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The Anchor

APRIL 1899

HOPE COLLEGE

HOLLAND, MICHIGAN
A NEW LINE OF MACHINERY
Is being placed into the building
at No. 50 W. Eighth Street, and
there I shall be glad to meet my
customers after April 10th.

M BEUKEMA,
Proprietor West Michigan Steam Laundry.

Buying right must necessarily precede
selling right.

Rinck & Co.
DO BOTH AND SHOW THE
MOST COMPLETE
LINE OF
Furniture,
Carpets and
Wall Paper
IN THE CITY.

In the Bicycle line we have the latest styles and can quote the best prices.

18 E. EIGHTH STREET.

JOHN BOSMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Eighth St., Holland.

DR. A. C. V. R. GILMORE,
DENTIST,
All kinds of Plate, Crown and Bridge Work. Gold and Plastic Fillings.
Over Vandell's Hardware Store.
Eighth St., HOLLAND, MICH

THE ANCHOR.
"Sorera in Bru."—Ps. xli. 5.

VOLUME XII.
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NUMBER 7.

Lol!

THINGS like to be seen. It is one
universal impulse of all that is to
appear. Everything is consumed by
the passion to show itself. The light
clothes all things in the sable robe
of their shadows. These garments, as
the covering of our frame, are also
renewed from the very objects which
they veil, and thus the appearance of
things is the fatal garb in which they
perish. From a tree or a house images
emanate every moment; they im-
mediately evaporate; they become vis-
able when entangled in our eye.
Things look at each other. They talk
together in the pantomime of mutual
reflection. The clouds whisper their
passage to the landscape. The stars
tinkle on the placid lake. Thus na-
ture, like a fair lady, revels in her own
beauty and commends her graces—
also had man never been to sympa-
thize with that admiration.

But the world looks at us with its
one big eye of space. We lift the
fringed and velvet curtains from the
chambers of vision, and lo, a crowd of
forms walks right into our head, each
with his presence as introduction, and
his name traced in the outlines of his
shape.

We have not five senses, but one—
the common sense of touch. We hear
with our feet; the blind read with the
fingers. The whole body is a lens; or
an ear trumpet. Naturally, however,
the sense of touch is most tender in
the eye.

Pure space is the immaterial can-
vus where the artist. Light, paints
all material things. We view the pan-
orama. What becomes of us before a
mirror? There stands our duplicate as
far behind it as we are on this side.
A child ceases to cry, and extends its
arms to the little smiling self. We
know better, by the grossness of re-
finned experience. Now the eye is a
mirror. Without lies the fulness of
space. It is immense; still the eye
consumes huge blocks of it in a twin-
kle. Hundreds of square miles con-
verge in a point. What lies behind
the pupil? We care not here for the
anatomy of the eye, or of the crystal-
ized water called brain. What be-
comes of things after passing through
the point of convergence? Space is
larger than the most extraordinary
head. Do things make real impres-
sions? Then indeed,

"This must, of all, the greatest wonder be,
how our small heads can carry all we see."

Realism includes the things we
touch. The burning question of real-
ism and idealism finds its focus in the
pupil of the human eye. When real-
ism passes the focus, that moment it
spreads out into the ideal. Without
us lies space, the back-ground on
which material things are projected;
it is the outer sense. Within lies time,
the counter-part of space; it is the inner sense. Without us are miles; within minutes. The final statement of the horse's speed is in minutes and seconds. Whether we call that inner sense time or personality or consciousness or imagination, the fact remains the same that beyond the eye there lies an ideal something. What does the preacher mean when he says, "Thou hast put eternity in his heart."

Man is not a music box, nor a phonograph, nor a camera obscura. The one grand purpose of all our senses must be to idealize.

"This too may lie in flesh and blood, Which else were fruitless of their due."

The camera does not do this. Realism and idealism are akin to matter and spirit. We need no metaphysical demonstration of these. Behold a landscape. Close your eyes. What have you? No trees, nor grass, to be sure, but a blooming image that may often refresh in days to come. Or are we not already spiritualized before the looking-glass? But, like the goat who saw himself while smashed in the crystal of their spirits. We have two "eye-witnesses" that unite their testimony in a single vision. Our eyes are natural spectacles through which the mind surveys the world. Spurn all artificial contrivances, though framed in gold, which you are requested to thrust between things and pure intelligence. But we contrive a crutch for every limb and sense. If we had no bicycles we would walk better. If we had no music we would sing better. We are deaf and dumb and blind. We put our nose in a sniff box rather than in a rose; we eat with golden palates and bite with metal teeth. We shudder at the ravages which art makes in the human body. Some think that a mechanism may yet be exalted to a living organism. We expect the reverse and that we shall be taken to the tinker and the repair shop like a watch or steam engine. Do we wonder that from the rack of our social inquisition and the procrustean bed of civilization we hear 'a groan or a sigh for the natural man'—not a savage, but a woman with ten toes. In the name of suffering humanity we gratefully appreciate the relief come to thousands, but let the aids to defects never be the symbol of perfection. Spectacles ought not to be the sign of wisdom.

It seems now custom to look at the world with a kodak. What need of eyes? You press the button, art—rather optical mechanics—does the rest. Some one, if he can obtain a point of view, will take a snap-shot at the universe. Time was when men painted: they saw; they drew. Where is the glory of the painter? It fades before the superficial glitter of modern appliances, even as the value of the sword is humbled by a bit of lead. Do we condemn art? No; but we neglect the eternal fires that nature kindled from heaven, draw the curtains to shut out the sun, and read by the smoky torches of invention?

Do we not notice how all these devices, interposed, with no ill interest, between us and the outer world, tend to weaken the power to idealize, which is the chief purpose of the senses, and particularly of the sense of sight? The world without us is a parable. We must feed on its images, and, as from our bread we extract the unseen essence of life, thus from them we must create within an ideal world. This creation—better, conversion—occurs at that critical point in the eye where the lines cross. Things must pass through the head. The head must be full of visions. These furnish food for the imagination. There things are rearranged in new combinations. They move more delicately than they could in the world whence they came. There new combinations may be produced and materialized on the screen of space. There they are then called genius, originality, invention. And here lies the secret of oratory. The oration is the translation of the vision. That translation is not an exhibition of a magic lantern, which sends forth just what is placed before it; but the vision has touched the personality. It may be modified; at any rate, it is quickened by a living spirit. Man is no more a camera lucida than a camera obscura.

We have all been more eloquent than we now are. It was when, as children, we held the audience spell-bound with forty or fifty monosyllables, while we spoke of what we saw. Proportionally any student speaks better when he begins his course than after twenty years of laborious study. The common mind concludes that any one, after long culture must be able to speak extemporaneously for ever. They do not understand why a minister needs six days to talk an hour. We have read twelve hours a day, Sunday included. But have we seen? Words; also things? We know the name of some things in several languages; have we concentrated our attention on the things themselves? We have seen so many words that we do not remember even them. Had we but enriched our memory with a choice practical vocabulary, like the Greek boys who committed Homer! Still, the great trouble is ever that we have not seen; we have not absorbed, digested, assimilated; we have not idealized. We read; when the sun set, we lighted a lamp; but have we meditated, have we imagined enough?

In Greek the perfect tense of see is to know. We want more theory; a theory originally meant a vision. We must speak because we have seen. We must even write less, and interpret our vision directly into the living word. That is the peculiar power in extemporaneous speaking. We must have less books. Then our oratory will be natural. The things themselves will indicate the climax: they will direct the choice of words. If you wish to describe a thunder storm, and none is at hand, picture one you have seen. The words will roll and crash. The orator will be onomatopoetic; he always should be. There will be no incongruous figures. Will people not read while we tell or say, where they nod when we tell what we read in a book?

It is the secret controlling power of the Scriptures that those men have seen. It was more proper to speak of revelation than of inspiration. Look is the key to the Bible. The prophet saw and then he took up the burden. Daniel was troubled by the visions of his head. What more exalting than when Isaiah sees the Lord on a throne high and lifted up! John beheld and saw! What rivals the vision of an angel standing on the sea and the earth, raising his hand to heaven! And He who spake as never man spake, whom the people heard gladly: what was
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the secret of Christ's oratory? “Be-
hold, the fowls of the air; consider the
lilies of the field.” Why do we never
tire to hear the parable of the sower?
It is because we see the man, the seed,
the wayside, the thorns. The Savior
has idealized the commonest things.
He showed the Kingdom of heaven in
a mustard seed.

Lo! things are still anxious to be
seen. Look at them. There are at least
a million of parables to which the
Kingdom of heaven is likened, which have
never yet been used. Or even old
things absorbed may, by permutation and
combination, yield the freshness of
novelty. Lo! Behold! Idealize; more vision in oratory.

And then we shall compel people to
look at what we see. A deacon had
for several Sabbaths tried to maintain
order among some mischievous lads
during the service. He had frowned
upon one, raised the finger at another,
and used more violent means. His attitude was even more restless
than that of the boys. A following
Sabbath he took his old place; he
looked most intently at the preacher
during the entire sermon, with arms
folded across his breast. And lo! the
boys first stared at the deacon, won-
dering what was coming to pass. He
never turned or moved. Then they
wondered what he saw. They began
one by one to look in the same direc-
tion. And lo! before the close of that
sermon all these boys sat up straight,
had folded their arms, looked and lis-
tened. Such is the magic power of
silent attention. That power does
the orator wield in yet higher sense,
when he too has his attention fixed,
when he speaks from a vision. He
will compel his audience to sit straight,
to look, to listen and to be saved.

Dreams.

SITING ALONE IN THE TWILIGHT SO TENDER,

With thoughts of the past surging over my heart,
Inspired with the feelings which half lights engender,
When far from the world and its troubles apart,
I am living again in the bright realms of childhood
Which memory gilds with a halo sublime,
And my thoughts oft recur to a spot in the wildwood
Where the myrtle trees bloom and the wild roses climb.

And the air is so heavy with odor of poppies
That the senses are drugged as by some mystic power,
And where twined midst them all the luxuriant hop is
So gracefully garlanding Nature’s green bower.

Still silly I muse as in days of my childhood,
While soft shades of twilight creep silently down.
And I long to revisit that spot in the wildwood,
Where dreams so fantastic my moments will crown.

"As Such Things Go."

"Hello Pierce! What are you reading?"

"Euripides."

"Well, what does he say?"

"He says what he believes, and he
believes what he thinks he knows,
and perhaps he knows what is true. He
says the man who marries blows out
his own light."

"Perhaps he does blow out the light
completely."

"I said his own light."

"That does not agree at all with
him who wrote upon the tombstone
of his first wife, ‘My light is out’, and
then, to dispel the gloom, soon after
struck another match. Do you hold
with Euripides?"

"I am investigating the matter, that
is, I am going to."

"By experiment?"

"No. I want to get sufficient
grounds from observation first. Ex-
periments are costly."

"Here comes Benton. Come here
Benton, help me recover our brother
from the bane of cynicism. He has
gone into the ways of Euripides, Di-
genes and the other hateful men; and
I have grave fears for him."

"I guess he will stand the test. But
I have important business. Since it
is but a few days before commence-
ment, I propose that we three go
camping among the White mountains
for a few weeks: that is if you have
formed no other plans for the sum-
mer. What say you?"

This conversation took place at the
Grotto; the resort of the Bachelor
Club, composed of a dozen young
men at Montrose University. Its
members so styled themselves less
from sentiment than from their imagi-
nated state."

Pierce, Willis and Benton were
senior men. Their tastes and pur-
suit were widely different, yet they
were alike in this one respect: they
were hard working students. Pierce
tugged hard at the gnarled roots and
tangled boughs of the Greek. In
pursuit of this favorite branch he had
become somewhat recluse. In
marked contrast to Pierce was the
jolly Willis who could hardly be seri-
ous. He was of a literary bent and
aspired to journalism. The connect-
ing link between these two extremes
was Frederick Benton, handsome,
thoughtful and popular. He had won
many laurels for his class in the field
and upheld the honor of his Alma
Mater in inter-collegiate contests. Be-
sides great natural endowments, he
was blessed with an abundance of
this world’s goods and the high social
standing of one of Virginia’s proudest
families.

Pierce and Willis both thought
camping rare sport and an excellent
recreation. So it was agreed to spend
three weeks in the White Mountains
where we shall meet them again.

"Where are you going, Edith?"

"Down to the Glen to pick some wild
flowers. Won’t you come; they
are perfectly lovely there in the dewy
morning?"

"I was just coming to ask you
whether you would join us on our ex-
cursion today. Dr. Gray is going to
take as many as would like to go to
go the glacier beds by way of the new
mountain railway."
Perhaps you have heard him mention the name of Frederick Benton.

"Frederick Benton! Yes, indeed. He never grows weary of talking of the class hero."

"Well, here we are upon the Tragic Ledge. Fine view, is it not?"

"Do you know why it is called Tragic Ledge? I shall always dread it after this."

"It derives its name from an Indian legend. You had almost made it doubly tragic. Here is the way to the Crawford. Staying at the Crawford, are you?"

"Yes. Have you but just arrived?"

"I have been here several days, and am camping in the neighborhood."

"Can you not spend the evening with us? I am sure we would all be glad to see you."

"Yes. I accept with pleasure. You may expect me."

"You snoring mummy, come get up and help me play coffee. Don't hear, eh? Well, take a drink then", and here Pierce proceeded to empty a tumbler of water on the face of the sleeping Willis.

"U-u-g-g-g! Say Pierce, you old baptizer, let a fellow rest his weary bones, will you?"

"Who is going to be cook, waiter, scullion and chamberlain, if you fellows are going to excuse yourselves so easily? Just put a question-mark there, will you, and a blank for breakfast."

"I fail to see that you have such a huge job on hand."

"It is not the huggeness but the proper superintendence of it that distresses me."

"Well I am hungry enough to do full justice to a breakfast, so here comes. Where is Benton?"

"Chasing the early bird, I suppose."

"Well, I thought you were getting breakfast! What in the name of all laziness are you sitting there with that coffee pot under your arm for?"

"I am trying to recall a recipe for hot coffee."

"Say Pierce, I would like to cuff you. Why don't you build a fire and heat some water first. Do that and I will tell you the next step."

"A wise man considereth before he buildeth."

"Yes and a fool sits down dog eared and never builds at all. Go to bed, Pierce, and ponder over your recipe, and after ten minutes come and sample my coffee. Here, give me the can. There comes Benton, too."

"Got any breakfast, fellows? I am as hungry as a bear."

"Sit down and help yourself; toast or waffles?"

"Your thanks are due to Willis; he is a capital cook."

"Like you, an ornament to the craft."

"All hands to work now. Pierce, you build a fire. Willis, you fill the kettle and hang it in the fire, while I hunt up some biscuits and sandwiches."

There was no use remonstrating at these rigorous orders. Each went about his part, and it was surprising how soon the prospect of a breakfast brightened. The kettle soon gave evidence of boiling; and rather unconsciously they gathered around and fell to with ravenous appetites.

Willis sat stirring the kettle and seemed transported to the cave scene in Mac-
of the Bachelor Club will it not?

"That is Shakespeare, man."

"Well, Shakespeare or Santa Claus. Dismiss it instantly."

"But what has wound you up Benton? One would think you were hit by Cupid. You have hummed and whistled Annie Laurie over for the fourth time. I am afraid if this malady increases the Bachelor Club will lose its better part. How is it, Benton?"

"Fellows, I met a sylph this morning. She neither melted into the invisible nor shunned me. Perhaps Cupid did send an angel."

"Would you mind telling us about it? Ha! ha! ha! He has lost his heart to a mountain daisy. The staunch supporter of single blessedness has changed his creed."

After he had given a somewhat partial account of the episode, Willia gave vent to a prolonged whistle, and Pierce said, "the days of romance are with us still."

Edith Richmond tripped lightly along the veranda. She felt more than usually blithesome during the remainder of that day. A mysterious feeling of joy rolled over her. Had she been asked the cause of all this, she could have given no satisfactory answer. To the artless girl it was a nameless joy. She was unconscious of its real significance, and could no more tell whence it sprang than can the child of its memory. The incident of the morning recurred to her mind, of course; but had she never met Benton again, he would have lived in her memory only as one she had met and whose name recalled an amusing incident. She would have been frightened by the truth that she loved and was loved.

Frederick Benton spent the evening at the Crawford House, and, as it is the purpose of the writer to relate only events and not mysteries, let it suffice to say that his visits thither were frequent during his short stay in the mountains. We shall conclude these mountain scenes with the breaking up of camp, an event which did not take place however before Edith Richmond had answered yes to the question upon whose answer depended the future happiness of two lives. There was a wedding, of course; but we pass that by as an every day affair and leave them happily located in the beautiful city on the banks of the Connecticut, where Frederick is known as Prof. Benton.

The De Motte Lecture.

On the sixteenth of March, we had the pleasure of listening to the lecture of Mr. De Motte. We had for a long time in happy expectancy looked forward to this memorable occasion. As our chapel is not very well adapted for an illustrated lecture it had been arranged to have it delivered in the Methodist church of this city.

A magnificent audience had filled the edifice, when Rev. Mr. Clark introduced the speaker, who then spoke on "The Harp of the Senses, or the Secret of Character Building." Mr. De Motte is endowed by nature with a splendid physique. He used plain, forcible language, spoke rather rapidly, but distinctly; and was often eloquent and very much in earnest during the entire discourse.

His first proposition was that there is energy all about us. This was illustrated by means of a violin and tuning-forks. The various vibrations were vividly reproduced on the canvas. The next fundamental principle was that sensation is within us. It was beautifully illustrated on the canvas, how the various modulations of the human voice produce different complex vibrations on the eardrum.

After these two general principles had been established, the speaker went on to show how the tissue of the brain is affected by every sensation. Every mental effort tears down brain tissue, which is then repaired by rich blood. But by repetition that part becomes more sensitive, so that first a conscious effort may be necessary; but soon the action becomes automatic; and at last often involuntary.

This lecture was preeminently a scientific one. The heart and the emotion of the audience was reached through the intellect. Moral questions are seldom treated in such a forcible, unobtrusive manner by the lecturer. For us, a discourse could have been more opportune. We are here to form habits. They must be either good or bad. The repetition of an evil act tends to vitiate the brain; the recurrence of a good one tends to invigorate and strengthen it.

The illustrations were beautiful, and will be seen by our mental eye long after the words are forgotten. May Mr. De Motte be spared many years, and be a blessing to our American people. His last words are full of wisdom and ominous warning. "Preserve your vitality. Have a reverence for your body. "Thoughts are deeds and may become crimes."

With this issue The Anchor has changed hands and the new staff has assumed control. Many things may have been overlooked or neglected, but we hope to improve as our experience increases.

To our conception the object of a college paper, in all its departments, should be to increase college-spirit amongst the students and love for their alma mater amongst the alumni. The literary department, by publishing the best productions of students in prose or poetry, will tend to give us an honest pride in what the institution is doing for us. By our editorials we can point out any weaknesses in the college, in order that, by correcting them, she may the more merit our pride; or, by calling attention to faults in students or professors, cause a deeper mutual admiration—call if love or attraction, if you do not like the other word—between pupil and instructor.
The contributors should also be in creased greatly. Some have done nobly in the past but a good many have been too modest. If you have anything you would like to contribute, let us have it and don't expect to be asked first, for then your article may never see the light. This applies not only to the gentlemen but to the ladies as well. Your friends would certainly like to see what the Ladies Literary League is doing, and this is the only way in which they can find out. Then there are still others besides the students from whom we would like to hear. Alumni, have most of you forgotten your college papers? Some of you complain that the paper is not interesting enough for you. Are you not somewhat to blame yourself? Send us some of your productions in prose or verse and The Anchor will be more interesting to us and to you also.

Many a one lives in this world without having an object in view. Such a one may have a purpose to glorify and en joy his Creator; but that is often so distant and vague that it almost becomes an abstract principle. There may be, however, a more immediate object by which the ultimate object, if you please, may be reached. The mass of mankind totally lacks such an object, or is striving towards a selfish one. Men labor from one day to another, and are always anxious to have time pass on still faster. Such clings to life for the pleasure there is in existing.

But in the student, we see another phase of life. No desire for riches prompts him to spend his hours in solitude. The more he studies, the less he cares for money. There are some, to be sure, that dislike books quite as much as many a factory boy does his machine. He only studies because of their parents; others for the sake of the applause of their friends. But these soon fall out, and are left behind in obscurity. The public sees the student much the same way as a crowd gazes upon the soldier when he parades in his gay uniform. But the long hours of practice are not thought of by the thoughtless multitude.

The student spends his time, his energy, the best years of his life, in retirement, so as to train his intellect for a life of unselfish labor among his fellowmen. The more he studies the profound problems of life, the more will he despise the transient glory of a name.

While he is at college, he soon discovers where he is at his best. Natural inclination often unconsciously guides his study and reading. This should not be ignored, even if it is opposed to his most cherished ideal. The object is, then, to discover and train our mental capabilities and powers for a life of service.

This is quite simple. But on account of our complex civilization, the student world also is fast losing its ideal simplicity. There are more problems for the student of today, than for those of former decades. To-day, sports, religious work, literary societies, and even society, are enticing with allurements or threatening with the social ban the conscientious student in his very retreat. No one should attend a college...
either to become an athlete or to secure a reputation as such. As the culture of the mind, however, necessitates the inactivity of the body, good, vigorous, exercise should be taken. There are no more forests to hew down, so recourse must be had to the more mechanical exercise of the gymnasium. But it should be only a means to an end, never the end itself.

Some would have the student be a shining star in society. But then he had better return to his pleasant home in the city, where there are more to wonder at his brilliancy. Even the society of our college demands too much of the average student. Every evening but one is taken up by something; thus our studies often get the time that is left. Sunday is no day of rest for many but often the busiest day in the week. Some leave their rooms on Sunday morning and do not return till late in the evening.

The student is not here for the purpose of influencing his fellow-student. His presence has an influence upon others for good or for evil. But it should be a passive rather than an active one, incidental rather than primary, by the performance of duty rather than by words.

His presence here should mean a willingness to be guid d. This does not mean that he should have no ideas or convictions of his own. Silence does not of necessity imply a mental vacuum. But, to mention no other reasons, silence is more advisable. Experienced leaders, in any situation of life are loathe to hearken to the immature advice of beginners. When the time comes for action, ideas and theories will not be lacking. The principles must first persuade and convince the student, then in active life he can execute them with authority. The world has prospered fairly well thus far without his aid; surely the presumption is not too great that it can exist three years longer without him. The heathen will not all be converted by that time; reforms will be needed at home; many problems will remain to be solved; so let him wait with patience.

But some one will say, "Is this not extremely selfish?" The answer is, that he can in no other way accomplish anything great. If this isolation and mental culture were the ends in life, they would be self-fi h. But they are the necessary means for the great object of life,—a life of 's twice. The college, then, which gives the best mental culture with the minimum dangers to the body and the soul of the youth, is the ideal institution.

Athletics.

In a recent college publication, appeared an article on athletics in the form of a petition, signed by a number of the leading students of Hope College. At first glance, the article referred to may appear ludicrous, and entirely uncalled for; but a close study of the subject will reveal some reason in their madness. And, therefore, a few plain statements as to the conditions of athletics at Hope College may not be out of place.

You can fancy the writer’s surprise when he was informed that the gymnasium could claim a membership of only twenty-five. Was it not reasonable to suppose that, whereas practice in the gymnasium is annually endorsed from the college pulpit, and base ball and foot-ball daily discouraged, the gymnasium would soon become the favorite resort of the students, and, in time, added facilities would be required? Statistics, however, prove that our theories as to the probable action of the human will, under forced conditions, are not always able to be substantiated by facts. It is also very clear that there is no enthusiasm among the students for gymnasium work.

This lack of interest in athletics was also noticeable during the last few years in the field sports. It is true, we have often seen familiar figures arrayed in white pantaloons and red sweaters, running up and down our campus in chase of a ball, but the wearing of white pantaloons and red sweaters is not necessarily an indication of great enthusiasm. It is equally true that a few of our number claim to be members of the college eleven, or the base ball team; but pray, what honor is there in being a member of a college team that never plays and that, so far as the world at large is concerned, is a nonentity? Unearned honors may make a man vain but seldom enthusiastic. The fact is, we have at present no enthusiasm whatever for athletics of any kind.

The cause of this presumably desirable state of affairs is easily traced. Athletics, with the exception of gymnasium work, are not encouraged at Hope, in spite of all the statements to the contrary. There is no incentive for hard work and careful training.

All theories, however, do not fail. The supposition that, if athletics were discouraged, more time would be given to study, and the intellectual standard of the college would rise in consequence, has been fully realized. But, as must always be the case in a one-sided education, the favored side has been abnormally developed. Abnormal seclusion and abnormal study have produced abnormal minds. How else can we explain those startling revelations, those sarcastic petitions for inter-collegiate sports, and those "shoes" that will not "fly" but hit?

Such is the actual condition of athletics at Hope, and no careful observer, who has had the privilege to look behind the scenes, will dispute it. If such an abnormal condition is desirable, then, of course, nothing need be done. We take for granted, however, that it is not, and therefore offer a suggestion.

Let us arouse a greater enthusiasm for athletics and make it possible for every student of Hope College to be graduated a well-developed man. Let the Faculty take the initiative and allow the students to try inter-collegiate base-ball for one season, at least, and then watch the result.

Let us not be misunderstood. The students do not desire "to run the College" and are as capable of love for their alma mater as any students in the land; but a battle paean can never hope for immortality until it has stirred men's hearts to victory, and no banner can ever be as dear to a nation's heart as the flag that has waved in the smoke of the battle.

J. S. R., '00.
Ladies Literary League

The Ladies Literary League will no longer be a nonentity among the societies of Hope College. The ladies have determined to take a step forward and show the result of work done in their club.

With the help of Profs. Bergan and Nykerk and of the Glee Club we will present a program on April 18, 1899, in Winansis Chapel.

Some of you, perhaps, know something of the work done in our meetings, but this effort will, without doubt, greatly surpass all previous attempts.

Some of you also know the condition of the L. L. L. Hall. We desire to help a little in the furnishing of our room, and hence have decided to charge an admission of twenty-five cents, hoping that by this means we may be able to carry out our plans.

We will try to give you a program which will be well worth your time and money.

What We Need.

The subject of athletics may be one of little interest to him whose daily work affords all the bodily exercise needed, or, whose body has long since passed the period of formation and development. But to the college student it is one of vital importance. It is important, nay absolutely necessary, for his harmonious physical formation and development. It bears wonderfully upon his mental success. It brings, as an almost natural result, good habits of living and a strong morality to him who engages sensibly in athletics. However, the truth of this statement is too generally acknowledged to discuss it here. Even here at Hope, where its importance is not realized, this truth is quite generally admitted.

Therefore, what is needed here at Hope, is a realization of the facts, but, above all, an enthusiasm, a broad, magnanimous interest in athletics. Not this pinchy, jealous feeling that can hardly bear that others have success in this line.

Yet are we to blame for this lack of large-hearted interest? We have no others to vie with than our own selves. We cannot feel an interest in athletics at large because here in our little sphere each individual has his own personal reputation to look after. One dares not encourage an other for fear of injuring himself. It is here at Hope as it is in an internally divided country: there are parties opposed to parties, self-interests against the interests of the neighbor. But let a common foe appear and all party quibbling is put aside, all self-interest forgotten. A common danger makes interests common. Self is led out from itself. The heart expands to let its neighbor in.

The parallel is plain. Give Hope a common contest and our boys will forget self in the interest of the whole. We will not only show our true caliber, but morally we will be benefitted, our sphere of interest will widen, and with it our cosmopolitan spirit. It will then no longer be I who looses or wins, but it will be our College, OUR BOYS that are contesting. Pray for the brotherhood of man and bar the means for exercising an interest in a brotherman, and you will succeed admirably (?)

Now how can we be brought to realize that athletics are necessary for a physical, mental, and moral development? The last one of the three has already been mentioned above. Yet we would just touch upon a few more facts that might help to make us see the bearing of athletics upon morals.

If cleanliness is a moral virtue, then athletics can claim to be a promoter of morality in the shape of cleanliness. An athlete must bathe even tho' it be in a wash-bowl, if his gymnasium does not afford an opportunity. The motive that urges him to make his body sweat, will also urge him to keep his body clean.

Besides this, athletic exercise rounds off the sharp corners and edges of a man's animal nature. Youthful vitality stored up must expend itself in some way. If not in vigorous athletic exercise, then in a way perhaps that is as degrading and base, as it is harmful and sinful.

The brain, too, cannot develop unless all its parts are used. When a person has lost an arm, then that compartment of the brain that governed that arm is thrown out of use, hence left undeveloped. When a person neglects the exercise of the different muscles of his body, then he neglects the exercise of those parts of his brain that govern those different muscles.

And now physically, how may we be brought to realize the necessity of athletics? Not, we hope, by serious distemper that may break forth on account of cramping into the brain whatever can be stifled in, at the cost of the body. But, would that the authorities might open their eyes and see the stunted and twisted human frames, or these tall and narrow beyond any proportions, all around them. Professors would have us believe that the more,—well, Greek for instance,—one studies here below the better he can enjoy heaven. But why not see it to first that our earthly life be successful? And how can it be with a body that is unfit to sustain the constant attacks in this struggle for existence? What a sad fact it is that generally a giant intellect has its home in a physical wreck. Why not balance the one with the other and make an all around man?

Give us a well equipped gymnasium and a competent physical instructor, and then, whatever we do stow away in our heads, be it ever so little, can be turned to account. Truly spoke Professor De Motte when he said, "Your body is your best friend if you take care of it." Did the boys of Hope hear that? 91.

De Alumnis.

Joel H. P. Ihman, '78, of Grand Rapids, has been called to the Reformed church at Maurice, Ia.

The churches of Otley and Bethel, La., forming one charge, have called as their pastor Rev. G. Niemeyer, '79, of Shokan, N. Y.

Rev. H. J. Pieterpol, '84, of Leota, Minn., has received the call from the Reformed church at Lafayette, Ind.

THE ANCHOR.
Among the Societies.

C. VAN DER MEULEN, M.R.

On the evening of March 3rd, one of the most successful social events in connection with Hope College was realized. The happy occasion was a joint meeting of the Ladies Literary League and the Philomathian section of the Meliphony society. A special program was prepared by the Meliphonians, comprising music, instrumental and vocal declamations, essays, readings, original stories and dialogues. The different numbers were of a high order, most entertainingly rendered and soundly applauded. After the rendition of the program, refreshments were served. The evening's pleasure was concluded with the playing of numerous games. A most jolly, yet very polite, spirit prevailed each bosom, and the intimacy which such games produce acquaintances merged into happy friendships. The young ladies expressed their unstinted praise of the superlative character of the program, and the manly, courteous carriage of the Meliphonians. It was the first time in forty-one long years that the Meliphone ever admitted any of the fairer sex to their meetings. The precedent has been happily established, and the college spirit has been decidedly expanded. The night of the 3rd of March will linger long, a pleasant memory, in the minds of all who participated in that evening's enjoyment. Meliphonians, hail! Let history repeat itself often; walk in this newly-beaten path.

V. M. C.

The Y. M. C. A. has had the privilege of listening to three most interesting addresses during the past month. Dr. Poppen being unable to be present on Feb. 23, Dr. Beardslee took his place, speaking on the "English, Dutch and German Translations of the Bible." On Mar. 2, Dr. Winter lectured on the "Millennium," and on Mar. 16 Rev. Mullenberg of Grand Haven, spoke on "The Miracles of the Bible." The interest taken in these lectures is indicated by the profitable discussions engaged in afterwards by the members.

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*UFFLAN AND DUTCHER VEELEN*

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On the 8th of March the sad news reached the campus that the evening before Theodora Van Houte, daughter of Rev. J. Van Houte, pastor of the First Reformed church here, had met sudden death by an elevator accident. She was a graduate of the Preparatory Dept. in the class of '96, and was at present pursuing her studies in the Michigan Women's Seminary at Kalamazoo.

We call attention to an article in the Century for February, describing the Wellman Polar Expedition, which went in search of Andrew last summer. The medical officer of the crew is Dr. Okman of Grand Haven, who is a graduate of our Preparatory Dept.

The installation services of Prof. Gillespie in New Brunswick Seminary have been published in pamphlet form by the Board of Publication and can be had upon request, accompanied by three cents for postage. One of the addresses is by Prof. Gillespie and will be of interest to many of his old students, in whose hearts the memory of him still lingers.

College Jottings.

EDITED BY F. E. DE MEO, M.R. AND J. A. BIRCHER, M.R.

Arrah! Beslad' an' Begaorrah! Me byes! Ould Irelan' forever! Hurrah! the big Steinway. It's almost here.

Beware of the green-goods' men, Freshmen.

Cop! At last the time for changing our yell has come. The Fifth Ward consistent aesthetic taste dictates a change.

Umbrellas is no joke.

To whom did "Patty" write first? The Fraternal Society held its last meeting at the home of Frater Visscher. Van der Meulen's "Proclamation" opened the evening to mirth and frivolity. The soft-stop of the piano interfered somewhat with the music, but everything was jolly. What did we care? Had a good time and narrowly escaped being arrested on the way home. Prepare for the oratorical contest, May 5. Support the chairman of arrangements and don't forget that college spirit can best be shown by working in unison with the faculty. "My clean father is sometimes front-singer at Van Goor's church but it sticks not so narrow how he sings."—Fedde.
A leaf from Koster's diary:
Mar. 9.—Went to the De Motte lecture this evening. I didn't go home alone either. After lecture drove so Graafschap.
Mar. 10.—Home at 4:30 this morning. I couldn't sleep, so I wrote some poetry. Stayed home from recitations to clean the horse; she was encased in a coat of mud the night before. Got a calling down from my landlord this afternoon. Decided to leave him; got a room in the Club House.

[By hooky, I won't be a "Free-silverite" in 1901.]
H. Steketee and B. Bruins, '02, have been elected as the Board of Directors of The Anchor for the ensuing year.

A constant companion I used to be.
Cooper got her, but the boys got you.

The loss of the Meliphone Journal has evidently destroyed the sense of humor of the Philomatheans. If the marshmallows need roasting, so do they.

Van Dam and the L. L. L.—Just keep right on, you will soon have them all.

An armistice was declared between Gans and "Pop" two weeks beforehand, in order that the "ancient ancestor" of the Senior class might have a pleasant face when he went to Grand Rapids, March 17, to have his picture taken.

But how funny it is the Seniors chose St. Patrick's Day. They were discreet in leaving the field to the Sophomores, since they knew they could not rely on their brass.

A. T. B.—If your girl snaps the light on you as you go, you certainly ought to take the hint.

The L. L. L. entertainment is dated for April 18. Te Kolste and Shyter will receive complimentary tickets. Bert Brock and the rest of us will have to pay twenty-five cents.

Notice the short hair in the faculty section. When was it pay-day?

Shortening has told us that he has sold what remains of his extra course ticket. We don't know who bought it or how much it comprises.

Kelly is a good deal like Louis XIV of France. "I am the Seminary."

Seniors—Photos—Theatres—Buckbeer.
We are informed that to Miss Zweiner has been awarded the honor of fondling the new piano.

Conscience objects to [-2] sections in advance in Greek.

Don't sharpen your pencil during prayers. It is against the "unwritten rules of the institution" and besides you are setting a bad example.

"Just Wait and Murmur Not Till He Comes."

We wish the faculty would read the article in Harper's Weekly of March 11, written by Casper Whitney.

Have you noticed Prof. Veghte's newfangled twang?

Look out for April Fool's Day and the German entertainment. Shafer is going to make his debut.
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