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"Spera in Deo."

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Thoughts on Hypatia.
HENRY MELLER, '99.

Kingsley’s Hypatia has an interesting array of characters. Among them are Hypatia, Pelagia, Cyril, Orestes, Philammon, Miriam and Raphael Albin-Kraa. Each one fills the special mission for which he is intended.

Hypatia, “the fountain of classic wisdom, queen of Alexan-
dria, in wit Athena; Hera in majesty; in beauty Aphrodite,” has
much in her to praise. But she represents only the fairest type
of those who still clung to a hopeless philosophy—a philosophy
which did not teach its possessor to extend a helping hand, or
even give a pitying glance to the poor, or the outcast. No word
of real sympathy did the system arouse for the sorrowing or for
the sinful. Neither did it tend to embarrass pharisical princi-
bles. This may be gleaned from Hypatia’s own words: “I am
to descend from the mountain heights of science, from the con-
templation of the unchangeable and the ineffable glories, into the
foul fields and farmyards of earthly practical life, and become a
drudge among political chicanery, and the petty ambitions, and
sins, and falsehoods of the earthly herd.”

Pelagia arouses feelings in one which oscillate between ex-
treme disgust and deepest sympathy. Her life traced through
its various stages of wickedness and immorality to the very brink
of despair, as it were, even at that stage still reveals the divine
spark, which the deepest dyed sinners still retain. It is manifest in her message to Hypatia. "Only let her teach me—teach me to be wise and good, and honored, and respected, as she is." Hypatia's philosophy, however, had no message for such as she.

It is in Philammon that one finds reproduced the ambitions and aspirations of countless youth who, negligent of their own true interests, leave the quiet and peaceful home in order to see the world. Little do they think that, like Philammon's fish, they will become a bone of contention.

Miriam remains a riddle to the reader until the close of the book, when her confession to her son opens the way to a clear understanding of her unique, mysterious life. She raises the curtain and reveals to the reader the dark and hidden crimes that were being perpetrated, where people were taught to believe pine and holy virginity reigned.

The rottenness of Church and State is testified to by the careers of Cyril and Orestes. Cyril's "hellish parabolae" are actively at work to convert by converting everything to their own interest. Orestes is plotting to bolster his tottering throne. He scruples at nothing which would advance his ambitions.

The most instructive character is Raphael Aben-Ezra, son of the disgraced nun, Miriam. Of his true birth he remained ignorant, however, until her death. In this character is revealed the magical, transforming power, which practical Christianity can make operative even in an apparently steeled heart. His mental equilibrium and his wealth—the former, however, is not always an essential requisite—admitted him to the so-called best society. Of Hypatia a most promising pupil; to Orestes a welcome adviser; in short, he was no stranger to the innermost secrets of his time. Yet his whole idea of them and their acts is crystallized in the one sentence: "I am on my way to Italy, in the character of the New Diogenes, to look, like him, for a man.

Successively he goes from Platonism into Stoicism, Epicureanism, Cynicism, Skepticism; and as he himself says, "In that lowest deep, I found a lower depth, when I became skeptical of skepticism itself." Out of the realm of phantasy into which he had relegated all things, he is aroused by Bran, his "unlucky, inseparable sensation"—an instance where the wag of a dog's tail displayed more common sense than could be spun out of the head of a quasiphilosopher. The dog taught him that, for successful living, action is a necessary concomitant to ideas; without action and deep felt love sweet to the palate, the benefit of which passes with the sensation. Gradually he is weaned back from the world of fantasy into the world of reality. And here he found the man he was looking for. He is revealed through the Christian deeds of a prefect and his family. His discovery is the Nazarene, the carpenter's son. And as a true missionary, he hastens to Hypatia and informs her of his find.

Emphasis might be laid on the display of affection as it existed between Philammon and his disgraced sister. The piety of the neglect, Judith, might be mentioned. The inhuman conduct of the little porter toward his wife is worthy of note. The devotion of Pelagia for the Amir, viewed from any other point than intense love, would excite wonder. The courageous and daring conduct of the Gods is significant. The dark and degraded life of Miriam may be traced back as a direct resultant of one indiscreet act. On this, stress might be laid. The conduct of Arsinus toward Philammon is replete with suggestive possibilities in a life where love actuates motives.

While the book teaches the fallacy of philosophy, as taught by Hypatia: the deplorable and corrupt condition of Church and State, as represented by Cyril and Orestes; the golden thread running through the entire book seems to be to teach the conquering power of the pure and unfeiled gospel, as it is seen operative in the life deeds of its humble followers. Raphael Aben-Ezra strikes this key, when he says to the prefect in whose family he had witnessed the spark of divinity operative, "Sir, beware of your own actions, and of your children's. If, by any folly or baseness, such as I have seen in every human being whom I ever met as yet upon this acursed stage of fools, you shall crush my new-building hope that there is something somewhere which will make me what I know that I ought to be, and can be—if you shall crush that, I say, with any misleading of yours, you had better have been the murderer of my first-born; with such a hate—a hate which Jews alone can feel—will I hate you and yours."

XXX

"Christ Before Pilate."

E. J. Sparke, '96.

I am standing before Mankaskey's famous painting, "Christ before Pilate." I have gazed upon it when I was a child. I have seen it adorn the walls of so many homes—that the sight of it has become very familiar to me. It has, however, never lost that charm that it had for me in earlier days. I look upon it now with even increased pleasure.

I see my Savior stand there before the judgment seat of Pilate with a look of fatigue upon his face. The night of sorrows in the garden, the violent arrest, the walking from judgment hall to judgment hall, with the surging turbulent mob following him, the different trials—all must tell upon a delicate frame. He stands there as "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

I see meekness written in the face of Christ. He does not resent the taunts and jeers of the angry mob. He does not even
The one may sit with a fiendish grin of satisfaction upon his face, the other may cry out in angry tones, "Crucify him!" but Christ is oblivious to it all. Nor is there a look of scorn on his face for the haughty governor. It is only a look of gentleness that we find. Again is the prophecy of Isaiah fulfilled,—"He was led as a lamb to the slaughter."

There is also a calmness in the men of Christ that defies description. There is not the frightened look of the criminal upon his face. Though forsaken by his friends, and in the hands of his bitterest enemies, he does not show the slightest trace of fear. It is the calmness that is born of innocence and of the sense of power. If anywhere, in this painting, the divine power of Christ is shown it is in this indescribable self-possession.

* Musta—The Warrior of Uganda.

E. F. Root, '00.

"The whites are spies, and as such should be dealt with severely."  
"Ah, but they teach us many good things."  
"Yes; they cause the people to forsake the future, and then where is our prowess?"

"You forget that they also teach us the use of weapons of defense."

"To our own hurt,—"

"You always look for the dark side, Musta."

"And I tell you there is only one side to a hated Arab, and that's black as night."

"Then why do you follow his ways so closely?"

"Yes, why? Would that I had never learned his ways! Why was not I content with the knowledge our customs and rites teach us? Why did I look for more charms? Already my days were full of service to the gods, and my nights devoted to their revelings."

Thus spake two swarthy chiefs of mighty King Mtesa, of Uganda, and then they struttred forth in all their naked pride to do the behests of the "power behind the throne."

Kago is a shrewd villain, who delights in torturing subordinates, and counts it a great honor when his shafts of sarcasm penetrate his equals; but his chief delight is found in prodding Musta, the great warrior chieffain. His last shaft still rankles in the more fertile brain of Musta. A momentary debate ensues, and the customary abandon again reigns in his wicked heart. A sudden glance at the large charm on his arm reminds him of a vow he made. "Kago," he says, "Mukasa demands fifty this evening."

"Fifty we bring," says Kago, with a grin.

"And I tell you this means fifty maidens, as a special peace offering to the Great Spirit, that Mtesa may obtain a view of future events."

"Aha! My servants will do their share. You see to it that yours fare no worse."

Both part, give hasty orders to their men in bold tones. Three hours elapse, and another scene passes before us. A conourse of people awaits the arrival of three companies.

Slowly the company from the East, King Mtesa and followers, are coming; but what ails the King? His former hilarity is gone. He speaks but little.

This company has hardly squatted down on the bare ground when a noisy crowd draws nigh from another direction. Kago and his retinue bring forth their sacrifice to Mukasa. Above the noise is heard the wail of the twenty-five maidens so ruthlessly torn from friend and home, some of them bearing the marks of cruel blows on their bodies, while others hang their heads in very shame, because of the disgrace of which even their blunted moral feelings are aware.

The third and largest company comes amid rejoicing. Musta leads; his men follow; they reach the open space where the great feast is being held. Right before the great prophet and physician Musta halts, bows low, and licks the very dust in the presence of the Mukasa, and then makes obeisance to King Mtesa. Thereupon he thus addresses the Mukasa:

"Oh, Mukasa! thou art a great spirit; thou art a healer; thou knowest the course of future events. In thy honor we are gathered; the King is troubled in mind. Kago brings thee twenty-five tender maidens, but I, the originator of this particular feast, present to thee these twenty-five mothers of our land each with her labe on her arm. They are a sacrifice to thee, O most excellent prophet. Thus does Musta serve thee."

And at the word "thus", the secret signal was given, and each man buried his spear in the bosom of the over-grieved mother at his side, while an equal number of spears raised aloft the poor innocent babes.

While the people cheer, and the silent King sanctions the cruelty by his presence and by his silence, Mukasa and Musta converse thus:

"Valiant warrior, Mukasa sees the strangers."

"Yes, my lord, the Arab slayers."

"Mukasa sees more strangers, and King Mtesa is in danger."

"I shall avert it", says Musta.

"It means war."

Read before the Mission House, Dec. 14, 1900.
"Your servant courts war, especially if it be against those hated Arabs." 

"Mukasa sees far greater dangers."

"Only bid your servant go, and neither hill nor wady shall detain him from rooting out the evil."

"Your King is in danger."

"What danger?"

"Secret alliance with the stranger."

"Oh, Mukasa, what's the outcome?"

"War, bloody war, within four or five months."

Musta meditates; Mukasa chuckles in thus easily beguiling a mighty chieftain.

The dance now begins, and the awful roar of the warriors, the rush and rush of their spears, the blinding flashes of their arrows, the persistent war-whoops of the enemy, all conspire to create an atmosphere of impending doom.

"Mukasa! thou art cruel in thy demands. There is a God who demands no sacrifice contrary to human nature. Why don't you also modify your sacrifices, and even forbid such inhuman practices as we have just witnessed?"

Thus spake the King, and Musta stood aghast; anger clouded his brow, and in bold tones he demands what teaching the King now advocates.

Tremblingly the King admits that they are doctrines of a white man, but the rage of Musta forbids the King to enter into details, and thus the great feast ends in mutual distrust.

Once more within his own strong palisade, Musta meditates deeply on the state of affairs. How to serve Mukasa and still save Mtesa, is the question. He concludes with this decision: By diverting the mind of the King from this new doctrine, I may save the King, and thus do the greatest service to the

Great Spirit.

At sunrise the next day Musta is in the King's palisade and says: "O King, my men are spoiling for want of work. Send us therefore on a raid against the Arab slavers, and we promise to return to you laden with ivory."

The still greedy King enters with zest into the project, and his mind is no longer on the postponed subject of the previous evening.

After some conference with his men, Musta goes on his errand, and in due time, but without Kago, returns to the King, and in excited tones exaggerates the raid of a neighboring tribe on their palisades.

The King becomes wroth and orders a counter raid with Musta in command.

Glad that the King's mind is thus wrought up, Musta fights his way thru the enemy, captures a hated Arab whom he scalps, and sends the head to King Mtesa, in the hope that this sight may whet his bloodthirstiness.

The King now realizes his mistake, and is about to recall his general. But it is not necessary; already he sees Musta hasten to his own palisade. Why this haste? Why this sudden change? Has he turned a coward at last?

While the King questions thus Musta utters but one appeal: "Oh, Mukasa! save my boy!" (He has in the thick of the fight received word that his boy is seriously sick.)

[Concluded in the next number.]
would easily catch up. He hoped to do this by running and
cutting across deserted fields and vacant lots. He does this
But he does not find the object of his search. He passes
all; he returns to meet her; but all is in vain.

Then he engages in this mental soliloquy:  \textit{"What shall I
do! Go forward again and pass far ahead of all, and then wait
at a place which she is sure to pass? Oh! if only I had my bi-
cycle! Then I could do so, but without it. Perhaps she has
waited for me! What a fool I am not to have thought of this be-
fore! I shall return and meet her, or, better still, I shall turn
aside here and wait."}

Louise De Stael had gone to that lecture without her sister
accompanying her, but she had taken with her a certain Phoebus
Hatterton, who lived in the same neighborhood. Louise had
told Phoebus all about Stephen's advances, and he had laugh-
ingly said: \textit{"Let us play a joke on him. He will take up quite
some time in his greetings, and, in the meanwhile, we can get far
ahead of everybody, and he will not know where we are."}

Louise thought this a capital joke, so she said quietly: \textit{"Hur-
ry-up then Phoebus or the joke will be on us."} Then, by walk-
ing as fast as their feet could carry them, they soon managed to
get somewhat ahead.

\textit{Poor Stephen! There he sat waiting long and patiently,
until he himself knew that she would not come any more. He
had always been a man easily affected. Often had he uttered the
cry, \textit{"Would that I were dead."} Besides, there was some
secret mystery on his heart, that pressed him sorely. He longed
to be dead. Many times had he wished that he had never been
born. And thus it happened that this seemingly small silt
threw him, at once, from a state of most joyous expectation into
a state of resolute despair. And, as he sat there, with a bunch
of shingles in a lonely warehouse, he thought, pondered, consid-
ered and despaired. He went from a state of darkest gloom into
one of lost despair, and thought and thought, until the cold per-
spiration of heartfelt agony moistened his feverish brow. At last
he could bear up no longer, and snatching up his hat, that lay
by his side, he said: \textit{"Oh woe is me! I'm the most wretched of
the wretched! I'll die! I'll live no more! But, in the dead of
night, I'll cast myself down from the top of yonder bridge and
sink into oblivion!"}

He did not think of home and friends and all that was dear
to him but, upon first thought, acted according to the dictates
of his own gloomy mind. It would have made one shudder to see
him advancing to the bridge. He would run, then he would stop,
tear his hair and utter the most terrible language. Again,
he would walk faster and faster, and then slower and slower un-
til he would be standing still. Then he would begin and zigzag
slowly across the road as if he had entirely lost the control of

nerves. Thus he went reeling like a drunken man, until he stood
upon the top of the bridge.

\textit{Yes! There he stood, a picture of misery! A man, follow-
ing a thought, that he had never once weighed: Before him was
a life of happiness, if he would but take it! If he should jump,
he would be forever lost. For there below him, in that stream
of fifty feet of water, none could live but the best of swimmers.
Yet he does not realize it but raises his arms. He moves as if
to jump! He looks down, and then \ldots\ldots slow... slowly... slowly,
his arms come again to his side; his mind becomes clearer and,
instead of taking the step into eternity, he goes home.}

\textit{Stephen now spurns the thought of Louise De Stael and
her associates. He is making a man of himself. She is watching
his every move and is seeking to renew their intimacy. Love
once frozen never thaws. The jealous eye of the loved one feeds
the aching heart with poison, that gives no relief but deeper
pain. The heart of Louise De Stael has been pierced by sor-
row drawn from her own quiver. The longer the cause remains,
the more aggravating the wound becomes.}

\textbf{EDITORIALS.}

The Holiday vacation is gone. We are in the middle of
another term's work. By common consent, the winter term is
the best one for hard, mental application. Are you determined
to make these two months mean something in your develop-
ment? How much you will progress depends entirely on your-
self.

\textbf{Do you contemplate writing a story this winter? Today
there is such a hue and cry in college journals about the dearth
of good stories, that it is, probably, not out of place to mention...}
a few of the most prominent criteria by which they will be tried in judging their worth.

Make your characters represent types of real, living men and women. Much depends on the choice and development of the characters. Make them act in a plot with rapid movement. If possible, have some local color, but be careful not to contradict the obvious facts. Incident, probability, and ulterior motive, without degenerating into a novel of purpose, should not be be disregarded. The one that writes the shortest story with these principles in view, will succeed the best.

\textbf{The Women's Edition.}

For the second time in the history of our college, the young women visited our college journal. It is hardly necessary to say that they admirably performed their duty. They acquitted themselves honorably, and by their efforts enhanced the reputation of the college.

All the articles were well written in an easy attractive style. There was a pleasing variety of them, interspersed with choice selections of original poems. The article, "Our Lady Principal," is a beautiful tribute to a noble, Christian woman. It is written, as women alone can write, with a tender hand, prompted by a loving heart.

The editorial staff was not a morbid, plaintive character. Indeed, how could the Girls of Hope be dissatisfied? They have everything pretty much their own way. They gave evidence of appreciating the common courtesies shown them and the great improvements made for them. The general spirit throughout was one of rejoicing.

The financial part was also well managed. The editorial quills may be kept scratching indefinitely. But if the business manager is asleep, the battle of the quills will soon cease. Although the edition cost one-half more than an ordinary number, the young women did not run in debt. For this, the business men of the town deserve thanks also; as they generously supported the young ladies in their efforts.

What are the general results? First, we know that there is a spirit of harmony prevailing on the campus. We also see that earnest work is being done in the L. L. L. Finally, their great success demonstrated one thing very clearly to our mind; namely, that the young women deserve a better representation on the regular staff. Keats wrote, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Why not have this joy, while we may?

\textbf{A Great Epoch for Hope.}

The Twentieth Century opened with Hope College in a new and wide field of activity. The advent of Prof. Ladd in our midst certainly marks an epoch in the history of our college. Its sphere of activity and influence, at a bound, became almost limitless.

True, we had a Normal Department as early as 1888. But its scope was chiefly limited to the equipment of the common school teacher. The present Normal Course both makes the former more efficient, and so enlarges its scope that its graduates are prepared to enter upon any position of the teaching profession. If a person completes our College Normal Course, he is prepared to become a principal or superintendent of any high school in our country.

So, we do not need to know much of the history of our College, to perceive that it has passed through another stage of development. Out of the "Pioneer School" of 1851, came the Academy. This was a school erected chiefly for preparing young men for the ministry. As pioneer days disappeared, and competition for obtaining a livelihood increased there came also a demand for higher education among the people. The Academy was then incorporated into our present College.

For a time there was a fierce struggle for existence. But the indomitable perseverance and implicit faith of the fathers won the day; and Hope was destined to continue its natural growth in the heart of a populous and prosperous settlement. From that time on, progress has been its history. There was no growth by accretion, but as soon as social and industrial life became more complex, Hope was prepared for increased services.

Nor was our college ever a local institution. The very purpose of its existence made its sphere of activity as wide as our country. Wherever there was a church, even in the remotest parts of the land, there were youths aspiring to be enrolled as students of our college. Wherever there was a community, hidden in the impenetrable forests of Michigan, or dotting the distant Western prairies; there were people eager to hear the voice of a graduate of Hope. May Hope never lose sight of that divine mission! If, for a single moment, she should consider this duty of minor importance, she would, indeed, be retrograding.

Nil Desperandum, Dixie Dee.
An Important Problem.

Any casual observer will soon notice a different type of boys on the campus today from that of some years ago. The change was gradual but certain and irresistible. There are two reasons for this change. First, the standard of the institution was considerably raised in recent years. Secondly, the establishment of a Normal Department in the College.

Both these causes have the effect of bringing a class of younger boys in the preparatory department. The vast majority of young men in the Grammar School have come directly from the public schools or country schools. Of course, we would not discourage such a tendency. We believe it is highly desirable.

But there is a problem for our Y. M. C. A. in connection with this gradual change. For years, the most of its work was done by young men of mature minds and considerable experience. The problem before us is to get the younger boys actively engaged in religious work, so that they may soon be able to take charge of it. Do not be surprised to see a boy in kilts lead our prayer meeting or teach a Sunday School class.

In fact, the first branch of our work, which will notice the change, is our Sunday School work. There is already a complaint of a dearth of teachers. The only remedy is a proper adjustment in the new order of things. Let physical stature of huge proportions no longer be a qualification in the teaching force.

But let all such as have ability and piety be given something to do. Let them feel at once that they ought to have an interest in our work, by giving them duties for the success of which they are responsible. If we only observe carefully, we can find enough willing hands.

Donor or Professor?

Professor Ross, of Leland Stanford University, head of the Department of Economics, has recently been forced to resign his position, because he believes in the restriction of Asiatic immigration, and in the ownership by municipalities, of the public franchises. Mrs. Stanford, a generous donor of the institution, entertaining views different from those of the offending professor has asked the latter to step down. This incident again raises the question as to whether a professor of an educational institution should have freedom of investigation and freedom of speech, or whether he should slave-like represent the thoughts and opinions of donors and founders. All this depends upon the nature and the character of the institution. If a man occupies a chair in a Theological Seminary that stands for a certain system of doctrines, say, for Calvinism, it would be a flagrant breach of good faith, for such a man to teach doctrines repugnant to such an institution. He knows, before engaging himself as instructor in such an institution, what it stands for. He subscribes to its articles of faith. He pledges himself to abide by its teachings. He voluntarily surrenders some freedom of speech, and accepts some restrictions. If he entertains views radically different, he should not engage himself in such a seminary.

In the case of Professor Ross, however, it remains to be proved that he is a radicalist. Very few institutions would consider a man radical for opposing immigration that would endanger our civilization, or would reduce our laborers' wages to sixteen cents per day. On the other hand, what heresy is there in advocating the ownership of the public franchises by municipalities? Is not this system in vogue in the leading cities of the Old World? Do not our own Washington Gladden, our Mayor Jones, and many other leading economists of the day advocate the same policy?

The whole difficulty hinges on the question where would be the ultimate authority. In our country the majority rules. The minority submits. But there is often a danger that a bare majority will absolutely disregard or crush a large majority. As a result, some of the ablest statesmen and most competent educators are often put into the background. A little more charity, and a little more toleration could have prevented a great many schisms in society and in Church. Men are too ready to put under ban anything that does not completely harmonize with their own views.

Is there not danger in this stringent drawing of limits that we destroy individuality? An instructor is often compelled to teach things against his own convictions. He is placed under educational coercion. He must teach what is popular with donors and founders, rather than what is true. Instead of encouraging strong personality and distinction, some would drag their fellow-men down to a common level. Why not let a man be himself?

In Washington's cabinet were heads of departments that held views entirely different from each other. Alexander Hamilton placed little confidence in the masses. He advocated a strong centralization of power. Thomas Jefferson had absolute confidence in the people, and feared centralization of power. Both have stumped their individuality upon our national life. Both have helped to make our nation strong. From the noble service these men rendered their country, we may assume that it is generally for the common good for a man to express his convictions. This makes a strong college, a strong church, a strong nation. Most of our institutions depend for their support on gratuitous contributions, but if the receiving of donations would handicap freedom of speech, such donations had better be refused, unless an instructor is extremely radical, abusive, icon-
oclastic. There can hardly be ground for banishing him from a University—an institution that stands for freedom of thought and of expression.

 Much mention has lately been made in papers and magazines, of the custom of hazing, which prevails in some colleges today. The student has thus had ample opportunity to learn how men in the professions and active pursuits of life think about this question; and were he to follow their advice, and be guided by their criticism, of course, hazing would soon be a thing of the past. One editor in commenting on the subject said, "In some respects college men are nothing but boys." It is certainly interesting to note how practical men view the student in his exceedingly jovial moments. Whether these men are good judges and are able to understand him or sympathize with him may sometimes be questioned. However, in this matter of hazing, it seems that the view of the outside observer may not be entirely wrong. At any rate, that this custom has been productive of some evil results can not be denied; and we at least, tho we do not practice it, can hardly say that we have felt the need of the good results claimed for it.

 Public Prayer for the Philippines.

 Some things are conspicuous by their absence. Among such, these days, are prayers for our war in the Philippines. Is it unintentional omission? It would then be remarkable that the silence is so universal. Or is our war a circumstance of minor importance? The fact that as many American soldiers have been killed in the Philippines as Boers in South Africa would belie that supposition. Are our own country-men of less concern to us than Afrikanders or Chinese? Nor could any one plead the fear of political partisanship. Whatever side is taken in this war Divine guidance is always necessary. Why this strange omission? Silence in this case speaks louder than words.

 Our President's Reception.

 The great social event of the season was Dr. and Mrs. Kollen's annual reception to the professors and students. When on the 20th of last December, the announcement was made that a reception was to be held at the president's home, the students were filled with joy. Thoughts of examinations were banished, and an evening of social enjoyment was held in anticipation.

 Among the guests were several ministers with their wives. The Seminary was also well represented by both theologs and professors. Dr. and Mrs. Kollen were assisted in receiving by

 Holiday Parties.

 After a period of hard study, it is always pleasant to rest our minds by some change of occupation. Our good city friends seem to have thought so too, for by their generous hospitality, during the past vacation, many a student, unable to go home, was in a great way comforted and kept from that unwelcome disease—home-sickness.

 On the 28th of December, 1900, a merry party of young folks were entertained at the home of Miss J. Huizenga, West Twelfth street. A number of games were played, and two sets of prizes offered. After some dainty refreshments had been served, a most interesting program was carried out. Miss J. Huizenga favored the party with a vocal solo, Messrs. Pelgrim and Brouwer entertained all by their humorous selections, but the most instructive part of the program was given by Mr. Bruins, one of our alumni, who has just returned from a tour through Europe. He related one day's in Naples, Italy, including a visit to Mt. Vesuvius and the ruins of Pompeii. After playing a few more games the party returned home, all agreeing that they had enjoyed a most pleasant evening.

 The Misses Hearlita, Marie and Katherine Zwemer kindly asked a company of their friends, consisting mostly of students, to help them bid the passing year a gracious adieu, and to aid them in giving a cordial welcome to the new century. The invited guests most faithfully responded to the request and a large number were present. The first part of the evening was spent in playing games and the successful ones were rewarded with prizes, Mr. Bruins receiving two during the course of the evening. Another successful one was O. Fisher.

 After some most excellent refreshments the company were busily engaged in conversation when suddenly the cry of "Happy New Year" was raised. This was immediately taken up by every one in the room, the factory whistles even becoming inter-
Alumni Notes.

Rev. M. Koly, '77, of the North Western Classical Academy, Orange City, Iowa, has received a call from the Second Reformed church of Grand Rapids, and also from the First Reformed church of this city.

Rev. N. Boer, '97, of Jamestown, Mich., has been called by the Reformed church of Harrison, South Dakota.

Rev. L. Van den Berg, '97, of Alton, Iowa, has gone to Muhwah, New Jersey, where he will take charge of a Presbyterian church.

We are informed that Rev. H. Bruins, '95, of Alto, Wis., is not to take charge of the First church of Pekin, for a year only, but has been called to serve there permanently.

A spirit of good cheer seems to pervade many of our churches this new year. Rev. and Mrs. J. F. Winter, '91, of Orange City, Iowa, have been presented with a well filled purse, as a gift from their congregation. Rev. Scholten, '83, of Farowe, Mich., has received from his consistory a beautiful rocking chair. The Reformed church of Jamestown, Mich., have presented the Rev. N. Boer, '97, with a handsome fur robe, and the young people of the First Reformed church of Lafayette, Indiana, have presented

their pastor, the Rev. F. Lubbers, '96, with a writing desk. Mrs. Lubbers at the same time receiving a gift of two rocking chairs from the Dorcas Society.

The Reformed church of Carmel, Iowa, has called the Rev. H. Dykhuisen, '95, of Sheldon, Iowa.

Rev. Heemstra, of Sioux Centre, has declined the call from Carmel, Iowa.

Rev. W. Kots, of Friesland, Minn., is visiting friends in Wisconsin.

Rev. E. J. Blekkink, '83, of the Second Reformed church of Kalamazoo, addressed the students on the Day of Prayer for Colleges.

Rev. G. Dangremont, of Newark, New York, has been called by the Second Reformed church of Little Falls, New Jersey.

It is with sorrow that we must inform our readers of the death of Rev. Jacob Van der Meulen. He was sixty-six years of age and came to America in 1849. He was pastor of the First Reformed church in Muskegon for seventeen years. Latter he had charges in North Dakota, Wisconsin, South Dakota, and Kansas. A few months ago, he left his charge at Graafschap, and moved to Pella, Neb., because of the ill health of his daughter, Cora, who died a few days previous to his death, from consumption. A special train left Holland the 24th of January with those who desired to attend the funeral at Muskegon. The Anchor extends its heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

College Jottings.

Oratorical Contest, February twenty second.

We are glad to note that John E. Winter is again enabled to take up his class work.

Mr. McCarthy, of Allendale, and Martin Albers, of Overisel, are two recent arrivals, "B" and "D" respectively.

J. Van der Meulen. "B" is mourning the recent death of a father and a sister. He has the heartfelt sympathy of all his associates.

NOTICES.
The seminary boarding club thinks it rather extravagant to eat “hot stuff.”

Peter Brack’s famous library. Come and see it.

A man with nerve
Who will not swerve.
Is Mr. Joe De Cook.

Miss Riemens of the Junior class is the originator of an endless chain plan to raise funds for the Boers in South Africa. She will have collected over a million dollars when she reaches the fifteenth link.

Two representatives have been chosen from each of the three upper classes for the local contest to be held next February: Miss Van der Ploeg and Henry De Pree from the Junior, and Messrs. Boeve and Van der Meel from the Sophomore.

A flourishing singing school is being conducted at Pine Creek under the direction of Messrs. Van der Beck and Kleinheeselink.

Quite a number appeared in a new role lately. A slippery slide, a frantic clutch in the air, and the role was enacted.

Water is keeping a stiff upper lip.

L. L. L. Please forgive Jimmy. Perhaps he doesn’t believe in basquette “bawl.”

Hospers adores “variations.” A Muskegon “7th” is his latest.

It’s a pretty cold day
When the boys stay away
From an evening source, At De Vries’.

Notwithstanding the blow
Of blizzard and snow
The Hope boys did go
To De Vries’.

Joy and mirth everywhere,
Brought about by a pair
Of De Vries’.

P. S. And all this happened on Friday evening, the 18th.
Prof. Bergen has dubbed the Sophs the Hope College Tract(kt) Society. Possibly on account of their soiling the floor of his room.

Prof. to a “B,” who has been wrestling with a Greek verb—

“Don’t think, know.”

“But I didn’t think, professor.”

“Don’t doubt it a bit.”

George has a neat little (?) volume of letters and poems entitled, “Memoirs,” which he says is lovingly dedicated to himself.

The Seniors spent an enjoyable evening on January 23 at the home of one of their class-mates, Mr. Damson. Light refreshments were served, after which the company played progressive carroms. The Misses M. Damson and Grace Shaw and Messrs. Hospers and Lugers carried off the honors. On their way home, the Seniors made night hideous with their yells.

On the evening of January 25, the Cosmopolitans enjoyed another of those happy entertainments, as only the L. L. L. can furnish. A very good program was presented. Every number was worthy of commendation, but the responses, at roll call, with quotations from various authors, were at once unique and striking. It was a pleasant hour for all.

Miss Bertha Veneklasen is taking a course in music at the Ladies’ Seminary at Kalamazoo, Mich.

We are glad to have Mr. Miller from Illinois in our midst.
Wm. Giebel spent a few days of vacation among the students.

Miss Floyd suggests that the gentlemen of Van Vleck could nicely make the trunk room a reception room.
Mr. Stanton, “the schoolmaster of Beaverdam,” was here to attend the lecture.

The lecture on “Liquid Air” was a grand success. It furnished an evening of entertainment and was highly instructive. The Committee is very successful this year and deserves success for its untiring zeal to get the best.

Napoleon crossed a river walking upon the heads of those driven before. Hence, Masselink says, he had a standing army. Society note: “The hero of fifteen battles taken by a gentle Junior.”

Damson is doing collateral Kentucky history work.

“Seniors, beware! They are the most tenacious, etc.”

Riussaard, woefully, “Stache gone, 5 cents gone, alles is gone.”

The Seniors are enjoying their school visitation.

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