THE VIDETTE.

Vol. 1. Iowa City, Iowa, June, 1880. No. 9.

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The Vidette.

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Literary.

[Contributed.]

WHITE ROSES OR RED.

White roses or red, they but wither and fall,
And the dew-dropping petals, at close of the day,
Are woven by the night winds that scatter them all
Higher and thither, and bear them away
To the flowers' own heaven — the uttermost sky.

Nothing is true, love,
But you, love,
And I.

The stem of the lily is broken in twain,
And caught by the river, borne down to the sea,
Nor e'er shall the lily be stately again,
Nor my own and my old love come back unto me.

Love is a vapor, and beauty must die.

Nothing is true, love,
But you, love,
And I.

THE MINISTRY OF SORROW.

BY OLIVER P. MYERS.

[Delivered before the Zetapthian Society, May 14, 1880.]

Cool, calculating intellect may do its work;
The citadels of logic and reason may be strongly garrisoned; joy and pleasure may
be as constant as vestal watchers, while honors and luxury may run their daily riot; yet
the life conditioned by such as these, would lack those higher elements of human being
which relate it nearest Divinity. Sorrow is needed. Its fires must purify the human
soul of base alloys before that regal grace and purity, which men reverence and God
admirers, are enthroned within.

The sorrowless person is as a little child,
with eyes yet undimmed with tears; with
lips yet unused to firmness; with forehead
yet unlined by those stern emotions, whose
grim impress lends a moral grandeur and
strong maturity to human character. Sorrowless faces are insipid, soulless, expressionless. They are artificial flowers. With
them the soul cultured by sorrow has little
community of feeling. But in that face
conversant with pain are to be seen mental
and moral battle-fields, where unseen car-
nage has swept its withering flame along, and
shadowy hosts are ranged in serried ranks
around for new and fiercer onset. Such
faces are storied urns, exponents of soul
maturity.

Sorrow works itself out in various forms.
Its highest result is manifested in resolution,
that one thing which has transformed so
many of the past dead-living to our living-
dead. Men have spoken and still do speak
of destiny. But what is destiny? It is not
Divinity. Its children are only those, in
whose souls, sorrow's darkest gloom has
bred its eldest offspring, the stern resolu-
to conquer. Review biography, and find
that greatness is a craft of sadness. Our
greatest men were men of greatest sorrows.
The first steps in their dizzy upward career,
the value and duration of which is measured
only by eternity, were taken when the
heavens were bending as brass above them,
"when the iron had entered the soul."
Napoleon, the man-god, was almost forced
to a suicide's grave, and above all the God-
man of Nazareth was truly a man of sor-
rows.

The soul of poetry is in the elegy. "The
silken, sad, uncertain rustling" of sorrow's
drapery, harmonizes with every human heart
beat. When "the curfew tolls the knell of
parting day," "and all the air a solemn still-
ness holds;" as "old ocean's gray and melon-
choly waste," that "one mighty sepulchre,"
rolls its dark blue waves over its unnumbered
dead, and "all the infinite hosts of heaven
are shining on the sad abodes of death;" as
the last lingerings of a fallen race are gone
from the valley, and, "slowly and sadly they
climb the distant mountains and read their
doom in the setting sun; "when the stars
wander, darkling in the eternal space, ray-
less and pathless"—then it is that the human
soul, a weary and lone exile from purity,
approaches, in welcome, its native shores.

Of eloquence, the most persuasive tones are
tinged with sadness. "From the top of
those pyramids, soldiers, forty centuries look
don the tomb and immortality. My life, I aban-
don it. O, my countrymen, efface from the
tomb that motto graven by sacrilegious hands,
which spread over all nature a funeral crape,
and inscribe rather thereon these words:"Death is the commencement of immor-
tality."

But whence comes sorrow's power? Obvi-
ously from its enjoyment. But whence its
enjoyment? The answer to this is the an-
swer to the crowning paradox of the human
constitution. An approach to its solution
may be that in the active, reaching resolu-
tion, born of sorrow is found that moral
goodness, that moral sublimity (counter to
the natural), which stands alone the purest
pleasure.

Pause within a forest in autumn, the year's
burial time. See the leaves tinged with the
hectic blush of decay, hanging, wavering in
the chill air. While you gaze the wind
strengthens and sighs a plaintive requiem
through the limbs to the last rays of sunlight.
In the gathering gloom of evening your own
footfalls in the dead leaves appear to you as
the death knell of busy lives, and your se-
rious thoughts colored with pensive sadness
crown your mind with a purer cashe.

The cemeteries nerve the world. From
the grass-grown grave radiate lives of influ-
ence to every habitable spot. The living
dead crowd our thoughts, and as their un-
seen forms appear in fancy's train, our very
souls thrill with nobler impulses, though
the twining roots of rose and moss have long
ago thatched their lowly shelter. The
world's past is a source of sorrow. Gather
about its tombs; hold silent communica-
tion with the souls of the human heroes
whose crumbling dust lies at your feet.
Review their crowning acts, wreath again
their immortelles, and as you pause before
the great, the good, and the godlike, if
your very heart-strings do not quiver in re-
sponsive sympathy to the deep, sad spiritual
undertones that issue from entombed genius
and you come not away with aims more
elevated and nearer divine, I have yet to in-
form myself of the first elements in human
character.

One's own past is a source of sorrow.
Its memories thronging through our soul-
chambers awaken a sorrowful sentiment.
Youth is gone, with its flowers, its plays,
and its dreams. The spirit of the old home
is flown; parents are dead; friends are out-
grown; all are gone. One stands alone in
the deepening valley of shadows, misunder-
stood, friendless, with little sympathy, and
less hope. And though the chilling frost
of manhood have darkened the forehead, the
unmanly tear will rise, a prophesy for the
better, for nobility of soul and purpose is not
entirely lost while yet a tear is seen.

Sorrow may be an evil. If it is, evil is but
an unexplained good. It is the electric
shock, quickening the sluggish life current
of our dead-living. For the too human, coarse
part of our nature, it is the refining crucible
and for the diviner part an alembic, distilling
bitter sweet. It defines the human face.
From it comes resolution, and from resolu-
tion is greatness. It is the divinest power
poetry, the keenest scimitar of oratory. Its
bone is the encircling sweep of the sun,
from the frost crystals hovering above polar
iceberg, to the vapor crest of a torrid wave.
Its glance is seen in the autumn tint, the
snowflake, the human tear. Its whisperings
are caught from the hoarse sea wave, the
hurting winter storm, from sacrificial vow.
Its voice is heard in the measured tread
of armies, in the cannon's opening roar,
in the thunderings of Sinai. Before it the
gaudy steel turns dull, the frowning batter-
ry is mute. Its messengers are swift as
the ether's pulse, and are stayed only by the
low murmuring waters of Lethe. It is the
one inheritance of the aristocracy and the
commonalty. Its mystic power is the soil
of sympathy; its experience is the measure
of maturity; and its strong endurance the
best philosophy.

BOOK REVIEWS.

We have upon our table two widely dis-
similar books, which we, nevertheless, place
in review, as illustrating two phases of
what may be designated as art in literature.
The first, the work of a poet whose
reputation is founded upon close attention
to details, nicety of expression, and (although
he deals with much that is past), a close
sympathy with the present. Possessing in a
remarkable degree the power of condensa-
tion, Mr. Dobson paints for us with his pen,
such perfect pictures as Mieselionier produces
with his wonderful brush. Nothing faulty
leaves his workshop, little that is grand,
small that is gentle, and sweet, and tender;
something that possesses the delicate humor
which leaves us after reading it—not merry,
perhaps, but on the best terms with our-
selves and the world in general. In this,
the American edition of his works, we miss
nothing of importance from the original
English editions, and welcome a few new
poems. A book thoroughly "quotable."

We find difficulty in making selection, and
would refer our readers to a previous num-
er of The Vidette for his "Tu Quoque," in
full, subjoining as an additional specimen
of his quality, the Angelus song from
"Good Night, Babette," of which Mr. Sted-
man says that he scarcely realized its loveli-
ess until it was printed by itself—"a gem
taken from its setting:"

Once at the Angels
(Ere I was dead),
Angels all glorious
Came to my bed;
Angels in blue and white
Crowned on the head.
One was the friend I left
Stark in the snow;
One was the wife that died
Long—long ago;
One was the love I lost
How could she know?
One had my mother's eyes,
Wistful and mild;
One had my father's face;
One was a child:
All of them bent to me—
Bent down and smiled!

In Mr. Grant's work* we find the same
attention to minute details and conscientious
exactitude that we have noticed before. As
clever a satirist, though of a very different
order, as Mallock, he presents society to us
as he finds it—faulty, but refined, somewhat
heartless, but inclined to hysteries. In Alice
Palmer we have the most perfect character
in fiction that the year has presented us. As
Dr. Thomas would say, her peculiar traits
may be exaggerated, but not much. From
her coming out to her wedding she is consis-
tant with human nature, and with herself,
congratulating herself after marriage that she
has done as well as she did—still regretting
that her husband (as she prophesied) has
never learned to enter a room correctly. She
is a type of character that incites our sympa-
thy, but that we cannot help regretting has
existence; a fair sample of eastern culture in

*"Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," edited by Robert
Grinn. A. Williams & Co., 1880—$1.25. Sent by mail on receipt of price by James
Lee, Iowa City, Iowa.
what may be called its most "stilted" form. We subjoin an extract, taken almost at random, from this very readable little book:

"From casual remarks, and from what Grace Irving had confided to me that other girls had told her, I had gathered that my name was prominently mentioned in connection with four young men in society. Current rumor, when most rambunctiously asserting herself, had it that I played fast and loose with Mr. Hill, had tried, unsuccessfully, to hook Mr. Gerald Pumystone, was pining with love for Manhattan Blake, and that Harry Coney, under the guise of a 'cavalier servante,' was making a dead set for my fortune. All that was true in this sensational tirade was that I had mildly but firmly refused an unexpected offer of marriage from Mr. Hill, and that the three other young men were in the habit of speaking to me more frequently than the rest of my male acquaintances. Beyond this, and beyond the fact that I liked ever so much to have them all four come and see me separately as often as they would, and that occasionally I was conscious of little thrills of excitement going through me when I talked with Mr. Blake or Mr. Coney, I had really never taken the trouble to investigate what was the exact nature of my feelings towards them.

"But now, while during the early days of spring, I ruminated upon the sofa, reposing against its cushions the small of my back, this quartette usd frequently to rise before me like ghosts, sad and woe-begone, and murmur plaintively, 'which of us, gentle maiden, which of us?' Sometimes, for amusement's sake, I would imagine myself, during the spectral interviews, the wife of each of the four in turn, and a still, small voice would whisper in my ear, 'remember, Alice, that the Pumystones antedate Noah, and that for the future, you would never have to inquire the price of things. Gerald is a very nice young man; his clothes fit him to perfection; you would not be obliged to see very much of him; he looks remarkably well in public, and you could always feel sure of his doing the correct thing upon a social emergency;' * * * mamma would be as pleased as punch; you could 'run' society, and life would be as soft as sealing.' 'True,' would be my mournful reply, 'but he doesn't amount to a row of pins.' Whereupon, suitor number one would vanish from the scene, and perhaps the face of Murray Hill, wearing the wounded-animal expression it wore upon that eventful evening, would rise, Banquo-like, before me. Poor Mr. Hill,' etc., ad libitum. She finally marries Mr. Hill.

GEMS.

Strive to be what you wish to seem.

Youth is for learning, manhood for action.

The true knight of learning — the world holds him dear, love bless him, joy crown him, God speed his career.

Not in vain the distance beckons; forward, forward let us range,

While the world spins forever down the riving grooves of change.

No pain, no palm; no gall, no glory; no cross, no crown.

CLIPPINGS.

Thirty members of '82, at Harvard, have been dropped for poor scholarship.

When a baby stuffs his toe into his mouth, he little realizes how hard it will be for him in later years to make both ends meet.'"

Professor to tardy student: "Good morning, sir; you're first at last; you used to be behind before, but I notice you have been getting early of late.'"

Stealing the livery stable of heaven to serve the devil, is the way an honest Michigander got it off in church.

OBITUARY ON A MOSHTACHE.

He will look, but he will miss it,
There will be no down hair;
He will linger to caress it,
Though he knows it is not there.
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Editorial.

The Vidette acknowledges its indebtedness to Mr. A. N. Follows for very material assistance in the preparation of this issue.

What are the ethics of college journalism as deduced from the practice of its representatives? Well, instead of answering this question, we will gently chide the Reporter for its criticism of the performance of one of our alumni. We did not regard it as an example of good taste—not nor of modesty either.

The greatest improvement in the University during the last two years has, in our opinion, been in the financial arrangement of the institution; the unusually minute reports to regents and legislature; the careful economy, well known to all; the investigation in regard to the lands of the University lately moved. Keep the good work going.

How far is a student responsible for his influence? Suppose a case: One of your associates takes to drink and goes to the bad. Have you ever asked yourself the question, Could I have helped save him? You might have reason were your friend. You might have planned to keep him away from places of temptation. You might have asked others to do the same. Did you do it?

The University alumni, after a year's absence, makes solemnly around the streets. He makes a point to walk by the boarding places whence his female acquaintances of days ago have fled. The coffee house, too, has fled; but, for three years, the lightning-rod of the Presbyterian church, half torn down by the falling steeple, has dangled in neglected sublimity 'twixt earth and sky.

In case of looking in books during recitation, or any fraud by which marks are wrongly gained, it is a frequent error of the transgressor to suppose that he is cheating the professor. No; he may fool the professor, but it is the ones whom he wrongfully deprives of class honors, his companions, that he cheats. And, by the way, in cases like this, The Vidette doesn't believe in turning the other cheek. There is a point where submission ceases to be a virtue.

The intention was to notice the new books in the library, but the names are too long and medical words are hard to spell. It is enough to say that the catalogue (exclusive of pamphlets and books uncatalogued), enumerates over eleven thousand volumes. We do not believe there is any similar number of books as well selected, as well adapted to the wants of college students, as conveniently arranged for issuing, and over which as pleasant and satisfactory a librarian presides.

The Commencement oration this year, by Rev. A. D. Mayo, was one of those productions that can bear stretching out, even at a time when the air is thick with carefully matured ideas. Dr. Mayo has been known by his articles in prominent papers for some time, as a gentlemen of accurate culture and broad scholarship. The faculty rejoiced, when, by his acceptance, they knew that he
was to be with us, and students, citizens, and alumni are a unit in expressing appreciation of the high merit of his lecture upon George Washington.

It is not true that student life is an age of brass. Though many of the fairer qualities and sympathies of the heart are only susceptible of cultivation under the sunshine of home and in the atmosphere of a mother's love, still there are countervailing influences in the economy of forces, making up a University. The social intimacy between students and professors and faculty, the associations and fellowship of one's church, together with the general moral tone of society and class, make up a tide setting towards refinement. By no means let any of these be lessened; rather may their number be increased.

It is not a fact that the farmer is looked down upon by any great number. A common opinion places him in an intermediate grade between the extremes. This we regard placing him too low. But it must not be overlooked (as Col. Ingersoll stated it at length in an address to some Illinois farmers), that the niggardly parsimony of many farmers in regard to procuring books and newspapers for their children, together with their carelessness in regard to making their homes attractive, does drive their sons of lofty hopes to the city. With every advantage they ought not to blame the "aristocracy" of the city for what is caused by their own actions.

Iowa has it been a matter of doubt with us, whether a young lady gained anything by refusing to go with a young man because he had asked some one else previously. Of course it frequently happens that the reason for his being refused is entirely creditable to the young man. In such a case, why relentlessly compel him to go alone? Surely a young man would not give a young lady an invitation for the sake of having somebody. And if he did it is the exception. To be candid, we can not see what valid reasons this article of the social creed can give for its existence. And yet compliance with it may impart to the exclusive a complacent feeling of ain't-I-some.

We, the editor, have purchased a pair of new Boston-made shoes of the latest style, and of the highest merit of his lecture upon George Washington. We bought them in order to encourage the fashion; we have, from necessity, and unawares, led it for years, and we will not fall behind; we rejoice, we exult, and we suggest. Why, in the name of all that is holy, don't somebody start the fashion of wearing patches on the knees of dress pants? Why don't somebody advocate holes in the elbows of Sunday coats? Why don't some self-sacrificing philanthropist, rich enough to afford it, lead the way in which all must follow, of appearing in frayed wristband and collar? To him shall a monument be reared, his birthday observed with sacred honor, his memory cherished while the sons of men exist.

In a recent visit to several cities of Iowa, we stumbled upon some old University boys. In Ottumwa we found W. D. Tisdale very busy in law, as his partner is a prominent candidate for Congress in that district. J. J. Smith had just hung out a shingle. Cal. Manning was firmly established. Dr. A. O. Williams has been practicing for some time, and rumor says he's becoming interested in the price of furniture and household utensils. In Oskaloosa we learned that Seerley and Monlux had both been re-engaged at advanced salaries, and we hear favorable reports of the other boys there. Des Moines is full of Iowa City people and University graduates. The nearest offices we have been in for a long time were those of C. A. Finkbiner, just opposite the Register building, and of Jas. G. Berryhill and Geo. Henry, in the building north of the post-office. Geo. Edwards was teaching in Lincoln school building, McGregor was studying medicine, Merrill was in a bank, and Sherman was reading law. Frank P. Sawyer has an inter-
terest in the largest marble works in the place. Miss Lydia Berger was teaching in Crocker building, and having been in the Des Moines schools for a decade, is regarded as good as they have. Joe Ingalls is a staunch Greenbacker, and we heard of many others of the boys, but did not get to see them. O, the University boys are growing, and a graduate of '73 told us, "they are getting more conceited every year."

It is said, and truly, that the only way to properly develop young men and women, is to put them upon their own responsibility. Push them out and they will acquire individuality. But an error is frequently made by going too far in this direction. The particles are a good thing, but Choate complained that the sheriff over-worked it. Egotism in college students is a frequent effect of any system which seldom obliges a student to recognize authority. Prying into the affairs of students is bad. No espionage should be maintained; yet students can be left too much to themselves. At the close or beginning of one of the terms of his first year (we do not remember exactly), President Pickard told the students that he doubted whether he had been governed strictly enough for his own good during his college course. We don't know about that, but it illustrates a point. It is argued in favor of hazing that it takes the conceit of a fellow, teaches him his place, makes him modest by giving his pride a fall, and thus saves him, in after life, from more keen thirsts from a heartless world. And it may be that tense discipline will prevent the failure of a life by keeping young men from overestimating themselves at the start. A University boy, just returned from the funeral of a student who had rotted to death from the effect of evil habits contracted in school, said (although he himself had been reckoned among the "boys"), that he thought it was hard to be too strict in regard to such matters.

We wish to call particular attention to the new college system adopted by the John Hopkins' University, as described by the Boston Herald. An entire innovation, it seems to possess many practical advantages over anything yet attempted, and is an experiment that will be watched with great interest, as essentially American. The Herald says:

"The matriculation examinations, which are to begin at John Hopkins' University on June 7th, will give admission to a scheme of studies which is unique in this country, and which deserves to be widely known. Its most prominent features are the abandonment of the class system, as it is understood at all our other colleges, the conferring of degrees when the standard is reached, without regard to the lapse of time since matriculation, and the establishment of what seems a most judicious compromise between the Procrustean bed of a prescribed course of study on the one hand and a chaos of unrestrained elective studies on the other. It must be admitted that this goes far to redeem the task set for themselves by the trustees in their last year's report, that is, 'that they would not attempt to rival or copy any existing institution, but would rather try to make a positive contribution to American education.' The abandonment of the traditional four years' course is a valuable concession to students of exceptional talent or industry, or who have had the advantage of a good early training. After matriculation, the student will not find himself face to face with a prescribed course of study, which is alleged to be equally good for everybody, as though it were enough that a college, like a brick machine, should turn out a finished product, true to pattern, indeed, but without the slightest regard to individuality, or to whether better use might have been made of any particular lump of clay. Neither will the students be permitted to range at will over all possible studies, electing one here because its hours do not interfere with rowing or football, and another there because the teacher of it is a good fellow, and lets his scholars off easily. But the student is given a choice
between courses of study, the choice being further limited by the advice of that one of the faculty who has personal oversight of all his studies, and who is himself restrained in his advice by the University's standards. Eight courses are suggested. In one, classical studies predominate; in another, mathematical; in another, scientific; in another, literary. One, quite unusual, is suggested to those looking forward to a business career. Those intending to be ministers, doctors, or lawyers also have their wants met by courses tending toward their chosen callings, but without anticipating their proper professional studies. The details of the plan do not contemplate the equipping of a student with a little knowledge on all, or even on many subjects; but it does offer him a culture which is broad and liberal, and yet allows him to direct his attention to lines of work which his tastes, needs, or capabilities may make most desirable for him. After so many centuries education still remains a purely empirical profession, for no one can say of any scholar that he would certainly do better under another system. Therefore, this attempt to compromise the differences between the new and the old education should be received with the heartiest good-will, and, in any case, its fruits, by which it must be judged, will be awaited with much interest."

ACADEMIC GRADUATION.

Brevity of space and the rush of matter will not allow THE VIDETTE to notice all the features of Commencement, and to rival the completeness of the Press and Republican reports would be impossible.

The tasty decorations of the stage elicited approval from every one. The unique idea of having a fountain in the center, to toss its cooling spray over the fernery below, the choice selection of house plants, and the rare California plumes and Chinese ornaments, were the work and judgment of the managers of the Opera House. THE VIDETTE is glad to acknowledge its appreciation of the enterprise of the managers of our public hall, and it believes that no more wide-awake men have charge of any similar hall anywhere.

The delivery of the productions was a treat. One who has not heard the graduation exercises of other colleges over the State, is not prepared to make a comparative estimate. Such an one can have no idea of the immense superiority in elocutionary training of the University students. It was impossible not to observe that each speaker came forward with a conviction to impress upon the audience and not an intention to show off his voice, to make graceful gestures, or to be lofty in bearing. In after life the graduates will acknowledge with gratitude that much, very much, of their success as speakers, will be due to the ideal held before them by their able instructor, Prof. Booth.

The originality would next impress itself upon one who had listened to several University graduation exercises. And by this THE VIDETTE does not intend to reflect upon previous classes. But it is proud to notice the tendency to reach into new lines of thought, the evident intention to shun the trodden ways, and the desire to open up new fields of thought. This requires care, as rash opinions are liable and do sometimes intrude, but it is well to encourage this pioneer spirit. Then for several years there has been a grappling with the intricate phases of the live questions of the day, of science and religion, of politics and literature. It is well to investigate these now, as young men in active life must have, in order to be successful, pronounced convictions upon current topics. We noticed that the Chinese question, State rights, educational and esthetic problems, and many subjects closely allied to these, were handled gracefully and impressively.

We, while interested and pleased by all the orations, are of opinion that several were remarkably fine. "The Relation of Science to Poetry," by Mr. Hough, rather carried us away. The oration was considered the best. The oration was played some of the best. The oration was delivered by the orator. Miss and her deliver...
THE VIDETTE.

Mr. John J. Hamilton’s Master’s Oration upon “A Plea for Literary Homespun,” was chief among ten thousand. Mr. Hamilton received the rare compliment of applause the moment he appeared. The VIDETTE corps has gathered itself together, gone into a committee of the whole, elected itself chairman, and unanimously adopted a resolution not to say anything about the fact, that Mr. Hamilton’s oration was five minutes longer than President Pickard’s first Baccalaureate address. As a journalist, Mr. Hamilton is striding rapidly to the front. His friends here are numerous and always rejoice in his success, and welcome his return among them to the scenes and struggles of his earlier days.

The conferring of diplomas was most elegantly done. We know not upon whose plan the stage proceedings were conducted, but it was surely a happy idea; and some one said the dancing master drilled them, but we don’t believe it.

And now Class ’80 says:

“Our college life is done;
Our other life’s begun.”

The VIDETTE is of opinion that they have been “gallant and gritty, cheeky, wise and witty.” It recollects their foot-ball career, their votes in society, their picnics, their sociables, their hates and their loves. And the remembrance calls to mind the pat quotation: “Men are like bugsles: the more brass they contain, the more noise they make and the further you can hear them. Women are like violets: the more modest and retiring they appear, the better you love them.”

Make your own application.

Class ’80 is educated. In scholarship they probably excelled any previous class. Surely they will make strong warriors in life’s battle.

The reasons for attaching importance to graduation, for presenting bouquets and compliments, are two: First, it is the closing of a course of study, whose completion implies hard work, earnest study, self-sacrifice, and final victory over alluring pleasures. It is meet that friends should throng around to press the hands of those who have fought a good fight. And then graduation marks a crisis, a turning point in life. Before, the kind advice and supervision of instructors and parents warded off troubles, helped over obstacles. Before, society had a ready excuse for short-comings — “Boys will be boys.” Now, they make a start in life, take steps hard to retrace. Now, society begins to put its final judgment upon their actions. Henceforth few apologies will be accepted for misdeeds.

May each recall the couplet:

“We build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies.”

CAPT. CHESTER.
FORTRESS MONROE, VA.
June 23, 1880.

MR. OLIN S. FELLOWS, Iowa City, Iowa:

— Dear Sir:— The very handsome present from the University Battalion, transmitted by yourself, with such vivid words of commendation, has been this day received, and I wish I knew the correct thing to say by way of thanks. I have never been called upon to write anything of the kind before, and my training has tended, I think, to unfit me for the proper performance of such a pleasant duty. The military style, which begins by saying, “I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt,” etc., etc., and ends by “signifying my acceptance of the same,” while admirably adapted for the files of the War Department, is hardly suited to civil life. There must be some other forms if I only knew it; but I don’t know it. The fact is, that I have been the foot-ball of fate—or the General of the Army—for so long, that the
polish has been kicked clean off me, and I have had no time to lay on a fresh lacquering. I have been kicked into many curious corners in my lifetime, and I love to call them up occasionally, and pass them in mental review, just to keep their memory green. They are the milestones of my pilgrimage, as it were, and although I had no hand in setting any of them up, I have a peculiar interest in every one of them. They are the ghosts of my career, and capital company once on a while. They are not all good-looking. Some are hard featured, sad, gloomy, and even dangerous, but they are all peaceable enough now. I think I love them all. I could not spare the most ill-favored one from the column, for I love him in spite of his looks. But there are some bright ones among them; sweet, smiling, happy faces can be found marching in my column of corners, and at the head of the group, the State University of Iowa. It was a kind kick, that made me acquainted with that corner. There is no danger of its dropping from my memory. Your handsome present is a decoration to be hung around the neck of a happy memory. Present my heartfelt thanks to the Battalions; they have added a new pleasure to my mental review.

Very truly yours,

JAMES CHENDER
1st Lieut. 5th Arty Bat., Capt. U. S. A.

SQUIBS.

Are you educated?

The school teacher skips but the school goes on.

Samantha at Commencement: You don't say? Well, I should remark.

A good definition of political gratitude — A lively sense of favors yet to come.

Dr. Porter says, in his "Books and Reading," "Of all kinds of vice, the most vexations is advice.

Do I sleep? Do I dream? Do I wander and doubt? Are things what they seem, or are picnics played out?

 Locals.

Seven of the class of '77 took the degree of A. M.

John Helmiick's "folks" were in the city during Commencement.

"Chuckey" Powers was conspicuous in a new suit of grey and a lot of badges of the Davenport boat club pinned prominently on his coat.

The Regents accepted the resignation of Prof. Howe. Many friends will regret his departure, and the Regents may go a long way and fare worse.

Miss Call's father came down to hear his daughter speak. Miss Loring's mother and brother listened to her. And Harry Truesdale's father and brother were up from Rock Island.

Miss Mary Shepherd, a Sophomore of the University of California, and see Kelle McNeill of Garden Grove, came to see their cousin and sister, Miss Grace McNeill, graduate.

The day after Commencement, when the boys were crowding on to the cars, Class '80 soon had the passengers heads out of the car windows, listening to their song and ode. And it was worth listening to.

One of the wonderful things about the class of '78, is that it is getting out upon the sea of matrimony so fast. L. L. Cassidy, of Winterset, was married on the 17th to Miss Lucy Jones, of Webster county, a graduate of the Mitchellville Seminary. No cards.

Everything was on time this Commencement. If the band was not there to the minute, it did not get paid. If the students were not ready the procession started without them, and the exercises commenced on time, audience or no audience. Everybody understood that President Pickard meant what he said, and everything and everybody was on time.

All about Class '80: Myers will teach; Ingham goes into the hardware business;
Voices of the upper floor.

Folks were in the city.

Undergraduate was conspicuous in a lot of badges of the pinned prominently.

The resignation of friends will regret his Regents may go a long way down to hear his Loring's mother and her. And Harry Trues mother were up from Rock

Lore, a Sophomore of the ornia, and Miss Kalle Mc-irose, came to see their Miss Grace McNeill.

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Class '80: Myers will teach; to the hardware business;

Snyder will be in the law next year; True- dale will read law in an office or study in Iowa City; Shrader studies medicine; Mrs. Hine will teach; Rice is in the Oskaloosa schools; Miss McNeil will occupy herself with household duties; Brown says he will follow his old occupation at Kansas City, Mo.; Olin S. Fellows will teach Sanskrit and Camp. Phil. for a year; Miss Younkin takes the place of Miss Hamilton at Waterloo; Misses Call and Gilchrist will teach; Kelley goes to a theological seminary; Byrthin is principal of the Keota schools; Jones goes into matrimony and the ministry; Goshorn will go home to take care of his brother and parents.

Miss Lou Cee and Miss Abby Porter, of Anamosa, spent Commencement week in the city, the guests of Miss Laura Shipman. They left for home Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. C. N. Hunt, Mr. O. S. Fellows, Mr. L. W. Clapp, and others too numerous to mention, also left Tuesday afternoon.

The survivor returned Thursday morning.

11 p. m.—Voice of the host:—"I'll take care of your horse, Charlie, just come in and stay all night, so as to be here early in the morning."

A Cedar Rapids hotel bill—supper for two—has been forwarded us for collection. We guess he must have been so interested as to forget to settle. It's a new thing yet, Lewis, but you'll be older by and by.

PERSONAL.

John M. Helmick, '80, expects to return to the law next year.

Miss Ada Gaston has accepted a place in the Vinton schools.

Class '79. Shelby Gilillland is on the Coun- cil Bluffs Nonpareil.

J. B. Carder, Medic, is a physician of fine practice in Brooklyn.

There is rumor that Hough, of '80, teaches Kindergarten in Riverside next year.

Frank B. Cowgill, '79, has taught most of the year. He spends the summer in St. Paul.

Frank D. Baker, of Knoxville, attended Commencement. He is in the bank and doing well.

Class '79. Miss Minnie F. Kimball teaches at Hastings, Neb., next year, whence her family has removed.

H. C. Hadley, Law valedictorian '78, and a well known lawyer of Burlington, heard part of the Commencement exercises.

Arthur Springer, law '77, left his practice in Columbus Junction to hear the exercises. He has not got the county seat settled yet.

Law, '79. Will P. Glass, spending Commencement with us, was taken quite seriously ill. We learn he is improving and out of danger.

Law, '79. W. B. Burnett is located in Cincinnati, where his family's name is historic. We wish, and prophesy for him, a successful career.

Frank L. Dodge, Davenport, came up to the hop. He rowed in the recent regatta; but he does not neglect his law business, which is growing.

W. O. Crosby, Centerville, valedictorian of Law Class '79, and editor of the Citizen, spent Commencement in Iowa City. He is the Alumni regent.

C. E. Tebbets, '77, brought his wife with him to Commencement. Mr. Tebbets has one of the chairs in Penn College, and as we dropped in on him and witnessed several of his recitations, we can vouch for his capacity and success as a professor, and also for the thorough work and good discipline of the institution.

Class '76. Mr. O. H. Brainard, one of Iowa City's high school workers since his graduation, has been elected Superintendent of the Hampton schools. Mr. B. is active and scholarly; we prophesy for him a position among the first educators of the State, and sincerely congratulate Hampton upon its acquisition.

Class '80. Mr. J. Jones, Jr., is the first of the graduates to enter Hymen's nose,
being united to Miss Lizzie Hickman, of Millersburg, on the evening of June 29th. We reserved a half column of space for John, and kept this issue waiting to give him a more extended notice, but neither a sample of bride’s cake, nor a list of presents being forthcoming, we go to press with feelings deeply hurt at the cold neglect shown The Vidette corps by this worthy scion of Welch nobility.

W. H. H. Judson, ’62, stopped at Prof. Leonard’s while in town. The fortunate selection of one of the older alumni called in a number of graduates whose smiles have not gladdened a Commencement in a decade. Mr. Judson is among the strongest of college orations to the ambitious periods of college orations to the calm tone and crisp style of his production. It is pleasing to pass from the nobility.

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A bit of good advice: Never believe anything that any one tells you, and not more than half you say yourself.

The valedictorian of a Western high school is said to have replied, when told that he had done remarkably well, “You bet I did.”

Men who complain that they have much to bear from the faults of their fellow-men, should think how much others have to bear from them.

---

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