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THE ANCHOR

"Spars in Dee"

VOLUME XVII
MAY, 1904
NUMBER 6

Odes From The Antigone.

Translated into verse by Edward D. Dimnent.

Stasimon B.

Strophe A.

By heaven most blessed are they whose life tastes naught of ill.
For those whose house our God doth shake, determined Fate
Quits not, on children's children sent
Like ocean's waves in ocean's storms
When forth the dungeoned darkness of the deep
Leaps on the Maelstrom's belowering blasts,
Casts up the pall-clad sands of its grave
Tossed by the gales,
While rock-ribbed breakers pound with thundering roll!

Antistrophe A.

The woes of ancient faring Labdacid I see
On woes returning falling o'er the dying house;
Nor race frees race from rending woe—
Our God them overthrows I ween!
Gleamed hope on this last child of Oedipus—
Scythe of the gods, blood-stained, on her falls,
Gods of the world of vengeance below,
Death's drear abode,—
For vagrant speech they slay and fate-snared thought!

Strophe B.

Thy power, oh Zeus, what pride of man can stay!
Can sleep subdue which all subdues?
Can restless, rushing months prevail?
Unscarred by time, supreme thou art
Oer great Olympus' far-resplendent crest!
In time now come, in time gone by,
In time that still shall come, thy law
Rules regnant over all domain
Nor mortal life knows woe by thee unplanned!

Antistrophe B.
By devious paths hope comes to man for joy
Or wily child of wild desire!
On him who scents it not it creeps
Until he feels the scorching flame!
Of wisdom taught one spake the truth well known—
"The base doth seem to be the good
To him whose inmost thought God leads
To harsh unbending fate decreed
And briefest hour without that fate he lives."
Midst wild howling whirlwinds; with fleetwinged foot
A Boreas born on a beetling cliff;
A child of the gods!—yet on her came fate
With endless dominion o'er all, my child!

_Hyporchemo._

Strophe A.
Hail Bacchus, all-regnant! fair Semele's joy!
Thou son of great Zeus, far thundering lord!
Icaria's patron, famed to the world,
Who reignest in Deo's Eleusian vales,
Great Bacchus, all hail!
Thou ruler of Thebes, truest Bacchanal's holiest shrine,
By Ismene's streams where the Dragon's dread teeth were wide strewn!

Antistrophe A.
Thee, Bacchus, the clear flashing torch will reveal
On mountainous peaks, twice-crested on high,
Where haunt the Corycian bacchanal nymphs
And Castalia's fountains pour limpid and pure,
Thebes' guardian god!
The ivy-hung heights of the Nysian mounts hymn thy praise
And verdure clad hills with the joy-motived carols resound.

Strophe B.
"Greatest of states,"—thou hast honored our land for thy mother's fame,
Seared by the scathing stroke!—
Now lend thine aid, great god!
Sorely our state is sick—
Haste with thy healing hand, speed to Parnassus' resplendent mount
Over the storm-swept surge!

Antistrophe B.
Hail, thou great lord of yon revelling stars in their lumined dance,
Marshalling night's low notes,
Son of Olympic Zeus,—
Come, mighty king, to us—
Come with thy nymphs thro' the frenzied night chanting thy worship wild—
Bacchus, our sovereign god!"

_Athletics, The Antigone etc._

With the advent of warmer weather base ball has fairly begun. Capt. Van der Laan has about made up the team which is to meet Kalamazoo College on April 30th. The men who are assured of a position are the following: Van der Laan, Kelder, Bush, Nies, Vruwink, Schouten and Duven. If the two men yet to be added to this list are to be of similar ability in the ball-playing line we are going to have a team that deserves all the support we can give it. Support in the way of grateful appreciation, encouragement and enthusiastic rooting we are all rooting to give it. Financial support is to come, in part at least, from the presentation, on May 27th, of the Antigone of Sophocles.

This is the first time in Hope's history that one of the ancient Greek classics is to be presented by its students. We are not, however, pioneers in this line. The Antigone has already been given with success at Toronto University, Harvard, Oberlin, Beloit and other schools. The very first efforts towards the staging of Greek plays were made by the educator, John Sturm, who made participation in such work a requirement in the Calvinistic Schools of Germany. The presentation at Hope is to occur in the Chapel on May 27th.
very great interest, even apart from a consideration of the intrinsic worth of the Antigone, for, in the first place, all the work is being done by our own faculty and students. The translation of the dialogue and choruses that is going to be used is the work of Prof. E. D. Dimnent '96. The speakers are all of them college students whose ability in oratory and declamation has been frequently demonstrated. The male chorus composed of college students, does magnificent work in the interpretation of the powerful emotion and consummate art of the lyrical passages of the Antigone.

The second reason for our interest in the Antigone is that the proceeds of its presentation are to go to the Athletic Association. The loyal support of the students ought accordingly to strengthen athletic interests which many of us so earnestly desire and work for. Tickets are to be sold at 35 and 50 cents. Don't forget to buy some!

Council Meeting.

The council of Hope College held its regular spring session on the 20th and 21st of April. Dr. Kollen gave a very encouraging and enthusiastic report of the past school year. The relation between faculty and students was commented on as very harmonious, and the addition to the college of a more complete department of music noted.

Thus far no change in the faculty has been made for the ensuing year. The students, one and all, will be glad to hear that Prof. Raap has been made permanent professor with an increased salary. Prof. Raap has very much stimulated interest in the study of Dutch, and viewing the earnest work of the professor, one could easily anticipate the action of the council in this particular. One other matter before the council was the resignation of the Educational Agent, Rev. J. J. Van Zanten, owing to ill-health. Rev. Van Zanten has been very earnestly presenting the needs of the college among many of our churches, and so considering that it would be unjust to permit another to reap the immediate fruits of his well directed labor, the council refused to accept his resignation but instead granted him a vacation.

Yet of all the timely actions of this appreciative body none seemed more appropriate than the special vote of thanks extended to Dr. Kollen. For thirty three years he has faithfully and enthusiastically served the college in an official capacity. He has been the guiding spirit of that material prosperity that is seen all about us. He has wisely held in check the sincere, but sometimes too youthful, enthusiasm of the students, and withal has retained their regard and affection. As the voice of the student body the Anchor adds its word of appreciation to the sincere tribute paid our president by the council.

A pleasing accompaniment of the council meeting was a short address to the students by Rev. Isaac Gowan of Weehawken, N. J. Dr. Gowan led devotional exercises and then briefly pointed out a few lessons useful to the young collegian. He recalleed his own college days when Gowan of '77 and Veghte of '79 were Rutger's base ball battery—how he too delighted in ball games and tennis; and then he spoke of his love and sympathy for college students. Surely if the council members take an interest in our athletic sports, we ought to be more enthusiastic in giving both moral and financial support, especially at this time, to our base ball team.

Spring Fever.

In the garden of Eden there was no college, no faculty and no students. Never a college yell rent the air in Paradise and books were not yet printed, for those first parents of ours were good. So the tempter had no other way of tempting mankind than with an apple. If those first parents of ours had been students he would have sent them a beautiful spring day and before nightfall two dots resting side by side on the Eden College Record would have told future generations of the irrevocable fall of man.

This bit of speculation rests on fact. Consult any record-book, ask any professor, they all—the record-books and the professors who take delight in making the record-books—tell the same story. When the grass begins to shoot, a certain disease presents itself among the student bodies which raises records nowhere except with the man at the soda fountain. Learned men who ought to know call this manifestation "Spring Fever."

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The term needs some elucidation. There are many kinds of diseases rampant during spring and some of these might be confused with the one under discussion. When a student starts to shirk his duties during Spring and "skips" recitations and does nothing but loafing in the afternoon and idling in the evening, he has no right to claim that he is affected with the classic

al old-time spring fever. Neither is sitting in your room with your heels on the table and a cloud of tobacco smoke witnesses the first symptom of this high and exalted affliction. We would rather call that laziness, although we agree that "spring fever" sounds better in the class room as an excuse for not knowing your lessons.

These symptoms already mentioned are too coarse. Spring fever is more delicate, it has that indefinite hazy but widely differentiating touch which we miss entirely in an ordinary unclassical case of laziness. It is the product of nature in her most enchanting mood, the natural outcome of brightening heavens and awakening blossoms. It is hard to designate the exact shade of difference between spring fever and laziness but their vastly differing products prove that they do differ essentially. The result of laziness is nothing—and more laziness which creates a still greater vacancy in the nothing. The result of spring fever on the other hand is poetry—and dreams and enchanting visions. The result of laziness is no lessons at all. The result of spring fever is the discovering of hidden beauties and deeper meanings in lessons which otherwise seemed dry and prosaic; although we allow that there may not be quite as high a standing on the record books as at other times.

This last fact is probably due to the unfitness of some subjects for spring study. Spring is no time for abstract reasoning nor the writing of massive Websterian orations. Spring is nature's own time for poetry. Autumn makes us reason, winter reflect, but spring makes us fancy. Then our fancies, no longer bound and blasted by winter's ice and wind, no longer oppressed, by a dull sky laden with snow, soar aloft with springs own winged songsters and revel in the delight of blue heavens and caroling sunbeams. On such days poets write poetry for lovers of poetry to read. These symptoms we believe to be the true symptoms of the true spring fever. Not enough attention is being paid to the beautiful in life, at least in our college. Therefore we advise everyone to get in the way of this disease. Take a walk out into the woods, go alone if circumstances will not admit two, and the air will infect you without effort on your part. We know that love of beauty and poetry will not aid you materially in accruing a fortune or writing a dry sermon on election, but it will keep you from thinking that these two are all in life. If more students took more care in cultivating poetry within themselves, we would perhaps have less discussion on infant damnation but certainly a greater appreciation of life in all its phases.

A Meditation.

In the halcyon days of yore men loved their poets. There was much cause for this, not only in the more sympathetic and appreciative temperament of the ancients, but as well in the frequent signs of frenzied and yet sustained inspiration given by the poets of the ancients. On the one hand, what more inspiration yielding audience can one imagine than the warriors of Hellas gathered in the agora of their camping-ground after a day's heroic battle? These men were no pigmies; yet in their own eyes they seemed no more when the poet chanted to them of Homer's heroes and Hesiod's gods, and as the wildly-leaping flames of the camp-fires cast a strong, the fitful glare upon the jagged rocks and mountains that made Greece the home of liberty's chosen race, these warriors bent in an attitude of eager strained attention toward the bard who told them the tales of their fathers. What wonder that the poet felt the psychic impulse and yielded his soul to the influences of that impulse and of the greater impulse that the divine pours with passionate flow into the heart of the singer, chanted songs that never die nor fade away. But not only their listeners made the ancient poets great. There is about themselves a simplicity, strength and beauty of unforced and unaffected inspiration that gives them the clearest title to the name of poet of all those who have been devoted of the muse. The ancients then loved their poets, both because their poets were great enough to write noble verse and the people great enough to understand it.
It is different in our day, and we say this not with any desire to complain, for each age has its own characteristics and we would not that any age should be a mere repetition of one of its predecessors, for that age would of all ages have the most wretched. Yet the glamour that the past throws over its own achievements always enchants and makes things loom up before us in larger, clearer light, so that we love what our fathers said or did more than what we ourselves say and do. And so it makes the brooding spirit sad to think that the days of sympathy and appreciation are past and that the cruel reign of criticism has set in. We, too, love our poets—only, however, after we have criticized; after the ambitious music of their words has been transformed into the unassuming speech of ordinary life; after the intense, consuming heat of their verse has been shown to be kindled by a false enthusiasm after all, then we condescend to admire what we have not destroyed, to worship what we have not desecrated, to love what our coldness does not bid us hate.

He would be foolhardy, however, who would claim that what we do admire and worship and love is not the beaten gold of the furnace, the silver refined in the crucible. So even criticism has its function—let me rather say it has a most important function—in the development of that written heritage of a race or an age which is its most abiding claim to immortality. It is well that man has not always remained the child, whose instinct is that of obedience rather than independence, of admiration rather than investigation. Since criticism and the spirit of criticism is a manifestation of this progress from the child into the man, we dare not condemn it and if it be of good, that as, if it be an element in our evolution toward the ideal, our remonstrance could not crush it anyway.

And it will not be crushed!—not until it has performed its assigned task; until it has rid the enlightenment of the 20th century of the ignorant brawlings of the poetaster who might have done well enough in the days of darkness with his uninspired and vaunting efforts; not until it has taught even our greatest poets to be true only and always to the greatest in them. In that day, perhaps, criticism and genius shall unite to write the epic of science, the triumph-song of religion.

X. Y. Z. O.

*Knickerbocker Club.*

Here we gather, former brothers
In a club we loved full well;
What it meant we'll tell to others
For its tale each one can tell.

Knickerbocker did we call it,
Knickerbocker was its name,
None then knew what would befall it;
All were hoping for its fame.

Now the golden bowl is broken
On a shelf in memory's home;
But the kind words that were spoken
Linger still where'er we roam.

Recollection! what a pleasure!
Ne'er from us must thou depart;
Sweeter moments none can treasure
Than communion with thy heart.

Past, thou art a living mirror,
Showing all the days gone by;
Thou revealst every error,
And thou knowest the reason why.

Rocks on which the Present leaneth
Are the tombs of ancient years;
Harvests, which the Present gleaneth,
Fields of strife and endless tears.

Present, thou art our recorder,
In thy hands we cast our lot;
Future, thou art our rewarder,
Whether we were true or not.

One short interval the Present,
One brief moment is the Now;
Were it longer, 'twere less pleasant,
Future would we never know.

As diviners we're not gifted,
At the oracle we're dumb,
But the Past's dim fold is lifted
And she whispers gently, "Come."

* There once existed in this college a literary philosophical society called the Knickerbocker Club. This poem was read at its last meeting.

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Through her portals we meander,
    Down her aisles we hasten on.
In the midst of glory wander
    O'er a life in glory won.
Then were days with joy enchanted,
    Then with life were we in tune.
Deep within our souls were planted
    Beams poetic, bright as noon.
When we closed our eyes in slumber
    Knickerbocker was our dream.
When we lisped a tuneful number
    Knickerbocker was our theme.
But the K. C. now is ended,
    We will meet here never more;
Yet our thoughts are ever blended
    With the men that we adore.
When our aged locks are hoary
    From all struggle and from strife,
We can tell this simple story
    To inspire a younger life.

J. Julius Steffens, '04.

The new league organized in our midst some time ago does not seem to be in popular favor.

We think this is due to the ignorance of the students in regard to its purpose and work. Our league is a branch of the State Prohibition League and as such it carries on practically the same kind of work. It meets every alternate Thursday, at present; a program is carried out and then we proceed to business. The session lasts about one hour. We did not organize this league in Hope college because we thought that the students used alcoholic liquors or because we thought that they were working or expected to work for the support and increase of the liquor traffic: on the contrary the league was organized to make a thorough study of the liquor question in a civil, political and moral light and to agitate the prohibition question. Certainly there is not a single student in Hope College who does not know that the greatest evil of the time and the darkest curse of our beloved country is the liquor traffic!

Now, fellow students, there are two chief reasons why each one of us should work with all his might against the saloon. First, it is your duty to your country to fight against this menacing danger to civil rights, prosperity, success, happiness, advancing civilization and a glorious nation with a strong government. The second and most important reason— It is your duty which you owe to your God. We are placed here to further the cause of Christ, to advance His kingdom. Then down with the kingdom of Satan and victory for the kingdom of God!

We know, fellow students, that we, by joining this great movement, are working in accordance with the Bible and in harmony with God's will, therefore we are assured of His blessing. Remember that you are your brother's keeper and upon you part of the guilt will fall if he is led astray by the saloon. Think of the Master's words, "Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh."

P. Jonker, President.

De Alumni.

The bond between Alumni and students of Old Hope will be strengthened by the second year's work of the Educational Agent, in which work the Rev. J. J. Van Zanten, '80, will continue. The pride we feel in the heritage left us by the pioneers is heightened this year because of the Semi-Centennial anniversary of the graduation of the first class from the pioneer school, or "Holland Academy," as it was later called. The members of the Class of 1854 were Jacob Van der Meulen, Christian Van der Veen, John Mokkeleokate, and Edward H. T. Taylor. The two former men were for many years well known and successful ministers in the Reformed church. Since 1854, 677 young men and young women have received diplomas from the Preparatory school. And though our col-

The Anchor—554
The Rev. Dr. A. Oltmans, '83, and family en route to Japan write from Honolulu of the voyage to that port. By this time they should have reached Japan and no doubt Dr. Oltmans feels very much at home, even though he will be engaged for the first time in the educational work, and will be transferred from the South Japan to the North Japan mission.

We don't want you to forget That Our
SODA FOUNTAIN
is in operation. That our Soda is the best that can be served. That our Ice Cream is the finest that can be bought. That our Fountain is entirely sanitary. That all the glassware and all the service is entirely clean.
The Seniors have long ago abandoned the idea of recitations and now have only class meetings.

"Doc" finds his big nose quite an inconvenience in the laboratory when using a microscope. Never mind, it might be worse.

Red roses! Sympathy! - J. V.

Everybody is expected to attend the Antigone, May 27th.

The game with Kalamazoo College resulted in a defeat for Hope, 7 to 0.

A. C. Dykema has applied for a job wheeling chairs at the St. Louis Expedition.

Say, boys, what's the matter with Gowan? Three cheers for Rutger's catcher of '79!

Three cheers for Mr. Visscher!

Three cheers for Prof. Van der Meulen!

Three cheers for Dr. Bergen!

Kregel—"My name appears in the Anchor too often."

The track team is very strong: Nichols runs the dash in 4:00 flat and Van Houten puts the brick 29:8. Athletics are flourishing: Ham bought a glove; Vruwink broke a finger; Van der Laan got a hit; Poppen stopped a grounder; Andreae caught a fly.

Prof. Sutphen—"Who was Diomed?"

Dalenberg—"He was the man that defeated Xerxes at Tours."

Prof.—"Yes, and at the battle of Cannae fought with Washington against Grant."

Prof. Nykirk—Who was court-carpenter to Shakspeare?

Stegenga—I don't know but he had red hair and was born February 8th, 1560.

I make a motion that we each pay eight dollars to send delegations to Lakeside.

"For twenty-five years I haven't smoked and won't smoke for twenty five years to come—if I live."

There is a new society on the campus. It's object is raising wild goats. Stegenga and Visscher charter members.

The baseball team has secured new suits. The boys look like the real thing in them. Bonthuis, however, says there is not enough color in them: he would prefer sky-blue orange trimmed with sea green red.

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Exports From Adam's Diary:

April 1—Visited The Book Store today. Bought a set of Twentieth Century Encyclopedia. A bargain: tells all about how my descendants will live in the year 2000 A.D.—P. S. Guess I'll go there again as I see they have fine Stationary there and I want it to write a letter to Eoe.
Lost, strayed or stolen a hogshead of pineapple ice. Reward, a free course in Surveying and Calculus. Sentence on perpetrator—according to Attorney Van Duren, life imprisonment; according to Dr. Kollen, dismissal from college and five dollars fine; according to Prof. Kleinheksel, a hearty laugh and hand shake. Sheriff Van Duren’s evidence is as follows: Prof. Veghte left the party early that night; Prof. Dorr was seen in the laboryory after midnight; Van Zomeren and Seely were sick next day; Stegenga and Kruizeuza found the freezer in the morning. Andreea has a lame arm; Kolya a spot on his coat which will not out; Poppen lasted for a week. Suspicion points strongly to Van der Schoor and Ruisard, but Miss R-k-n says that if it happened before one o’clock, Van der Schoor did not do it; and Miss W— says if it was before three o’clock Ruisard did not do it. The sheriff will produce the rest of his evidence at the spring setting of the Inferior Court.

See Lokker-Rutger Co’s. Ad on the back cover.

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