

# The University Reporter.

STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA.

Vol. XI.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, APRIL, 1879.

No. 7

## THE TIDE OF TIME.

(Continued.)

BY CAPTAIN CHESTER.

Darkness for forty centuries had reigned  
Supreme, save here and there a twinkling star,  
By warlike Michael lighted and maintained,  
As if to emphasize surrounding gloom,  
And whisper Hope to heaven selected souls.

But now the day's mysterious dawn dispels  
The gloom; and owls, and bats, and creatures of  
The night, in consternation hide their heads:  
And even Lucifer recoils before  
The rising sun. The second Adam comes,  
A living soul—not lighted as the first  
With Life's puissant breath divinely breathed,  
But by the Cloud of Glory which proclaims  
Jehovah's presence, and Jehovah's power.

And angels sought in vain to comprehend;  
And Lucifer confounded scarce believed,  
Yet dared not doubt. The problem, "What is man?"  
So often solved, presents itself anew.  
"What is his destiny? He lives unjust,  
"And dies unjustified, and yet no end.  
"Some fight eternal night-mares in their dreams—  
"Grim shadows of realities to come;  
"And some, less innocent, repose in peace,  
"And dream of everlasting happiness.  
"For them the gates of death are lighted up,  
"And Hope's eternal life-buoy is supplied,  
"To bear them high above the Stygian pool.  
"Why partiality like this, I ask?  
"Can Michael shield from the Omnipotent?  
"Or does Infinite Justice wink at crime?  
"Or this, or that, must certainly be true.  
"Thus justice ceases to be just; and law  
"Becomes a mockery."

As thus he mused  
The dread Shekina rose, and silence reigned  
In heaven, as it ascends in majesty,  
And leaves on earth Eternal Life enshrined.  
Eternal Life, by which the Universe  
Itself was organized, and is maintained,  
Which was with God, before the worlds were,  
Or Time began.

The Quickener of men  
Now stood revealed, anointed and announced,  
Jehovah's only Son. And Lucifer  
Approached to scrutinize, and with delight  
Saw hunger and fatigue assert their claims;  
And sorrow deep; and pity most profound;  
And all emotions he had seen in man  
Before the Fall, act unrestrainedly.  
Humanity, though wedded to the Life,  
Was human still, and so assailable.

(To be continued).

## THE WAKE-ROBIN.

TRILLIUM NIVALE.

T. H. MCBRIDE.

Ere a leaf is on the bush,  
In the time before the thrush  
Has a thought about its nest,  
Thou wilt come with half a call,  
Spreading out thy glossy breast  
Like a careless prodigal,  
Telling tales about the sun,  
When we've little warmth or none.

Wordsworth.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring  
First plant thee in her wintry mould,  
And I have seen thee blossoming  
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Bryant.

What the Celandine is to the banks of Windermere and the Yellow Violet to the south slopes of New England, such is the Snowy Trillium to our northern and western woods, the very earliest of spring flowers. True, the Maple may have flung out from its ruby branches its thousand unnoticed and unguarded clusters of stamens and pistils, the Quaking Asp limbs may be adorned with odd little silken bunches, little staminate pendants may be swinging like spinning caterpillars from all the Hazel rods, but not one of these efforts at bloom would, by the common observer be called a flower at all. But down at the foot of the Maple and Aspen with their leafless limbs, through which the warm sun-rays fall, right among the dry dead-looking hazel shoots, spreading its snowy petals over the brown decaying leaves of the former year, the Trillium looks forth a real genuine flower. The few warm days that come to cheer the latter part of March and charm the sap to the tops of the tallest trees, are quite sufficient to touch the susceptible heart of the Wake-Robin, and forthwith all its delicate machinery of life is in full play. A little brownish doubled bud begins to push up through the loosened soil, thrusting aside the broken sticks and leaves, until at last the open sunlight straightens the bended head, spreads the coiled petals and all the woodland caught napping is surprised. No timid pushing up of shoot, no tardy development of stalk and branch and bud, and then, after weeks of foliage, a final expansion of bloom, but one quick, sudden, upward burst of beauty, petals, pistils, stamens, and three little leaves all complete, leaving stem and branch and larger foliage to come after if they can. In the long struggle

for existence the little Trillium has been crowded to the very edge of earth's grand parterre, and has learned to greet the sun on his very arrival and to perform the business of life in the shortest possible time; even as some of the Compositae and the Five-Fingered Gentian, on the other side of the garden, improve the eleventh hour and find their inspiration to duty in the sun's latest departing rays. No time for perfume, no strength for odors, do you imagine? Examine and see. A faint but exquisitely delicate aroma fills the air. True, all the insects with "noses" that may be of service to the aristocratic later arriving plants are yet asleep, and could not, if they would, wake up to aid our tiny flower, and yet "earth's cultureless bulb" is not left entirely alone. Dozens of little yellow-backed flies have found it to their advantage to be already abroad sucking the sap as it bursts from the over crowded bark of the Maple. These soon make the acquaintance of the Trillium and bear its golden grains of pollen from flower to flower; and so the work is all finished and the plant itself withered and gone ere ever the jostling, crowding ranks of the summer Flora have a thought of starting.

Nor in such speedy development does anything seem neglected, or carelessly done. Pluck off one of the triplet leaves. Remove from the upper side a small piece of the epidermis and examine with the microscope at a moderate power. What a field of beauty do the clustering cells present! How delicate the cell walls, how beautiful the pattern! Uniform, yet ever varying. No angles; one incessant series of curves. Examine a similar bit from the lower surface of the same leaf. The same beautiful arrangement of cells, but, in addition, hundreds of little oval cells, with transverse openings, fill the field of view. Four hundred of these little stomata or mouths, by which the plant exhales its superfluous watery vapours, are to be seen at once within 1-256th of a square inch. Look but once more, this time at the green middle tissue of the leaf. Among the cells containing chlorophyll go wonderful tubes or tracheae. Each little tube is made of a single thread coiled upon itself like a spiral spring of finest wire. When the tube is intact, the coils lie close, but the slightest tension separates them, the structure becomes plain, and the cobweb threads stretch like looping cycloids across the field. If we examine the petal we shall find it much the same, save that the chlorophyll is absent, and so we learn that petals are but modified leaves.

All this mechanism, delicate beyond compare, is the product of a few hours, two or three days at most. We have said that with all the haste nothing seems neglected. But here is one little flower, one in ten thousand, perhaps, in which the time seems to have been too short for the completion of one of the stamens. Five of the six are in place, perfect, but the sixth seems very like a petal with one edge rolled in upon itself and tinted as the stamens, yellow. There seems to have been

time to turn in just one edge, and so the other was left that all the world might see that, as the petal is but an altered leaf, the stamen is but a rolled up petal. Now if all the world should fancy the beauty our floweret displays and set about to cultivate it as the luxuriant rose, the stimulus of self preservation being removed, the stamens would every one grow careless and fail to form and soon the gardeners would be advertising everywhere "*Double Trilliums.*"

#### HARVARD NOTES.

Harvard College was founded in 1636, and was named after Rev. John Harvard, who in 1638, bequeathed to it the then liberal sum of eight hundred pounds.

The University at present consists of thirteen departments; there are thirteen hundred students in attendance; number of professors and teachers about one hundred and thirty.

There are some thirty buildings. Some of the finer dormitories cost \$115,000 to \$120,000. Gore Hall, in which is the College Library, is a Gothic building of Quincy granite, erected in 1841. Memorial Hall is the most imposing building connected with the University. It was built by the alumni to commemorate the sons of Harvard, who died in the civil war. It is 310 feet long and 115 feet wide; cost, \$500,000.

The College library contains about 175,000 volumes. It is the third library in the United States, the first being that of Congress and the second the Boston City Library. The eight minor libraries of the University contain over 60,000 volumes.

The Science department, though having rare facilities, is poorly attended. The museums are rich in collections. The museum of Comp. Zoology contains the rare collection of Burlington, Iowa, Crinoids, made by Dr. Wachsmuth of that place. It was purchased by Louis Agassiz, for the University, for \$6,000.

Lectures of all descriptions are so plenty and cheap here that one soon gets surfeited if a wise choice is not exercised. As a specimen of what is given, witness the following course of free lectures under auspices of Harvard Nat. Hist. Society:—Justin Winsor, "The Earliest Maps of the American Continent;" Dr. C. J. Blake, "The Ear and the Telephone;" Dr. H. P. Bowditch, "Physiological Defects of Vision;" Prof. E. C. Pickering, "The Distance of the Sun;" John Fiske, "A Common Origin of Languages;" Prof. J. D. Whitney, "Is the Earth's Climate Changing?" Alex. Agassiz, "Something about Young Fishes."

A movement auspicious to ladies has begun. A large number of professors have consented to give next year, as far as their present duties will permit, private instruction to young ladies, who shall have passed the usual entrance examination. The ladies are to have access to all libraries and the use of all apparatus, but on completing a course will receive a certificate of proficiency and not the regular diploma.

Description of typical Harvard student; stiff black hat; meal-bag Ulster overcoat; cane with carved head of dog; smokes cigarette; hair parted in middle; has a peculiar sway of the body when walking—a sort of rolling motion, which expresses contentment, confidence and thorough good nature, and which has received the technical name of “the Harvard Swing.” This ‘swing’ is *sui generis*, requires long practice to obtain, and produces itself from class to class, with wonderful fidelity.

An excessively stylish student is called a “tin-god;” if ridiculously foppish, he is called “tin-god-on-wheels.”

The process of cramming for examination is called “grinding.”

One of the favorite resorts of the students, is the Parker House, in Boston; which fact made Artemus Ward say that Harvard College was located at Parker’s, with a branch at Cambridge!

Hard-working students are called “digs.”

The students as a body look very healthy and robust. This is largely due to the great interest taken in baseball, foot-ball, rowing, and athletic exercise generally. Some wonderful scores may be seen on the base-ball records; the best I have seen yet was 0—0 in 24 innings.

Three College papers flourish: the “Crimson,” the “Advocate,” and the “Lampoon”—the latter illustrated.

Some one says that they have 333 kinds of weather here in New England, and all of them come on the same day!

“Very true—  
So they do.”

Cambridge, March 7th.

C. C. Z.

## University Reporter.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, APRIL, 1879.

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As the lake reflects the clouds floating above it; as speech is an index of the mind, so a college paper is taken as the mirror in which is reflected, to a great degree, the mind and thought of Students and Professors. Thus it should be; thus it is not. True, our eye is

sometimes delighted and our mind refreshed by recognizing in it, the image of the robust form, and healthy mind of some of our professors reflected in the form of Poetry, articles upon Education, Foreign Travel, Scepticism, and many other interesting subjects. But this is the exception. Of graduate and undergraduate scarce a fleeting shadow is caught, unless the individual happens to be among those *fortunate* ones who walk among their fellow men as “beings of a higher sphere,” with the self-gratifying thought, “I am Editor,” deeply imprinted in their bosoms, and the same sentiment, not quite so self-gratifying, pinned to their backs. Then they begin to moralize, to think of the duty of the student to the REPORTER.

Now we see the folly of our ways, and we take this opportunity to warn you who aspire to the same position that we, Horton and Hunt, are just entering upon. As we entered that venerable sanctum door which “stands ajar,” (without lock or key) we looked for recent communications. The last one filed was dated, 1871. Our next resort was to that box, christened “Contributions for REPORTER,” which used to occupy so conspicuous a place in the Hall, but alas! we found it covered with dust among the sanctum rubbish, a glad memorial of better days. In our bitterness of soul, we were forced to cry out,—O degenerate age. Moral. In the future, let the REPORTER reflect the mind of all. Let there be a common interest. If you leave the entire work of editing the college paper to those persons known as editors, the reflection will be that of the individual instead of the class; and the image reflected, may perhaps, be the shadowy outline of an article written upon “Etc” or something we saw once “in the preface of a book,” or in some other part of it.

ORATORICAL matters in the States are progressing. Ohio has had her State contest and will be represented by Mr. J. A. Barber. Indiana and Wisconsin will have their State contests by the time this issue of the REPORTER reaches its readers (definite!) The judges are selected, and nothing is lacking for success. The REPORTER earnestly urges that some measures be adopted to show the University’s guests around. It is no small compliment to entertain the oratorical representatives of six States. Indianapolis, Chicago, and St. Louis have had that honor heretofore. Iowa City will not fail to be appreciated. The location was secured by large promises and hard work. It now remains for the students to see that those promises are fulfilled.

A GROWING dissatisfaction, in the University, in regard to Marks, gives cause for a few remarks upon the Marking System. The system has some good features and many objectionable ones. We think we can place, as a foundation stone, that, for successful work, some method of grading students is necessary; not but that

the majority of students have self-interest enough to do equally well without, but, that each student may, upon graduating, have a true record of what he has done in his studies during his four years in college, and also to help the few who need such an incentive.

We are aware that in some of our Eastern Colleges the system has been entirely done away with. But the attempt, so far, has not met with sufficient success for us to pattern after. The average student is human, and experience teaches us, that were no record kept, this average student, where ever you may find him, whether in Yale, Ann Arbor, or in our own University, would slight many of his studies. The fault then is not so much in the system as in the abuse.

Wherein, then, lies the power of abuse of the marking system? Is it with Student or Professor? We answer unhesitatingly that it may be attributed to both, although the immediate and direct power of abuse is in the hands of the Professor. The student works for his or her "hundred," the sole ultimatum of many a term's labor; and the teacher, all other conditions being equal, awards it.

That many who receive perfect marks deserve them, as much as any one can, we do not deny. On the other hand, we as willingly assert that there are many "100's" awarded to those who do not merit them;—awarded on account of some seeming merit, foreign to the study perhaps, or because a mistake made by one student did not seem so great to the professors, as one made by his less fortunate, but equally thorough classmate; or because the student happens to get places to recite, not too difficult for him to make a clean record in the few times he recites in Review.

This, we claim, is unjust to the one who gets the perfect mark and merits it, and still more unjust to the student who gets it and does not deserve it.

The one sees that it is no criterion; no standard of ability or hard study; the other soon perceives that there is an easier way of winning "hundreds," than by hard study; that there is a good side to the Professor, and he (or she) immediately proceeds to get there. An injustice to the first, an absolute injury to the second, and a decided dissatisfaction to those who are equally as good, if not better, than the second, yet know that neither he nor they deserve perfect marks.

And right here, permit us to say, that the practice of giving standing and then raising it at the request of the student, (not indulged in *here*, but in other colleges,) is below the dignity of a college Professor.

We have left out of account those who do not get perfect marks, although they think they deserve them; because some students, (few of course) are apt to note their abilities too high. Our Professors, as a general thing, try to be just and impartial in the matter, but the task is a difficult one, and human nature, you know, is naturally warped

The student does not complain of marks, but of the relative class position in which such marks place him.

He thinks there ought not to be any special virtue in any particular course, front seats, wise looks, special affinity for the Prof., or vice versa.

Merit and merit alone deserves reward, and if it cannot be given, then let the pretence be thrown up, and cease to incite those who need no incitement; cease to make mechanical apparatuses of minds that nature intended to be practical and beneficial to the world. Standing occupies too high a position to the student's mind. This condition of things, lamentable as it is, is almost unavoidable with our present college regulation in regard to marking.

There is a higher object to be obtained in a college course, than the mechanical ability to remember dates, or abstract facts long enough to gain the coveted 'hundred.' The practical significance of the dates, and the methodical application of those abstract facts will be of use to us in the practical world, that we are here to prepare to meet, long after the petty strife for marks shall have been forgotten.

The one who is gaining a practical knowledge of the studies pursued, and at the same time, by an extensive course of reading and society work, laying foundations for a culture, wider, more useful, and nobler than mere text-book cramming, has the true and higher idea of a college education. The past testifies that valedictorians are not always the most successful men in after life.

#### LOCAL.

—The Senior editor is anxiously inquiring if members of the REPORTER corps get circus tickets.

—Livy had two wives—*Classical Dict.* We are glad of it; he deserved it, the miserable old wretch!

—German Professor's description of a Salamander: (with appropriate gesture), "An animal that has a tail."

—Throw your shoulder back! Stand straight!! Old Aristomachus used to tell the boys: "He who stoops is stupid."

—DEAR JOHN: Please send me my standing in German; if it is over 96 you may write on a postal card.  
JIM.

—Subscriptions yet unpaid should be paid immediately. Those who know themselves delinquent should attend to the matter.

—The question agitating the minds of the Laws now is: Whether Lazarus' will, if he made one, would hold good after his resurrection?

—"O, earth, so full of dreary noises!  
O men, with wailing in your voices!"—  
exclaimed a visitor during chapel singing.

—Class reading Chaucer.—Tall Junior vainly attempting to accent the final "ees."

Instructor:—"Try and get as much melody in it as you can, please."

Tall Junior:—"Well, there haint much melody in me."

—"We will now proceed to play with  $x$  and frolic with  $y$ ," said the grave Prof.; but the boys looked as though they would prefer some other kind of sport.

—*Shoemaker*—"How am I to measure such a foot as that?"

*Sci. Student*—"You might try triangulation."

—Queen Dido was left handed; at least the verdant Sub thought so when he said "She held the crater in her left hand and poured the offering between the horns of the white call."

—The following are the officers of the Junior class for the Spring term: Pres't, Stewart Goodrell; Vice Pres't, Leona Call; Sec'y, Harvey Ingham; Treas., Robert Pritchard.

—The Zetagathian and Hesperian Societies have furnished their hall with a new carpet. It is as fine a pattern as was ever brought to this city, and they may well be proud of it.

—One of the Professors objects when the boys pelt him with paper wads; we don't like to see this constant fault finding; it looks as though the Professor had no spirit of fun in him.

—When Clinker read that Kate Claxton charged 50 cents for gallery tickets, he rattled his two 25 cent pieces in his pocket and told Connie he didn't think it a nice place to take a girl, anyhow.

—Captain Chester, Rev. Mr. Clute and Mrs. Professor Parker, have been chosen as judges to examine the productions for the Junior contest. The contest will take place about the first of June.

—Some one, offended by something we have written, calls *Ye Local* a fool. We shall not argue. We have not the temerity to deny a statement so easily proven by a two-thirds majority of the Faculty.

—Now hops the bee from branch to branch with quick unrest,  
And plucks and gathers twigs to build its tiny nest;  
While birdie, seeking sweets, with busy, distant hum,  
Unites with us to say that Spring has surely come.

—A student with only three studies ought to devote at least two hours each day to good sound reading, remembering that an education consists in something more than memorizing the language of the text.

—He had been wrestling, and as he edged his way through the highways and by-ways to the nearest ready made clothing store, you could see that he wished 'his enemy would come and sow the tares.'

—*Prof* "Mr. Clinker may recite."

*Clink*. "Can't recite; am not prepared."

*Prof*, "Really, Mr. Clinker, I did not suppose you would let a little thing like that bother you."

—One of the Junior ladies says that a certain Professor used a pet phrase fourteen times by actual count, in one lecture. Now, Prof., we don't know what the phrase is but we would advise you to look it up "at any rate."

—What has become of the choir which the President promised us should lead chapel singing? It has not,

we hope, like the Norwegian god Toj, been charmed by its own melodies, and sat and sung itself away to everlasting bliss.

—It was a Fresh who worked out his theorems upon his cuffs before coming to class. He passed; but the verdant Sub, who pinned them beneath the gentle folds of her fir-trimmed cloak didn't pass. Students there must be less fraud.

—If the city should require saloon keepers to blind the upper half instead of the lower half of their front windows, there are a few students who would apply at once for an act to prohibit the Faculty from promenading on Dubuque street.

—The REPORTER for May will contain an account of the Inter-State Oratorical Contest, beside the proceedings of the Convention. Interesting measures will be brought before the Convention for discussion and settlement. Direct all orders for extra copies to the REPORTER.

—If we students were as ambitious in learning long lessons, as many of the professors are in assigning them, most of us would graduate at the end this term. At the close of the term it sounds well to say, that you have gone over more ground than any preceding class, but during the term it is a good deal of a bore.

—Some of the students are complaining that they are disturbed during study hours, by other students calling upon them, merely to pass the time in a pleasant chat. Remember friends that while there is perhaps no one who does not like to receive company at the proper time, it is not fair to disturb any one during study hours, unless upon important business.

—The boys appreciate Pres. Pickard's kindness in attempting to find them a place suitable for out-door exercise. The President says he used to strive to excel in athletic games. Now, Dr., that is hard to believe; we can't imagine you standing on your head, or hanging by your heels; who would ever think of you as playing foot-ball and trying to knock over a man with the back of your head? And then, how you must have looked hanging over a fence like a clothes pin, waiting for you breath to come back! No, no, it don't seem as though you ever yelled "Foul! foul! you picked that ball off the ground, you darned fool!"

—We are pained to see that the new Law Editor has made one or two cruel remarks concerning the Academics; he claims that the Acs. did not behave properly during the evening upon which the Law Professors were serenaded. You see it was this way; the Laws were loafing around the middle building awaiting the brass-band, when a few Acs. came up. The Acs. were requested to sing, and without one hint of a cold, without one murmur because their notes were at home, they burst forth in melody; they sang well, that is loud. The Laws attempted "Forty Blue Bottles," but could sing but one verse, because they can't count backwards. We can prove that all the Acs. were gentlemen. We can prove it by the Acs. themselves.

From about 190 volumes added to the Library since the February issue, the following are among the most important :

- Marvels of Pond Life.—Slack.  
 Studies in Animal Life.—Lewes.  
 A Manual of Paleontology.—Nicholson.  
 Hist. of Afghanistan.—Mallison.  
 Dickens' Complete Works, 16 vols.  
 Words of the Lord Jesus.—Stier.  
 A Hebrew and English Lexicon.—Gesenius.  
     "    Grammar                    "  
 Samuel Johnson.—Mason.  
 The Races of European Turkey.—Clark.  
 John Lothrop Motley.—Holmes.  
 The Commercial Products of the Sea.—Simmonds.  
 The Normans in Europe.—Johnson.  
 Choice Reading.—Cumnock.  
 A New System of Geology.—Ure.  
 Fur-bearing Animals.—Coues.  
 A Manual of the Anatomy of Invertebrated Animals.—Huxley.  
 The Ancient Life History of the Earth.—Nicholson.  
 Social Life of the Chinese.—Doolittle.  
 The Solitudes of Nature and of Man.—Alger.  
 The American Almanac.—Spofford.  
 Short Hist. of German Literature.—Hosmer.  
 The Hist. of Dartmouth College.—Smith.  
 Gleanings of the Past Years, 2 vols.—Gladstone.  
 A Hand Book of Politics for 1878.—McPherson.  
 Records of a Girlhood.—F. A. Kemble.  
 Life and Education of Laura Bridgman.—Lamson.  
 A Reply to Hitchcock on Socialism.—By a Socialist.  
 Goethe and Schiller.—Boyesen.  
 Deterioration and Race Education.—Royce.  
 The English Reformation.—Geike.  
 Coal; Its History and Uses.—Thorpe.  
 The Growth and Vicisitudes of Commerce.—Yeats.  
 The Technical History of Commerce. "  
 A Manual of Recent and Existing Commerce. "  
 Hume.—Huxley. (Morley's English Men of Letters)  
 Goldsmith.—Black. " " "  
 Shelley.—Symonds. " " "

#### GOOD GIRL'S GORNER.

- Bad taste—kissing a homely girl.  
 —What the belle of the ball room said. "*To arms! to arms! my Braves!*"  
 —Beauty is the mark of God set on worth.—*Emerson*. Mr. Emerson, if you insult our girls so again, we shall hold you personally responsible.  
 —Yes, yes, boys, the bridges are nice places for an evening promenade; but really there is no danger of the girls falling over a four feet railing.  
 —We were intending, in this issue, to have a **GOOD BOY'S GORNER**; but we could think of but one good

boy and it did not seem right to take so much space for the exclusive use of Ye Local.

—"The young ladies at Oskosh are required to take part in military drill." Now, Captain, why can not the girls here drill? It would not take them long to learn; you might divide them into awkward squads numbering, well, say one; and then give each Senior charge of a squad. This is merely a suggestion.

—"Were you frightened? How did you feel?" inquired Clinker when he had towed Connie out to a sand bar and landed her: for Connie was too frisky and had fallen out of the boat. "Feel? At first I felt as though I were going down, and then as if I were gone up. Sugaration, but ain't the water cold though!"

—Last Fall there was a division of the Freshman Latin class, containing thirty-six students, nearly half of whom were ladies; in looking over the records we find that there were nine members of the class who earned a standing of 100, and that seven of these were ladies. Now, girls, we noble males never complain because you swear, we never say a word against you because you chew tobacco, and we might, in time, become accustomed to your wrestling in the halls; but when you beat us in scholarship, you are carrying the joke too far!

—Our Burmese Law has just ordered 300 photographs of himself; we suppose he intends sending them to his girl in Burmah. She will gather the 300 pictures to her breast, and as she wipes her bias eye with the corner of her apron will murmur: "Ah, that's me Mounjie, me Mounjie, I knew he would be true to his own Jinjonjie!" and then she will go into the jungle by the back way and put her treasures up out of reach of the tigers and children. Or maybe Mounj has 300 girls. By Jupiter! we'll bet that's it. O, thou gay deceiver! a theological graduate too! We fear much learning hath made thee bad!

#### PERSONAL.

- Knapp, May, is again in school.  
 McIntyre, Wm., dwells at Wilton.  
 Fellows, Albion N., is with us again.  
 Ziegler, Chas., writes us from Harvard.  
 Ross, Hettie, is at home in Council Bluffs.  
 Clute, S. R., is at his home in Montezuma.  
 Pottle, Wm., is at school in Battle Creek, Mich.  
 Rule, Duncan, Law '79, is not in school this term.  
 Chambers, H. J., Law '78, is practicing in Avoca.  
 McKenzie, Alma, Class '80, is teaching at Hampton.  
 Owens, M. T., Law '78, lays down the law at Waterloo.  
 Miss Waldron is teaching school near her home in this county.

Trowbridge, G., Class '80, has returned looking hale and hearty.

Loomis, Loring, abides under the paternal roof at Manchester.

Markley, J. E. E. harangues the Judge and Jury at Marshalltown.

Brown, M. M., has gone to Colorado to engage in the stock business.

Frank T. Lyon, '77, is as popular as ever in his Onawa Superintendency.

Scott, Orion C., paid us a visit a short time ago. School teaching agrees with him.

Davidson, C. E., class '80, is attending college in Sacramento, Cal. He intends teaching.

John T. Marvin, '77, is just closing his second year as Superintendent of City Schools in Le Claire.

Holsman, Harry, Law '78, paid Iowa City a visit recently. He reports a good practice at Guthrie Center.

Mr. Dilatush, the Law editor of the REPORTER, has just returned from a trip to his home in Lebanon, Ohio. He looks and feels well.

The *Journal of Education* (Boston) says the Kansas State Superintendent's report "would do credit to any State." That Superintendent is Hon. A. B. Lemon, Normal class 69.

The *Iowa Normal Monthly* makes a mistake in saying that "John B. Morelux" taught "acceptably" in the Oskaloosa High School. John B. Monlux, A. B. '78 was the man.

But the Monthly made no mistake when it said "a practical, clear headed and progressive teacher is at the head of the Oskaloosa Schools," for that officer is H. H. Seerley, class '73, and "Alumni" orator for this year.

#### EXCHANGES.

The Ancient forgot to appear again this month. His death was slow and painful. Our exchanges will, no doubt, mourn his loss, as we do; for, although he was a "hard citizen," yet he was a good exchange editor. We ought to drape this column in mourning, but can't afford it. Of course you cannot expect anything funny henceforth, and all the poor and unjust criticisms will have to fall upon our own shoulders.

The *Chronicle* appears this month with its usual sixteen or eighteen pages of fine print. It sustains its usual interest in the editorial column, and abounds in college news. Its funny man is out, but then its *solid*. The articles of corporation of the athletic association look as if something was going to be done.

The *Collegian* comes out with a good literary column, a thesis, "Is the Will Free." That is *all*. The remainder of the paper consists principally of *space*. The *Collegian* remarks the articles of the REPORTER

are "long drawn out." Better so than "long drawn out" *space*.

We understand Cornell is going to have another paper. Good! we think it needs it, or else some assistance on the *Collegian*.

The *Collegian and Neoterian* is a neat paper and well edited. The *Oberlin Review* is one of our exchanges that is always welcome. Its pages evidence that its editors take some pride in their work.

The *Hesperian Student* comes out in this issue in a more sombre hued garb. It doffs its red backed seed catalogue exterior just as the seed time is coming. Why so rash?

The *Lafayette College Journal* has a novel way of editing an exchange column.

The *Student Life* greets us this month as bright, fresh, and instructive as ever.

The poem and literary articles of the *Aurora* are too long and dry. "Spice up."

Many of our exchanges have not been, nor cannot be, noticed in this issue, on account of time and space, and some we have not received.

#### CLIPPINGS.

Prof. — "What does Kant say?" Senior. — "Can't say."

A Junior's girl has "gone back" on him because he is so bow-legged that she can't sit on his lap. — *Olio*.

Prof. — Mr. H., what are you eating?" Mr. H. (after feeling in his pocket): "Very sorry, Professor, but that is all I've got."

"Rockaby Freshy up in the wet sheet,  
When the Sophs jerk it, his head and toes meet."

Conversation overheard at a New Haven social: Junior — "How do you like my friend Miss —?" Other Junior — "O, very well, only I'm not up on the dumb-bell practice."

It was a very cold morning when one of them jumped out of bed. Says the one in bed to his chum, "Is the fire dead?" "No, but it sleepeth," replied the other, blowing his fingers.

Prep. coming to the word *ducem*: — "Professor, is that a noun or a verb?"

Prof. — "I think it is."

Prep. — "I thought so, too, but wasn't quite sure."

"Done in water colors," remarked a philosophical Soph, as he suddenly sat down in the slush.

"A Junior, on being catechised as to the nature of an oxide, said he didn't see how an ox-hide could differ materially from a cow-hide."

MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY. — The elective system which has been adopted will in time practically do away with regular classes as each student may take his degree whenever he has completed the course. One of the Seniors has already finished and begun to study for his profession. There are no longer Freshmen, Sophomores — but First Years, Second Years, etc.

Smart Sophomore—What fruit would you resemble riding on a jackass? Innocent looking Freshman—Give it up. S. S.—A beautiful pear. I. L. F.—All right; come outside and I'll try it.—*Harvard Advocate*.

Two bad little boys of Tarentum  
First borrowed some pins and then bent 'em,  
When their pa took a seat  
They both beat a retreat,  
As did likewise the fellow who lent 'em."

"Dovey," he said, "I 'hink I was telling you after I came home last night about the necessity of some retrenchment in our expenditures, was I not?" "Well, really, I've forgotten, John," she answered nonchalantly, "turn on the phonograph and see." He turned it on, and all it said was: "Whazzer, whazzer (hic) mazzzer? whazzer mazzzer?"

"A curious thing is love,  
It cometh from above,  
And lighteth like a dove,  
On some.

But some it never hits,  
Unless it gives them fits,  
And scatters all their wits,  
Ah, hum!"

A party of juniors was sitting in one of the rooms in Jones' Hall, when a timid rap like unto that of a first prep., was heard on the door. For a moment the air was thick with cordial and pressing invitations to enter. "Come in," "If you don't want to come in, stay out," "Don't knock the door down," etc., when in-walked our venerable President. Tableau. That is the way they do at the University of Chicago.

"Little Tommy Gibbs,  
Cried for his cribs,  
Where do freshmen hide them?  
Under their bibs.  
How can he make them  
Without any tape,  
And how, without them  
Can Tommy escape?"

79.

Grind, grind, grind,  
For a sight of that old degree;  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.  
O, well for the innocent Fresh.,  
As he slopes with a timorous leer!  
And well for the dissolute Soph.,  
As he shouts for a schooner of beer!  
But it's grind, grind, grind,  
Till I tack on my name. A. B.  
And the careless ease of a day that is fled  
Will never come back to me!"

Maid of Adams ere we part  
Tell me if thou hast a heart;  
For so padded is thy breast  
I begin to doubt the rest.  
Tell me now, before I go,  
Art thou all made up or no?

Are those tresses thickly twined  
Only hair-pinned on behind?  
Is thy blush, which roses mocks,  
Bought at three and six a box?  
Tell me for I ask in woe—  
Art thou all made up or no?

## CHARITY.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The pilgrim and stranger who through the day  
Holds over the desert his trackless way,  
Where the terrible sands no shade have known,  
No sound of life save his camel's moan,  
Hears, at last, through the mercy of Allah to all,  
From his tent-door at evening the Bedouin's call:  
"Whoever thou art whose need is great,  
In the name of God, the Compassionate  
And Merciful One for thee I wait!"  
For gifts in His name of food and rest  
The tents of Islam of God are blest,  
Thou who hast faith in the Christ above,  
Shall the Koran teach thee the law of Love?—  
O Christian!—open thy heart and door,  
Cry east and west to the wandering poor,  
"Whoever thou art whose need is great,  
In the name of Christ, the Compassionate,  
And Merciful One, for thee I wait!"

*Exchange.*

## A CATECHISM FOR SUB-FRESHMEN.

"Come here my little fellow; can you tell me what a College is?"

"Yes, sir. A College is a place where a man can acquire a thorough knowledge of athletic sports, and where he may if he chooses, lay in a good deal of valuable information about things which never happened."

"Right. How many Colleges are there in this country?"

"There are only seven Colleges in this country: Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, Princeton, Trinity, Vassar and Yale."

"What do Columbia men learn?"

"They learn how to row a boat, and to jump with poles, besides the complete art of swinging a cane. They also practice in horsemanship a good deal, just before examinations."

"Are not Columbia men domestic in their tastes?"

"Yes, they spend many hours by the side of their cribs."

"What do they study at Harvard?"

"At Harvard they study Soldene unabridged, with electives in billiards and waltzing."

"What is done at Princeton?"

"They have a four years' course there, in the study of the shot-gun scientifically applied to theology; besides practical exercises in Presbyterian pugilism under the direction of Dr. McCosh."

"Do you know what are the most important branches at Cornell?"

"Greek and Guano; with a post-graduate course in pneumatics (*i. e.* blowing)."

"Can you tell me what they do at Vassar?"

"Yes, I can; but would rather not, as it is wrong to give such things away."

"Very good; when you get older you will know more about these points. Now let me know how Trinity men employ themselves?"

"They attend chapel the greater part of their time; then they go to their rooms and illumine missals in Greek text."

"What do they learn at Yale?"

"This is something that has never been discovered. Probably never will be."

"What is a senior?"

"A senior is a man who is hourly thunderstruck at



the immensity and variety of his own learning. A senior usually discovers the cold harsh nature of the world, when he falls in love with a green-eyed girl who will not marry him until he has an income of two thousand dollars a month, and a brown-stone front in Harlem."

"What is a Junior?"

"A junior is one who writes poetry and nourishes secret griefs."

"Tell me something about sophomores."

"Sophomores are men who carry big bangers, and rent seats in chapel for \$4.50 a piece. Probably more beer is required to run a good healthy class of sophomores, than they could ever pay for, if they were not allowed to 'hang it up.'"

"Do sophomores like freshmen?"

"Yes, sophomores do like freshmen, but you would, perhaps, never suspect it from their manner. They are naturally reserved."

"Describe freshmen."

"Freshmen are babes in the wood, who fall an easy prey to unprincipled tutors. A cheeky freshman is probably the lowest type of humanity. Freshmen, should, however, be treated well, because they will be seniors some day, if they can rub along until they are out of their swaddling clothes."

"What are tutors?"

"Tutors are being created for the purpose of inspiring students with a longing for a better world hereafter. Many and many an innocent boy, reared in a Christian home and with a childhood full of bright promise, has been led astray and gradually sunk lower and lower, until he has ended by becoming a tutor in a college."

"Which department of Columbia College is the most popular with the students?"

"Fritz's."

"What studies are the best liked?"

"Navigation (with schooners), Equestrianism (with ponies), Surveying (the snab on the avenue), and Cremation (with Bojesen.)"

"Is it ever possible for a man who is ignorant of his own language, who studies nothing but athletics, and who is remarkable chiefly for his cheek, to graduate at college?"

"Oh, never?"

"What, never?"

"Well, hard—"

"Sh-h-h! That'll do; now put on your striped ulster and run out and play till dark."—*Smintheus*.

—A Sabbath School teacher tried to further impress upon his class the lesson he had been teaching—trust in God—by calling their attention to the motto on our national coin; so he held up a Bland dollar, and asked: "What is that?" "Ninety-two cents," said a sharp little fellow. "No, I mean what motto is that?" "In God we trust." "Right. For what shall we trust in him." "For the other eight cents."

—One day, as Horace was walking down Via Sacra, he dropped into a saloon to get a glass of beer, when one of the bummers accosted him with the following conundrum: "Flaccus," said he, pointing to a lazy dog that was following Horace, "Why is your dog like a sheet of paper?" "Give it up," said Q. H. F. "Because it's a low pup." Further demonstration showed the analogy. A sheet of paper is an ink-lined plane, and an inclined plane is a slope-up. Whereupon Horace set 'em up.—*En*.

## Law Department.

### INTRODUCTORY.

*Gentlemen of the Law Class:*

By your kindness I am permitted to enter the REPORTER sanctum and assume the editorial chair of the Law Department.

I sincerely thank you for the honor and assure you that I shall do all in my power to make this Department of our College paper sustain the good reputation it has acquired under the able management of my predecessors.

To make this Department interesting to readers, as intelligent and critical as those for whom it is intended, is a work for which I am poorly qualified, but I enter upon the duty with less reluctance because I feel assured that in my work I will have your assistance, and in my mistakes your charity.

It would be unpardonable assumption in us if, because elected to the editorial chair, we should assume the role of instructor; such is not our purpose. That a college paper should contain instructive matter we admit, and such matter will be found in each issue in the shape of a leading article from a member of the Faculty, or some other gentleman, capable of writing instructive articles. But our paper has another office to fulfill, and that is, to keep its readers posted as to our fellows, who have left the school for other work, to record some of the leading events in our not uninteresting school life, and to repeat some of the jokes we all enjoy so much. This is our plan, and if when tired and vexed with law books, you can pick up the REPORTER and in the Law Department, pass a pleasant hour, its mission will be fulfilled and the ambition of the present editor satisfied.

### CAIN ADS. THE PEOPLE.

I am surprised that in days when so much is done toward rehabilitating the characters of eminent villains, no attempt of the kind has been made for the eminently interesting person, who stands on record as the first unfortunate victim of an ill education in the article of murder. Much less noted rascals have had a great deal of learning and ingenuity expended on them; and a fair case has been made out for men against whom the evidence was much more complete. If we are to revise our opinion, at Horace Walpole's request, concerning Richard III, and to believe on Mr. Froude's authority, that Henry VIII was an admirable ruler and a martyr to conjugal sensibility, shall we give up to utter reprobation a man about whom we know much less that is bad, and whom a modern jury would most probably let off with a verdict of manslaughter in the fourth degree?

Even as a mere question of criminal law, what a capital field for a young advocate's powers, we might have in this *cause celebre* of the first murderer! What a clever weapon the discrepant genealogies in 4th and 5th Genesis might be made, to raise a cloud of dubious dust over the whole scene, if not to enlist our sympathies for the culprit, by the very plausible theory after all that his great-great-grandson, (and the inheritor of his unfortunate proclivity to murder) was *our* Lamech, the father of Noah; whereby we should in honor be bound to espouse his cause, and clear off the unjust aspersion that some writer, (evidently of one of the *cadet* branches of the family), has so long perpetuated!

Without going near so far into the domain of fancy as M. Renan has, a touching biography of Cain might be readily constructed. His first introduction ought to prepossess us in his favor. The first-born of Earth! The first of all our race that ever opened his baby eyes to a mother's fond gaze, or made parents' hearts glad with infantile prattle and frolic! As he grew up to manhood, gentleness and patience marked the development of his powers. Patiently tilling the ground, and rejoicing in the exuberant fullness of new life which she unlocked to his eyes, he waited calmly for the ripening harvests to furnish his frugal meal. No blood flowed to glut his appetite, no fellow creature surrendered the sweet enjoyment of life to satisfy his impatient hunger. How could he, the first born of the virgin Earth, the playmate and future king of the countless tribes that gambolled on the mead, or swam in the waters, or lit up the thick tropical foliage with the swift glance of their many-hued wings, how could he, the first of all his race to taste the full joy of living in the daily increase of strength and stature and knowledge, bear to look upon death? Least of all could he to whom all were so familiar and loving, so caressingly fond or shyly glad of his presence among them, seek to purchase his own happiness at the cost of theirs, or dream that the Great Father of them all, that revered, majestic being whose appearance in Eden had so often been described by his parents to his childish ears, could take delight in their bleeding corpses.

It is to be presumed that a pure and affectionate character like this must have been deeply grieved at the strange, and even abnormal tastes that were early manifested by his younger brother. How can it be, he must have often asked himself, that my brother is so cruel and unmindful of beings weaker than himself? Are we not born of the same mother, breathed into by the same good spirit that first filled our father's nostrils, and roused him from shapeless clay, to be the lord and protector of all creation? What strange and perverse temper has mingled in my brother's soul, that he thus becomes the tyrant and destroyer of his fellow creatures?

If Cain expressed these thoughts in the family-circle, as in those days of primeval frankness, it is probable he did, we can readily understand that Abel's harsher

spirit took offence at what he considered a reproof, and that he would at times retort upon his simpler-minded and more exemplary brother, with such sneers and accusations of cant, or whatever might have been the Paradisaical equivalent of that term, as would be very hard to bear. It presents the unhappy termination of the whole matter in a very different light, if we thus look at it as only the natural, though lamentable consequence of a long series of offences upon the part of the sufferer himself.

Or, it may be that instead of giving any outward expression to his feelings, so deeply wounded by the loss of his earlier confidence in the innocence and kindness of the race to which he belonged, Cain hid them within his own bosom, fearful of being the first to mar the happy concord in which the human family had thus far lived. The experience of ages has since taught us the danger of such an experiment, and the morbid hue which all things will take to the eye of one who has long been brooding over a painful thought. If we adopt this theory of the case, we can hardly doubt that a delicately constituted nature, and sensitive conscience, like that of Cain, would soon come to look upon his brother's conduct, not merely as an anomaly, a phase of human nature not yet sufficiently known to him, but rather as a baleful portent. He probably associated it with the sad accounts he had heard from his parents of the first introduction of sin into the pure creation, and saw with dismay, the effects of their transgression manifesting themselves in the revolting tastes exhibited by their second child. Nothing seemed more probable than that a sin which had consisted in eating of a forbidden fruit, should be followed by a distaste for the natural food of mankind, and a diseased craving for a new and loathsome diet, the flesh and blood of his own fellow creatures. The experience of the world, ever since, has shown us this tendency of the best intentioned men, to judge everything which did not come within the circle of their own tastes a criminal excess, and while we may regret, we can hardly blame Cain's subjection to the same weakness.

It is not improbable that after many years of intense meditation upon this distressing subject, Cain's mind may have become hopelessly warped, to an extent very far beyond what a modern jury in a similar case would require to justify a verdict of insanity.

He may even have supposed himself obliged in conscience as the first great reformer of the world to crush out the growing evil by destroying its author: the theory of related responsibilities, afterward so strong in the Hebrew mind, would be sufficient however, even without this to supply a motive, and to a morbid, sensitive conscience, an all powerful motive for an act, which, painful as it must have been to his warmly, fraternal feelings, and repulsive to his peaceful and kindly nature, became at last a duty that he dared not avoid, when he saw that even the simple rites of religion were profaned

and the apparent favor of Heaven extorted by the strange spell of this new and cruel custom.

At all events, if we follow Cain through the remainder of his busy and useful life, under the direct protection of Providence, and trace the influence which his example has had upon the whole world in the building of cities, we cannot but be convinced that he deserves, whatever may be thought of this certainly unfortunate affair, a high place in the world's regard.

### CLASS ELECTION.

The class election of March 20, for the selection of officers for the present term, was not inferior to preceding elections for boisterous enthusiasm.

At the former election of January 9, many members of the class were deceived by certain persons asserting that one ticket had been agreed upon in secret caucus and the same misstatement was repeated in the REPORTER of January.

At the last election the same persons, who are very prone to have things their own way, raised the old war cry of "Caucus! Caucus!" and tried all their various filibustering tactics, but it wouldn't win, the boys were prepared for them.

The REPORTER of January asserts in substance that very excellent men were defeated, because they were put forward by a caucus; it would have been more correct to have said then as now, very excellent men were defeated because they did not receive votes enough.

The following are the officers for the present term. President, Jo Henry Call; Vice President, George R. Parrish; Secretary, J. A. Ward; Editor, W. S. Dilatish.

### SERENADE.

THE boys of the Law Class, entertaining not only profound respect for the great learning and legal ability of the Law Faculty, but also deep feelings of personal friendship and being desirous of expressing both in some appropriate manner, concluded that before Judge Love left the city, they would give the Faculty a grand serenade.

The Iowa City Band was engaged for the occasion, and on the evening of Friday the 13th inst., the class met on the steps in front of the central building of the University, organized into a compact body, headed by the band, and the class president, and proceeded to the residence of Chancellor Hammond. Few instructors ever as completely win the respect of their pupils as Chancellor Hammond has that of the Law Class; the boys always listen to his remarks with great attention, but on this occasion his words sounded better than ever before.

Judge Love responded to the kindly greetings of the boys in a touching manner, and his words made a lasting impression on the minds of his hearers.

Judge Howe's new residence is across the river, and toward it the column was next directed. The Judge came out in response to the music and made a good speech, the boys like him better, if possible, than ever before.

Returning to Central Hall, the class disbanded and the members dispersed for their rooms, feeling that this serenade was one of the pleasantest affairs of the whole year, the music was excellent and the boys are to be complimented for the good order maintained during the entire evening, the only objectionable feature was the fact that a number of disreputable Academics followed the class and attempted to make disturbance at different times; the Laws are resolved hereafter to have such ruffians taken in charge by the police.

### LOCALS, BRIEFS AND PERSONALS.

—Who invented darts?

—Mr. John Campbell has returned to the class.

—Is it part of the course to go to the post office at each intermission?

—The wicked cease from troubling; in other words, the Medics have gone.

Thomas King, class of '73, has just been elected City Solicitor of Kansas City, Mo.

—The Law who paid six cents postage charges on a box of pea nut hulls, says he was sold.

—How may Laws called at the President's office for "those new catalogues" on Fool's Day?

—H. Percy Smith comes out with quite a business like announcement in the Lebanon, O. Star.

—The Law who had his hair cut three days under the skin is improving—in personal appearance.

—Gentlemen joining the class must report to the Law editor, their name, age, color, weight and previous condition of servitude.

—Somebody says Messrs. J. H. H. and W. H. N. are considered the best looking fellows in town. If this is so the Law class owns the prettiest boys.

—We have received a paper containing a very complimentary notice of the marriage of Mr. Marlin J. Sweely, class of '78, and Miss Alice Slocumb, of Adel, Iowa. Success to the young lawyer and his fair bride.

—We welcome the following gentlemen who have recently joined our class. Charles Crawford, Dubuque, Iowa; John C. Connor, Albany, New York; John J. Stewart, Oskaloosa, Iowa; George F. Summers, Marshalltown, Iowa; John H. Williams, Blackberry, Illinois.

—The Law who took the hot steam bath at the paper mills, in Coralville, and made his exit through the window, without paying charges, agrees with the one to whose shirt front was applied the straw pulp poultice that the cure is permanent. Visiting paper mills is below par.

OBITUARY.

DIED on Friday morning, April 13, Willie, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ham.

The sympathy of faculty and scholars is extended to our esteemed class-mate and his lady in this affliction.

Also to Mr. Caruthers, who was recently called home by the death of his sister. Mr. Caruthers has returned to the class.

As we go to press the sad intelligence comes that Mr. Samuel H. Bakewell is called to his home, in Lansing, Iowa, by the death of his father.

Ours is an unfortunate class. Mr. Bakewell is the seventh called home by the death of some member of the family; four of these have been parents.

None but those who have experienced it, can know the bitter anguish conveyed by a telegram, such as Mr. Bakewell has received. To the world it is but the click of a telegraph instrument, a stroke of the operator's pen, but to the one who receives the message it is a volume of sorrow. Then how rapidly memory runs over our past life, then if never before, we realize with what loving care the eyes, now closed forever, followed us through childhood and youth, with what earnestness they watched our progress at school, delighted at our success, dimmed with sorrow at our failures.

Who has not resolved within himself to be a true, noble man, if only to repay those parents, and who can know, without deepest sorrow and bitter disappointment, that they are taken away before he even tells them what he feels.

In every instance the faculty and class have expressed warm and sincere sympathy for the unfortunate member.

We can only say that we are very grateful.

Former graduates of the Law School will oblige readers of the REPORTER by sending us a few lines concerning their welfare. Don't be so modest, let us hear from you; it is part of the duty of the REPORTER to keep the numerous children of our prolific Alma Mater from becoming lost. Direct, University Reporter, Iowa City, Iowa.

LADIES, when you visit Law Hall, please don't so may come at once; we know you have a deep interest in our success and we are grateful, but the presence of you fascinating creatures, especially in such numbers, al-

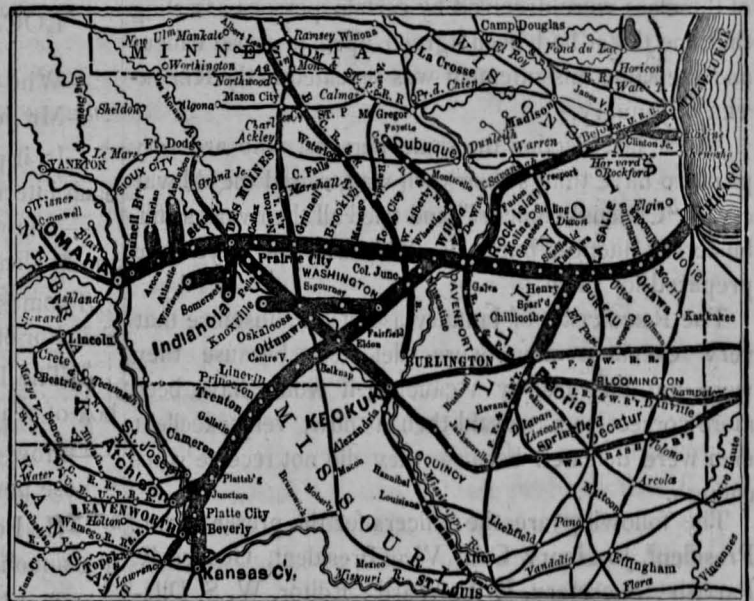
ways detracts the attention of the more susceptible boys from the lecture, you know.

In the future come in parties of, say ten or twelve, and we will have some comfortable chairs reserved for you in the south east part of the room, near the desk of the Law editor.

JUDGE JAMES M. LOVE completed his lectures before the class of this year, on the 8th inst. We feel that we have made good progress under his efficient leadership, and he leaves his completed work, bearing with him the kindest feelings of his grateful pupils.

# A MAN

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At COUNCIL BLUFFS, with Union Pacific R. R.

At OMAHA, with B. & Mo. R. R. (in Neb.)

At COLUMBUS JUNCTION, with Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern R. R.

At OTTUMWA, with Central R. R. of Iowa; St. Louis, Kan. City & Northern and C. B. & O. R. Rds.

At KEOKUK, with Toledo, Peoria and Warsaw; Wabash, and St. Louis, Keokuk & N.-W. R. Rds.

At BEVERLY, with Kan. City, St. J. & C. B. R. R.

At ATCHISON, with Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe; Atchison & Neb. and Cen. Br. Union Pacific R. Rds.

At LEAVENWORTH, with K. P. and K. Cen. R. Rds.

E. ST. JOHN,

Gen'l Tkt. and Pass'r Agt., Chicago, Ill.