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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 lat­
est 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
Over Yeppell's Hardware Store.
Eighth St., HOLLAND, MICH

THE ANCHOR.

"Spuria in Rea."—Ps. xlii. 5.

VOLUME XII.
APRIL, 1890.
NUMBER 7.

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
ible 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 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 see 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 do you see? No trees, no 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 smash 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 snuff 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 procur-teen 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 customary 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 we have 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 climate: 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 onomatopoeic; he always should be. There will be no incongruous figures. Will people not listen, while we tell what we saw, 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. Lo! 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
the secret of Christ’s oratory? “Behold, 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 lie yet a million of parables to which the Kingdom of heaven is like, 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 had 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, wondering 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 direction. And lo! before the close of that sermon all these boys sat up straight, had folded their arms, looked and listened. 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.

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Dreams.

AND Y. TAYLOR.

Sitting 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.

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*As Such Things Go.*

Z. A. J. BOLLANDER.

"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, but..."
"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. Experiments 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, Diogenes and the other hateful; 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 commencement, 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 summer. 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 imagined state."

Pierce, Willis and Benton were senior men. Their tastes and pursuits were widely different, yet they were alike in one respect: they were hard working students. Pierce had tugged hard at the gnarled roots and tangled boughs of the Greek. In pursuit of this favorite branch he had become somewhat exclusive. In marked contrast to Pierce was the jolly Willis who could hardly be serious. He was of a literary bent and aspired to journalism. The connecting 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. Besides 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 excursion today. Dr. Gray is going to take as many as would like to go to the glacier beds by way of the new mountain railway."
"I am sorry that I cannot join you; but I promised Mrs. Forest I would read to her this afternoon. She seems so helpless in her blindness. I hope you will have an enjoyable time. Good-bye."

Edith Richmond was the most popular girl at the Crawford House. Her sunny disposition, winsome ways and utter unselfishness fully entitled her to this distinction.

The scene about the Crawford House was one of grandeur. The hotel had been wisely and beautifully located upon the sloping side of a low mountain, over whose lower parts hardly, gnarled oaks afforded pleasant shade for the strolling tourists. Scattered through the brushway lay huge bowlders, rent and rolled from the stone-swept summit where evening parties gathered in the light of huge bonfires, for song and story. From the hotel, a mountain road windingly descended to the valley. It was down this road that Edith Richmond tripped on her way to Birchwood Glen. Turning aside, she followed a well-beaten path that led to a steep precipice known as Tragic Ledge. Seating herself upon a granite rock, she gazed at the wild sublimity about her.

There were several safe paths by which to descend to the Glen from this point; but the fearless Edith knew that the rarest specimens of wild-flowers grew upon the sunny shelves of a less frequented descent called the Slide. Down this she determined to go. Seeing an unusually fine tuft of daisies, the thoughtless girl stepped out on the ledge to pluck it. The coveted treasure was almost within her grasp when the earth and rock gave way beneath her. With a scream she slid over the precipice; but fortunately, after an aerial journey of some ten feet she found herself rocking in a thick clump of elders which grew from the face of the cliff. Her position here, while not the most desirable was still extremely amusing. There she rocked like a great canary on a swaying thistle. Poor bird, she evidently dreaded flying for she chirped in a pitiful, desperate tone that sounded every whist like a cry for help.

"Where are you?" called a voice from above.

"Here, down the Slide! Come quick!"

"O I see you. Keep quiet and hold on, while I bend this sapling toward you. There, can you reach it? Take firm hold. Think you can hold on? Well now let me pull you up. Give me your hand. Safe you are, Miss!"

"O thank you! thank you! My, how foolish I was to climb way out there!"

"Courageous as well as foolish," said the young man who had performed the timely rescue.

"Pardon me, but may I ask who my brave preserver is to whom I owe my life? And the laughing eyes gazed full on his handsome face.

"On the trouble of unmasking yourself; I cannot undergo exhibition for nought," he said jestingly. Yours, please?

"Edith Richmond."

"Miss Richmond of Wilmington?"

"Yes."

"Sister of Ralph Richmond, student at Montrose?"

"Just so."

"Ralph and I are quite intimate.

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 sorrowing mummy, come get up and help me play cook. 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-n-g-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 hugeness 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 unceremoniously 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 charmed pot to the tune of
"Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

"Say Willis, you old Wizard, if you refer to that hell-broth again in the course of this repast, I will shampoo your auburn locks with this can of condensed milk."

"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 answer." "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, Willis gave vent to a prolonged whistling, and Pierce said, "the days of romance are with us still."

Edith Richmond tripped lightly along the veranda. She felt more

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 effected 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 Professor. For us this discourse could have been more opportunite. 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."

Notes and Comments.

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 alumni notes, too, will tell us of the successes of our graduates and stir us to emulation. The society notes will keep our friends informed as to what we are doing in religious and literary lines. In the locals we can show the pleasant sides of our college life, display our wit and humor, and, as well as in the editorials, in a different way, even call attention to faults that we would like to see corrected in students or professors.

There are many things that tend to make this work difficult. As we have already implied, the college paper is the voice of the students. And, where opinions call for utterance that tend to rub up against a somewhat conservative feeling in the authorities, it is a very delicate and exacting matter to so moderate these outbursts that they shall be jarring to no ear and yet shall express the sentiment so vigorously that some degree of recognition shall be given.

One of the questions that is agitating the students most at present, when the weather again calls us outside, after a long period of dreary confinement, is that of athletics. With it the question arises whether or not Hope shall be allowed to engage in football, baseball, and track athletic contests with other colleges. Of football we do not care to say anything, partly because it would be out of season and partly because we do not have much sympathy for the sport. Our views on baseball and track work are exactly in sympathy with those expressed in the articles on 'Athletics,' which appear on another page.

Another question that has been given a good deal, the not too much, of attention for the last two years is that of our social life. We thank the Ladies Literary League, for that is the same as saying all the ladies in the college, that you have done so much to entertain us, especially in the past year. Through your new spheres of competition for all, and of victory and happiness for some, have been opened. You have set new ideals before us and we hope that by attaining them we may show our appreciation.

A few words as to the paper more particularly: We hope that the students will give us still better support than they have done in the past. There are still many who are not subscribers. We fear that such are quite lacking in college spirit. If The Anchor is good enough to read if you can borrow it, certainly it is worth subscribing for.

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 paper? 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 enjoy 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 cling 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 dislikes his machine study only 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. Today, 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 se-
cure a reputation as such. As the
culture of the mind, however, necessi-
tates 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 gym-
nasium. But it should be only a
means to an end, never the end it-
self
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
soctety of our college demands too
much of the average student. Every
evening but one is taken up by some-
thing; 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 pur-
pose 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 ac-
tive one, incidental rather than pri-
mary, by the performance of duty
rather than by words.
His presence here should mean a
willingness to be good. 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 loath 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 authori-
ty. 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 accom-
plish 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 service. 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, ap-
peared 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 ludi-
crous, and entirely uncalled for; but
when he was informed that the gym-
nasium could claim a membership of
only twenty-five. Was it not reason-
able to suppose that, whereas practice
in the gymnasium is annually en-
sured, the classroom pulpit, and
base ball and foot ball daily discour-
aged, the gymnasium would soon be-
come the favorite resort of the stu-
dent, and, in time, added facilities
would be required? Statistics, how-
ever, prove that our theories as to the
probable action of the human will, un-
der forced conditions, are not always
able to be substantiated by facts. It
is also very clear that there is no en-
thusiasm among the students for gym-
nasium work.
This lack of interest in athletics
was also noticeable during the last
few years in the field sports. It is
ture, we have often seen familiar fig-
ures 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 indica-
tion 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 sel-
dom enthusiastic. The fact is, we
have at present no enthusiasm what-
ever for athletics of any kind.
The cause of this presumably de-
sirable state of affairs is easily traced.
Athletics, with the exception of gym-
nasium 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 giv-
en to study, and the intellectual stan-
ard of the college would rise in con-
sequence, has been fully realized.
But, as must always be the case in a
one-sided education, the favored side
has been abnormally developed. Ab-
normal exclusion 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 ath-
etics at Hope, and so careful obser-
ver, who has had the privilege to look
behind the scenes, will dispute it.
If such an abnormal condition is desir-
able, 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 al-
low 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 na-
tion'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 decided to take a step forward and show the result of work done in their club.

With the help of Prof. Bergen and Nykerg 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

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De Alumnis.

Rev. F. Irman, '78, of Grand Rapids, has been called to the Reformed church at Maurice, Ia.

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

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

Rev. S. Hogenboom, ’81, of Cleveland, Ohio, has been called to the Reformed church at Wormser, Montana. Rev. F. J. Zwemer, ’80, of Sheboygan Falls, Wis., and Rev. W. Stegeman, ’89, of Firth, Neb., attended the funeral services of the late Rev. A. Stegeman of North Holland. Rev. Henry Harmeling, ’88, of Alto, Wis., has been called to the pastorate of the church at Cedar Grove, Wis. Rev. J. M. Van der Meulen, ’91, of Kalamazoo, on March 11 assisted in the funeral services of Miss Theodora Van Houte, and delivered a touching address. Rev. Van der Meulen also gave an eloquent lecture on Savonarola, in Winants Chapel on March 7.

Upon request of the Faculty and students of the Seminary, Rev. J. F. Zwemer, ’70, met with the Adelphic society on March 14, and read selections from his paper on the “Origin and Success of the Western Theological Seminary,” recently read at the Western Social Conference.

Several of the Alumni are taking a stock in the sugar-beet factory. We wish them all of the profits in the undertaking, with the hope that our college may share more than half the sweetness.

Among the Societies.

C. VAN DER MEULEN, ’91.

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 Meliphone 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 pervaded each bosom, and thro’ 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

THE ANCHOR.

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.

A novel entertainment will be given on April 1st by these two societies.

The program will include music, orations, declamations, and a debate. The exercises will be entirely in the German language except the debate, the Ulfilan members of course presenting their arguments in the good old Dutch tongue.

Personal.

On the 8th of March the sad news reached 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 Andrée 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.


Arrah! Beslad’ an’ Begorrah! Me Byes! Ould Irelan foriver! Hurrah! the big Steinway. It’s almost here

Beware of the green-goods’ men, Freshmen.

Cops. At last the time for changing our yell has come. The Fifth Ward contemptible’s aesthetic taste dictates a change.

Umbrellas is no joke.

To whom did “Patsy” 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 1906.]

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 us.

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 had them all.

An armistice was declared between Gans and “Pop” two weeks before-hand, 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 Sluyter will receive complementary 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 Zweener 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.

“I Just Wait and Murnur 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 neigbors twang?

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

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