The Vidette-Reporter.

VOL. XX. IOWA CITY, JUNE 9, 1888.

PARDON COLLEGE graduated a class of fifteen Wednesday, five ladies and ten gentlemen.

The article in this issue on the 17-year locust was written upon our solicitation by Miss Minnie Howe.

LECTURES have been given in Vespasian at Yale, the first American College at which the language has been introduced.

D. N. Richardson's attention is respectfully called to the following item taken from an exchange: A couple of Harvard students were fined $150 and costs each, for maintaining a liquor nuisance, at the college.

The last number of the Central Roy was a memorial paper. It contains a poem by Geo. W. Gardner, President of the institution a few years ago, and in that poem we find this reference to Prof. Corrigan: The learned professor left his chair, And girt his sword and shield; Led out his classic soldiers For practice in the field.

The next and last issue of our paper will be published Wednesday afternoon, June 20th, commencement day, and will contain a full account of all commencement exercises. Many city subscribers will have left for home when the paper is mailed, and will want their papers sent to them. They should before that time leave their addresses with the business manager or at Fink's. No attention whatever will be paid to requests for papers after Commencement day.

A copy of the Van Buren Democrat has come to our hands, which contains an account of the closing exercises of the Kossuth schools. We find this complimentary notice of M. C. King, "of who has had charge of the schools the past year: "Public sentiment gives Mr. King the highest credit for the efficient manner in which he has administered the affairs of the schools, and for the progress they have made under his administration. He is a man of high qualifications in his profession, of sound judgment and earnest purpose. He will succeed, even where chances are against him. Each of the other teachers have received much praise for meritorious work they have performed, and have met the deserved approbation from the patrons of the school."

The latest we can get with respect to the fracas at Ames is that there is an indication on the part of the college authorities to let the whole matter drop. Recent developments do not place the "anti" in an unfavorable light as before. There seem to be two sides to the question. Still the disturbance is not held at all justifiable by any parties.

The Hispanic and Zetazithaetical societies will take this play known as the "Desert School," at the Opera House next Tuesday evening. The play is one which has been much talked about, and has met with much success throughout the State during the past winter. It is designed to amuse, and wherever it has been given it has succeeded in accomplishing that end in a marked degree. Much effort has been put forth to make it a success here, and numerous local hits have been inserted which will make it especially amusing to an Iowa City audience. We feel confident that no one will have to regret having gone to this play.

It is impossible for us to state whether the investigation of the University will go on or not. The members of the committee sent in some bills on their recent adjournment, but the State Auditor refuses to pay them; giving it as his opinion that state funds cannot be paid out on concurrent resolutions of the General Assembly. The state attorney-General sustains this view. The Executive Council of State it seems does nothing. All that the Auditor can do is to issue certificates which may be cashed at the next meeting of the Legislature. In case this should be done the committee would have to run the risk of doing their work for nothing. Secretary McFarland is in Des Moines doing what he can to open a way for the committee to go on with their work. It would be a great misfortune for the investigation to stop at this juncture.

It is with much pleasure that we place before our readers a short communica- tion from Dr. Pickard relative to what appeared in our paper last week:

Editors Vidette-Reporter: Thanks for your criticism of what I was reported to have said at the last session of the committee. The stenographer's report would read something like this:

Chairman: What is your opinion of the character and influence of the new professors?
Ans.: With a single exception their general influence is good.
Chair: You refer to me of tobacco?
Ans.: I do. But I will say that much as I detest tobacco, and earnestly as I would discourage its use by students, I must say that I would rather have students under the influence of a man who smokes privately, than under the influence of a man who publishes slanders about his associates.
Chair: You refer to the pamphlet that has been published?
Ans.: I do.
You will see that the very brief report in the Republican changes the character of one of the evils of which I complain, and it leaves out entirely the examination which led up to that report. The use of tobacco is an evil, but not the greatest evil.

SMALL COLLEGES.

Goethe says: "A character is perfected in the stream of the world." Bacon says: "A crowd is not company, and faces are not a gallery of pictures." Here are two great truths from two great minds. The one states one of the grand principles of society; the other does not contradict it, but supplements it by limiting its practicability. The one says: Go forth into the world; rub against your fellows: let them polish you, and, if necessary, knock off your peculiarities: extend the hand of fellowship; and finally come back a full man. The other says: Wander not aimlessly about in the hurrying crowd, but make men "company;" link your fortunes with theirs; divide the emotions of their hearts, fathom the depths of their souls; move among faces you can call your own. These words are practical, and let us see how we can apply them.

The paramount benefit of a college course is development of character; the production of men who present a strong and clearly defined individuality, and yet retain those subtle relations to the mass which enable them to move with uniformity and ease. It does this because of the peculiar relations which exist between students. Some time in the four years, nearly every emotion and characteristic comes to the surface. None of our little crochets escape notice, and reciprocal criticism is not wanting. The "chateau," the "lawn," the popular man is courted; the stable man is respected; congenial spirits affiliate; hostile spirits clash—a miniature world, the best preparatory for that wider world outside. It is Goethe's "stream of the world." However great the other advantages of Harvard and Yale, this character-building process finds its highest perfection in smaller institutions—in Amherst, in Dartmouth, and in our own Broadnose. They are not "big," but in large colleges the form of many sets and cliques, but it is based upon caste more than upon personal characteristics. It is like entering a large city. A student is personally acquainted with but a small percentage of his own class-mates, and knows scarcely more than half of them by sight. The class ties are drawn less closely. He is literally among strangers. It is Bacon's "sea of faces." The large college possesses superior facilities, the small college possesses superior men; the large college possesses better instructors, the small college possesses better material to imbue. The typical Harvard man will develop more dash, more social polish, and will be the more genial in conversation, but he will also possess much external tact. But the small college will analyze character, he will read human nature, he will divine the thoughts of his fellows and utilize them to the best advantage, and, in four cases out of five, he will "get there." And why? Because he has not only followed the suggestion of the German poet; but he has also ceased to the admonition of the English sage. He has not only perfected his character in the "stream of the world;" but he has also remembered that a crowd is not company, and faces are not a gallery of pictures. —Bunyan's "Cradle."
Memorial Ode.

Lycean Society, May 20, 1860.

I.

There's no monument of loftier verse Unto the memory of our honored dead; 'Tis not for their value to revenue, Nor crowned with glory such heroic line. Yet let my prayer Be as fervent as your sigh! Grant that I may one gentler feel, One modest wreath of flowers modestly arrayed, Lay, with a nation's wealth of offering, on the grave Of our sleeping valorous heroes. Unto those "Fermost in the fight" An offering slight

Like children's prayers, half unsay'd And but half intended. 0 you, my friends of equal years, Who stand, with hopes that hold all fears, Springing the children of day, And eager to pursue your way, Armed with the meaning and the duty or those rites, And with that lofty and the most noblest, most simple faith That glows in heart and word and deed. Alone can render their just need Of praise and glory to the dead. If our hearts to purpose high be voided, If our words shall be of truth and right, If our deeds shall follow the glorious light Of life and for humanity; If we in heart and word and act Keep that liberty a feet For which they died so manfully. For which they died so manfully.

If we shall leave a fatherland intact, A name and fame, and heritage untaught Unto a latter, stronger race Than will those heroes here attained Unto the purpose they did place Before their hearts when forward they March'd, brake not bold, their deathful way For country and patriotism.

This is our duty by those silent prayers They gave their talent unto our trust; And yearly we in memory, And yearly we in memory, We promise by the offered flowers That the talent which is ours Carefully is to hold. Shall returned be ten-fold.

I the memory of these rites, Which, half in remembrance, brought to the sacrifice their large-ended souls, And, of the horror-blasts and war-drum's roll, In action strong their noblest, most enduring strain.

III.

They sleep within a million graves Throughout the length and breadth of this wide land, Whose notes in their message warms Down from the oaks and cypress that stand As guards and ministers above the boughs Of these now resting ones.

II.

All the lessons that they teach Are for every day. And their influence must reach To our daily way. Daily must we see the light Of liberty, and truth, and right. Daily must we have the light Of the Righteous heart.

Daily meet we take our stand, Meeting Evil hand to hand, His and his insidious band, Trying every part. Duty is not in peace, Horses does not cease, With the canons' roar. With the spell of war.

III.

True: there was a master devotion and more grand Than glory's need must see the doors of days. Not excitation but to love must it command. And gratitude, that all things justify. Gratitude must fill our every pray'. Gratitude must urge our every vow. Gratitude must lighten every care That darkens our duty-bearing. The gratitude in heart and word and deed Alone can render their just need Of praise and glory to the dead. If our hearts to purpose high be voided, If our words shall be of truth and right, If our deeds shall follow the glorious light Of life and for humanity; If we in heart and word and act Keep that liberty a feet For which they died so manfully. For which they died so manfully.

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IV.

As May-pole, the pondered circle around the hearth, the pageantry, behind which must be some life-giving idea, and which may become committed to the refined pleasures of masque and epiphalmion. All these vastly, joyous things can awaken the heart, but not arouse it to passion; and Milton, while under their spell is borne along on this gentle stream of pleasure, which is not strong enough to carry him beyond humanity, whither indeed he would not go, into realms of shadow or supernatural light.

Nothive is more likely than that, under these influences, his mind should revert to men, upon whom those and kindred influences are continued, and to picture to himself a merry gathering about the May-pole, the wonder-filled circle about the hearth, the pageantry, behind which must be some life-giving idea, and which may become committed to the refined pleasures of masque and epiphalmion. All these vastly, joyous things can awaken the heart, but not arouse it to passion; and Milton, while under their spell is borne along on this gentle stream of pleasure, which is not strong enough to carry him beyond humanity, whither indeed he would not go, into realms of shadow or supernatural light.

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the expressions, this is the spirit of the scholar.

As a poet, he is as the distinguishing mark of the self-made man.

That society would resist it had literally educated, for it had started in life's turn. And the advantage of an education is the possession of brain and a trained light afterwards, through employment of this aspect to a point of eminence, as a self-made man, rather than that he had become accustomed to the standards of self-made men.

We must say old-fashioned whom society had in turn become.
BLOOM'S ONE-PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE. STUDENT'S UNIFORMS A SPECIALTY.

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Students' Christian Association.

The Academy Junior class has a pic-
to-day.

Don't miss your opportunity to laugh
next Tuesday night.

Jimmie's Cleveland-tree is beginning
to feel encouraged.

"Student to Professor of Greek."—"Is my
name written there?"

Prof. Patrick took up his regular
work in the class last Thursday.

The library will be opened during
the summer on Saturday mornings from 9 to 12.

Miss Lou Rankin has returned home
from her year's work as teacher at Glen-
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"Young" Stutman left yesterday to
attend High School commencement at Boston.

Miss Minnie Preston, on route for Chi-
go, stopped off here and attended the pa-
phanellae.

Miss Bita Galvin, of Garfield Uni-
versity, Kansas, will spend Sunday with
Joe Williams.

Many of the Seniors spent yesterday
and to-day taking the State examination
under Mrs. Darley.

The Goliath's Gaze is the name of a
little 6 by 9 8 page monthly paper
published at Elkader, by a group of
students.

One feature of the "Distant Skewl"
will be the costumes that our ancestors
wore in childhood days.

Mr. Kiesse, Mr. Hughes and the two
Miss Hughes, of Columbus Junction,
former pupils of Mr. Gibson of the
Senior class, are looking over the Uni-
veterinary college and are being admit-
nees to a future attendance.

See Pratt & Strub for umbrellas, gos-
shamers, handkerchiefs and hats.

You can always find the best styles
and double the stock of any other house
in the city at Furlough.

Students patronize Waterman & Wil-
kins when wanting anything in the
line of dry goods or notions. 124
Clinton street.

Jimmie's feature of the
Kappa Phi Delta, Bloom's One-Pri-
eone Clothing House, Student's Uniforms

R. W. Lewis 8c Co. Bookstore.

Fish market, 1283, Iowa Avenue.

J. H. Sinnel was in town last Sunday.

Lichty is doing fine work on the
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Senior class, are looking over the Uni-
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nees to a future attendance.
that opened the funeral. Errors by Rock-
Island were numerous, and even as the
times jerseys were up, S. U. 1 had 12, and R.
I. 2 runs. There were rumors of a sell-
out by Rock Island, and the Republican
makes the claim that there were seven
such a deal, having no testimony except
the statement of some of the R. I. play-
ners who were eager to assign some for-
gefe cause for their defeat. To us there
appears no sufficient evidence to prove the
existence of a deal. This thing is
certain, however, if there was such a bag-
ain, those who bought the R. I. boys
were fools for S. U. 1 can defeat R. I.
in any match. No words can ex-
press our contempt for such a thing as a
"sell-out," it is an insult to the specu-
lators and to the team that was the game.

TED VIDETTE REPORTER.

The Ball.

The bat has been played this week a brief account of each
match. On last Saturday Iowa City
team played against the Iowa
University boys and was tied and alone in
Davenport, letting the Grinnell
boys in the first inning.

The Iowa City boys are not
as good as they were last season, but they have
brought their errors down in the first three
and a half innings. All the club
boys responded appreciatively,
and the next day the game was won by the
B. U. U. 1. 1. 8.

Mr. C. C. S. M.

J. Kirkwood.

Kirkwood, P. M.

Dr. T. W. W.

Dr. W. W. W.

B. W.

B. M.

A. E. R.

R. A. S.

R. W.

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Some Observations on the Cicada.

The 17-year locusts are here. Iowa City naturalists have been watching for their emergence into the upper world from a species of cicada that has a peculiar degree of interest since the opportunity to study their habits comes but seldom. Observations thus far have necessarily been few and incomplete, but they may be of some interest to readers of the Viderete-Raporten.

The first appearance of the brood was in a yard on North Dubuque street, Wednesday, June 6th. Trees, fence, grass and shrubs were covered with the cast-off pupa skins or the winged imagoes. The 17-year locust, Cicada septendecim, belongs with the Hemiptera or bugs proper. The mature insect is from one and one-half to two inches in length, with a stout, cylindrical body, broad, triangular-shaped head, prominent eyes and two pairs of transparent wings, the first of which are somewhat longer than the body. There are three small ocelli on the back of the head between the eyes. The mouth parts are modified into long tube for sucking the juices of the plants. The body is black except the legs, the borders of the wings and the eyes, which are red. This circumstance has given one species the common name of "red-legged cicada." It is a very specific and definite distinction. The veins in the outer pair of wings darken toward the tip where they form a distinct w, which is in the brood of '91 in the popular mind remark- able. The appearance of the larva in its last stages is very much like that of the imago except that the body is yellow or brown, and instead of the broad wings there are small wing-glands fastened at each side of the thorax. The head also is more decidedly beak-like, and the first pair of legs are modified into strong, lobster-like claws for digging. The cylindrical burrows which the larva digs at the time for their transformation is approaching can be observed almost any day by sifting away an inch or two of the soil. In these they spend the last few weeks of their life underground in a state of inactivity. In damp places they sometimes extend their tubes four or five inches above the surface. Climbing to the top of these they are enabled to escape the water. I have seen these recently in a newly dug collar where the small, one-sided homes were standing as thickly as the dandelions by the roadside. Curious to see their manner of working, I opened some of the burrows in our yard and poured water around them till the earth was thoroughly moistened. In a short time the larve came up and began their work. Each one would scrape a bit of mud from the side of his burrow and work it into a soft, putty-like mass with his claws. Then turning, head down, he thrust his beak deep into the little lump of mud to the very bottom, and crawled up to the opening, carrying the mud on his head. Here he stuck the mud carefully to the side of the burrow, spreading his beet clean with the claws, and when the mud was properly fastened again till the opening was entirely closed.

As the time for the final transformation approaches, the larva ascends to the top of their burrows and push their way to the surface. They appear in great numbers a short time after sunset. There seems to be a period of rest during which time the females sit on the twigs why the change should take place in the night; at least it does then take place. Some peculiar instinct seems to urge them on so that their bodies are drawn towards the nearest tree, though they often turn from a smaller tree to a larger one. They do not always strike the tree to be seen, but stop, there and start in its direction. The transformation is exceedingly interesting, being a typical one, and is easily watched. The different stages as I have observed them are as follows: Whatever the larva finally reaches he fastens himself firmly upon. This takes some time, since perfect security is absolutely necessary. With the first movement the tip of the abdomen is broken loose from the outer covering and drawn forward some distance. At the same time the anterior portion swells out and up, and by means of a violent muscular exertion, the pupa skin is burst open along the dorsal side of the thorax. The thorax, after a few moments' rest, is gradually pushed up through the opening made by the head, which is pulled out of the old husk with comparative ease. The ligation on each side of the body by which it is attached to the pupa skin can now be seen. The wings, which have been folded and doubled and carefully packed away inside the wing pads, are next slowly and carefully released. Now our Cicada works away with a terrible energy, pulling first one leg, then another out of the old case, till the body is free except for the abdomen. At this stage it hangs, head downward, for about fifteen minutes, resting from his labors. You wait, expecting every moment to see the soft body fall and be crushed out of nothing the kind of happiness. All at once in gatherings ignored together the eyes hold the old skin with its feet, pulls the abdomen loose, and walks away down the branch in safety, quite as though this remarkable transformation were an every day occurrence. The transformation thus far has occupied about forty-five minutes. The unfolding and gradual expansion of the wings takes about fifteen more. When the imago first emerges from the pupa skin, the whole body, except the eyes and two glossy black spots on the thorax, is soft and almost perfectly white. The color begins to appear almost immediately, however, and in a few hours our Cicada is black as any bug need wish to be. Just what causes or makes possible this rapid change in color would be an interesting problem for someone to solve.

The Cicada can neither bite nor sting, and are perfectly harmless. They probably eat very little during the imago stage. All the mischief is done by the females when they deposit their eggs. These are placed in parallel rows just under the bark of tender growing twigs, which, owing to the number of insect larvens made, are even more destructive than the eggs of the oak and apple are said to be preferred, though any tree is liable to their attacks. After the eggs hatch, the young larvæ drop to the ground, where they bury for seventeen years, clustering on the roots of trees, and sucking the sap with their beak-like mouth till they are ready for their short life of three weeks in the sunshine. Only the males sing. If we lift up the wings of one we will see under each, on the dorsal side of the first abdomen segment, a white, finely grooved membrane. This is the drum. Strong muscles attached to the ventral side of the body are connected with this membrane by a fine ligament, and it is by the rapid contractions of this muscle that the membrane is alternately stretched and relaxed, and the succession of sharp clicks produced which make the shrill, piercing sound for which the Cicada is famed. Riley describes the general trousse of a tree-full of Cicadas as a compromise between that of a distant threshing machine and a distant fog-gong. He also classifies their notes into the low sounds, which is produced in early maturity, the high, shrill screech, lasting sometimes fifteen or twenty seconds, which is the prevailing note of the assembled males in the height of the season, and lastly, an interment, chirping sound from fifteen to thirty notes at a time. The only sound I have heard thus far is the first, a low, complaining whir, by no means unpleasant. It is said that the sounds can be produced artificially by irritating the muscles or pulling them back and forward.

There are many different broods of Cicada septendecim in different parts of the United States, and each brood has its separate territory. One appeared in central Iowa in 78. The brood we are now studying extends over a large part of eastern Iowa, northeast to Dubuque, and east of the Mississippi. Observations thus far have necessarily been very incomplete, but many new and interesting facts in regard to the structure and habits of these insects will doubtless be brought to light in the course of the summer.

M. W. DAVIS,
PHARMACIST.

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