

University Reporter.

STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA.

VOL. XIII.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, DECEMBER, 1880.

No. 4.

LIMPY HANK.

BY O. CLUTE.

As runs the shining Hudson's tide
To meet the mighty sea,
Below the spires of Albany
It laves the Point Van Wie.

Along the bank, in straggling row,
Are houses small and mean:
The turnpike white its crooked course
Winds in and out between.

Upon a steep hill's slaty side,
Like sentries in command,
Mid wiry grass, in stunted growth,
The solemn cedars stand.

Beyond the river's gleaming sheen
Lie fertile meadows low,
Then rolling hills, wave after wave,
In purple beauty glow.

From white-sailed sloops, that slowly pass,
Blue-shirted boatmen call
The latest news to lounging men
Upon the dock's low wall.

Here, just above the river's reach,
Upon the barren bank,
In lowly cabin rudely lives
The fisher, Limpy Hank.

A true Van Wie, within his veins
Pure Dutch blood courses slow
From lines of sturdy Vans who came
From Holland long ago.

In lore of books he has no skill,
But he has learned well
The hidden secrets of the stream,
With clearest eye to tell.

He knows where first the herrings run,
Where first the shad are found:
He'll tell his fellows where to seek
The sturgeon's feeding-ground.

In shady pools, for greedy bass,
His line unerring feels:
He knows where, in the oozy mud,
To bob for fattest eels.

In every famous haunt of fish
His well-set hoop-nets stand:
His seines, let down in chosen spots,
Come laden to the land.

All summer long, with eager eye,
He notes the changing tides:
All summer long, with skillful hand,
His lines and nets he guides.

In winter, when the mighty stream
Is locked with icy keys,
He sits beside his driftwood fire
And drinks his schnapps at ease.

There, day by day, with busy hand,
The netting needle goes,—
A wind, a thrust, the knot is tied,
Another loop he throws.

Yard after yard the seines increase,
And fast the hoop-nets grow:
Next season's catch will not be lost
For lack of nets, I trow.

His neighbor, Dirk, comes lounging in
To have a friendly smoke:
They reel long yarns of fishers' luck,
They crack the well-worn joke.

He boasts of how, when he was young,—
In good old times, I ween,—
He took one day a thousand shad
By hauling once the seine.

In sputtering kettle on the crane
The odorous crout he boils;
On hickory coals upon the hearth
The salted herring broils.

His garden-patch last summer gave
Potatoes fair to see,
Which, 'mong the glowing ashes piled,
Now roast right merrily.

In portly pot of finest Delft,—
Brought o'er by Frow Van Wie
From Amsterdam, when Schuyler came,—
He steeps the fragrant tea.

His humble board he deftly spreads:—
Potatoes, hard-tack dry,
The herring, crout, and smoking tea,—
Then bids his friend sit by.

And as they eat their homely meal
By the drift-wood buring free,
O'er weird fields of ice without
Fierce winds make minstrelsy.

So, in his cabin small and mean,
Upon the barren bank,
In happy independence lives
The fisher, Limpy Hank.

Iowa City, Iowa.

COLLEGE JOURNALISM.

The newspaper, with its daily record of current events, and the magazine, with its more elaborate presentation of what those events signify, are becoming every day a greater necessity to acting, thinking men.

Journalism has stepped into the front ranks of the forces arrayed for the advancement of civilization. It demands a high order of talent, and special preparation, for its successful prosecution. The preparation most essential is found in the liberal culture furnished by our colleges, as a foundation for the special studies to which the modern journalist devotes himself. Our college curricula are now, quite generally, comprehensive enough for those who seek general training, and at the same time flexible enough to admit of a start upon the line of special studies.

But, in its relation to most professional pursuits, the college course concerns itself with *the theory, the science*; while *the practice, the art*, are left to be mastered in the school of life, after graduation. Journalism, however, is so intimately connected with the studies of a college course, whether literary or scientific in its scope, as to make the union of theory and practice in a measure possible. Hence, the *raison d'etre* of the college journal. College journalism is the field of practice, the laboratory of application, the studio of the incipient artist.

Incident to the benefits to be derived from this school preparatory, are dangers to be avoided. Most have their source in the inexperience of college editors. These are so patent that they need not special elucidation. One of Addison's biographers says: "His unaffected English, his unexaggerated style, are a good model for the more ambitious of to-day." I know of no better *vade mecum* for the college editor than the *Spectator*. Addison's nearly three hundred essays upon the greatest variety of subjects, are, with certain considerations due to the times in which he wrote, nearly matchless models. To those whose inexperience would lead them to excess of wit and humor, I would commend most heartily the thorough perusal of numbers 35, 58, 59, and 249 of the *Spectator*.

There are many bright spots in a student's career toward which the sensitive paper may

be turned and permanent pictures be kept for after-comers. And, too, there are many jokes and witticisms, good while effervescing, but stale and unpalatable ever after.

But I would turn for a moment to the prominent thought, just now in my mind, and would speak of the college journal as the exponent of the college life. Though to the inside world it is known to express only the life of the few who are its conductors, to the outside world it is susceptible of no such limitation. The inside world reads between the lines where what is written fails to express the true college sentiment; but the outside world holds up the college paper as a mirror, reflecting the spirit and caliber of the college in its entirety. It is impossible for the college editor to present to the general reader *himself*, as a person distinct from the body of students. He is known only as a unit in combination, and, to most, he stands in place of the highest order. He becomes thus a type, in the minds of many, of the prevalent spirit of the institution. In his selections, in his admitted contributions, no less than in his editorials, is he made representative of his fellow students. Flippancy treatment of college affairs appears to betoken a low standard of professional influence, since the world will not know that sometimes the editor is not entirely free from fault growing out of misapprehension. Hasty judgments are often formed regarding the actions of fellow-students, or of their teachers. "It is human to err," but it is better that errors in college matters be strictly family affairs, settled without the aid of the general public.

The college journal should have at heart the well-being and the public approval of the institution it represents. Its discussion of college administration should be frank and manly, with the savor of charity when adverse; and free from all fulsome flattery when favorable. The college represented has the right to expect of its journal a high tone in keeping with the life and culture of the institution. The journal cannot afford to disappoint such an expectation.

J. L. PICKARD.

The greater the sole, the greater the understanding.

Why Should We Study History?

In the first place, because of the information it gives of all the past life of our race upon the earth. To be ignorant of that life would be as unworthy of an intelligent man as to be ignorant of the present condition of humanity, in all places beyond his native township. In this, all would agree. But, secondly, the study of history has a value beyond that of the information it imparts, and this is more difficult to explain. It does not discipline the mind like mathematics or the classics; it does not train the powers of observation, or admit us to the secrets of nature as the physical sciences do. In what, then, does its special value consist?

I think this question would be answered today very differently from what it would have been or was fifty or a hundred years ago. Then it was said that history, like travel, enlarged our knowledge of mankind, showed man under various aspects, gave the student a much larger variety of examples to reason from, in working out the problems of life. It enlarged our horizon by comprehending within it not only the world of to-day, but also the other worlds in which past generations dwelt. This view might be presented in many different forms, but I think they would all substantially amount to this—that mankind being the same in all ages, the more we learned of them in the past, the wider base we should have for our conclusions about them to-day. The assumption that they were really the same, with the same characters, moral notions, rules, principles of action, etc., was the corner-stone of the entire argument.

But, to-day, the advice to study history rests as completely on the assumption that our ancestors were unlike us, as it formerly did on that of their likeness. It is assumed that men are constantly changing, according to fixed laws; and that the true way to understand them now is to study their development in the past. This is especially true of the very class of topics in regard to which the essential sameness of mankind in different ages was formerly taken for granted. It is the moral side of human nature in its broadest sense—*mores*, character, habits, principles, conceptions of right and wrong—that we ex-

pect to learn by studying the processes through which they have come to be what they now are. Hence the importance attaches to histories of law, of ethics, of philosophical systems, of manners and customs. Hence, too, a very great change in the subject matter and tone of our common national histories. The main object of our study is to explain the present, not to learn the things which the present could not furnish us. H.

THERE is a class of people who are never satisfied with the present. They resemble those aged persons who—be it said with all due reverence for age—are continually looking back to the good old days gone by, and decrying the inferiority of the present. A few of these individuals appear in every community, and insignificant indeed is that subject which escapes their observation.

Some are lamenting the loss of social privileges which students have suffered in the last few years. They sigh for a “good old-fashioned walk-around,” and tell of those “jolly times” when students held sociables and made each other’s acquaintance. Time the great solacer of all griefs, has obscured all the inconvenience and unpleasantness of those gatherings. Students then wished for better accommodations, for better entertainment, for fewer decorations in the shape of wall-flowers, in fact, for anything that would be a change. He must be predisposed to pessimism who thinks we have fewer social advantages than our predecessors. The societies unite many in friendly alliance. A cordial sympathy exists between Professors and scholars, and one evening in the week all students are invited to the home of the President, where all is so cheerful, and the hours pass so quickly that all who avail themselves of this privilege can look without regret upon the past, and can hope for nothing better in the future. Perhaps a more general acquaintance of classes among each other and themselves might be desired; but, as students, we must guard against the habit of complaint. “No one can keep ahead of the world as a leader who walks backwards.”

More than nine-tenths of the colleges and universities of our country are under Christian supervision.

COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT.

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ONE COPY, ONE YEAR, \$1.00. SIX COPIES, ONE YEAR, \$5.00.

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

Anonymous articles are invariably rejected.

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

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J. A. KERR, Financial Agent.

EDITORIAL AND PERSONAL.

MINNIE F. CLARKE, '81.

F. O. NEWCOMB, '82.

LOCAL.

J. A. MILLER, '83.

EXCHANGES.

HERMON CRAVEN, '84.

OUR editorials are less numerous this issue than usual; from the fact that the senior editor has been watching at the deathbed of her father. To its afflicted comrades and her friends, THE REPORTER corps extends its sympathy.

THE President's message is before us, and a good one it is. Although President Hayes has had little assistance from the machine politicians of his own party, and has had to maintain his policy throughout with a hostile Congress watching his every movement, yet that his administration has been successful and one of the best which our short history has shown, no one in his right mind will longer attempt to deny. This last message of the administration is characteristic, plain, and practical; it goes over almost the entire field of legislative needs of the country. Consistent with his past policy, he calls the attention of Congress to farther needs of civil service reform; advises competitive examinations for our civil service; believes the proper manner to dispose of Grant would be to create the office of Captain-General for his benefit; thinks it time to take vigorous means to suppress polygamy in Utah, and, to this end, advises the reorganization of the Territory; he also favors making an honest dollar out of silver. On the whole, the message would be better received but for the attempt to palm off "Southern outrages" upon the Nation. We want no more nonsense in that direction.

WE dropped in on the Owl Club, the other evening, and, as we took our seat in the gallery, the first who met our eye was Chucky, as he "tumbled to the racket." The light forms, as they floated past to the "voluptuous swell" of the music; the bright costumes, and the brighter faces, with their laughing eyes,—all formed a picture which "'twere heaven to attain." Envy claimed us as we gazed upon our more fortunate brethren upon the floor below. For a week we had been in training under the best dry goods clerk in the city, that we might describe the costumes; but the first glance drove all away, and we could not have told a tarleton stripe, cut Pinafore, from a cast-iron gray silk, cut *a la* bombazine. The janitor woke us from the trance which ensued, when he came to blow out the gas, and we immediately hurried home to wake the house by vain attempts to "get onto" the Newport. Why will our educators neglect our feet to advance our paltry heads? Remember us again, boys; we won't do any harm.

WE clip the following from the Adams county, Nebraska, *Gazette*:

The store-room recently occupied as a saloon, but which came so abruptly to a termination by its proprietor's arrest for forgery, has been put to better use, viz., the philanthropy of Dr. VanSickel, Homeopath, of Hastings, who has turned it into a temporary hospital, for his fever patients, that were in such poorly ventilated and small quarters that any hope of success, as well as the comfort of any was possible. This is a commendable enterprise, and shows that the Dr. has more than a financial interest in his patients, and deserves richly the large patronage he is receiving, and the praise bestowed for his indomitable energy in spending both time and money in securing things comfortable for his five or six hospital patients.

AN association of graduates of Williams College has been formed at Cleveland, Ohio, to be known as the Williams College Alumni Association of Northern Ohio. A banquet will be held in January, at which it is hoped General Garfield, who is a graduate of Williams, will deliver a speech.—*Ex.*

LOCAL

Whoopla!

Xmas Gift.

How's your lip?

O the snow, Oh!

Cold—the Chapel.

I thought you knew *everything*.

“Shall we or shall we not vacate?” say the Laws.

“Looking forward into the past,” says the classical Soph.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Geo. Boal has been sick for some time.

Contemptible—the fellows that go to every dance and never take a lady.

Look out for the other fellow, K.; “he’s too darned big,” you know.

Our neighbor, the *Vidette*, is enlarged and much improved in appearance. Shake!

The four infantry captains of next year are said to be seated together in the Tactics class.

One of the boys says our Law Professor is vain, because he parts his hair in the middle.

Many of the Academy students have already left the city to go home and see their sisters.

The rush for lecture tickets at Smith & Mullin’s, Monday, December 13, was simply immense.

The military suits are becoming more and more popular. Between forty and fifty are already completed.

Q. What are those bands of color called?

A. Colored bands.

Congestion of faces.

Those Juniors who sat in the gallery at “An Arabian Night” report it the best entertainment of the season.

Mr. Payne, of the *Boone County Republican*, was in the city a short time since, visiting his son, W. O. He expressed himself well pleased with the city.

The dearth of jokes in this issue is on account of the Professors having formed a combination, in order to bull the market; leaving us “sold short.”

Prof. Parker is to lecture before the State Teachers’ Association, which meets at Des Moines during the holidays.

The whole number of school superintendents and principals who are University graduates is thirty-eight. This includes only those teaching in this State.

Our band is a fixed fact, and the instruments are here. According to our informant there will be thirteen pieces, which won’t be so bad for us now.

We would respectfully suggest that the furnace used for heating the Chapel be provided with one of those paper overcoats,—but there, now, we won’t grumble.

The Law Literary Society is beginning to draw, and is doing work to deserve it. Some of the productions would honor older heads and more pretentious institutions.

The lucky Sophs. for the declamation contest are Miss Wilkinson and Messrs. Gilbert, Johnson, and McGowan. Freshmen are Misses Ham and Rynearson and Messrs. Gillis and Lake.

There was deep sarcasm in that talk of a Professor’s wanting us to make living sacrifices of ourselves, when he well knew that a sacrifice would have frozen stiff in two minutes by the watch.

A Sophomore has propounded the conundrum, “Why are the Madison girls like boiled potatoes?” “Because they are easily mashed.”—*Exchange*.

We understand that the Senior class petitioned to be excused December 17th, but the heartless faculty hooted at the idea of class caste. A petition from the Law class, we are informed, was received very differently.

Der Professor, having placed a board over the hole in the floor through which a frightened mouse had disappeared—“Now if the young ladies in the class do not pay attention, I will take the board off.” Consternation!

Miss Mordoff, of Hiatt’s Academy, has established a German reading club in this city, in order to become better acquainted with the more common idioms of the language. We look upon this as a move in the right direction.

Query: Who are they that persist in playing "Ingomar" at every entertainment?

Lieutenant (forgetting himself while drilling the *fair* ones) "Little finger back of the seam of your trowsers!"

Officers of the Sophomore class for next term: President, W. N. Baker; Vice-President, Delia Hutchinson; Recording Secretary, Norris Brown; Corresponding Secretary, Lou Ham; Treasurer, Eva Miller; Sergeants-at-Arms, Newman and Rorabaugh.

We learn that one of the Sophs. has quite a collection of orations, written especially for commencements, which he will dispose of at reasonable rates to Seniors. All communications strictly private. Address P. L. S., this office.

The English Literature class have had some very interesting readings from Shakespeare, members of the class taking the characters. But their motto is, "No admission, except on biz;" hence the outside world has not profited thereby.

What an awful thing it is to have sudden shocks administered to the nervous system! A few days since our composition was entirely unstrung by hearing that a Medic had been stabbed, and learning by investigation that it was not true.

On last Friday a joint session of the four upper societies took unto themselves the "Oratorical Association." We do not feel completely satisfied with the move, as it bars anyone who may not be a member of some one of the societies, which is manifestly unjust.

We see by the *Vidette* that Whipple, of '82, is married. It seems that he took advantage of his trip to Washington to consummate the act. Although he has slighted the "printers," yet, knowing the cross he has voluntarily assumed, we forgive. Here is to many returns, etc.

The Library will be open for an hour on each Monday of vacation, at 2 P. M. Students desiring books for use during vacation, should apply for them on Monday or Tuesday, Dec. 20, 21. All books so taken out should be returned during the first week of the winter term, to avoid fines.

In Astronomy.—*Professor*, to Junior—"What time does Mars get full?"

Junior.—"Don't know, sir: never associated with such company." Decided applause.—*Exchange*.

Bitter experience has taught that for those who wish to skate on warm days, it is a pretty good scheme to half-sole themselves with a tin pan. Take warning from the sad fate of those gone before.

Married, Nov. 1880, at the residence of the bride's parents, Keokuk Co., Iowa, the Rev. W. A. Gibbens and Miss Maggie D Thomas. Mr. Gibbens is a graduate of the S. U. I., class '77, and Miss Thomas of Iowa Wesleyan University, class '76.

The Medics finished dissecting on Saturday last, and could be seen wending their way homeward, each bearing a portion of his or her favorite corpse in a calico rag. Judging from the smell, one would think they had just been fitted out with a whole morgue.

The gloom of examination is upon us. The gay laugh, the merry glance, and the sparkling jest, are banished. On every hand the stealthy glance, the hurried manner, the general air of profound abstraction, proclaim "the struggle for existence," leading to "the survival of the fittest."

That comet has at last been discovered by a patient Senior. He says that it has an unusually long tail, and is accompanied by a large collection of shooting stars. The point of observation was just above the upper bridge, and the position of the observer was that often assumed by a man when getting off from a bucking horse. Suit has been instituted for damages by the ice man for spoiling his most desirable field.

In an unguarded moment we were led to accept the position of cornet soloist in the new band, and now we are in a fair way to make the finest collection of bric-a-brac on record. The result of the first half hour's practice is simply immense, taking quite a volume to catalogue; and 'twas all furnished by the neighbors with a zest and heartiness quite refreshing in this selfish age. Suffice it to say, the position, with good will, is on the market at a discount.

Not long since a prominent member of the Senior class was conspicuous for his absence from his recitations, and when he returned he was found to have borrowed one of Saturn's rings to ornament his north eye. Report says he tried to kiss her. And now one who is widely known as a "bold, bad masher," has received notice from his landlady to keep out of the kitchen or change rooms.

We were made glad by being present at a meeting of the Pickwick Club, the other evening. The old Pickwickian spirit seemed to pervade each member, and the evening was passed in speaking and being spoken to in accordance with the good old style; while it all was lightened by the genial smile of a veritable Pickwick No. 2. Fly high, boys; may your shadows never decrease!

"Hints for Home Reading." A series of chapters telling how to read; edited, with an introduction, by Lyman Abbott. Price, seventy-five cents. G. P. Putman's Sons, New York. Every student is bothered more or less, by the question, what to read. The world is full of books. How to make selections, is the object of this compilation of essays by Perkins, Sweetser, Hamlin, Warner, Mabie, Hill, Cook, and Bucher.

"Rhetoric as an Art of Persuasion." An essay "to students of Law and other young gentlemen whose taste may incline them to learn something concerning the art of debate and public speaking." By Daniel P. Miller, Senior, Keokuk, Iowa. Mills and Co., Publishers, Des Moines. Every student of Iowa should possess a copy of this excellent work. It will be found practical, instructive, and useful.

Among other books lately added to the University Library, we note the following as specially worthy of mention: Baird's Rise of the Huguenots; McDonald's Robert Falconer; Works of Justin McCarthy, vols. iii., iv.; Frederika Bremer's most charming story, The Neighbors; Howell's Undiscovered Country; Bessey's Botany; Wm. Lloyd Garrison and His Times; Leslie Stephens' Life of Pope; Herbert Spencer's Psychology, vol. ii.; Bastian's Brain as an Organ of the Mind.

OMAHA, NEB., Nov. 25, 1880.

To the Marriage Editor:

DEAR SIR—Thanks for your well-meant endeavor to marry me off; but, for goodness' sake, don't let the impression go out that I am married, for I expect to visit Iowa City before long, and might have hard work to explain. Yours fraternally,

OSCAR GROSCHELLE.

NEW WORDS.—While many words once in common use are now nearly obsolete, few persons are aware how large a number of new words are constantly coming into our language. The supplement of the new edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, recently issued, contains among other attractive features, an addition of over 4,600 new words and meanings, and yet it is but a few years since a general revision was made and great care taken to insert all the words then properly belonging to the English language. Where these words come from and what they are, is a surprise to persons who have not examined them. That they have not been hastily compiled is evidenced by the accuracy of and careful study given to their etymology and definitions.

Tuesday evening, December 14th, the Juniors held their class election, with the following result: President, W. H. Selleck; Vice-President, J. B. French; Recording Secretary, C. H. Dayton; Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer, Melville Eaton; Sergeant-at-Arms, E. S. Quinton. To fill the vacancy caused by resignation of Bricker as Class Joker, Mr. Payne was unanimously elected. L. Dow Younkin was made Chaplain. Mr. Whipple was elected "Bouncer" by acclamation. "Mashers," Seerley and Payne. Class Editor, C. H. Forney. Class Historian, F. O. Newcomb. The class then proceeded to do a little professorial serenading. The incidents of the evening were many. One of the Professors thought the warblers wanted to be met by moonlight, and came out to gratify them.

Battle Creek College, at Battle Creek, Michigan, is in a flourishing condition. It is furnished with a Faculty of fourteen members, and has more than five hundred students in attendance this year.

THE present Freshman class has been claiming the largest number of good-looking girls, the smartest boys, and now they have a poet. His latest work lies before us, and for nice discrimination in the use of words, careful and successful handling of difficult verse attempted, brilliancy of execution and design, and pure poetic sentiment, we have seldom seen it surpassed. He so completely enters into the nature of the subject, that each reader must feel able to do as well himself. He follows in the footsteps of E. H., of '80, and we predict as brilliant a future. The lines run as follows:

When within a country village,
We are doomed awhile to stop,
And for days and nights together,
Something still is heard to drop,
'Tis a joy to walk where sidewalks
Ought to be but never will,
And to see, in place of crossings,
Enough of the fluid element of heaven to run a
respectable old saw mill.

There, in fancy, o'er the corn fields,
I can see a stately ark;
Large, indeed, as Noah's vessel,
Or the whale that played the shark,
Bearing down with sails outspreading,
And a crew intent to save,
Even as a brand from burning,
Poor lone me from an untimely and very watery
grave.

Every drop, when downward falling,
Sends the cold chills down my back,
And dread dreams of ague's shaking
Now begin my mind to rack,
And before my startled vision,
Ghosts of pills gigantic loom,
And grim-visaged undertakers
Gravely assure that theirs is the only sure, direct,
and comfortable route to the tomb.

There is naught in all the torments
That in Hades used to dwell
Can work upon man's nature
Such a very potent spell,
As to find within a paper,
When he tries to keep aloof
From the death distilling moisture,
A piece of poetry setting forth the beauties of
listening to the patter of the rain upon the
roof.

The Professor who recently said, in warmly recommending a certain book, "If you can't carry it in your head, you can in your pocket," echoed the sentiments of many men in the school who have "cribbed" through their examinations.

Arrangements have been made by a number of our prominent citizens for one of the finest courses of entertainment that this "Athens of Iowa" has ever been favored with. Mrs. Laura E. Dainty, the dramatic and humorous reader, who is, says one of the students, "the only reader that ever brought tears to my eyes," is engaged for January 19. "Daniel O'Connell," by the Hon. Wm. Parsons, will constitute one of the lectures of the course.

Archibald Forbes, the renowned war correspondent of the London *News*, has been secured.

Two other entertainments are yet to be provided. From the character of these already engaged, we may safely conclude they will be of the first order. More than half the house already sold. Buy at once!

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS.

The bull-frog has hung up his fiddle,
The bug and the cricket are still;
No more can be heard in the evening,
The mosquito a-filing his bill.

Wabash is the only college in Indiana that is not co-educational.

The Hon. Cyrus H. McCormick has recently paid over the sum of \$75,000 as a new gift to the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Chicago, Illinois.

Professor—"Those gentlemen who desire to make an accurate observation of the Great Bear will please come into my cabinet this evening at eight o'clock."

Senior, rushing into the post-office—"Have you anything for Burns?"

Postmaster, sympathetically—"Yes, sir, here is some salve."

Exit Burns, with a dainty letter.

On November 30, Pardee Hall, at Lafayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania, was re-dedicated. President Hayes, General Sherman, Senator Ramsey, Postmaster-General Maynard, and Governor Hayt, of Pennsylvania, were present and made brief speeches; after which the dedication address was delivered by Professor Francis A. March, LL. D., who chose as a subject "The Buildings and Apparatus of a Modern College." In the evening the students celebrated the dedication by a display of fire-works.

PERSONAL.

'80. Dean Robinson is now at home.

Danskin, '83, is back just in time for treats.

Frank Lyon, '76, is in a bank at Marengo.

E. E. Gibbens, '78, is teaching at Keswick, Iowa.

W. A. Gibbens, '72, is preaching near Ottumwa.

H. F. Dennay, '79, is in an office at Quincy, Illinois.

W. H. Mahannah, '82, is tilling the soil in Madison county.

'80. C. N. Hunt will spend a part of his vacation in this city.

E. J. Wells left for Bradford Friday, to look after business affairs.

'80. Hattie Dennis, of Tiffin, visited her *alma mater* the first of the week.

'76. Van Arsdel hangs out in one of the railroad offices of the U. P., Omaha, Neb.

Samuel Decker, '78, has just been elected District Attorney for Smith county, Kansas.

F. K. Van Fossen left school the first of the month; will return, however, next term.

A. L. Schuyler, of Clinton, is visiting his friend, H. W. Seeman, with designs on Beloit as well.

Walter Walker, who was obliged to leave school some time since, on account of his health, will return next term.

Will Anderson, '76, Topeka, Kansas, is in town for the sole purpose, we understand, of keeping up acquaintance with the family of one of our worthy law Professors.

W. C. Whiting, a prominent young merchant of Whiting, Iowa, is visiting friends in the city. He has not forgotten us, and expects to send a brother and sister in the spring.

Miss Julia Cavanagh, after spending a two weeks' vacation in the city with relatives and friends, returned to Clarksville, December 11th, to resume her duties there as assistant in the High School. Miss C. was one of '81's best members.

Will Cobb went on Monday to Fayette, where he will probably remain this winter to pursue his studies, and also enter the journalistic field in company with a friend, as editor of a college paper. We wish success to the new enterprise.—*Earlville Record*.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

M. E. RUDOLPH, Editor.

As our connection with THE REPORTER ceases with this issue, we take pleasure in surrendering quill and tripod to our successor, and bowing ourself down and out. We assumed the position without seeking it; we relinquish it without regret. Our regular work in the class-room prevented the attention that otherwise we would like to have bestowed; and hence our work in this direction has not been all that we would have desired to make it, though the best we could do under the circumstances. That there are those who would do immeasurably better, we haven't the least particle of doubt. It is said that one-half of the people in the country think they can preach better than the preachers; the other half think they can practice law better than the lawyers; and all of them know they could edit a paper better than the editors. We grant them their opinion; but until they have tried it, we will reserve our own. To our editorial *confreres*, and to many others with whom our duties brought us in relation, we would return sincere thanks for the courtesies shown us during our brief yet pleasant association on THE REPORTER.

WE note with pride the increasing interest manifested in the Law Literary Society. The full houses that now inspire the performers are in happy contrast to the empty benches that greeted them at first. The programme, generally, has also improved, and some of the efforts have been in the highest sense creditable to the performers. The declamations are well rendered, the discussions have been ably handled, and orations have been delivered that received the highest encomiums. We would ask our visitors, however, to judge tenderly some few bucolic wits, whose rural antecedents oblige them to repeat by means of a "paper" the coarse jokes and ungentlemanly personalities they learned at some country lyceum.

It's no use; we give it up. In trying to be classical last month, we wrote: "No pent-up Utica is ours;" and the gay and festive typó modernized it to "in ours."

WE desired very much to publish the poem by J. B. Bruffi, recently read before the Law Literary Society; but owing to its length, it was impossible to find room for it, and any extract we could make would do fit injustice.

A BATTLE of "the books" is in progress. Mills & Co., of Des Moines, are offering the 52d volume of Iowa Reports for 94 cents per copy; or, if sent prepaid by mail, \$1.25. If that firm would also loosen its grip on the price of the preceding volumes, it would be a "consummation devoutly to be wished."

WE hope that the Chancellor's suggestion in reference to the abolition of set speeches in debate may be adopted in the Law Literary Society. Have a couple of leaders appointed and let the rest of the debate be made up by volunteers. The practice will then be worth something to those who participate. At any rate, it is worth trying.

SHORTLY after the election, a letter of congratulation was sent to General Garfield, signed by the members of the Law class. On Monday last the following reply was received from the newly elected President:

MENTOR, OHIO, December 3, 1880.

James B. Bruff, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—Accept for yourself, and extend to the students of the Law Department of the Iowa State University, my cordial thanks for their kind congratulations of the fifth of November.

Very truly yours,

J. A. GARFIELD.

LAW PERSONALS.

- '80. Joerns is practicing at Dubuque.
- '80. Hugh Kelley is practicing at Cedar Rapids.
- '81. Sweney was away courting a portion of last week.
- '80. Bonfield is in his father's office at Kankakee, Illinois.
- '79. Joseph Bookwalter was recently elected to the Minnesota legislature.
- '80. P. E. Ritz is station agent and telegraph operator at Oakdale, Nebraska.
- '79. Thomas McCulla, of Cherokee, Iowa, recently stopped off here on his way to visit friends at Muscatine. He also gave the boys a neat little speech.

'80. Frank Triplett is expounding Walker and Kent to the natives about Gowrie, Webster county.

'81. Gesford showed himself a good parliamentarian in presiding over the late class meetings.

'81. Wetmore still oscillates between Iowa City and Marengo, but the intervals are lengthening.

'79. Chucky Powers and his plug hat came up from Davenport to attend the last one of the Beloit dances.

'80. J. V. Andersom and Samuel Hargreaves will tell the Chancellor what they know about law upon the 23d instant.

'81. Comes now the defendant, ye masher from Springdale, and for answer denies each and every allegation and defies the alleg(at)or.

'80. Fred. Denkman, of Rock Island, as a devout votary of Terpsichore, was here to offer up his adoration to that deity at the last Beloit dance.

'79. Frank Horak has established himself here in Doe's office, and is working up a fine practice. Though located here but a short time, he already has several cases docketed for the next term of court.

'80. Wm. Millen, who is practicing at Greeley, Delaware county, recently stopped off here on his return from Des Moines where he had been to look up an absconding mortgagor. He reports everything prosperous.

'79. R. S. Graham died of consumption at Loveland, Colorado, on the 23d of November last, at the age of thirty years and five months. The deceased had gone to Colorado in quest of health, and was practicing law at Denver in connection with his cousin, D. B. Graham, who is prosecuting attorney. The remains were buried at Indianola, and the *Herald* of that place says: "He was endowed with gifts and social qualities that would have made him a power and an instrument of good in the world with the training and culture he had received. And it is one of the wonders of God's rule in this world why He removes those best prepared for doing His work here just when they are best prepared to do it; yet we are told, "He doeth all things well."

'80. John Harkin, of Des Moines, was married to Miss Mead, of this city, November 25th. We extend our hearty congratulations.

'79. Wm. B. Burnett was recently admitted to the bar at Columbus, Ohio, along with nineteen others, among whom were seven other graduates of different law schools. He sustained the reputation of his institution by passing the best examination among that number.

EXCHANGES.

The *Variety* is a unique and original sheet from Toronto, Canada. Its subject matter is good; but its appearance could be much improved.

Many frequenters of the library will be glad to learn that a printed index of the *Nation* brought down to September of 1880, has been published, and may now be found at the reading room.

The *Rockford Seminary Magazine* is the only lady visitor we have. She is an attractive wide-awake Miss, and evidently takes a lively interest in politics. We are highly pleased with her, and in fact are completely "mashed" at first sight.

The *College Courier* is always welcome. Its editorials are good; its "Courieriosities" an attractive feature. Monmouth carried away the honors at the Illinois State Contest, and the prize oration is the chief attraction of the last issue of the *Courier*.

We like the *Knox Student* first rate. It always contains something of real merit, but still does not lack that spiciness and vivacity which should characterize a college paper. It publishes an interesting account of the recent Inter-Collegiate Contest of Illinois and the orations of two of the contestants.

Northwestern University has a worthy representative in the spirited *Tripod*. The November number contains an interesting article on college men in Congress. It says "using this Congress as a basis, the collegiate has five chances of becoming a senator out of the eleven offered to all classes struggling in the same direction. Special course students fare hard; but one is represented in Congress."

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

CHARLES ATWOOD, Editor.

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

—Coleridge.

In regard to the "scathing resolutions" published in these columns last month, we wish to say to the *Vidette* that they were neither premature nor hasty, but were only adopted by the Medical class after due deliberation and without a dissenting vote. Neither were they actuated by a "spirit of policy or desire to fawn at the feet of the powers that be." The students of this department have not yet come to such a pass that they consider the Faculty as infallible, or the pending examinations as the ultimatum of human existence. But, on the contrary, they do recognize the fact that the "most common rules of decency and etiquette" were grossly violated by the article published in the *Vidette*, and that the puerile carelessness and extreme shortsightedness of the editors in admitting such an article was but justly corrected by the publication of the resolutions in THE REPORTER.

The "over-zealous Medical class" will soon lay aside their tomes of medical literature, and proceed to take immediate action on the coming festivities and the total depravity of human nature. In view of the important event, and the fact that this is the last issue of the term, we will "take time by the forelock" and wish all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

CHIPS.

Search for pathological splints.—*Peck*.

Dr. Ranney has delivered his course of lectures on insanity.

H. Williams, '81, is suffering from an attack of pleuro-pneumonia.

One hundred and twenty-three demonstrator's tickets have been issued.

W. J. Saunders, '80, is building up a fine practice at Bevington, Madison county, Iowa.

B. Chilson, formerly '81, has not yet been heard from, but is thought to be at Rush Medical.

What difference is there between a man and a woman?—*Vas deferens*.—*Medical Record*.

Profs. Robertson and Middleton attended the recent meeting of the National Board of health at New Orleans.

In 1846, Augustus Waller witnessed and was the first to describe the passage of the white blood corpuscles through the walls of the vessels.

The first graduating class from this department, in 1871, contained only three members, viz., Homer R. Page, Isaac L. Potter, and Nathan H. Tullos.

It is stated that Garibaldi was color-blind, and that he selected the red flannel for the uniforms of his soldiers under the firm belief that it was dark green.

According to Dr. Alonzo Clark, the pollen of the *ambrosia artmesifolia* deserves a large part of the blame for causing the troublesome disease known as hay fever.

Dr. John Buchanan, the wholesale dealer in diplomas, has been fined five hundred dollars and ordered imprisoned for ten months, as has also M. V. Chapman, his accomplice.—*Chicago Times*.

An author catalogue of the University library, written upon cards and alphabetically arranged, has just been completed, and will be placed in a case designed for it in the reading room, where all persons may have access to it. The directions for its use are very simple, and will appear on a card over the case. A subject catalogue is well under way and will be carried on as rapidly as possible.

Card catalogues have been for many years in use in the large libraries of the East, and are a great improvement upon any other form of manuscript catalogue. The expense of printing is so great that our institution cannot yet undertake it, but whenever the time shall come that we are able to print, these cards will furnish the copy and the work can be placed before us without delay.

Mr. Lee Johnson won the prize in the Sophomore class and Miss Ham in the Freshman class last night.

Just as we are going to press, we learn that the Chicago Church Choir Concert Company will open the Iowa City Lyceum Course, Friday evening, January 7th. This is good news. We are thus assured of a thoroughly first-class entertainment.

HOMEOPATHIC DEPARTMENT.

F. M. SOMERS, Editor.

Nature has endowed us with greater or less capacity for mental culture, and it remains with us to expand our powers by application, or allow them to atrophy from disuse.

In casting a retrospective glance over the past we see examples of this culture that challenge our admiration,—intellectual giants who command our highest respect and gratitude. Among those to whom we are indebted more for a valuable inheritance than Hahnemann, the father of Homeopathy, the discoverer of the God-given law, "*Similia similibus curantur?*" And yet there are many who sneer when his name is mentioned, and many are there who jeer at the law his research revealed, and seek to crush the truths of Homeopathy beneath the iron heel of power. It is so now, and it was far more so in the past. For over seventy-five years has Homeopathy struggled against the calumnies and jealousies of its enemies, until to-day, it stands proudly forth in the strength of its millions of defenders. Thus rapidly has it gained upon the intelligent sympathies of the world's people. Verily, "Truth is mighty and will prevail."

And now to those who would sentence this law of similars, without investigation, as erroneous and false in the extreme, we say: "Never condemn without a hearing." It exhibits either a paucity of intellect or a prejudiced disinclination to an examination. Homeopathy invites your inspection. Common sense demands it, before a judgment is pronounced. There must be a reason for all things.

Our item in the last REPORTER concerning the Parsons of the Homeopathic department has lost us a contributor. The result is no Joy to us.

J. A. Hudson left for his home at Lenox, to remain temporarily in the discharge of some matters pertaining to his business. He will return after the holidays.

L. M. Foster has returned to Nemaha City, Nebraska, having been recalled by his partner to assist in a practice which he was unable to cope with alone. We are sorry to lose Foster from our number.

The number of students enrolled in this department now, is fifty. The latest arrivals are—

W. W. Wilson, Paris, Illinois.

W. A. Merry, Cresco.

M. E. Bailey, Mt. Union, Ohio.

E. Harding, La Fayette, Indiana.

S. K. Cummings, Spiceland, Indiana.

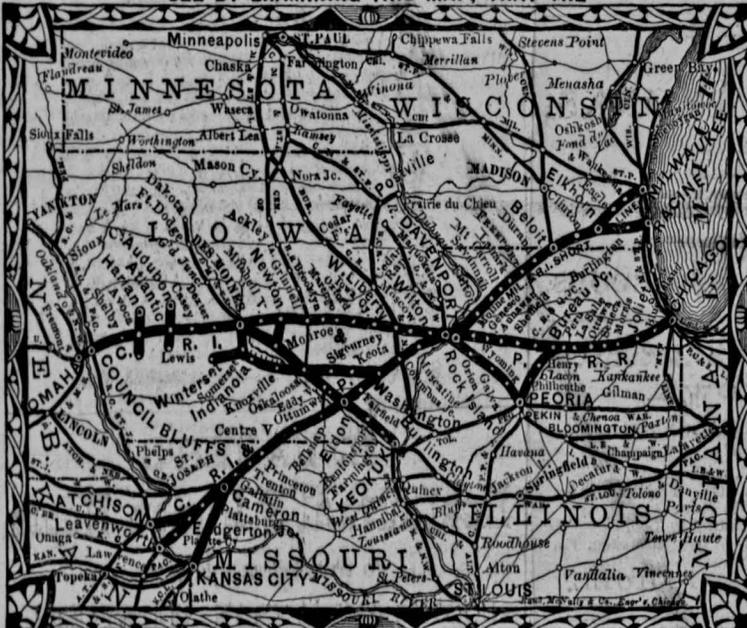
The Christmas holidays approach when the persecuted canines can boldly tread the turf of the campus, e'en to the threshold, where so many of their kind have entered never to return, for the wicked Medic will have hied him to his home.

The medical editor of the *Vidette*, having new dignity in the shape of spectacles, is now eminently qualified to represent the Medical class, notwithstanding those sweeping resolutions against him and "his'n." Can't go back on the "specs," you know, Atwood.



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JAMES FRESH.

A Soph. thinks he has discovered the shape of a kiss; he says it is a-lip-tickle

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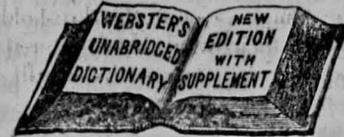
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