A Legend of Thirwell Manor

I ALWAY.S have been very interested in anything dealing with the supernatural, from as far back as I can remember. Not that I believe in ghosts, of course not! And as for these stories that they tell, why, they can very easily be explained by imagination, or fright, or a too excellent dinner the night before, or almost anything except——

But to my story. It was on the evening of a stormy September day, and I was sitting lazily before the open fire of my quaint old friend, Erwin Shaw, Esq., who had invited me down for a week's visit to his rambling old country manor. The place had been handed down from father to son for generations, and was as full of old stories and legends as my grandmother's wedding trunk of delightful, aromatic odors. In fact, that was one of the pleasures I had anticipated in accepting his invitation; and now, as we sat before the fire after a late supper, I was employed in devising a cunning scheme to get him started on one of his rambling reminiscences, when suddenly he broke the silence himself.

"It must have been just such a night as this," he said, musingly, as the wind whistled around the corner and dashed a flurry of rain drops against the casement, "just such a night!" Then, stirring up the fire, he turned to me, and said, "I suppose you have heard about my great great-aunt Lucy McKaed? No? Well, it will just do to tell you tonight, then. If you get tired, doze away, and I'll tell it to the fire.

Well, as I was saying, it must have been just such a night as this, when Lucy McKaed, who had come over the border from Scotland to see my great grandmother, was sitting with her before this very fire place, listening to the rain and the wild beat of the waves at the foot of the cliff. I suppose, just as we hear them now. She was a beautiful young girl, as you can see by her picture that I was showing you this afternoon in the gallery, and they do say that she was particularly lovely that night, as she sat listening intently to the increasing storm. It was then two years nearly, since her lover, stung by some cruel words of her father, on his being told of their engagement, had set out for the American colonies to seek a fortune equal to the demands of old Sir Ivor McKaed. But before he went, she had given him her ring as a token, to be returned on that day in two year's time, when he should come again to claim her as his bride.

Well, well, young people always will be young, I suppose, while the world lasts!

But the storm increased in fury, and
The wind shrieked down the ample chimney and moaned distressfully around the manor like some lost soul seeking shelter from the tempest without. And they say that as the night grew wilder, Lucy grew more and more restless, and often wandered to the tall, diamond-pained windows, and looked out over the raging sea, weirdly lighted up at infrequent intervals by the misty moon breaking through where the wind had driven the flying storm-clouds asunder. Then the tempest reached its height. The rain was driven before the storm with such fury as almost to drown the hoarse booming of the breakers on the cliff, while the wind howled around the house and seemed to tear with frantick hands against the cases, when suddenly the knocker on the great hall door rang, the cliff, while the rain was around the manor night grew without.

Quo Est Hoc?

College, Mich., Oct. 23, 189-

DEAR CHUM CHABERRY—In accordance with my promise to you, I shall try to describe my first impressions of college life. When we graduated from Brookville Academy, my father took me East with him on his vacation tour. We spent two weeks in New York City. He, being a minister, as you know, passed the greater part of the time in attending the Synod which was then holding there. Being left free to do as I pleased, I had a pleasant and profitable time in visiting the various art museums and libraries. You know how much I love art and literature, so I spent most of my time in mousing through the books in the Lenox library. I was studying the relation of Chaucer and Spencer and I found much material in books that had hitherto been inaccessible to me.

In the Synod father met the president of this college. He had heard of me and influenced father to send me here, altho it had been intended that I should remain in the East in one of the other institutions of our Church. But as I would then be so far from home (my pleasant home in Minnesota) I was decided that I should come here. I entered the Freshman class on my certificate and buckled down to reading, for I found that I was somewhat beyond my classmates in my first term's studies.

The fellows here are as fine a rule, altho there are a few like Jim Gordon. You remember him, don't you? He was that fellow of about thirty, who thought that he had a divine call to the ministry, and always went about with a long face, objecting to all our sports. You remember what respect we had for him at first, but when his great conceit (which it seems to me many of those fellows have that get a "divine call" late in years, when they become too lazy to do manual labor; and his abominable hypocrisy became evident, we steered clear of him and took to more congenial company.

There is, however, a strange feeling amongst the boys here, which at first quite astonished me. It is their attitude toward their professors and their lessons. I dare say that at least fifty per cent. of them have not a proper conception of this relation. They regard their instructors as task masters and would like to fly off in open revolt (to they have not the courage to do so) if they are assigned one line too much of Greek or Latin; so, too, with their other studies. Whether this is due to too great tasks that have been imposed upon them in former years, and that thus the spirit has sprung up, I have yet to learn, altho it seems to me that with a reasonable amount of work they could easily perform their duties.

Our professors, on the whole, are a class of men that are well meaning in their efforts to benefit the students. But, as a rule, they are not so successful as might be desired. This is, no doubt, due to their lack of experience, for, out of twenty-one instructors, more than one-half are alumni of the school and have entered upon their duties here almost immediately after graduation. There is, however, one professor who deserves more praise than the dissatisfied studentry are willing to confer. He, too, is a graduate of this college but has spent several years in England and has enjoyed instruction under Longfellow at Bowdoin College and under Lowell at Harvard. His methods of instruction are very helpful and inspiring, and it is a puzzle to me why this man, working amongst an unappreciative body of students, with no library advantages at hand, still remains here. He is certainly doing much for the institution, for, on account of similar tastes, I have made several literary acquaintances who say they would not stay here if it were not for the English professor.

Now I suppose you would like to know something about our foot-ball and track-athletic teams. Well, so would I. The fact is we have none.
The Conservative feeling is so strong here against these sports that it scares me as if the authorities are actually opposed to all physical exercise.

But now I must tell you about my most astonishing, and to me most grievous, experiences. How I long for a return of my academy days as I recall them and as I think of the condition of affairs here. You remember the nice, social times we used to have when our Delta Psi fraternity (by the way, these Greek-letter societies are legislated.) issued its books in the colors of its chief lady principal and when we used to gather here again to discuss the times.

When many girls and even boys,—although a few girls and a few boys similarly minded—went and still go to the college paper, the next week I found myself the butt of one of the most astonishing of all astonishments. I suppose that the whole thing that happened was exactly the same thing that happened here at the college and that it was exactly the same thing that happened here at the college.

The lady principal had written an essay to instruct her undergraduates in the ways of the world. I have no idea of the amount of work she had put into this essay. But I do know that it was a very interesting and informative essay.

That the lady principal had written it was evident from the fact that she had written it in a written essay. Acting as I was accustomed to do at the Academy, I soon got amongst the girls and was introducing myself. Most of them, however, were so reserved that it was impossible to make any acquaintance with them. But I found a few girls and spent the evening in pleasant chat with them, without noticing the time. After about an hour I began to look around, thinking about it, and to go home. Imagine my surprise and consternation. The fellows were about all gone; about one-half of the girls were left. Was I to do? To escort them all home was of course impossible. But I noticed that many of the girls took the situation as a not unusual one and were starting off alone. I did my duty, however. I asked two of the girls, who were sisters and whom I escorted home, to accompany me to a lecture that was to be held the following week. Imagine my surprise to learn that they must first submit my proposal to the lady matron for approval. How could she approve or disapprove of me, whom she had never even seen? I began to hate that old maid henceforth.

The morning after the reception I found that, on account of my action of the previous night, I was the universal topic of conversation. The boys regarded me with mingled feelings. Some envied my "check;" some admired me as a hero; many pitied me, thinking I must be on the border of insanity.

After the lecture I was again discussed as having done an unheard of thing. Taking two girls to a lecture, what a preposterous idea! With the issue of the college paper the next week I found myself the butt of one and a half jokes. Then I swore a solemn oath, by Zeus omnipotent, Venus and all the other gods in the calendar, to conclude myself entirely in the future and never to appear again, while at college, in the company of a young lady. I afterwards found that many other students had, under like circumstances, vowed the same thing. And I found out that several had left for London on reasons and that they had even influenced their young friends, who had intended to come here, to go elsewhere.

To show you the attitude of the students toward the faculty in respect to these questions of athletics, education, and social life, I send you under separate cover a copy of our college paper. You will notice that the burden of all the articles is the deplorable condition here and yet the boys dare not express themselves on these questions as they would like, for you must know that censorship of the press does not exist in Russia alone. The faculty are as concerned as czars that their tyranny be not brought to the notice of friends and parents. If anyone attempts to express his views with any approach to truth he is summoned before the president, who tries to impress upon his infallible mind by infallible logic that he cannot afford to indulge in such nonsense and then gives him the choice between an apology and suspension. The student of course accepts the former for it is an easy matter to pull wool over the president's eyes by dashing off a few words of explanation, which none can recognize as an apology except a few of the faculty. It is said that these documents have so swelled the archives of the institution (for they are kept for future reference) that an adjunct to the library building is being planned. The students are collecting money in order to influence the authorities to build a nice frame building for this purpose. Of course you understand the object of this, and, within a short time after the edifice is erected and insured, you may hear of a little bonfire in this town.

Well Charley, it's four o'clock and I have to stop now for I have promised to be at the tennis grounds at a quarter past. So, good bye, old boy. Write me if you find time. I shall come home for the holidays and then I may be with you again for some time, for I am going to ask father if I may stay for the rest of the year and then go out East next fall. I am thoroughly disgusted with this old place and shall not come back under any considerations. You may let Will Norton read this if you like. You know he was thinking of coming here next year, but I think this will change his plans, and he will never come where you now find your old friend.

Edmund Astropiel.
Thoughts on Les Miserables.

The church bells were everywhere speaking to the consciences of men in their dreary monotone and urging them churchward; the tramping of many feet made it plain that the design of the day was not forgotten, but to all this I had been oblivious. All my religion of the moment was centered in the book; through its transparent pages I saw the summit of human godliness,—as for any profane interruption the soul would not have tolerated it while peering into the sacred chamber and observant of the inward tumults of a kindred spirit.

The character of the old bishop—how nobly has Hugo sketched it! How it bent my aspirations toward its lofty virtue, its pure simplicity, its heroic fearlessness! My soul expanded beyond expression as it sought in vain among the symbols of human speech the epithet that might justly be applied to him. And I observed how appropriate the introduction is. His providential hospitality was the door through which Jean Valjean, the galley-slave, spurned by all, driven from every home till at last out of extreme fatigue and despair he lay down to die, entered into the narrow way of virtue. As I passed through the godly-environed life of the bishop I entered into the turbulent career of the convict, criminalized by society. From a calm ocean we are plunged into an angry deep from which the gales of deepest passion, over whose foaming waters the searchlight—society-masked—is thrown to rescue a reformed convict; for what? to place him once more forever in the fetters of a fearful though unjust penalty, to blot out the rising light of reform.

As I read on and on my eyes with piercing attention caught each word with firm, unyielding grasp, my soul was thrilled with unutterable waves of feeling as I watched the convict battling for virtue in the face of an opposing and deriding society. And in these crises of his life when he grappled through all the long and lone night with thoughts under which his manly soul was well-nigh crushed, thoughts all of which opened doors into the darkness, when by reason of his mighty effort which shook his entire being his hair turned from a dark brown to a light grey,—then a mist blurred the letters, the book pressing through the weak fingers fell to the floor, and the soul was for a moment overwhelmed.

I cannot help but mention the effect the pitiable history of Fantine had upon me. I followed her closely, little knowing how tragic the scenes would be. Her young life was full of promise and pleasure when by the sudden caprice of fortune she was cast upon a cold, inhospitable world. She descended rapidly into the shitting quicksand of misery, yet kept the lamp of hope burning. Night and day she bravely labored plying the needle with her bony fingers in an attic foul with reeking filth; interval after interval she parted with the clothes she wore for worse ones; her flesh was more wasted with the return of each dawn; those glossy locks of hair upon which she had so much prided herself were shorn from her head and the two front pearls in her row of teeth extracted for a paltry return of gold,—and why all this? she had a daughter far away—for her. O hearken thought, thy labor of love is unregarded; thou art spit upon and trampled as a worm; thy bloody sacrifices, an example which society so sorely needs, are brutally taken advantage of, thy stretched neck, once so fair, is firmly held beneath the mud-besattered heel of society; but thy soul shines luminous in the mid-night of the world. Tears of mingled pity and admiration stream upon thy grave, and from it rises the tender form of human sympathy.

Thus in my reverie I spent the day again, sighing and rejoicing, pitying and admiring, yet it was all pervaded with an inexplicable sweetness.

W. A. B. S. W., '03.

Reverie.

I was sitting by the window
On a Sabbath afternoon,
And the sound of singing reached me,
Music of an old psalm-tune.

As a mourner, thus I heard it,
Singing, falling, slow and sweet,
And I listened and in fancy
Lived my childhood days again.

Lived them over and felt the rapture
Of a worship pure and true,
When my soul knew not the sinning,
That in later years it knew.

Here the music died in silence,
And my thoughts from far away
Brought me back, but that old psalm-tune,
Led me onward since that day.

Notes and Comments.

With this issue, the staff of 1868-99 makes its bow and retires. Pleasant has been our task and with pleasure we can look over the past year with the assurance of having done our work faithfully. While our term of office
opened rather inauspiciously, due to peculiar circumstances, we lay down the pen with these circumstances entirely rid of their objectionable features. Adverse criticism has sometimes made the work unpleasant, but such criticism, where it seemed timely and appropriate, has served for improvement, and the facts and suggestions offered have been received and assimilated with the same spirit with which they were given. Our hearty thanks are due to the alumni and friends who have so kindly contributed to the columns of The Anchor and have so materially shown their interest in our institution and its publication. And to the students, too, we wish to express our appreciation of their support at times when such support alone could give weight to what was written. For what has appeared we offer no apology since everything handed in has been published with the responsibility for such resting entirely upon the staff.

To our successors we recommend a vigorous crusade in favor of intercollegiate athletics and students' Rig.

The Home Contest.

February 22nd has come and gone but still lingers in the memory of the students. Early in the morning the large college flag was hoisted to the top of the flag staff, and the red, white, and blue, which meant so much to our brave soldiers when fighting for liberty, now gently floated to the breeze in honor of him who is justly called the "father of his country." But aside from the commemoration of the birthday of our Washington, this day, February 22nd, meant something more to the students of Hope. It was the day for the home contest preparatory to selecting a speaker for the state contest to be held in May.

In the evening a large and appreciative audience gathered in Winants Chapel. After the invocation by the Rev. Mr. Birchby, and a duet by Prof. Nykerk and Miss Yates, the first speaker of the evening, Mr. J. G. Winter, of the Sophomore Class, was introduced. His subject was, "Lincoln the Liberator." Mr. Winter appeared perfectly at home on the stage. He discussed his subject in an easy, graceful manner, tracing the life of the great liberator from early boyhood until he fell a martyr to the nation's cause. The style of the oration, however, was too conversational throughout, while the delivery was marred by the monotony of voice.

The second speaker, Mr. Kuisinga of the Senior Class, had chosen for his subject, "Back to Poetry." Altho a rather unique subject for an oration, Mr. Kuisinga treated it in a remarkable manner, and showed the difference between science and poetry, in various antithetical forms. The oration was well written and excelled the others in thought and composition, but the voice of the speaker was against him in securing first place. Mr. Kuisinga held the attention of the audience throughout.

Mr. J. S. Raum, of the Junior Class, spoke on the subject, "Mirabeau." Altho the oration contained many plausible features, the speaker failed to have a definite message to bring to his hearers. The last speaker was Mr. A. T. Broek, also of the Junior Class, who took first place. Mr. Broek's oration was written in a forcible style, while in delivery the speaker...
was greatly aided by his deep, musical voice which is remarkably adapted for speaking.

While the judges were out to decide, Miss Grace Yates favored the gathering with a vocal solo, which was deservedly encored.

The contest as a whole was a grand success, and also the shouts and cheers of the different classes, and the applause with which the audience greeted the speakers, may have died away, we trust that the spirit and enthusiasm kindled may abide and that more interest may be taken in this, the highest of arts.

A WAVE of sorrow swept over the community when it was learned that Death, that grim visitor, had again seized upon the proverbial shining mark and carried away our friend and fellow Christian, the Rev. Abraham Stegeman.

Sudden and unexpected was the fall stroke and this very suddenness makes the sorrow harder to bear. Hope College has lost one of its staunch supporters and best alumni. Mr. Stegeman was born at New Groningen, Mich., forty-two years ago. After his primary education in the schools of the vicinity, he chose Hope College as the place in which to enter further into the domain of knowledge. His record at college is one of spotless and immaculate purity, and his fellow-students to a man testified to the sterling character which already then marked him whose life work was so soon to be ended.

In 1880, upon his graduation, he repaired to New Brunswick, where he pursued his theological studies. A minister of the gospel in 1883, his first charge was that of the Reformed congregation at Harrison, S. D. For eight years he labored faithfully and there on the frontier set to his flock such an example of true Christian manhood as was synchronous with his name everywhere.

In 1889 he resigned his charge in Dakota to accept the call of the Reformed Church at New Holland, Michigan. This was to be the scene of his death, but not until seven years should elapse—seven years in which the quiet and staid figure of the decedent was to move about his people, ministering to those he loved so well, and by his ministering to engrave and impress upon the hearts of all the ideal faithful disciple of the cross, who followed close in the foot-steps of the Man of Galilee.

While the stroke of fate seems to be cruel and our hearts refuse to be recorded to the hard lot, yet some day we may understand that behind a frowning Providence the face of the Son of Righteousness shone bright and clear. As the leaves that fall in the autumn typify not decay and loss but a finished work and a spent career, so the death of the Rev. Mr. Stegeman tells us the story of an accomplished mission.

The Anchor extends to the bereaved family and congregation its heartfelt sympathies and commends them all to the tender care of the lowly Jesus whom we have all learned to love.

Whereas, on Sunday, the 19th day of Feb., 1890, the Rev. Abraham Stegeman, our beloved college classmate and friend was, while engaged in preaching, suddenly stricken with apoplexy resulting in death very soon after;

WHEREAS, his removal from this life was so unsual and unexpected as to cast a shadow of darkness upon all who received the sad tidings; therefore

Resolved, that we bow with humility and resignation before Him "who giveth not account of any of His matters," and recognize a wisdom beyond our own in his sudden translation from an earthly and passing Sabaudity to an heavenly and eternal, and from a large circle of dear ones here to "the immemorable company of angels and to the general assembly and church of the First-born in heaven."

Resolved, that we express our appreciation of the character and worth of our brother both as classmate during our days of preparation and as a minister of the gospel during the extensive work of service in the church, and mourn his untimely removal from his beloved family and from his field of usefulness.

Resolved, that we express our deepest sympathy with the sorrowing wife and children, with his brothers and sisters, and the entire family, and the congregation which loved him sincerely, in this their sad bereavement. May the Great Comforter who beseeches but to heal and who will have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies, comfort them in all their affliction.

Resolved, that his sudden calling away from his loved and dear ones be a call to us to be faithful in all things and always ready, not knowing when the Lord may come to call us home.

Resolved, that these resolutions be published in The Anchor and a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

Comm. of Class of 1888.

J. P. De Jong, Chairman.

Studenten-Leben in Deutschland.

"Von der Redaktion des Anchor um einige Zeilen üher obiges Thema gebeten, muss ich im Voraus bemerken, dass ich nicht an einer deutschen Universitätsstädt studierte, und deshalb nur vom Hörensagen reden kann.


Ich erwähnte die Narben im Gesicht vieler Studenten. Es sind die Spuren ihrer Duelle. Denn auch diese ab-

*The picture was taken at New Brunswick in 1892.

*No unknown obtained. Hence the substitution.
scheuliche Thorheit besteht in Deutschland noch immer, an der Hochschule wie in der Armee. Es gibt jedoch unter den Studenten schon mehrere Vereine die den Zwei-kampf verurteilen, und die Mitgliederzahl der "Schlagenden Verbindungen" ist eine verhältnismässig geringe.

Selbstverständlich bleibt dem jun gen Studenten, der taeglich stunden- lang auf dem Fechtboden zubringt, und all abendlich "keinpt", nicht viel Zeit zum Studieren. Es geht ihm wie Hieronymus in der Jobsiade, er kommt


In keinem Lande giebt es so viele Studenten, als in Deutschland. Obwohl alle Richter, Rechtsanwalte, Aerzte, Gymnasial-Lehrer, Pastoren u. s. w., Graduirte einer Universitat sein muessen, finden doch nicht alle, die ihre Examina absolviert haben, eine Stelle. Es bildet sich daher in Deutschland ein wahres Gelichten-Proletariat. Die Theologen bringen meistens 6 bis 8 Jahre zu als Hauslehrer in vornehmen Hausern, oder als Hilfsprediger, bevor sie eine Pastorstelle bekommen.


A Winter Night.

O succeed in the world there is necessarily a great amount of energy and courage. Only he who possesses these can find the means to make his way through life. History demonstrates this for upon its pages we read wonderful biographies. We read of men who have risen from obscurity and poverty to ultimate success, and through their unceasing toil have become benefactors of the human race. Think but of Geo. Stephenson the son of a poor miner. At the age of eight he was compelled to work for the small sum of ten cents per week. That money was spent, however, for books, that he might learn to read.

But soon the winds come whistling through the air
And make a howling sound
No fragrance floats, no verdure decks the trees
But autumn winds have every limb made bare
The evening comes to close the short-lived day
The firmament puts on its brightest blue
And brilliant stars in thousands multiply
Send forth their lustre from the wintry sky
All day a rain did shed its heavy drooping
It dragged the Bees of the sleep and wriggle
The Traveller’s cloak, the hedge is ridge fringed
And all the ground with sparkling frost is kissed
The sky and all these gently decorated
Is charged with chilling damps
The moon to vain
Both use its baying powers to penetrate
The clouds which scatter from horizon can restrain.

It is not our purpose to give a full biography of Stephenson. Not because there is nothing not worthy in it—it is full of practical lessons,—but the space does not allow such. We notice but a few things here and there in his life. At the age of sixteen we find him earning good wages. He undertook to make a model on account of his diligence rose higher and higher upon the ladder of success. In 1812 he was appointed engineer-wright of Killingworth Colliery, and it was then that he built the first steam- engine or, as he called it, a "traveling engine." The various monuments in England tell us of his greatness. The
greatest monument, however, a monument which will stand for ages is the good that he did for the comfort and prosperity of the human race.

As Americans we love to think of Robert Fulton. His courage amidst many disappointments and failures astonishes us. His grand idea that a vessel could be moved by applying steam-power seemed to be too great to be comprehended by the people of that time. They laughed at him, even ridiculed him. He goes to France, Napoleon hears him but calls him a fool. The English government will not help him and he returns to America. In September, 1807, we see him as captain of the first steamer that ever floated upon the waters. Along the bank stand thousands of people. They see the smoke arising from the chimney and yet their faces show nothing but ridicule. Then we hear the command, forward! Slowly at first but gradually faster, the vessel moves. The steamboat has been invented, and from ten thousand throats sound the answer to the question: "How can one succeed in the world?"

Our times with their thousands of difficult problems demand much from every individual. The times when Tom, Dick, and Harry progress by their stupidity have passed. Whoever walks along the boulevards and public squares of our large cities can behold the immense buildings, erected for various purposes, and find in them the answer to the question: "How can one succeed in the world?"

An enterprising spirit has always been present among the American people. That spirit will remain so long as we are too proud to feast upon the soil, labor, and fame of our forefathers; so long as we show that young America is always brave and that all labor performed with a sense of duty is honorable; so long as young America proves that he dares to leave the shore and set out upon a boisterous sea to return, if prospered, as senator or perhaps as president. The demands of our times truly are greater and more momentous than in days gone by, but the opportunities for preparation larger and better.

What industry and knowledge are possible to perform is demonstrated by the immense structures, the viaducts, the tunnels, in short all the wonderful works produced by human hands. The difficulties are great and many, but the battle against rapacious floods has sufficiently hardened the people's character to withstand them.

Young America must receive an inspiration by reading the biographies of illustrious men, men who did not stand with pocketed hands until some one should give them that which was necessary, but who took hold with all their might and endured until the end.

Oxney, '00.

Sonnet.

W. H. Mantlesoop Cooper.

If thou for aye wouldst live in hearts of men,

To noble deeds, to sterling worth aspire,

To godly purpose true, thou must have been.

Life's drama is a tale of deep desire.

Shall I propose men's destinies to wield,

On bloody battle-fields to win renown.

The poor from greed, the pure from lust to shield.

Or sleep, and with the air-roads drift down?

My soul, with nobler purpose be thou strong!

Live thou that every soul that touches thee,

Is led for purer thought and life to long.

Thy fondest hope. Him face to face to see.

Complete, sublime life's record when it reads:

He went about performing kindly deeds.

Among the Societies.

Edited by John Wendelink, '01.

Feb. 9, the Y. M. C. A. was addressed by the Rev. J. Van Houte on the subject, "Law and Grace." The subject was treated in his usual earnest and instructive way, and was enjoyed by all.

The 16th of February being the annual business meeting, instead of the regular lecture the election of officers was held. The following were elected:

A. B. Van Zante, President.
G. Hond. Link, Vice-President.
J. D. Tanis, Rec. Secretary.
J. Steenberg, Cor. Secretary.
S. C. Nettinga, Treasurer.

Thus, then, the Y. M. C. A. has passed another mile post in its history. Thus another crew is embarked and has now taken the helm to guide its precious cargo one station farther on its pilgrimage. May the good will and earnest co-operation of all the members attend them, without which their best efforts shall be in vain.

Our Literary Societies.

As the present staff with this issue end their work in that capacity, it might be well that the department, "Among the Societies," give a somewhat general review of the condition of our literary societies before it closes this year's labor. In doing away with the customary notes and substituting the several literary productions, we have lost much of that general information concerning the condition of affairs which otherwise would have been reported.

The Fraternal Society is in a flourishing condition. Many new members were added this year, so that at pres-
ent they are by far the strongest in number of all the college societies. The jollification meetings at the end of each term are especially enjoyed, as they stimulate a feeling of unity which is one of the necessary qualities of a good society.

The Cosmopolitans too have enjoyed a very profitable year. The programs have throughout been very interesting. And although their number is not so large as that of their sister society, the individual members certainly did not suffer by it. They have made much progress, especially in the line of literary research, which, in general, has been the chief characteristic of their programs.

The Ladies' Literary League is fast becoming the pride of this institution. The roll of membership has increased to twenty-seven, including nearly all the lady students of Hope. Their literary progress is no less marked; some very excellent programs have been rendered. Indeed, let Hope College ladies alone, and see how they prosper!

Now comes The Meliphone, the foundation of all good society work. After they have once more settled their own rooms in the Grammar School building, they have entered upon their work with renewed courage. They have made progress, especially in the line of social intercourse. Henceforth also the Meliphone will have the benefits of co-education at Hope College.

The Ulysses has turned over another leaf of its history. The critical study of Dutch literature has been introduced with much success. At present they are studying the greatest of all Dutch epic poets, Joost Van Vondel. Copies of Van Vondel's "Lucifer" have been purchased and at each meeting a part of this is discussed and criticised. It is needless to say that this is at once interesting and instructive.

The Dutcheer Verein is still holding its meetings in the Cosmopolitan hall. The debates and addresses have been very good so far this year, a specimen of which later appears in this issue.

College Jottings.

EDITED BY J. B. TENG, '09, AND G. KOSTELN. '01


Thermometer 70 above; spirits 40 below—at the (might be) lecture. Bekius expects a raise in the price of wool.

O! won't Van Zee be jolly when the Meliphone meets the L. L. L.!

De Motte, Thursday, March 9th. Ladies, have you heard of Suyter's antitox for frozen cheeks?

Found.—A pair of rubbers marked C. V. D. M., at the south side school house.

A lecture on sentiment, sense and nonsense, by sentimental Cooper.

The guide boards on our campus may sometime read, "Please do not tread on the sugar boots.

Mr. Raum to Prof. in Oratory:—"I am indebted to you for all I know." Prof. — "Don't mention such a trifle."

Bernard Van Heuvelen—in full.

The Seniors have come to the conclusion that their countenances are just about in the right condition to be handed down to future generations. Shafer has serious thoughts of taking German with the Sophs.

Just tell them that you saw me and I'll "swipe you off the earth."

Koster and Ganzevoort have been seen walking arm in arm down the street. Wonder why?

"Hens" is neuter says the Greek Prof. Any farmer would know better than that.

Braak showed his delight at getting out of Greek by reading an extra volume of "higher criticism."

Hommes tries to light his fire with half a gallon of water. The age of miracles is past!

Savad ought to know that the building was not up to last. The books would come down some time.

Miss Kooker was visited by her sister Feb. 17. Perhaps rumors have reached home(?)

Rumor would have it that Prof. Diment has invested in a lot. We fear there is some purpose hidden behind the act.

It was said by one of the ushers that Legters tried to get reserved seats by means of pint and quart dairy tickets. If a mistake, please inform the editor.

On the evening of Friday, Feb. 17, the members of the Fraternal Society were the guests of the L. L. L. in the College Y. M. C. A. rooms. The ladies rendered an excellent program. Among the women discussed were Frances E. Willard, Clara Barton, Cleopatra and Queen Wilhelmina. This, with the recitations, music and Journal, furnished a perfect program. The meeting was held in honor of the F. S. and has made the L. L. L. dear and precious to every Fraternalite. 'Tis true, we may not agree with all their sentiments concerning women, but we feel confident that the women of Hope College will play an important part in the world's drama. Will may Hope College be proud of her L. L. L. and their endeavors to promote social culture and refinement. Is Hope truly entering upon a new epoch?

Of course it takes time to deliver an invitation. And a half hour more or less in Suyter's room for a pleasant chat makes no difference.

When will the time come when Denek will no more be found running a race to get his meals?

STUDENT'S DIRECTORY.

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We are Clearing Out

Our '95 stock and making a break in our new line
for '96.

This is bad weather for shoes, but we are making it
easy to buy new ones. Every novelty for foot-
wear, for use or beauty, you'll find in our stock.

If anyone is "out of shoes" in the house, it may all
be the fault of badly fitting shoes. A comfortable shoe
is conducive to good temper.

No one can cast reflections on our patent leather
shoes; they are so bright, they cast their own reflection.

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The Practical Watchmaker

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shoes; they are so bright, they cast their own reflection.

J. Elferdink, Jr.
SHOO-FLY.

ANCHOR SUPPLEMENT.

DEDICATION.

To the Seniors who are so soon to leave us and whose bright and intelligent countenances will no more be seen on the campus; who are always serious and wise and never stoop so low as to fantatize the stumid old Pop Verworp; who always smoke in the woodshed; to the almanac of Mr. Blomendal; who are always ready to prevent Hallowe'en predations; who so much enjoy Geology that they never linger by the way side when going to the paint store; to you,Seniors, this supplement of Tim Anchor is humbly dedicated. And when you have separated and been scattered far and wide, when the smoke has cleared from the woodshed and Pop Verworp is at rest with Eve in paradise, pick up this Shoo-Fly and remember your college days, and if then you wipe away a tear it will be in remembrance of your past pleasures and joys together when you did such things as this sheet now lays before the world.

To the Public.

This sudden and unexpected appearance of such a paper at such a time may fill you with surprise and consternation. But now that you have read the Dedication you know our purpose. We propose to lay before the world some things which transpire behind the scenes at Hope College, where, to all outward appearances, all is quiet and peaceable as a summer stream. But loitering on this campus or crossing it is strictly forbidden by order of Com. of Council, and therefore you never learn to know the pranks that are there enacted by jacks who will be boys.

And if you see in the columns that follow any allusion to a friend of yours, be grateful; our purpose is to reform not to destroy, to hurt not to destroy. And if, when you have read these pages, you are shocked to learn that such things are still daily occurring at Hope College, blame not the President or the Faculty. They are guiltless. Our blood is on our own heads.

Thumb-Nail Sketches.

These thumb-nail sketches represent the types of students found at Hope College. Draw your own conclusion as to what the rest are like. But remember that these sketches portray them as viewed behind the scenes. You may have formed different estimates, but Shoo-Fly is authority and ought to know. When you become a student and have a right to loiter on this campus or cross it by consent of Com. of Council," see whether Shoo-Fly wasn't right.

DUX.

Mr. Matthias Duven, alias "Patsy," of Muskegon fame, is a sport who hails from that section of the country they call Iowa, tho he didn't graduate from the academy there. He hails originally from Waupun, Wis., where they have a penitentiary but we don't know whether he ever occupied a place there. His fame as an athlete is known to all. Was elected captain of the foot-ball team last fall and
twice carried his team to victory. When the season was over he got lazy and strained his ankle in order to be exempt from attending school. Was badly gripped in January but that is a stale excuse and doesn't hold with the Faculty any more.

Koster.

Hail to thee, Koster, even tho you are twenty-seven years old. You can't help it. We'll excuse your age but won't lie about it. Say, where did you get that fancy gait? Oh, you've got a medal. Ja, herc! I hope er sheef van! Well, well, well, three years ago already since you posed as agent for Prof. Bergen's text-books. You've yet experience and would be an excellent manager of the Coop. Shoe Fly recommends you.

Van Zee.

John Van Zee, alias John the Baptist, comes from Kalazamoo, I.e., he lives there (a necessary stipulation). He has the reputation of being fond of aquatics. Went in swimming last June and nearly drowned himself and brave Kiepma who happened to notice him sinking quietly. The fact is, he couldn't roller—he was so full of water. Has been called "Captain of the Life-Saving Crew" ever since. Saved Gans' life at the club when he fell with a platter of coffee. Carries notes in his hat. Is right guide for the military company.

Steenenberg.

The subject of this sketch has all the verbiage in the dictionary and his object is to mess everybody with his jokes. In consequence, he has been appointed reporter for "De Hope" and each week prepares a newsy column about college doings. He has a nick name—"Steam-Roller." And this suggests something I heard not long ago. Somebody said that he had seen a man standing on the corner of College and Columbia Ave. "Well," I said, "they are parallel streets and can't make a corner." "Well," said my friend, "it was Steenberg." Draw your own conclusions. However, John, you're alright. You're well liked because you're honest and we take this means of assuring you of this fact.

Sayad.

Elisha, Elijah, Ebenezer, Every-other-name-beginning with E, Sayad is a Persian. "Turk" some of the city boys call him but he doesn't mind. He just bucka center. Speaks five languages fluently and is on the Lyceum Bureau of which Prof. Deemsburg is agent. Boards at the club. His favorite dish is peas and green cheese. Never eats pork of course. Isn't on the best of terms with a certain Senior. Watch for a fight!!

Denekas.

Pleasant Prairie College in Illinois wasn't good enough for Mr. Denekas and so he came here. He says that this institution is alright but not sporty enough. But the Faculty objects to such an addition who comes for that purpose, and has already been aggravated many times by our friend's devilment. His strong point, however, is Latin. He reads it at sight and fluently at that, so much so that Prof. Surthen can't follow him. Wolbert studies at all odd hours of the day, even at his boarding house—a necessary result when one sports away his afternoons. Denekas intends to study law and will take De Witt as a silent partner.

JOHN DE JONGH.

A Grand Haven guy, known to the students as "Steward," has a great predilection for wooden shoes, but acts quite natural when he cracks jokes from Puck. You would think they were original. "Steward" goes to the Seminary and has quite a reputation for lengthy sermons. He objects to being snow-balled at the club-house for fear that his hat may be displaced or his hair (?) ruffled. On the whole, he's too sporty and should be looked after by the Dean of the Seminary or a committee from that body. As such committee we suggest Bernardus De Jongh and E.D. Kelder.

Ywening.

Affectionately termed "Winnie." Is a lovable creature with the sweetest disposition imaginable, perfectly harmless and contented and always wears a smile. Became famous at Muskegon where he posed as "Polar Bear." That gave him such a reputation that he has now become a confidential friend of Dr. Kollen and his most trusted adviser when "great interests are at stake." He has of late grown pale and thin owing to the fact that he is connisary of the 10th street club where the harsh criticism upon his methods is a source of much annoyance and worry to him. Is incensible to a hypnotist as Dr. Grimes experienced when he last visited Holland. Was born on St. Patrick's Day and hence is the corner-stone of all the celebrations here on March 17.

Vereburg.

Well may Hamilton boast of "Pete." His curly hair and erect posture is the source of much mutual envy and rivalry among the country lasses who know him. Peter is seventeen years old, but is a man nevertheless. Is authority on all sports, especially football and ring contests. Played quarter back on the Junior team last fall and won every game he played. His special friends are Kennedy of Chicago and Sharkey the Sailor. He is well liked by all for his hospitality and most by the Bay Window Push who enjoyed a sleigh ride to his home not long ago. Is an easy subject for a hypnotism. Hence called Rover. But he has one fault; he eats too much, almost equaling the Turk in that respect. Cheer up, Peter, keep right on, don't join the regular army, but above all keep on the best of terms with Putty.

ATHLETICS.

A PETITION.

We, the undersigned, students of Hope College, knowing our institution to be deficient in that helpful article called college spirit, and believing this to be a bane to her and an obstacle to her progress, and regarding athletics as the essential which would create such an esprit de corps, do humbly petition the Faculty of Hope College that athletics receive a more prominent place in our work; that it be made compulsory; that as an incentive for such athletic work intercollegiate games be allowed. And in order to elicit the objections you may offer, we do propose to you the following questions in order that if possible we may defend our position by overruling such objections:

1. Why is not the anti-athletic crusade at Hope College advertised along with its other special inducements?
2. Why cannot intercollegiate athletics be made supplementary to Gym-
nasium work as society is supplementary to curriculum work?
3. If our students are, to a satisfactory degree, morally pure, why could they not be athletically pure?
4. Why are a man’s mind and body inseparably and mutually dependent?
5. While our Y. M. C. A. is efficient, why is not our Gymnasium?
6. Are the bad effects of Intercolligate Athletics a necessary accompaniment of them, or only a result of neglect and indifference?

7. Should the students not be allowed a fair presentation of their case?

Unto all of which we affix our signatures:

P. Braak,  
F. Ede,  
T. Wiersma,  
F. V. Manders,  
H. Hettenmaan,  
J. Steeneweberg,  
B. Bruns,  
J. Laman,  
S. F. Kip,  
Abraham De Jong,  
Fred Reuverdt,  
P. G. Hommes.

Side Talks With Girls.

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents including stump of stamped envelope to the Snap-Flip, care of A.C.U., will be answered by mail. Initials will be attached to each inquiry that you may recognize it.

Miss V. Zeeland—I would write neither “Titty” nor “Unky.” Simply Henry Brink.

“A” Class Girl.—I wouldn’t depend too much on my conscience. It might fail at examinations.

Miss Hamilton.—By no means bunch to a lecture. Ask Jim to come for you with a cutter like one of his classmates does.

J. H.—You should sit on the left side of the cutter. Etiquette reverses the rule, demanding that the driver be opposite the whip, but in your case the driver is short and couldn’t reach the whip and so the breach is pardonable.

R. D., City.—Be rather shy of Van der Meulen. He is pretty well acquainted in Kalamazoo.

Miss ’95.—When W. H. Cooper gives another entertainment, don’t let Raum introduce him. Do it yourself. It would make a pretty picture.

Miss Ivy, City.—Don’t take Mr. Schipper’s arm. He’s too tall. Get him by the coat-tail.

Don’t for the Lady Students:

Don’t think every student is looking at you when you come into chapel.

Don’t speak to every student when you pass him in exchanging recitations. It is too cold to give a hat-tip nowadays.

Don’t go to a reception with the idea that the students will eat you up. That’s too presumptuous. As if you were a peach.

Don’t forget to say “thank you” when a gentleman student holds a door open for you. Good breeding demands it.

Don’t be out of patience with Snap-Flip if these remarks strike you.

What the Poets Say of Us.

PROF. BERGEN.

A mighty hunter and his prey was man.—Pope, Windsor Forest.

To teach the young idea how to shoot.—Thomson, The Seasons.

PROF. VEGEITE.

A round unvarnished tale.—Shakespeare, Othello, Act I, sec. 3.

For there was never yet philosopher that could endure the tooth ache patiently.—Shakespeare, Much Ads About Nothing, Act V, sec. 1.

SENIORS.

Absence of occupation is not rest, a mind quite vacant is a mind distress’d.—Cowper, Retrospect.

For this relief, much thanks.—Shakespeare, Hamlet, Act I, sec. 1.

LEGTERS.

Alas, our young affections run to waste, or water but the desert.—Byron, Childe Harold.

A very ancient and fish-like smell.—Shakespeare, Troilus, Act II, sec. 2.

S. DE FREE.

After life’s fitful fever he sleeps well.—Shakespeare, Macbeth, Act III, sec. 2.

THE HOLLAND OLD MAID.

Age cannot wither her nor custom stale her infinite variety.—Shakespeare, Antony and Cleopatra.

JAN. DE FREE.

And both were young and one was beautiful.—Byron, The Drum.

PROF. VAN ZWAWEURBERG.

And passing rich with forty pounds a year.—Goldsmith, Deserted Village.

More sinned against than sinning.—Shakespeare, King Lear, Act III, sec. 1.

Most desired disorder.—Macbeth, Act III, sec. 4.

PROF. NIKER.

...And still the wonder grew.
That one small head could carry all he knew.—Goldsmith, Deserted Village.

Better late than never.—Tarzer, An Habituation Enforced.

PROF. VUENA.

Beware the fury of a patient man.—Dryden, Ahlam and Arbuthnot.

“4” Class.

Conscience doth make cowards of us all.—Shakespeare, Hamlet, Act III, sec. 1.

He that complies against his will, Is of the same opinion still.—Butler, Hudibras.

JOHN VVERLY.

A youth of frolics, an old age of cards.—Pope, Characters of Women.

For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.—Pope, Essay on Criticism.

Green old age.—Dryden, Xipias.

Had sighed to many, though he loved but one.—Byron, Caidle Harold.

Fity the sorrows of a poor old man.—Moss, The Beggar.

SCRIBBER.

For I am nothing, if not critical.—Shakespeare, Othello, Act II, sec. 1.

PROF. KLEINEKEL.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.—Dryden, Absalom and Achithaphel.

His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But, when you knock, it never is at home.—Cowper, Conversation.

PROF. LAID.

Last, not least.—Shakespeare, King Lear, Act I, sec. 1.

VAN ZANTE.

Merry as a marriage bell.—Byron, Childe Harold.

STEENEBERG.

On the light fantastic toe.—Milton, L’Allegro.

DAMON.

...Seeking the bubble reputation, E’en at the cannon’s mouth.—Shakespeare, As You Like It, Act II, sec. 7.

PROF. DOMMENT.

Small Latin and less Greek.—Ben Jonson, To the Memory of Shakespeare.

Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining.
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining.—Goldsmith, Retaliation.

HOPE COLLEGE.

Society is now one polished horse,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the
Bores and Bard,—Byron, Don Juan.
A dismal universal wail—Milton.

We have seen better days.—Shakespeare, Timon of Athens, Act V, sc. 3.

Mrs. Gilmore.

The Lady doth protest too much, methinks.—Shakespeare, Hamlet, Act III, sc. 7.

The Paradise of Exils.—Milton, Paradise Lost, Bk. III.

Sharps and Flats.
Only ten cents, Schipper, but then it was done for "the Doctor."
"My dear tiny Brink."
"Four-eyed cain" is what somebody called Legters.
Schafsma wanted to lay bare all his beautiful bumps.
What's going to happen? Nettinga and Sayad splashing around in a puddle of water.

Nyweens sees no way out of it.
Theikken deems the Moody Institute an excellent place of learning.
Bruins (Freshman) has found Grand Haven a "haven" of comfort.

What struck Van Zante? Perhaps the chinies?

"Neal got the rose and I got the thorn," murmurs Legters.
Miss Zwemer's only periods of comfort during her sickness were the times when Ac was there.

Klerc misses Te Kolste very much of late.
The ways of life are hard, Wayer.

Even though stormy the journey to Zeeland is pleasant to Stryker.

Mansens thinks it time to become more intimate with Prof. Jim.

Give Koets a chance to improve on the Worden lecture (so called).
Wayer went to Muskegon Feb. 20 to attend the funeral of a sister.

A Junior theological student—his photograph—Kalamacon "seeking for game."

The German Society and the Utopians are preparing for a joint public meeting April rst.

Blocker was called home Feb. 18 on account of the sickness of his mother.

In what do you excel Pope, Rum? Winnie Dolman—Bilby Artie.
Nettie, let's have a version of college spirit.

Drink and De Pre are under bail for "recomming" bacon.

Too late now, Miss K.—r, but when will you make another offer?

T. is becoming intimate with Lestha's black beauty.

During last year's Meliphone "blow out" Interbeek bunked with Wiggers. His own downy bed was given to "company." Couldn't you take her to the Hotel? Shame on you.

Straks is sporting a guitar.
In regard to those forty acres, Don Herder's name has been cancelled.
Koster would matriculate.

Lubbers becomes mascot of the Sem. football team.

Caution—It's a cut of the Anchor Staff. Not Te Kolste's family picture.

Strict enforcement of college rules urgently requested. Lady visitors at the room of Ruisaard at 2 p. m. He goes out sleigh-riding at 3 p. m. Returns at 4 a.m. In a dream at 5 a.m. —"O, Dina."

"Steffens has been ill for a few weeks already. Boot will be out soon, Miss Zwemer slightly ill.

Cooper is suffering from stomach ache.

Birchby Brothers have been recommended for country mail carriers.

DEDICATED TO BURKESS.

A sweet word, said he,
A word of love,
To be, to be, to be with me,
Longing still, and so,
To be, to be, to be with me.

Is that the college President over there? Which one? That fellow who carries himself as if to say: "I and the Faculty." Oh, no, that is the college carpenter.

Sena in John Verwey's day book:

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Total:

We can't understand Prof. Nykerk's bachelorhood. He can't have inherited it.

A certain mother one night after Christmas, and the daughter murmured in her sleep, "Oh, John, you've shaved off your mustache."

Dedicated to Burke's, etc.

The Children solemnly called the roll,
The Ladies elegantly fell,
For the beauty of his Yankem and,
Two old time college kids.

A certain mother one night after Christmas, and the daughter murmured in her sleep, "Oh, John, you've shaved off your mustache."

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The Oratorio Contest.
February 22nd dawnd upon us, dark and misty. Old Sol, afraid to show his smiling face, hid behind the dark clouds as if afraid of the coming contest.

The sacrifices of the angels in old Van Vleck pressaged a glorious victory for its representative, and the culling fumes as they rose from Fed-ter's pipe defied Nature and her laws and floated down to the eastward.

The entrails showed bright and clear and quickly the word was passed to the Seniors who were met in the German room to await the response of the oracle. But after the steeds of the sun had traveled half their course; a rift in the clouds brightened the atmosphere; the smoke changed its course and lazily led the anxious eyes toward the southwest.

The Father of his Country was forgotten, save by the stars and stripes as they flapped from the flag-mast.

Weary dragged the hours of the afternoon, but at length the shades of evening began to gather and cast their pall upon the scene. And well that they did. Let no mortal dare conjure what infamy escaped the light by the timely approach of night.

Here and there, in some room or other, were gathered clumps of students, plotting and planning, racking brains over the intricacies of a yell, and all the while comforting one another, and, shall I say it?—No, beware, this is Hope College—no betting allowed.

Winaats Chapel was filled when the doors had been open scarce half an hour. There in the corner are the Juniors with their faded colors, looking disconsolate without their lady class mate. No betting there. Opposite, to the westward, sit the 99's. A jolly crowd and well may they be jolly now for the 99's will soon appear and then—remember St Patrick's Day. All is quiet in the Junior corner, not a sound escapes them. What can be their secret? Saving their strength for the only spasmodic effort they think they will need. But with the Sophs not so. Listen and hear them:

Noughty one, n'it!
Still looks bold!
First of the century

Rah, rah, rah!

Yes, quite stale, but then they are
only Sophomores. Another for the sake of variety:
Roxy, Roxy, Argyle's darlings.
Bow, bow, bow.

Now the Senior corner is filling.
All of them too. Pop Veryop with a plug hat; Peter Break with his bald skating rink; Fiddo with his mien; Seine the bar-tender and Ben from Dakota. And all the rest. A motley crowd. Silence in the ten section. They have a good memory. St. Patrick's Day is not forgotten and the brass knuckles which then so effectually curbed their insolence. Are all the Seniors there? No. Something comes in from the back. A scattering of applause greets it, then a deafening roar like that of thunder. A banner. Orange and blue, tasselled and fringed and perched on a fish pole. Thus it reads:

K. E. K.

For Kuisinage and victory.
One more spasm from the Sophs:
H. C. K.
Hope College, Fiske, Fiske, Fiske, Fish pole, Fish pole, Fish pole, Fish pole.

Here mighty Schipper lets loose, and who are the suckers? The Sophomores.

Now the exercises are begun. Prof. Bergen makes his little speech which he has used before and which he found written on a fly leaf in the library.

Next number on the program—Music and—not dancing—applause.

Winter to bat.

'Scholarly, Noughty one.
Noughty one.
Noughty one for Winter,
John O. Winter.
Noughty one for Winter.
Sophomores.

Winter is thro and leaves the stage on tip-toes in order not to wake the audience. Kuisinage begins. Now the Soph's yell:

Then whisper her up,
When her up,
When she up at the play set of men
With the great drum shad of a
Oh,red, red, the lilies
M'glo and don't repine
We're the choir of '99.

"Back to poetry," says Mr. Kuisinage. Verily, Mr. Kuisinage, a sad reflection on our yell. At this juncture Mr. Cooper enters with a lady and Mr. Kuisinage stops speaking till they are seated. At length he finishes. And now the audience rubs forward, Kanim on deck. "Every great man is an epoch maker. The accent on the "epoch." Yes, Mr. Kanim, it was enough to give those great men all kinds of pox. Well, Mr. Chairman, let's proceed. Graphically J. S. R. depicts the saloon scene where Mr. Mirabeau sends the policeman out to mind the ward politicians.

"And McKinley" (no applause). Well done, Johnny. Hitch your wagon to the stars. Brock, the last speaker is up. His powerful voice and commanding presence presage victory and thus it is. The judges return the verdict and the Juniors start their mocking bird with a

Hooerar
Halabah, Kanuck, Kanuck,
Hulkee, Kelkee, Folkes.
Papaadapeth, Rip, Bazz, Fear.
Ded, always there.

As the Seniors lower their banner the Sophs respond:

As we go by Ma
Warhorse, Johnny Pa,
Veni Vidi Wan,
We're the Noughty One.

Mr. Brock and the soloist repair to the council room. And here we will drop the curtain. Enter not ye F.F.C., with your profane curiosity. One parting — . I leave thee. Farewell.