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Oxford Letter.

Oxford, England, April 1, 1907.

Dear "Anchorites"—A son of Hope who weighed anchor and sailed towards the land of the rising sun, because beckoned on by the gleam of the "vision splendid," after a nine months' separation from the land of his birth, looks back across the vista of land and water to find that the alma mater looms up brightened and broadened through the perspective of time and distance. Truly, the time of separation is not long, still it is quite sufficient for one, when freed from a multitude of cares, to obtain a fresh breathe in, and to arrive at a certain state of assurance resulting from taking an inventory.

I have been requested to tell you something about Oxford and the English, and I am glad that I am allowed to choose this vehicle, the informal letter, for conveying to you my impressions of a great university and a great people; for to do adequate justice to this theme in a formal way, one needs the historian's qualities of balance and discrimination, and the pen of a ready writer. Volumes have been written bearing on the beauty of Oxford, as well as on its history, academic and political. Artists for the last three centuries have vied with each other in adequately reproducing the beauty of its Gothic turrets and towers.

First impressions of people are often wrong impressions. My first experience with Oxford, a year or two ago, was not altogether encouraging. I had addressed one of the functionaries, asking him to send me a copy of the Student's Manual, and enclosing the necessary money therefor. The reply came promptly and definitely enough: "Sir—This is no
look shop. Send to, etc." This looked rather unsure to in-
ioffensive me, and more curt than courteous. However, my
seven months of experience with the English has quite oblit-
erated my first impression, for I could not desire more polite
and kind treatment than has been accorded me here. I be-
lieve this to be the general testimony of foreigners. In
America, do we not sometimes forget to take the time to be
courtious? Certainly, in England, and on the continent, too,
children are far more polite than in the states, while the
respect the students have for the professors and heads of col-
leges is remarkable and commendable. Oxford students are
kept sub feta with gracious, not sullen, consent. "Rags"
are very infrequent, and the former bloody fights between
"town and gown" have discontinued with the use of bow and
arrow as weapons of warfare. Here is a pose: Is the lack of
respect for elders and superiors in America the forfeit we
are forced to pay for our free and democratic institutions; or are we cultivating among some classes the stern Puritanic
virtues and qualities of character, to the exclusion of the
grates and refinements of life? At first blush, it seems to me
that either of these hypothetical causes would be adequate to
produce the condition.

I believe it was in Alphonse Daudet's "Tartarin Sur les
Alpes" that I came across the idea that an Englishman resents
being addressed unless the person venturing on such familiar-
ity is formally and properly introduced. On the whole, this
is an erroueous idea, and must be charged to the Frenchman's
pique. I, too, have met at the Rigi Kulm the traveled people
of all nations, and have found the English there as affable as
the Americans, the Dutch, the French and Germans. Only, it
behooves an American to be on his guard against one thing,
if he desires to maintain the entente cordiale; that is, he must
scrupulously refrain from making comparisons in favor of his
own country, of things sublime and imposing. The pardon-
able sin of Mother England is, an ill-repressed jealousy of her
run-away daughter, Miss Columbia. This crops out in the
most subtle way in the London newspaper editorials, which,
on the slightest occasion, will speak patronizingly or correct-
ively of their great Anglo-Saxon rival. On the other hand, one
cannot but admire the grace and fairness of the English
editors' condemnation of Gov. Swettenham's recent conduct
in Jamaica. And, mirabile dictu!—to such an extent have the
English forgotten 1775 that in the national gallery in London,
among England's kings and queens, one may find the portraits
of such arch-rebels as Washington and Franklin, the latter
still remembered for the facetious way in which he closed one
of his official letters to parliament: "You are our enemy, and
I am—Truly yours, B. Franklin."

Perhaps the serious Senior wonders what kind of creature
the English lady is. Well, many of them have Ida's inde-
pendence of mind, and are knocking at preference's door. The
conservative university, however, only allows them to attend
lectures and to sit for examinations, but denies them all
degrees. The general attitude towards woman may be ex-
pressed by quoting Tennyson's famous epigram:

"Man for the field and woman for the hearth;
Man for the sword, and for the needle she,
Man with the head, and woman with the heart;
Man to command and woman to obey!"

The italics are mine, not that they quite express my
opinion, but to signify that the English and, for that matter,
all the European nations still emphasize this relationship be-
tween the, to unequal, sexes. Many men here still hold
with Milton, that "one tongue is enough for any woman." They
desire that the weaker vessel shall be domestic—"not
learned save in gracious household ways." On this side of the
Atlantic, women even think that the American lady has too
easy a time of it, and demands too much gallant attention
from the men. A German Frau remarked to me last summer
that such treatment of woman must tend to her total loss of
character. Will some one of my fair readers disabuse the
Tenton's mind of its medieval nightmare?

At this pass I seem to hear you ask me: What made you
go to Oxford for your sabbatical exploit, rather than to Har-
vard, or Johns Hopkins, or some other great American univer-
sity? My answer is that it is the only logical thing for an
instructor in English to do. I am here with a score or more
of graduates from various American colleges and universities.
Does not Oxford have a distinct English school? A half
dozens years ago she woke up to the fact that the days of pure
The Author

...and for all that logic and the grammatical set as good culture studies, that the English language and literature furnish a rich thesaurus for the development of both mind and character; and today, at classic Oxford, one may obtain a B. A. degree after completing three or four years of study in simply and so-called nothing but English. It is worth the game to come in touch with such world-famous scholars as Dr. Napier, unexcelled as a student of Anglo-Saxon, or with the gracious student and author, Professor Walter A. Raleigh, descendant of the Elizabethan knight of similar name. Would that Oxford might have awakened to the cultural possibilities of English, a hundred years ago, so that it had not been left to Thorkelin, the Dane, to discover Beowulf.

Then think of the attraction that the great Bodleian library, with its one million books, yields, not to mention the Taylorian and the various college libraries. Bye the bye, you have all heard of the Shakespearean folio of 1623. And, truly, this would not be an orthodox Oxford letter, unless it contained some "local color" Latin—for did not the Vice-Chancellor receive us in Latin, and are not the statutes printed in Latin? Anent a recent great acquisition by the Bodleian, note the following from our Vice-Chancellor's address:

"Ecce novi aliquid e Bibliotheca Bodleiana! Exemplar vetustissimum Shakesperianorum dramatum in Bibliotheca quondam repositum ii qui tune erant Curatores ut super-vacancum divendunt."

But here is something that may touch "Hopefuls" in a tenderer spot. In searching the other day in one of the Bodleian catalogues for Zupitza's works, I stumbled most fortunately on the following: "Topsy-turvy Land" by S. M. and Amy F. Zwemer; "Arabia, the Cradle of Islam," and "Raymond Lull, First Missionary to the Moslems" by S. M. Zwemer. Do you wonder this find awoke within me a feeling of at-home-ness? Note other instances that bred familiarity: I daily pass by a building flying the sign of "Hope and Anchor," and, gentle reader, strange to say, without any strong
compulsion to enter. The sign graces (say rather is disgraced by) and English public house, or saloon, as we should call it in America. Then, more agreeable to tell, there is the “Hope Collection” of rare prints in the Bodleian, and in the university, the “Hope Department of Zoology” and the “Hope Library of Entomology.” May the shades of the classic Oxonian worthies bless us! We are in the sublime company of Coke, Groceyn, More, Erasmus, Johnson, Addison, De Quincey, Shelley, Newman, the Arnolds and Gladstone!

Again consider the literary traditions of Oxford and its environs. Tempting as these may seem, I have not here built my “Castle of Indolence.” We are here within walking (?) distance from Wantage, where King Alfred was born; from Cumnor, where the Earl of Leicester lived with Amy Robsart, made immortal in Scott’s Kenilworth; from Godstow, where lived at times and was buried the “Fair Rosamond” of Henry II, familiar to readers of Tennyson’s “Dream of Fair Women” and Scott’s “Woodstock”; and from Woodstock, once a kingly seat, where, within the Royal Lodge, Rosamond’s Tower used to stand.

“The King, therefore, for his defence
Against the furious Queen,
At Woodstock builded such a bower,
As never yet was seen.
Most curiously that bower was built,
Of stone and timber strong;
An hundred and fifty doors
Did to this bower belong:
And they so cunningly contrived,
With turnings round about,
That none but with a clew of thread
Could enter in or out.”

Thus reads an ancient ballad. Scenes and incidents in the lives of these two women will constitute two of the great historical pageants that are to be presented at Oxford the latter part of June.” No money or labor is spared to make these a great success, and royalty has promised to be present.

Or walk down the English lanes with me, bordered by hedges in full bloom; or climb the Cumnor range, or Shotover
or Bear's Hill, and look down upon Oxford and tell her immemorial charis and Gothic towers; listen with Shelley to the chafed sky lark, whose song suggests it "never knew love's sad satire"; or, of a silly night, listen with Matthew Arnold to the twain-throated nightingale, whose voluptuous notes ring with "eternal passion, eternal pain"; or with Mrs. Browning:

"View the ground's most gentle dimplement
(As if God's finger touched but did not press)
In making England.) Such an up and down
Of verdure—nothing too much up or down,
A ripple of land; such little hills, the sky
Can stoop to tenderly and the wheatfields climb;
Such nooks of valleys lined with orchises,
Fed full of noises by invisible streams;
And open pastures where you scarcely tell
White daisies from white dew,—at intervals
The mythic oaks and elm trees standing out
Self-poised upon their prodigy of shade,—

and you will no longer wonder that Matthew Arnold dreamed here of "Thyrisis" and "The Scholar-Gypsy." Or, again, punt with me up the sylvan-bordered Cherwell, stopping to least your eyes on Magdalen Tower and "Addison's Walk," and you will understand whence came his inspiration, his elegant ease and grace of style.

"To be continued.)

MACBETH ONCE MORE.

Now that Count Tolstoy has arraigned the whole world on the charge of Shakespeare worship, it requires no little temerity to confess a liking for the great dramatist. And yet, coming back to Shakespeare after other activities have for some years made me neglect him, I can not help being rash enough to confess more liking than ever. Defects in Shakespeare none have ever denied; yet what kind of vision must be which sees only defects? To me his dramas have always been a wide land of God's own plenty. There is technical and poetical excellence in abundance; single characters the creation of which alone made greatness doubly sure; deep intuitive readings of the heart and penetrative vision of life's subtle forces—and what not to proclaim the myriad-minded! One thing in Shakespeare, however, has always more than anything fascinated me—the problem of sin in Macbeth. Never more truly was the mirror held up to nature.

The great problem of sin and the sinner is so worked out, that even an inadequate discussion of some of its phases may give some proof of the greatness of the poet. One of the saddest phases of life is the fell power of secret sin to hurry a man beyond what himself or his best friends can possibly suspect. So a reputation easily becomes the hollow shell from which this hidden worm has gnawed the character, needing only a touch to make it crumble. Within the bounds of dramatic technique could this be more artistically shown than in this drama? Act 1 scene 2 shows us Macbeth through the eyes of others,—a great man loyal and courageous, a peerless character. How soon does the great poet make it evident that reputation lags behind character, that the real Macbeth has become very different, a disloyal envious wretch who has not only cherished the thought of murdering his king but has sworn to it with terrible oaths. The Macbeth that others see is a Macbeth of the past, a pale wraith of what the man once was, beyond which he has been hurried far. A man's real self is what he is in thought, though his deeds lag. Well has the great poet shown the sad, pregnant truth that a man's reputation is only what he once was himself is worse or better.

Not less clearly does the drama set before us the truth that sin is not in the world about us but in the heart. The fault is not in the stars but in the man himself. The weird sisters are used only to show us that Macbeth is his own worst enemy. They prophecy that Macbeth shall be king—only that: but he at once decides that it must be by murder of the present king. They prophecy that Banquo's children shall be kings; Macbeth decides to murder Banquo's son to prevent it. So far from being able to charge his downfall to these prophecies, he cooperated or opposed to suit himself. This same powerlessness of the outer world to mold character is made more evident by the effective contrast between Macbeth and Banquo. Banquo had just as much reason according to the prophecies to begin plotting and murdering as Macbeth, but he didn't, nor was his rectitude shaken. The condition of
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their hearts, not the prophecies, was decisive. In this aspect the great drama is, it seems to me, the best comment that could ever be written on the words: “Let no man when he is tempted say I am tempted of God; but each man is tempted when he is drawn away by his own lust.”

The poet’s revelation of the fatality and fatality of sin is staggering. It is worked out with a nicety almost microscopic. The fatality of sin is the sinner’s delusion that he can sin and escape the consequences. Macbeth’s conscience warns him that the murder of Duncan will not be the “end-all”; yet he commits murder at his wife’s suggestion that the guilt may be laid on others. He murders Banquo to make himself safe, and Macduff’s family to be doubly safe, apparently blind now to the certainty that if one sin is dangerous a second will only be more so. Can there be anything stronger in literature than this picture of Macbeth warned by conscience “that we still have judgment here,” yet deliberately putting out the light of moral reason and then plunging further and further into sin? And what a dreadful fatality attends the man—that tragic inevitable return of the deed upon the doer. Knowing his thoughts of murdering to be wicked, he nevertheless imparts them to his wife; the penalty is that when he wavers she spurs him on. He murders the grooms to divert suspicion; the penalty is that he strengthens suspicion. He murders Banquo to make his throne sure; the penalty is that the similarity to the previous case fastens upon him the guilt of not only the murder of Banquo, but that of Duncan also. He puts out the light of conscience and turns for guidance to the supernatural; by the supernatural he is betrayed. He tries to guard himself against Macduff, but by murdering the latter’s family, he rouses Macduff to revenge, and that too at the very moment when Macduff was decided to let him alone.

Could there be a more striking illustration of the great tragic law of life, “Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap?”

These are but a few instances drawn from the play; there is more—the whole case of Lady Macbeth is left untouched. The sleep-walking scene, both for its own intensity and because there is concentrated in it the awful struggle of all her past, is utterly beyond compare. Now all these things are to my mind great by every technical law of the drama; but they are greater by as much as they are a vision of life and its forces which this world can never outgrow. They are great with an enduring greatness.

“The pages of thy book I read,
And as I closed each one,
My heart responding ever said,
‘Servant of God, well done!’

“Where is the victory of the grave?
What dust upon thy spirit lies?
Time keeps sacred the life it gave:
The prophet never dies.”

——

EXCELSIOR.

De avond viel. ’t Was koud en ouer.
Onlangs het vergevorderd uur,
Kwam door een Alpendorpje
Een jongeling, heffende een vaan,
Watop ‘k de vreemde leus zag staan:
“Excelsior!”

Zijn blik was somber, ’t oog schiet naar
En blok, als sterren aan ’t azuur,
Terwijl zijn zil’ren stemme
Klinkt als de toneen der klaren,
En riep, zoo helder, onder ’t spoên:
“Excelsior!”

Uit d’ Alpenhuizen blok hem ’t licht
Van’t haardvuur helder in’t gezicht,
Terwijl de gletschers ginder
Spookachtig schenen in den nacht.—
Nog hoorde men den kreet, schoon zacht:
“Excelsior!”

“Blijf hier! mijn zoon!” zoo klinkt een stem.
Een oude dorpling waarschuw t hem,
Voor allerlei gevaren.
“Niets dat den weesten bergstroom stuit!”
Maar door den storm klinkt ver en luid:
“Excelsior!”
"Och, blijf!" zoo dringt een meisje hem.
"Rust aan dez' borst!" zoo klinkt haar stem.
Vol meêlijk zijn haar woorden.
―En 't hel, blauw oog vertoont een traan.
Toch—zuchtend—roep't hij onder 't gaan:
   "Excelsior!"

"De dorre pijntok dreigt u, vriend!"
De diepe afgrond gaapt, ver-slindt!
'd Ontzaggelijke lawinen ."
Zoo klinkt een stem, als laatst: "Slaap wel!"
Een stem kerklonk van boven, schel:
   "Excelsior!"

En als hij 't vroegste morgenlicht,
't Gebed wordt tot den Heer gericht
Zoo vaak reeds opgewonden
Door St. Bernardus' monnikschaar,
Klinkt luid van boven, hel en klaar:
   "Excelsior!"

De honden speuren dra—en ach,—
Een jong'ling was het, die daar lag,
Half in de sneeuw begraven;
'd IJskou'e band hield de banier
Nog vastgeklemd; nog las men hier:
   "Excelsior!"

Daar in de scheenring, koud en grijs,
Lag hij, zoo schoon, maar koud als ijs.
Het leven was gevloden . . .
Maar van den hemel, hoog en ver,
Klonk, vallend als een heldre stem:
   "Excelsior."

(Naar Longfellow )

A. RAAP.

A SAD REMINISCENCE OF 1880.

The beauty of autumn with its rich coloring of red and yellow and golden brown had not yet disappeared from forest and field; for it was the middle of October and Nature's process of disrobing was not completed. Though the sun was bright and the skies were clear there was everywhere the suggestion of approaching change. Now the shifting weather-vane swept the whole circle of the compass in one brief minute, the next moment there was an ominous quiet and a weird stillness—Nature's prediction of storm.

It was a Friday night and about the middle of October, 1880. On the Goodrich dock, in Grand Haven, everything was stir and commotion for the steamer Alpena was soon to cast off her lines and start on the night trip to Chicago. It is estimated that she had a passenger list, that fateful night, of from 50 to 70, and a crew of about 25 or 30—hence between 60 and 100 precious lives, not one of whom was to reach the opposite shore, not one to live to tell the sad story of the heartrending scenes he witnessed. Captain Nelson Napier was in command.

At 9:30 p.m. the Alpena cast off and began her voyage. At one o'clock that night she met her companion steamer, the "Muskegon," in midlake. Each saluted the other, brave Captain Napier little thinking this was his last salute to the sistership.

There was a strong west wind which gained strength and velocity as the hours passed until it was one of the fiercest gales that ever swept Lake Michigan. On Saturday forenoon the ill-fated Alpena was seen off the Wisconsin shore vainly attempting to crawl to windward to reach shelter. Her cargo had shifted, she was badly listing and apparently unmanageable. As the day advanced the storm increased and the helpless steamer was driven back towards the Michigan shore. Oh, what hours of terrible anxiety these must have been! The elements at war, the sea raging, the heavens black and not a ray of hope.

Experienced seamen believed that the breaking up of the steamer occurred not far from the Michigan coast and west of Holland harbor, for the wreckage was found all along our
shore for a distance of twenty miles. On the beach, which has since been known as "Alpena Beach," and to the north and south of it much wreckage was found. Here the steamer's piano drifted ashore, also parts of her cabin and hull and several of the dead. Oh, what a desolate beach it was that sad October! The people of this vicinity and the students of the '80's will never forget it.

Special trains, loaded with relatives and friends of the lost, came to our little city, our hotel accommodations were overtaxed, the leading newspapers of Chicago and other places had their reporters on the field, every day brought its sad crowd of spectators and every day brought new revelations from the deep. One of these was picked up by our good professor, Dr. Charles Scott, as he was walking along the shore. It was a short message in lead pencil, that had been entrusted to the waves in a bottle and it said: "Oh, we are having a terrible time—the boat is all breaking up!" and it was signed, "George Connor." On the Sabbath following, Dr. Scott preached in one of our city churches. He spoke touchingly of the sad experiences of the week and at the close of the service asked his audience to sing the hymn entitled, "Prayer for those at Sea."

"Star of peace to wanderers weary!
Bright the beams that smile on me;
Clear the pilot's vision, dreary.
Far, far at sea."

"Star of hope, gleam on the billow;
Bless the soul that sighs for Thee,
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow.
Far, far at sea."

To the boys of the '80's that hymn has ever after had a new and fuller meaning. As they sing it there comes back the memory of the long and sandy Alpena road, the windy days, the stormy lake, the far stretches of shore covered with wreckage, the angry waves casting the dead on the beach, and the sad procession of relatives and friends of the lost searching the shore for their dear ones or looking anxiously out to sea.

HENRY BOERS.

TO A MAIDEN.

From Anacreon.*

Come, noblest artist's skill,—
Paint, noblest artist's hands,—
Thou prince of Rhodian art.—
Though she be gone, attend
And limn my lover's grace.
Paint first for me her hair
So soft, her tresses dark,
And,—if thy brush have power,
The breath of myrrh is theirs.
Now crown the profiled cheek
Beneath her raven locks
With brow of ivory white.
Part not the eyebrow's arch
Nor blend; but, as she is,
With grace that courts the fact
Portray the darkening curve
And let her glance, if truth,
From fire's alembic dart—
Now flash Athena's own,
Now limpid Venus' look.
Her nose, her cheek, give hue
Of rose in milk's embrace;
Her lip as Peitho's ** lip
Inviting to a kiss—
Upon her dimpled chin
And throat of marble white
The graces flit about.
'Ah, now enwrap her form
In robes of royal sheen.
Yes, let her limbs be seen
Yet only seem—the pledge
Of beauteous grace beneath.
Now stay, I see my love!
Thy picture speaks her voice!

JUNE, 1900.

E. D. DIMNENT.

*The general opinion of scholars today is that the Anacreontica are not products of Anacreon's pen. Many of them have all the spirit of their master, however, although the rhythms may not be so spontaneous. This selection has a delicacy of conception and a grace of execution which are fairly characteristic of the school.

**The goddess of Persuasion.
REMINISCENCES.

Hope College, like Greece and Rome, had its heroic age. This was before the railroad age in Western Michigan, when students came a distance of fifty miles on foot, when student hands made the terraces on the College Campus, part of which are still in good condition, and when, without remuneration, the student body built the old chapel, later used for years as the old gymnasium. When the writer came, the heroic age had closed and he had therefore no share in those deeds of heroism. In 1872 the Preparatory School and Hope College together numbered eighty-seven students.

One claim the writer believes he is entitled to make; and this is, that he shares the distinction with only two other graduates of having had personal acquaintance with each one of the three hundred and fifty Alumni of Hope College from the first class of eight till the present time.

Comparing conditions at Hope, thirty-five years ago, with those of the present, there are substantial improvements all along the line, not only in number of students, and buildings and requirements for entrance and graduation, but also, it is believed, along the moral and religious sides of college life.

To give some idea to the undergraduates of the present, how a boy at Hope in the 70's felt and fared and what he remembers, a frank confession in the first person may, at this point, not be out of place.

The memory of my early days and years at Hope College is both vivid and sweet. Town life was new to me. Time on my hands to play and talk and walk at my own sweet will was an unexampled luxury. I loved the daily companionship. To find myself in a position to satisfy, in a measure, a natural curiosity for news and new ideas and thoughts, was a delightful experience. The pictures of those years stand out distinct, clear in color and outline, and the museum of my memory is full of them. Recollection of faces and facts and foibles comes crowding in upon my mind. Much of this, however, is either too sacred or too insignificant to bear narration—some of it perhaps, more foolish than funny, interesting rather than useful and edifying.

To me the personal element is of the first interest and best remembered. It is personality that draws and repels, and in youth personality is undiluted, untarnished and strong. The students of that time, as do the students of the present, dreamed their dreams, and by look and action told them to their fellows. Ideal and outline visions these were, to be realized and filled out and developed in the coming years. And fellow students are skillful interpreters of dreams. They know so intimately and judge character so justly and so accurately that the future leaves very little room for surprise.

At least one other there was who understood us, who not only interpreted our dreams, but who, like Daniel, told us our dreams and our visions, which we saw too dimly to formulate for ourselves, and then gave the interpretation; that man was Dr. Phelps, first President of the College. In younger years of student life we thought he was the greatest man we had ever seen, in the later years we thought he was the best. He was an idealist, an excellent disciplinarian, of great culture, a scholar, a gentleman, and a Christian—sincerely pious, of strong convictions, and abiding faith, patient, persistent, brave. This man had in him some of the elements which invite hero-worship. Such a man could not and did not fail to impress his own strong personality upon the minds and hearts and character and lives of the students. His figure and features are ineradicable from our memories. Dressed in faultless black, dignified in bearing, with his handsome classic face, keen brown eye, and great heart—who could forget him? In his day the students esteemed and loved him and after he has gone they cherish and revere his memory.

No space is left to record the word of respect and love that is due to my College classmates. I thank God they are all alive and happy. Our relations were ideal. We were loyal to each other and spent much of our time in each other's company. There were only four of us, but the four were a happy lot. In conclusion, I will let one of my classmates express in his own language his estimate of the class to which I had the good fortune to belong:

"In numbers we were few, in courage great;
In wind a young cyclone, in union strong;
In friendship close and true, and ever straight;
In love we always righted t'other's wrong."

JOHN H. KLEINHEKSEL.

May 2nd, 1907.
TESTAMENTUM PORCELLI.

The Romans enjoyed humor. Cato's bon mots were frequently quoted, and Cicero was an inveterate punster. Besides other forms of humor, the burlesque pleased them, of which we have preserved an amusing specimen giving the will of a little pig, about to be killed, and which, on notice of its execution, formally disposes of its possessions. This selection is late in the history of Latin literature, of uncertain date, but before the close of the fourth century. A. D. Jerome (A. D. 340-420) comments upon it, saying that it was recited by boys at school entertainments and caused much merriment.

* * *

I. Marcus Grumnius Swinekin, a little pig, have made my will. Since I could not write, I have dictated what I wished to be written.

Fleisherman, the cook, said, "Come here, you sty-rooter, you earth-grubber, you gad-about piggy. I am going to take your life today."

In reply piggy said, "If I have done anything, if I have been naughty, if I have broken with my feet any of your dishes, I beseech you, Sir Cook, for my life. Grant me my prayer."

Then Fleisherman, the cook, said, "Come, Davus, bring me a knife from the kitchen that I may make this piggy all bloody."

Then Grumnius is caught, in the consulship of Potts and Peppers, and when he saw that he must soon die, he sought from his murderer a short respite, that he might make his last will and testament. He called his parents to himself to bequeath to them some choice portions of his effects, and said, "To my father, Verres Bacon, I give and bequeath 30 pecks of acorns; to my mother, Veteria Grubber, I give and bequeath 40 pecks of wheat; and to my sister, Grunsa, at whose wedding I could not be present, I give and bequeath 30 pecks of barley. In the division of my body, I give and bequeath to shoemakers, my bristles; to brawlers, my brains; to the deaf, my ears; to pettifoggers and ranters, my tongue; to sausage-makers, my legs; to runners and hunters, my heels; to robbers, my "claws."

"Furthermore I wish this to be written, in letters of gold, upon my monument, Marcus Grumnius Swinekin, a little pig, lived 192 years; had he lived six months more, he would have been just 1000 years old."

"My dearly beloved, and those deeply interested in my life, I beg that you pay all due respect to my body, and embalm it with the best of spices of nits, pepper, and honey, that my name be famous in coming generations."

Let it be signed,

BACON,
TENDERLOIN,
CABBAGE,
SAUSAGE,
HAM,
SPARERIB,
SCRAPPLE.

Witnesses.

Finished. The will of a little pig, given on the XVI Kal. Lennuminis, in the consulship of Potts and Pepper. May all be well.

JAMES G. SUTPHEN.

CARNEGIE GYMNASIUM.

We may be justly proud of our gymnasium. It is among the best in this country. The large unobstructed floor is well equipped with apparatus as good as can be bought. The lockers and baths are excellent; the plumbing, heating, lighting and ventilating systems efficient. What is the function of such an establishment in connection with a college?

It is recognized by practically all that man's value to society, whether it be spiritual, mental, moral or physical, rests to a very large extent upon his bodily condition. If this be true, it is clear that every individual should be taught the fundamental laws of health. He should know how to prevent disease, how to build up and strengthen the body or any of its organs. To dispense such knowledge and training is, in its broadest sense, the function of a gymnasium. But too much emphasis must not be placed upon the building and its equipment. They are of little or no value to one who has not had the requisite preliminary training or to one not in charge of a
The Anchor

Competent instructor. Students exercising without supervision frequently do more harm than good.

Preliminary training consists of the study of the structure of the body, the work of its different parts and the effect of changes in the surrounding upon the parts. In other words a knowledge of anatomy, physiology and hygiene is very essential in physical training.

The instructor, in order to be of greatest service to the student, must be able to give an intelligent physical examination and devise exercises to meet individual needs. He should keep a record of measurements of size and strength of all parts of the body so as to show the student where he is weak. The results of a course of training should be demonstrated by comparing measurements made at the beginning with those made at the close. Beneficial results thus demonstrated greatly encourage the participant.

We, as typical Americans, are very apt to expect too much in too short a time. While our comparatively short course in the gymnasium this year has resulted in unquestionable improvement in the general physical bearing of those participating, it is evident that the time now devoted to gymnastics is much too short to ground the student in more than the simplest elements of the subject. It is insufficient to inculcate the habit of future daily individual exercises. The student should, however, above all things, realize that the aim in this course, as in all college courses, is but to teach how to work. It is not intended as an end in itself, but as a means to an end. Knowing this the wise will put forth every effort to build upon the foundation, frail as it may be. He will endeavor to increase the knowledge gained by making the best of future opportunities. Of course, much individual work after the course closes can not be expected from one who claims he can not participate in gymnastics because unfortunately his ancestors all took cold every time they perspired, or from one who expects credit when absent nearly half of the time. Such as these are even in our own college. It is a pity that individuals who are in such a lamentable state of mind usually are also in great need of physical training. It is ordinarily not the enthusiast who is much in need of exercise, for he will get it somehow, even under unfavorable circumstances. It is the one who dislikes it, the one who would prefer not to breath.

Our old gymnasium with its equipment was not a model of great value by any means, but it was good enough to have been put to much better use than it was; good enough to have received kinder treatment than it did. We are all at fault, students and faculty alike. Our new gymnasium with its equipment in all that can reasonably be desired. But if we failed to make the best possible use of our old equipment where little was to be expected, what will be the result with reference to the new when much is to be expected? The future only will tell. Future results do not depend upon any one individual. Every one connected with this institution is in a measure responsible for the care of the magnificent gymnastic equipment entrusted to us, is in a measure responsible for the use made of it and the general condition of physical training in the institution. But let us ever keep in mind that physical culture is dependent upon our mental state far more than upon our gymnasium. A gymnasium can never be more than a tool.

S. O. MAST.
LIFE'S LESSONS.

With power increasing the voice of the past
Sounds ever with wisdom replete;
Stern teacher of fact in lessons that last,
However the moments may fleet.

And the present has also its message to give
To each, gray years though be he;
More impressive its thought the longer we live,
If the mind be receptive and free.

For in ways unforeseen some influence new
Touches life, fresh unfolding each day:
Then deeper the truth appearing to view,
And clearer the light on the way.

And we follow its rays to their infinite source,
While learning the lessons assigned
Of an endlessly varied, continuing course.
The Great Teacher most wisely designed,

C. KRELL.

COLLEGE PROFESSORS.

(Note: A practical and exhaustive treatise, giving descriptions of
main classes and chief character traits, and closing with an eloquent ad-
monition to the young as to the utility of trying to preserve an
adornment, not peculiar to their species.)

College professors are those animals belonging to the
genus homo, that have, as a rule, an amount of brains, the
weight of which would make the renowned grey matter of
Daniel Webster turn green with envy.

Professors may be divided approximately into two classes,
namely, those who work students and those whom students

"All I am I owe to you—"

work. The first class are stern and forbidding in aspect and
always have backbone. They are despised and contemned by
all students until about four years and five months after gradu-
ation, when, if professor and quondam student should meet,
a touching and affecting scene occurs, as follows: The prof.
holds out his hand but instead of giving him the hearty glad-
to-see-you-old-prof. clasp, the student falls on the professor's
neck, exclaiming with streaming eyes and breaking voice,
"All I am I owe to you! You made a man of me! Were it
not for the fact that you made me plug five hours per day on
Psich"—or mayhap, "Had it not been for the seven hours a
day so enjoyably spent on my beloved Logic, I would even
now be begging my bread at your door." Truly these have
their reward. The second class of professors are amiable and
soft in aspect and are what are vulgarly called "marks." They
are invertebrates, invariably. They are beloved by all students,
especially by those affected with chronic spring fever. They
are generous and kind-hearted and a tear in the eye of a
maiden melts their hearts to softness and an E results. And
these too have their reward.

A most peculiar characteristic of these strange animals
and one which we shall discuss with some degree of thorough-
ness in this paper is that they have, as a rule, very little hair
in comparison with other species of their genus. This peculi-
arity has been accounted for in various ways. One learned
authority* gives as a theory the following carefully thought-
out scientific explanation: "It is a well known fact that in-
tense heat causes the roots of all hair to become deadened
and as a consequence the hair soon falls out. Underneath the
roots of the hair of college professors, is a vast and compli-
cated mass of machinery, more intricate than that of the finest
watch. The wheels revolve with velocity unimaginable and
with great evolution of heat. This heat, communicated to the

roots of the hair, causes the falling out of numbers 16,721 to
4,864,703, all of these being situated at the top and sides of the
head. What causes the greater persistency of the locks on
the back of the head has not as yet been satisfactorily ex-
plained, although Dr. Roocticus, Ph. D., B. D., L. L. D., is on
the track of a theory which he hopes will serve as a working
hypothesis for further investigation along that line."

Although the above statement as to the persistency of
the back number is approximately correct, still there are
cases where even these hairs have disappeared. For example,
it has been stated on good authority that our honored history
prof, on telling the barber that he wanted a "hair-cut" was
asked, "Which one?" and that Prof. Y.-t-a and he who is now
studying English and English pronunciation, pure and un-
defiled, in Old Oxford used to go to the tonsorial parlors to-
gether, thus saving—but why go into tiresome details?

Sad though it seems, there is no cure for this decrease of
hirsute adornment. Various cures have been tried, from
simple NaCl and H O combined in suitable proportions (for
recipe, ask Prof. Y.—H ) to a machine known as a vacuum
cap—but all alas! with equally disappointing results. Rejoice
not, ye youthful profs., and cry "Aha! Tis false! I have still a
goodly heritage of hair. I fear not the coming years." Rather,
weep ye and moan and run in speed to Haan, the apothecary's,
for your bottle of Seven Sisters or Dandrine, for
nitric acid HNO) may be removed from the fingers and
gum from the hair but naught can stay the falling out of your
precious locks.

(Note: This valuable and instructive article will be continued next
month upon a written request of three-quarters of the Hope College
Faculty.)

* Prof. T. E. Gouvenetski, Ph. D. M. D.
THE ANCHOR.
Published by THE ANCHOR ASSOCIATION, Hope College, Holland, Mich.

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THE FACULTY NUMBER.

It was with a great deal of trepidation and inward fear that we broached the idea of this issue of our Anchor to our faculty. Not daring to brave so august a body en masse, we cornered each one separately. This single encounter method of attack proved to be admirable tactics, for one after another of the professors soon fell a victim to our seemingly confident onslaught. It was not all easy work, however, for professors, as well as students, are sometimes busy. We met the same encouraging responses which we receive from students, "Too busy," "Not in my line," or "Can't write a thing." But after proving to each one of them that he did have some brains and time and that his style was truly Chesterfieldian, we received some very good copy, as those who read this number can see for themselves.

Our idea in issuing a faculty number was, in the main, to draw students and faculty closer together, by giving the students opportunity to catch glimpses of the minds and thoughts of our professors, other than those we receive daily.

in the class room, and thus becoming better acquainted with them. Whether or not we have accomplished this aim, you can decide for yourself.

We thank our faculty for their hearty support. We appreciate the time and effort given us to make this number a success. The fact that alumni, faculty, and students are all willing to work together for our college paper and its interests insures its success and every helpful effort on the part of any one is most heartily appreciated by the editor and staff.

THE ELIZABETH R. VOORHEES DORMITORY.

The attractive and beautiful residence, which now adorns and graces Hope College campus, is a living memorial of the benefactions of two noble and Christ-loving lives, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Voorhees.

A kind Providence led Dr. Kollen to so present the needs of our beloved institution that it became a sharer in their liberality for religion and education, for the advancement of the cause of Christ and school.

Today Hope College rejoices, and renders "Praise to God from whom all blessings flow."

This munificent gift sweetly proclaims with deepest pathos, the great passion that stirred the soul of New Jersey's blind philanthropist, and his devoted wife—love for Christ, and the spiritual and intellectual development of the young women, to whom the Elizabeth Voorhees Dormitory will become a commodious and delightful home, during their years of training at Hope College.

Hope's daughters have gone forth taking stations of usefulness. Their influence is felt in school and office, in church, personage, and society. They have carried the story of Jesus' love among the neglected mountaineers of Kentucky, and to far away homes in the lands of pagan darkness.

The need of today is a well-rounded Christian womanhood.

How many of you, dear girls, will avail yourselves of the opportunities afforded to prepare for greater usefulness, and for a life of sweeter service for the Master?

The power of choice rests with the young girl who reads.

MRS. C. V. R. GILMORE.
AN AGE OF CRAMMING.

This is an age of cramming. In the bustle and hustle of this busy world, the student, as well as the business man, often attempts to build a Rome in one day. This is especially true of the student, during the week of examinations in the spring term. During the previous weeks, he loves to linger on the sandy shore of lake or bay and see the golden sunbeams dance upon the rippling waters; he loves to ramble through the woodlands, to pluck the dew-kissed flowers from their mossy bed or listen to the thrilling notes of singing birds; he loves to battle on the diamond or play a game of tennis with his good old chum; in fact, he is in love with everything but his dust-covered books. But examinations have to be passed, and how can he do it? In a few evenings he stuffs his memory with facts, formulas and rules. We at once see that his object is not the improvement of the mind but the passing of an examination; and the result of course is quite obvious. To say the least, it is poor discipline and opposed to all true ends of education. A great educator once said, and that with truth, "Cramming is an intellectual feeding, which is not preceded by appetite nor followed by digestion." A student who pursues this course of studying, obtains but a superficial knowledge and knows naught of the profounder principles of the underlying causes nor of the less obvious relations of the subject at hand. His sole end of an education is the diploma. To cram or not to cram? that is the question; and, to flunk! perchance to fail! that is the rub.

ATHLETICS.

One of the most successful phases of student life at Hope during the winter term was athletics. The basket-ball season closed with Hope the undisputed champion of Western Michigan, and the proud possessors of the Trolley League Banner. And in addition to this, the gate receipts netted the Athletic Association more than three hundred dollars. But this did not make the season a success. It was rather because every student took an active part on the gym floor. Some attended classes in gymnastics regularly and systematically conducted by competent leaders. Others were on teams of the local basketball league. From five to six o'clock every afternoon the floor was cleared for hand-ball. All took part, and the healthful and vigorous appearance of the student body proves that the time and energy expended were by no means wasted.

But "spring, balmy spring" has left the gym almost deserted. It has converted basket-ball enthusiasts into base-ball fans, gymnasts into tennis "sharks." The base-ball team has been organized, and under the able coaching of the old veteran, John Schouten, promises to make a splendid record. It has already twice defeated the local High School. On the 29th of April our old rivals, the Grand Rapids High School, were beaten by the score of 4 to 1. It was the best game played on the college campus in recent years. Both teams played splendid ball; but Hope was the more determined, and won.

Tennis courts are now being completed, and here, too, we confidently expect to win laurels during the spring term.

EXCHANGES.

The Optimist contains some interesting articles. The story entitled "The Squire's Horse," is, however, the best of them all. When read, it makes one feel as though he would like some more.

His Pa—"Bobby, I merely punish you to show my love for you."
Bobby—"If I were only a little bigger, Pa. I'd return your love."—Ex.

The exchange which especially drew our attention this month was the Woman's Edition of the Northwestern. It has a cover design that is novel, neat, and appropriate for the occasion. Neither are we disappointed with the contents. Many of them are well worth reading. All in all, its aim, "to present a faithful picture of the Northwestern women," has been well accomplished.

Teacher—"What three words are used most often in school?"
Pupil—"I don't know."
Teacher—"Correct."—Ex.
We most heartily welcome all exchanges.
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We most heartily welcome all exchanges.
Calvin College Chimes contains an editorial written from the heart of an overburdened, distracted editor. It certainly ought to draw sympathetic tears from the eyes of all fellow editors.

BUBO'S NOOK.

This department has been discontinued for this edition. All questions will receive proper attention in our next edition.

JOKES.

What would you think if—if—if—if—
Prof. Brush were to pronounce automobile in German?
Prof. Beardslee were to wear a postage-stamp cap?
Prof. Vander Meulen were to wear his vacuum cap to college?
Prof. Nykerk were to return?
Prof. Yntema were to play golf?
Prof. Boers were to hang his glasses on his little finger instead of his thumb?
Miss Krell were to mispronounce a word?
Prof. Sutphen were to lose his system of marking?
Prof. Dimment were to look at his class while talking?
Prof. Mast were to build?
Prof. Raap were to wear a little p. g. h. (See April Anchor.)
Dr. Kollen were to skip chapel?
Prof. Kleinheksel were to wear a wig?
Profs. Kuizenga and Bloemendal were to play leap-frog?
If the faculty had written up the jokes?
The faculty have lately formed a track team.—Profs. Kleinheksel, Beardslee and Brush in the shot-put; Profs. Yntema and Raap in the pole vault; Prof. Kuizenga and Dr. Kollen in the hundred yard dash; Profs. Sutphen and Boers in the hurdle.

Prof. Brush feels that a teacher must be in sympathy with the students. This feeling was expressed recently by the aforesaid Professor when Mr. Duvan said, "I study, now as it is, till twelve o'clock, professor."

Prof. B.—"I feel sorry for you, Mr. Duvan."
Mr. D.—"There's not many of the faculty that do, Professor."

---

TO THE GIRLS.

When looking in Love's lexicon
In search of Cupid's notion,
Beware, fair maidens, lest you mistake
Attention for intention.

---

TO THE BOYS.

When in your arms, there sinks a form,
Pale as a dying saint,
Dear boys, be sure to understand
A feint is not a faint.

---

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