home with the key in his pocket. About dinner time Mr. Rogers ordered the Librarian to force the lock of the Chancellor's office, as justifiable burglary was not expressly prohibited by the constitution.

Mr. Kennedy, of the Class of 1878, dropped in to see us a week or two ago. He told part of his experience to the class in a neat little speech, which was very interesting. We have no fears as to Mr. Kennedy's mental capacity; but we fear that that maiden blush on his fair cheek, but too plainly indicates, that his constitution, like the writer's, will not stand the wear and tear of the law. Why, he has only practiced two years, and he is now but a mere shadow of about two hundred and twenty pounds weight.

A committee was appointed to arrange for having photographs of the members of the class taken, at the end of the term. We understand, that the photographers of the city have formed a monopoly, and refuse to take pictures for less than \$2.25 per dozen; when last year they were taken for \$0.90 per dozen. Negotiations are pending with artists from abroad, to come to the city and do the work at cheaper rates. The feeling seems to be that \$2.25 per dozen for shadows is a luxury too expensive to flatter the vanity of even law students.

The Ball Club Court showed its appreciation of the services of its presiding officer, Mr. Ball, by presenting him with a handsome gold headed cane. This was but one evidence of the high esteem in which he was held by the members of the club, for the great interest he manifested in assisting them in reducing the theory and principles of the law to actual practice.

We are glad to notice our friend Baker is able to be with us again, after a severe spell of sickness. He looks as though he had been in a band-box for some months; but we hope a few doses of Walker and Blackstone will be such tonics as will cause the return of his natural color and accustomed vigor.

We learn that Mr. O'Connor has left the class and has gone to Ft. Wayne, Ind., to accept the position of court reporter. We

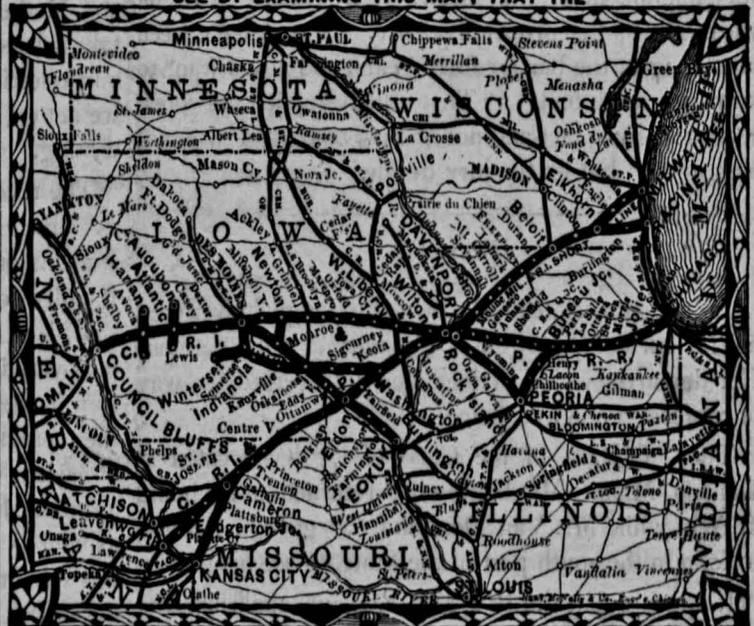
are glad to learn that he has secured such a good position, and will no doubt prove to be an efficient officer.

Mr. Dunn has closed his law studies, has been admitted to the bar, and has gone to his home at Grinnell. He has'nt fully mapped out his course for the future. He don't know exactly whether he will go west or get married.

Teacher.—What is the difference between the Code definition of an action and Blackstone's definition?
Student.—I hav'nt read the Code and so I can't tell what definition Blackstone gives.



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