

The Vidette-Reporter.

VOL. XIV.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1882.

NO. 31

The Vidette-Reporter,

ISSUED
EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON,
During Colliate Year S. U. I.
Office in Republican Building, Washington St.

S. B. HOWARD, '88. C. N. HUNT, '80.
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TERMS:

One copy, one year, - - - - - \$1 00
Single copy, - - - - - 05

For sale at the Bookstores.

Those not receiving their papers regularly will please inform us, and they will be forwarded.

All communications should be addressed
THE VIDETTE-REPORTER,
Iowa City, Iowa.

THE INTER-STATE CONTEST AT INDIANAPOLIS.

The finest country we saw was between Burlington and Chicago. There are large tracts of Iowa lands just as nice, but they are not improved so well. The same Western energy and enterprise are at work here which have advanced our sister State, and so our eyes showed no flashes of envy as they looked upon the fields of Illinois. In fact, there is some consolation in growing up in a younger State, because when its development is more complete, we can feel that we have had a hand, perhaps, in shaping it, and every influence from the student or scholar will be greater in effect on account of its being exercised in a formative period.

Chicago is so large and its industries so varied that it cannot fail to afford interest to those of every class, but particularly, we think, to the man of commerce. Trade has the lead. The exchange shows greater enthusiasm than its colleges or universities. Except as a student is an observer of men in all departments, and of trade in all its bearings upon the development of resources and best interests of society, one would be profited more in a smaller University town of the East, where the tone of quiet culture supersedes the rattle of wheels and the clangor of whistles and bells.

Chicago University has a building of some pretensions, but its operations are cramped and retarded on account of finances.

Douglas Monument is a few blocks away over, looking the lake, which washes nearly up to its base. A tall marble spire upholds

to the world a statue of one of the noblest sons whom the West has contributed to the bright galaxy of the American great — one who is second only to the man who beat him — Lincoln. On the sarcophagus, in the chamber below, is a single inscription — "Teach my children to obey the laws and uphold the constitution."

In Chicago we were joined by R. F. Hurlburt, of Cornell, and met the delegations from Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the orator from Illinois. These formed a very pleasant company for the rest of journey to Indianapolis.

There are belts in the northern part of Indiana which are unsurpassed, but a careful observation, more particularly in the southern part, satisfies us that the Garden of Eden never had a location there, and never will have. Picturesque scenery it has in abundance, but taken as a whole, it looks like a clay swamp, well timbered. It might do to be born in, but it is a splendid place to emigrate from at an early age. No wonder the political parties pull and fight, scrape up the graves for bad records, and slime one another with slander! Strife is engendered in the soil. Nature seems to have been stingy in her allotment of rich, black soil. Frogs croak all night. Even on the highest bluffs one would think there was a carnival of the entire genus beneath his window. Another thing we noticed was a wide divergence between the lower and the best class of society. We saw no average class of intelligent commonalty. The people are inclined to be either gods or beasts.

It was our lot to wait for the train in a doggerel grocery store in Southern Indiana. Dickens died before his time; he should have been there to secure his characters. The storekeeper had been there for forty years, had a store-room and post-office in a shanty about fifteen feet square, and sold everything from thread to a cross-cut saw, or a cod-fish. The floor was coated with a mortar of clay and tobacco-juice. The daily loungers came pouring in, and we soon had an audience. They were a bewhiskered, lame-backed, agueish set. One man had had the ague for two years, and was "desperate ailing" the night before. He thought Iowa people lived in dug-outs and had a cyclone every few days. One man came in and asked the mer-

chant if had any log-wood. "How much you want?" says he. "Don't know. Thought I'd jest come over and see if you had any. Will have to go back and ask the old woman how much she wants." While we were there we witnessed the swap of two jack-knives and a coon dog. The coon dog's merit was that he had jumped a stake and rider fence the day before, and ran down a starved rabbit, which probably embraced the opportunity of committing suicide.

They say that Bob Burdette went through this section of the country once, and wrote an account of his trip, justly going in raptures over some select spots which, indeed, are delightful, but closing with a little taffy on the beauty and original genius of the artless inhabitant of the swampy farms. This last is judged by the critics of humor as the finest thing he ever got off.

By reason of such circumstances as these, in the physical outlook, we are not surprised that politicians do considerable hair-pulling there; that the colleges of the State were in the midst of a domestic quarrel; that there was no reception committee to receive us, and that at last a kind policeman answered the inquiries of the wandering pilgrims, and directed them to a hotel.

At 7 o'clock Tuesday evening, a meeting was called in the parlors of the Bates House for the purpose of forming a college press association. At the appointed hour, a large number of students assembled, representing the college journals of Indiana, Iowa, Illinois, Ohio, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. The convention organized by electing S. B. Howard, of Iowa, Chairman, and Mr. McCune, of Illinois, Secretary. Mr. McClure, of the *Knox Student*, then outlined, in a brief address, the scope and the objects to be attained by the organization. After some further discussion, Mr. Babb, of the *Rambler*, Mr. McClure of the *Knox Student*, and Mr. Fiske, of the *Round-Table*, were appointed to draft a constitution, and the convention then adjourned to meet Wednesday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. At the above named hour the convention again assembled. The committee reported a constitution, and the report was accepted with a few alterations, and the organization was made permanent by the election

of the following officers: President, S. S. McClure, of the *Knox Student*; Vice-President, editor of the *Franklin Collegian*; Secretary and Treasurer, Irving B. Richman, of THE VIDETTE-REPORTER. As our space is limited, we defer to another article the discussion of the objects sought for in the formation of the College Press Association.

At a meeting of the Convention, Wednesday morning, the following delegates were accepted:

Ohio — Charles Kirchbaum, D. F. Bradley, C. E. Jefferson.
Iowa — R. F. Hurlburt, S. B. Howard, A. J. Craven.
Wisconsin — R. Leavitt, W. F. Cooling, H. S. Fisk.
Minnesota — Seldon Bacon, D. P. Jones, W. W. Clark.
Illinois — McCune, Johnson, Monroe.

An Investigating Committee was appointed to look into the claims of the clamoring delegations from Indiana, which was required to report in an hour and a half. This report of the Committee was accepted, and the organization was complete.

Indiana — B. C. McElory, A. J. Dillion, Worth Merritt.

The Contest in the evening attracted a large audience, whose predilection was manifest very early for their Indiana man. We give the programme and the final rank:

- MUSIC.
PRAYER.
MUSIC.
C. E. Jefferson, "The Common Man," Wesleyan University, Ohio.
W. W. Clark, "The Jews," State University, Minnesota.
MUSIC.
Arthur J. Craven, "The Cause of the Gracchi," State University, Iowa.
H. S. Fiske, "The National Mind," Beloit College, Wisconsin.
MUSIC.
F. G. Hanchett, "The Old and the New Civilizations," Chicago University, Illinois.
C. L. Goodwin, "The New Emancipation," State University, Indiana.
Judges — Judge J. S. Frazer, Hon. Noble C. Butler, Rev. O. C. McCulloch.
Illinois was marked first, Iowa second, Indiana third, Minnesota fourth, Ohio fifth, and Wisconsin sixth.

Mr. Jefferson, of Ohio, was a general favorite, and deserved a better rank. The three Indianapolis judges were considered by all as being very generous to their own representative.

[Continued on Fourth Page.]

THE GENIUS OF EMERSON'S
PROSE.

BY IRVING B. RICHMAN.

James Russell Lowell, in one of the essays of that delightful volume entitled *My Study Windows*, makes the following suggestive comment upon Emerson: "There is no man living to whom, as a writer, so many of us feel and thankfully acknowledge so great an indebtedness for ennobling impulses,—none whom so many cannot abide. What does he mean? ask these last. Where is his system? What is the use of it? What the deuce have we to do with Bramah? I will only say that one may find grandeur and consolation in a starlit night, without caring to ask what it means, save grandeur and consolation."

Mr. Lowell has here briefly indicated the prevalent tone of Emersonian criticism, and to some extent, also, the answer with which it should be met. That the author of the "Over Soul" is always disconnected in style, and frequently obscure in meaning, are indeed facts too obvious to be overlooked. They strike the mind at first glance, and will not be argued down. Yet this is not the only impression produced by even a cursory reading of his works. His sentences have no sooner been fairly grasped by the intellect, than it receives a shock not unlike that which may be experienced by carelessly seizing the electrodes of a battery. We are dazed; our nerves tingle with a new sensation, and we resolve, if possible, to find out the cause. The result of our first adventure into the pages of Emerson may be nothing more than this; indeed, "we may only be rewarded with the leap of a fish that flashes his freckled side in the sun, and as suddenly absconds in the dark and dreamy waters again." Yet our curiosity has been piqued and our blood stimulated. We return to him again and again; even when most difficult to understand, we are loath to leave him, and do so only that we may suffer ourselves to be allured back to our allegiance. These are the impressions which he produces on men of thought; impressions that Lowell has finely compared with those that one might bring from a symphony of Beethoven, and quite as inexplicable, too, he seems to intimate. But, before we concede this last point, let us endeavor to penetrate a little way into the secret of his style and genius.

The audience to which Emerson appeals, is that of the most ad-

vanced culture of the day. He will never be appreciated by that class of persons whom he has himself well characterized as condensing the whole formula of their existence into the belief "that mustard bites the tongue, that pepper is hot, friction matches are incendiary, revolvers to be avoided, and suspenders hold up pantaloons." The prime requisites for a thorough understanding of him are thoughtfulness and intellectual breadth. Mere learning or mere acumen will not suffice, yet each is necessary. There must be, in connection with learning, that acumen which pierces to the core of facts, and, in connection with acumen, that learning which precludes dogmatism. Emerson is not a great reformer of ideas. He is too many-sided for that. His mind spans too wide an arc of the intellectual horizon. In short, his adequate interpreter must be a skeptic; not in the opprobrious sense of the Greeks, but such as he has himself defined in his essay on Montaigne. A man who has the courage to say, "What is the use of pretending to powers we have not? What is the use of pretending to assurances we have not, respecting the other life? If there be a wish for immortality, and no evidence, why not say just that? If there are conflicting evidences, why not state them? Not at all the universal denier, nor universal doubter, doubting even that he doubts. He is the considerer, the prudent, taking in sail and husbanding his means." Such a man will appreciate Emerson. He will not only feel the stimulus of his genius, but comprehend its nature. Let us endeavor to show why.

He opens at random the discourse on Plato. Its sentences thrust themselves into his consciousness like solitary peaks of granite crowned with light. He reads:

"Out of Plato come all things that are still written among men of thought. Great havoc makes he among our originalities. We have reached the mountain from which all these drift boulders were detached."

"The wonderful synthesis so familiar in nature; the upper and under side of the medal of Jove; the union of impossibilities which appears in every object; its real and its ideal power,—was now also transferred entire to the consciousness of a man."

"His strength is like the momentum of a falling planet, and his discretion the return of its due and perfect curve."

He opens, likewise, the discourse on Montaigne. He reads—

"Man helps himself by larger generalizations. The lesson of life is, practically, to generalize; to believe what the years and the centuries say against the hours; to resist the usurpation of particulars; to penetrate to their catholic sense."

He looks into "The Transcendentalist," and culls therefrom the following passage:

"The materialist, secure in the certainty of sensation, mocks at fine-spun theories, at star-gazers and dreamers, and believes that his life is solid; that he, at least, takes nothing for granted, but knows where he stands and what he does. Yet how easy it is to show him that he also is a phantom, walking and working among phantoms, and that he need only ask a question or two beyond his daily questions, to find his solid universe growing dim and impalpable before his sense. The sturdy capitalist, no matter how deep and square on blocks of Quincy granite he lays the foundation of his banking house or exchange, must set it at last, not on a cube corresponding to the angles of his structure, but on a mass of unknown materials and solidity, red-hot, or white-hot, perhaps, at the core, which rounds off to an almost perfect sphericity, and lies floating in soft air, and goes spinning away, dragging bank and banker with it, at a rate of thousands of miles the hour, he knows not whither,—a bit of bullet, now glimmering, now darkling through a small cubic space on the edge of an unimaginable pit of emptiness. And this wild balloon in which his whole venture is embarked is a just symbol of his whole state and faculty. One thing, at least, he says, is certain and does not give me the headache, that figures do not lie; the multiplication table has been hitherto found unimpeachable truth; and, moreover, if I put a gold eagle in my safe, I find it again to-morrow; but for these thoughts, I know not whence they are. They change and pass away. But ask him why he believes that an uniform experience will continue uniform, or on what grounds he founds his faith in his figures, and he will perceive that his mental fabric is built upon just as strange and quaking foundations as his proud edifice of stone."

At first, the interpreter of Emerson, however adequate his powers, may be able to sound but a little way into the depths of the profound passages with which he meets. Yet, the longer he dwells upon them, the more rife with meaning do they become. He finds what he may have taken for merely a homelier word, or a more obscure phrase than usual, disclosing deep glances into the secrets of Nature and the soul. As, oftentimes, even while lamenting their hidden beauty, the flowers that we have gathered unfold their petals in our hand. He makes these discoveries, however, not so much because of what exists in the pages of Emerson, as because of what exists in himself. He is prepared for them. They merely reveal to him, more or less completely, his own thoughts. Yet this, simple matter as it may appear, is the high prerogative of genius alone.

For the discovery of an entirely new thought there is quite as little hope as for the creation of a particle of matter. What is thought, indeed, but the human soul conscious of itself; and how many ages ago was that consciousness first awakened! Our progress ever since has been nothing more

than an improvement in definition. Practical wisdom is definitive, and likewise poetry and philosophy. Columbus, Galileo, and Gutenberg were all great definers, and so were Dante and Plato. Yet, transcending and permeating all systems, is the universal soul of man, with its unsatisfied longings. Longings that must be met by the individual soul; not, however, by the individual soul as Dantesque or Platonic, but as part of and deeply sympathetic with the soul of humanity, and only intensified in these respects by its individual life. In short, by the man of genius; by Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Robert Burns. By Emerson, also, in some degree, we have intimated. Not obviously, it is true, so that he is universally appreciated, but none the less really than if he were. Emerson touches the heart, but it is in his own way, and under the limitations of his strong individuality. It is his chief distinction from other men, so to have swept the chords of the soul that we catch but the lingering echo of their vibration.

This, indeed, is the secret of that electric quality which pervades his style. He confronts us with a series of rapid and striking generalizations, neither self-evident nor sustaining to each other any obvious relation. The mind, although unable to grasp them, yet instinctively makes the effort, and is rewarded with but a glimpse of the fleeting thought. One might as well try to lay violent hands upon the sunbeam, as to catch the meaning of Emerson at a glance. Yet it is this very elusive element,

"Somewhat not to be possessed,
Somewhat not to be caressed,

that thrills our being.

Like other men, however, Emerson is possessed of faults. The depth of his thought is not always commensurate with the obscurity of its shadow; and his phrases, although rarely deficient in pith or point, are sometimes keyed a note too high. His contrasts become too violent. He brings the Parthenon into too close proximity with the Stock Exchange. We begin our meditations on the quiet banks of the Scamander and end them amid the din of Broadway. When not carried too far, these sharp transitions are doubtless a source of power; but occasionally they fail to receive the check at the proper moment, and then there ensues something very like a coalescence of the antipodes.

Yet, with all his mysticism and sublime disregard of the unities, there is that in Emerson which clarifies our thought. He affects us like the keen winds of the pole

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that descend upon the tropics. We feel ourselves invigorated and nerved with vital power; that life is somehow made nobler for having read him.

THE OLD AND THE NEW CIVILIZATIONS.

BY F. G. HANCHETT,
of Chicago University.

[Awarded First Honors at the Ninth Inter-State Oratorical Contest, held at Indianapolis, Ind., May 3d, 1892.]

There is a tendency in man to swing, pendulum-like, from extreme to extreme. We can trace it from the individual with his hobbies and eccentricities, to the masses with their ever-varying and unreliable public opinion. We can mark it in the more slow and steady sweep of thought from century to century, and from age to age; in the alternate succession of dark ages and golden ages of light.

It is this tendency in man that accounts for the two opposite extremes of what we term the old and new civilizations—the civilization that dazzled the world with the golden age of Greece; and the civilization of which the nineteenth century is but the morning light; the civilization which recognized the spiritual Plato as the supreme monarch of thought, and the civilization which crowns the practical Bacon as the greatest philosopher of the world—eras which may be distinguished as the age of the beautiful and the age of the useful.

This old civilization was a magnificent garden, in which the beautiful, the spiritual, and the ideal were cultivated with the choicest care, and in which the useful, the material, and the practical were rooted out as rank and unsightly weeds. From this well-tilled soil grew and blossomed poetry, from whose fragrance the poets of all ages have drawn their sweetness; eloquence, whose unrivaled periods still ring in our ears; architecture, which has ever been the model and marvel of the world; sculpture, to whose divine beauty our boasted age still bows in admiring worship.

But, with however much of admiration we may look back upon the glorious achievements of these old Greeks, we must still admit that they went to the extreme in their cultivation of the beautiful and neglect of the useful. Their philosophers scorned the idea of debasing their knowledge for the advancement of the useful arts. They had famous sculptors, but bungling mechanics, splendid rhetoricians, but stupid doctors;

dreams of delightful repose in the Elysian fields, but no vulgar vision of spring mattresses on this side of the Acheron. Steam might have lifted the lids of tea-kettles before the eyes of these old dreamers for endless centuries, but railroads would still be unknown. To their imaginative minds the thunder-bolt told no tale of the telegraph, but was the rattling of Jove's chariot wheels over the golden pavements of Heaven.

In the fullness of time there came into the fields of thought a practical husbandman, Francis Bacon, who was not satisfied with mere flowers, which, however beautiful, could but please and adorn; but desired "fruit" which could supply the more necessary wants of man. He therefore left this old garden of beauty, and in far broader fields scattered the seeds of a philosophy which was destined to bring forth rich harvests of usefulness. The fruits of this great philosophy have ripened into what we call the practical age—an age which, with equal propriety, might be termed the age of miracles—an age in which thought busies itself with the great problem of benefiting the condition of man—an age in which the hidden secrets of God have been found out and a man's powers invested with the powers of omnipotence, until his feeble voice has been made to echo across continents and his thoughts to pass beneath the billows of the deep—an age in which the petty quibbles of metaphysicians are accounted secondary to the great inventions that lessen the burdens and perplexities of life—an age in which the poet who is contented with picturing the outer manifestations of things has been displaced by the scientist, who delights in searching out the inner secrets of universe. But nowhere have the glorious triumphs of this age taken more practical form than in the modern home, which, crowded with the countless comforts and conveniences of life, is a veritable Heaven in comparison with the palatial but empty abodes of the Golden Age of Greece, or the turreted but desolate castles of the senseless age of chivalry. In fact, the nineteenth century is one sublime and bewildering panorama of practical achievements.

In keeping with that tendency in man which carries him to the extreme, we observe that the same causes which have produced such great practical achievements, have also produced a practical and material spirit in the age, which tends to dwarf and deaden the

very noblest sentiments in man's nature. In the fields of modern thought the coarser plants of material prosperity have so overshadowed the more delicate flowers of poetry that they have made but a feeble and spindling growth. This spirit of the age would prize electricity more than immortality, and look with more pleasure upon a man-made machine, than upon a God-inspired sentiment. It is a significant fact that all of the greatest poets lived before the age of material prosperity; that the genius of this age is drifting into the channels of trade and instead of a Shakespeare, a Milton or a Raphael, we have an Astor, a Jay Gould or a Vanderbilt; that our scientists return from their search for the useful in the world of matter with their eyes spiritually blinded. These things point to the fact that our practical age, with all its boasted blessings, by absorbing the mind with the baser truths of matter, is qualifying it for the higher truths of the spiritual. This modern materialism has swung to its maddest extreme, and taken its most definite form, in its attack upon religion. Puffed up with his meager knowledge of one small world, little man attempts to prove that there is no God in the great universe. We are told that man has no soul, that immortality is but an empty dream, and religion but the sickly child of ignorance and superstition. Thus would our age, with its material clutch, strangle the very divinity in man and leave him but the monarch animal of the world.

Physical science is the idol of the age, and the man who has, perchance, found a few bird-tracks in some antediluvian rock, is an illustrious hero. With what profound wisdom we have discovered that the first horse had five toes! How wise we are for having learned that there are ninety thousand species of beetles, and possibly more! But is there no mental science? Was he right who asserted that, "as the liver secretes bile, so the brain secretes thought?" "Can the scientist lay open our moral structure with his dissecting knife?"

We do not forget that our age, "which draws its water from wells that are sixty centuries deep," by the natural laws of progress is in the advance of every preceding age; but we criticize the extremely practical and material tendency of our age, which has produced a large class of narrowly practical men—men who see utility only in that which ministers to their immediate and physical wants; who

are devoted soul and body to business, for the transaction of which they have become mere machines who consider poetry and religion as fit only for women and children; men who are forever crying, in the language of Dickens' Gradgrind, "In this life we want nothing but facts;" men whose imaginations, the wings of the soul, have become so heavy with the mud of the material things in which they grovel that they can never soar into the lofty regions of thought where man asserts his kinship with Heaven, and suggests that he has an immortal soul. Better be a philosopher and live in a garret, better be a poet and an heir to poverty than one of these narrowly practical men surrounded with every comfort and luxury that the nineteenth century can offer.

Thus we see that what we term the old and the new civilization have been the extreme developments of opposite ideas.

Happy will be that age, if it may ever dawn upon the world, when the central idea of these two civilizations shall be wedded in harmonious equality, when the love of the beautiful and the love of the useful shall each have its designed place in the symmetrical development of man; then shall he have the poet's eye to see all the varied beauty in nature and in sentiment, and the keen perception of the scientist to search out all that is useful to man in the hidden secrets of God.

Mr. C. L. Goodwin, of the Indiana State University, who carried off the honors at the State contest in this city, last month, was the last speaker. It was not surprising that he was the favorite among the audience, and his appearance was the signal for long and repeated applause. His address was the same that was delivered at the State contest, and his style of delivery was equally as good, or perhaps improved to some extent by a second appearance on the same stage and in the same city. Several times during his speech, which is a meritorious and creditable production, he was interrupted by applause.—*Indianapolis Sentinel*.

Oscar Wilde has come and gone, but you can still find handsome wall decorations at the One-Price Cash Bookstore.

Thurbur's, No. 5 Cigar, best 5-cent cigar in the market, at Whetstone's.

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WEDDING STATIONERY, New and Elegant Stock, at One-Price Cash Bookstore

[Continued from First Page.]

The next Contest will be held in Minnesota under the auspices of the following officers: G. E. Leslie, President, Illinois; D. P. Jones, Vice-President, Minnesota; Fred. Shepherd, Secretary and Treasurer, Wisconsin.

For the sake of future reference we give Iowa's record in the Inter-State Contests since their organization. In the nine contests from 1874 to 1882, inclusive, she has fallen below second honors only four times. This is the best average standing of any State in the association:

- 1874—Galesburg. Iowa had two representatives: Brush, from State University, and Adams, from Grinnell. Both fell below second.
- 1875—Indianapolis. T. W. Graydon, second prize.
- 1876—Chicago. Miss Chapman, below second.
- 1877—Madison. S. F. Prouty, second prize.
- 1878—St. Louis. James G. Eberhart, second prize.
- 1879—Iowa City. B. C. Cory, fourth.
- 1880—Oberlin. L. C. Harris, first prize.
- 1881—Jacksonville, Ill. Miss Bronson, third.
- 1882—Indianapolis. A. J. Craven, second prize.

The record of our State University in Iowa State Contests is the best on an average of any college in the State. We have had eight State contests proper. At one of these the University was not represented, and in the seven contests in which she has engaged she has two first honors and four second.

1874—No State Contest. University and Grinnell both sent a speaker to Galesburg.

- 1875—T. W. Graydon, first.
- 1876—Not represented.
- 1877—J. J. Hamilton, second.
- 1878—Wm. D. Evans, second.
- 1879—Frank B. Cowgill, fifth.
- 1880—C. N. Hunt, second.
- 1881—James A. Kerr, second.
- 1882—Arthur J. Craven, first.

What the Iowa orators need is more elocutionary drill. They are earnest, their thought is manly and impressive throughout, their style mingles strength with beauty; but, if Iowa ever stops playing second fiddle at the Inter-State Contests, her educators must recognize the importance of a finished delivery and make better provisions for its attainment in her colleges. Every student who has a taste for oratory has been gratified at the earnest endeavor of the friends of the University to bring greater facility in this line within

their reach, and are glad that those endeavors have been successful; but we hope the clamor will not cease until we have here a resident instructor in elocution and oratory, who may be able to devote his entire attention to this line of work. We are aware that there are some who suppose that oratory is so much noise and useless expenditure of the student's energy; but the world, with all its newspapers, always stops to listen to its tones, and as long as the University will stand, there will come from farms and towns of Iowa youths filled with noble purposes, wearing in their hearts gems of beauty and feeling, and asking help of the University, which endorses the development of all the faculties, so that their true selves may shine out from an exterior of awkwardness. When the petitions of all such will be granted, Iowa orators will not return with second honors.

OTHER COLLEGES.

The editor-in-chief of the *Hesperian Student* says "Vale."

The *Collegiate*, of Franklin College, Indiana, asks if the Seniors will wear plugs,

The Niagara *Index* man has been whittling his Faber for the benefit of the *News-Letter*.

Commencement orations, at the Wisconsin University, are to be limited to five minutes this year.

The *Aurora* publishes in the April number W. S. Summers' oration, "The Universal Mind," delivered at the State Contest, held here, February 2d.

The editors of the *Coup d'Etat* have been to a taffy-pull, and this accounts for the *sweet* things said about the Rising-Sun-Stove-Polish rhetoric we used some time since.

No. I., Vol. I., of the *Wooster Collegian* is on our table. It is published by the literary societies of Wooster University, Wooster, Ohio, and like several others of our exchanges, has a department devoted to the fraternities. We are also in receipt of the *Index*, published by the fraternities of the Wooster University. It states that it is "Entered according to the act of the Faculty, in the office back of the Library." It contains all valuable statistics concerning the seven fraternities there, and also gives class histories.

Miss Delia Hutchinson, President of the Junior class, presided at the Contest last evening.

See Hunt & Gruber's ad.

Go to Sperrys' for Photos.

Society Directory.

ERODELPHIAN SOCIETY.

FANNIE BLASIER.....President.
AGNES HATCH.....Secretary.
Sessions on alternate Saturday evenings.

HESPERIAN SOCIETY.

ALICE V. WILKINSON.....President.
ADDIE DICKEY.....Secretary.
Sessions on alternate Saturday evenings.

IRVING INSTITUTE.

P. L. SEVER.....President.
W. H. MARTIN.....Secretary.
Sessions every Friday evening.

ZETAGATHIAN SOCIETY.

R. G. MORRISON.....President.
H. G. LAMSON.....Secretary.
Sessions every Friday evening.

The reception tendered the Senior Class by President Pickard, on last Wednesday evening, was a very enjoyable affair.

Alice Wilkinson wished to be remembered to the members of the Class, and informed us that she would be engaged in the pleasant occupation of looking over examination papers while the other members of the class were enjoying themselves.

C. W. Bricker expressed regrets that he could not be with them.

The class held sort of a re-union of the class as it started, at least, several of the young ladies of the city and of other classes, who were at one time or another members of the present class were present.

Sociability, music, and conundrums occupied the evening.

After refreshments the contest for the bouquets caused considerable merriment. Some of the conundrums propounded were practical in the extreme.

All truthfully said, "We have had a very pleasant evening."

Space will not permit a full account of the Junior Contest, but it is regarded as unusually interesting. Programme:—

- "Persecution".....Henry C. Harris.
- "Mirabeau".....Walter M. Walker.
- "Confucius".....Charles R. Brown.
- "The Puritan Revolution,"
Stephen B. Howard.
- "Carlyle".....William N. Baker.
- "The Downfall of the Incas,"
Thomas G. Newman.
- "Richard III".....James I. Gilbert.

The marks are given below:

NAMES.	Thought.	Style.	Delivery.	Total.
Harris.....	246	256	239	741
Walker.....	271	276	271	821
Brown.....	245	254	237	736
Howard.....	273	275	271	819
Baker.....	251	259	251	761
Newman.....	252	259	279	790
Gilbert.....	247	254	262	763

Locals are crowded out by the report of the Inter-State Contest.

We have orders for photographs to sell.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

RALPH D. BELL, Editor.

The class was honored by a call from Mr. Sewers Tuesday, and had the pleasure of listening to his eloquence for a few moments.

Fred Smith writes to one of the boys that he is well pleased with Riverside, and that he will visit Iowa City soon, in order to look after "kindergorten."

Mr. Murphy is a graduate of a former class, and, naturally, a modest man. He has the best wishes for the success of all the boys, and that they may, after graduating, return to their respective homes, and fill the important positions that are awaiting them in their (harvest) fields of labor; but Mr. Murphy did not like to call on the class and endure the pain of delivering an eloquent speech in the stereotyped expressions of "Gentlemen, I have been highly pleased with the recitations this morning," etc. Mr. Murphy has some regard for the truth, and he is also aware of the fact that, if he were to speak his sentiment, and say, "Gentlemen, I was perfectly disgusted," etc., it would be too expensive on the institution in replacing furniture, and that his chances for a long and successful practice would be somewhat impaired. Mr. Murphy's head is level. If there is any one thing that will make a man feel that he is an idiot, and that he hasn't the ability to pour sand in a rat-hole, it is to attempt to make an intelligent speech in five minutes to one hundred and forty "unterrified" fellows, who have been punishing a hard chair for two hours, and who are watching as closely for the last work as the small boy at church listens for the "Amen." He was promised the protection of life, liberty, and the right of (not to) speech if he would call, which he did, and everybody is alive and happy.

The Nebraska City *Press* gives a column account of a lecture by a young gentleman well and favorably known in Iowa City. It says:

Horace L. Wood, who is in this city writing the history of Nebraska, lectured last night on "Longfellow and the Literary Succession," before the Ladies' Round Table Club at the Congregational church. He was greeted with a very intelligent and critical audience, but to say that they were pleased is but a faint expression—they were enraptured. Mr. Wood is a fine scholar, an eloquent reader, and a pleasant speaker, and he handled his subject in a masterly manner.

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ACADEMY COLUMN.

J. H. DICKEY and T. Q. RECORDS, Editors.

Ask Gamble how those feet hanging out of the window are.

The class in Cæsar report frequent "picnics," and no extra charges.

Mr. Barr, a student in the Academy last year, is with us this spring.

Miss Minnie Hemsted, a graduate of the Academy, visited the old recitation room on Wednesday.

The love of science is truly becoming universal. On Wednesday last six coal-scuttle bonnets were observed going in search of flowers to analyze.

Several of the boys are taking drill at the University. They wear the stripes and shining buttons, and look "allegre samee" like real, live Freshmen.

The next time a certain young man is seen in the ladies' cloak-room with a bundle of cloaks (?) in his arm, he will be reported. The evidence is conclusive.

We would advise a certain Freshman lady who takes Latin at the Academy to make herself understood hereafter to the gentleman who asks to see her home. It will save trouble and a long explanation while standing on the street.

About twelve members of the graduating class have signified their intention to enter the contest for Commencement honor, which will take place the last Saturday of this month. Till then, those interested are waiting in anxious suspense.

On account of the stormy night, the society of May 5th was adjourned one week; and on Thursday last, at a special meeting of the society, the programmes for May 12th and 19th were adjourned one week each. It is to be hoped that all the members will be present at the next regular meeting for the transaction of important business.

The High School challenged; the Academy accepted, of course, and when recitations were done, boldly marched out to the Carlton grounds, where the game was to take place. The penny fell "heads," and the Academy boys took the bat. The first inning was played in fine style. The first half of the second the cads run fifteen scores, but when the boy, who is not in the High School, began putting the English on the balls, the scores fell off fast, resulting in a score of 23 to 21 in favor of the Academy.

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WILLIAM HUNT, Prop. IOWA CITY, IA.

Good Accommodations.

Clean Beds a Specialty.

FEED STABLE IN CONNECTION.

A NEW HOTEL.

Tremont House.

(Formerly "Summit.")

The undersigned would respectfully announce to the public that he has moved from the "Truesdell House," and has REFITTED and renamed the old "Summit House," which will hereafter be known as the

TREMONT HOUSE.

First-class Board, Pleasant Rooms, and the best of Yard Room and STABLING for Horses. Respectfully,

A. LONG,

Proprietor.

NEW HOTEL.

The Old Truesdell House

Once more opens its doors to a hungry public. Come in and see what a

pleasure it is to sit down

to square meal.

Students, we invite you to come.

D. H. MILLER.

AVENUE BAKERY,

North side of Avenue, keeps constantly on hand a fresh supply of

Fresh Bread, Cakes, Pies, Etc.

Parties and weddings supplied on short notice cheap as the cheapest.