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Pines of Hope

Oh, hail! ye grand majestic pines,
Ye monarchs all, supreme;
To you I dedicate these lines
With reverence, love, esteem.

Our Alma Mater's humble birth,
Her progress through these years,
Ye witnessed; shared her joy and mirth:
Dispersed her gloom and fears.

As sentries o'er a sacred trust,
Ye stood thro' all these years,
Endured Fate's cold and violent gust,
Like sturdy pioneers.

Well may we feel a sacred pride,
To see your stately forms,
The fiercest elements outride,
And ward, wild, wintry storms.

When summer skies beam soft and warm,
And gentle breezes blow,
Your branches cast a mystic charm,
In murmuring soft and low.

O solemn, whispering, southing pines,
So Mystic ye, indeed:
We see, we hear, we feel your signs,
Their meaning, cannot read.

Perhaps 'tis best, let's think it so;
Our love is thine the same,
As long as we live here below,
We'll e'er revere thy name.

And whereso e'er your kindred kind,
Greet us this wide world o'er.
They all will ever bring to mind,
Old Hope and days of yore.

KATHERINE L. DUFFY.
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

"Ah, how skillful gives the hand
That obeyeth Love's command,
'Tis the heart and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain."

This quotation aptly portrays the soul animating the writers of the Romantic movement, in contrast to the writers who lived and wrote before the great change which was effected in the poetical world of the eighteenth century, took place.

The strict, formal, almost superficial atmosphere out of which the poetry of earlier times had risen, now gave way to a different creative source. Instead of productions skimmed from the surface, glittering to the mind's eye and devoid of that quality appealing to the heart, a new fruitage, inspired by sympathetic relations to Nature, characterized by warmth, feeling, truth and easy expression, took its place.

Of the latter class of writers, one name stands out in bold relief as an important factor in the movement of the day, and one production comes down to us as his crowning effort and a masterpiece of poetical genius. The names of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the writer, and "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," his masterpiece, suggest a soul stirred by noble impulses, and its exhalation.

When first, as a mere lad of fourteen, I read this poem, I was inclined to look upon it as an uncanny tale, not at all to my liking. This feeling remained with me until a second study, supplemented by a clearer conception, enabled me to see it in a different light and to appreciate some of its characteristic merits.

Quaint in its construction, replete with musical effect which at times portrays the sweetest strains and again the waiting of a soul in agony, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," had left a deeper impression on me than I imagined. It stands as a worthy representation of the power of a man, who, while walking on the earth, lived heart and soul above the clouds.

A man, a bird, a wanton deep, and about them is woven a tale of vengeance, swift and terrible. Thus the plan—and when complete, how beautiful the structure!
There alone was he able to seek his God in prayer and find comfort for his soul. Why?

"He prayeth best, who loveth best,
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

JAMES DYKEMA.

The orchestra was ready to strike up. Everything was in place for the first scene, when a stage hand came breathlessly upon the stage.

'Mr. Morris has fainted in her room and cannot act to night."

Mr. Morris, ready to signal the orchestra, sighed. Things had been going hard of late. The rehearsals had been interrupted by peculiar annoyances, and now with a large and critical audience on the other side of the curtain, at the last instant on the first night of the play, his star actress was taken suddenly ill.

'So all this hustling is going to end in a fake, a disgrace." He smiled grimly and mused, "Wonder what Holcomb will say."

Holcomb was no other than Clarence Holcomb, the brilliant and popular young novelist, about whom the critics had been saying wise things of late; whose latest book had been dramatized and was that night for the first time to have been played but, as we have just seen, was evidently doomed to at least temporary failure.

Mr. Morris walked wearily away. He fond Clarence Holcomb enjoying a cigar back of the stage.

'It's all up for tonight Holcomb."

'Hush," blurted out the young author wheeling about. Morris briefly explained the dilemma. There was a short period of silence during which Clarence filled his immediate vicinity with dense tobacco smoke.

'You say everything else is ready?"

'And has been for the last ten minutes."

'It must go through," said Clarence. "It can't, man."

More silence and smoke. "Come along Morris we shall face the music," said Holcomb with a smile that Morris judged to be a smile of despair.

'Tell the audi-ence briefly and with regret how the land lays," suggested the stage manager solemnly. "No; it isn't that bad— just a second—wait here,"

Mrs. Holcomb was a matronly woman. She certainly was a charming chaperon. At least so thought the young ladies and gentlemen who, on the first night of Clarence's play, had been taken into the box with his mother and sister.

'Clarence ought to be here with us, Mrs. Holcomb, to criticize the performance."

'He has intrusted that to Catherine, Mr. Stewart. He relies almost entirely upon his sister's judgment. Of course you know that she is as much responsible for the book and play too as Clarence himself. She just lives in Clarence. Look at her now."

Miss Catherine was at that moment earnestly engaged in relating to Mr. Lewis the discussion that she and Clarence had had in regard to a part of the last act. Mr. Stewart watched her. She certainly was an interesting subject to study. The discussion was evidently waxing hot. Mr. Lewis was defending the course that Clarence had taken while Catherine was warmly defending her own opinion. Mr. Stewart joined them.

'Mr. Stewart I appeal to you; don't you think it would have been ricer if Clarence had not made the heroine go so stiffly through that soliloquy at the close of the last act?"

Mr. Stewart responded that he thought Clarence had executed a masterly stroke in just that soliloquy. "Such a fine array of thought and so nicely expressed, shows what a strong and noble character the heroine really had," were Mr. Stewart's remarks; his opinions carried weight.

Catherine pouted saucily: "Clarence and I had such a time about it. You men all think the same way about that. Can't you see that it isn't natural, isn't true to life for the heroine, overwhelmed by those misfortunes, to unburden her mind in that
soldoquy which a bishop couldn’t speak at his best moments?
Oh I wish I could show you men that—”

“Catherine.”

There stood Clarence beckoning her. He was smiling at her spirit. But she saw that he was excited. Before Mrs. Holcomb could ask any questions Catherine and Clarence had left the box together.

When the curtain finally went up there was great excitement in the Holcomb box. The girls ejaculated and fluttered their fans. The men slapped their knees and exclaimed, ‘By Jove.’ The illustrious Miss Carter who was billed to appear as heroine was nowhere in sight. But in her role stood Miss Catherine Holcomb. There was a striking similarity in the general appearance of the two so that only a few of Miss Holcomb’s intimate friends, who happened to sit near the stage, were not deceived.

“Is this a surprise especially kept in store for us, Mrs. Holcomb?”

“If it is, I am as much surprised as you are.”

“Why, Mrs. Holcomb, has Catherine turned actress?”

“She certainly has done so without my knowledge or approval.”

At that moment Clarence entered the box smiling proudly. He was instantly surrounded by the whole bevy and pelted with questions. He briefly explained the situation. He told of Miss Carter’s illness and of how he had persuaded Catherine to take her place. This she was able to do, since, as her friends well knew and as we have already heard from her mother’s remarks, she was as deep in interest in, and as much responsible for the play as Clarence himself. Of course she did not use the exact text of the play but she was so thoroughly familiar with it as to give the substance of her part in good form. The play went on and, at last, the final preparations were being made for the last act.

“Now comes the ordeal,” sighed Clarence.

“How so?”

“In the first place, that soliloquy, which is the culmination of the whole thing, ought to be spoken exactly as it was writ-

ten, which, of course, Catherine cannot do since she has not memorized it, and, what is worse she is prejudiced against it; while I was writing the play, she and I could not agree upon that. She insisted that no real woman, under those conditions, would utter that soliloquy. And you know how confident she is of—”

But just then the curtain went up and all turned eager.

“Now, Clarence, we shall see what your haughty Miss Catherine will do,” whispered some one as the time for the soliloquy was drawing near.

The climax had come. The party in the Holcomb box was holding its breath. The fatal words, which crushed the heroine with disaster and despair, had been spoken. It was up to Miss Catherine Holcomb to answer. Clarence’s book had been widely read and the familiar opening words of that soliloquy were already upon the lips of half the house. But what! why wasn’t the actress repeating them? She did not speak a word. Raising her hands in despair she bust into weeping. It was still as death in the great theatre. The house had been taken by surprise. Then as the curtain went down, the audience, vaguely realizing that a clever and artistic, as well as daring, innovation had been introduced, burst into violent applause. Up and down went the curtain once more. Still the applause did not abate. It was only when Catherine allowed Clarence to lead her before the curtain that the house broke up.

On the next evening a few intimate friends were to take dinner at the Holcomb house. The guests had assembled with the exception of Mr. Stewart. Presently the bell rang and Mr. Stewart came into the room smiling benignly. “Ladies and gentlemen,” he said solemnly, “I invite your attention for a minute to an important bit of news.” Then unfolding The Herald he read, “At the Columbia last night Clarence Holcomb’s popular book —— was played for the first time with Miss Maud Carter as star actress. She was somewhat hesitant in her delivery. But the manner and sincerity with which she played the last act, and the daring and skill and really dramatic effect with which she altered it to her own ideal prove her a true artist and have won for her a warm place in the hearts of our
Tennyson's Idea of Woman's Place and Power.

To be of the most use in the world and to acquire the highest good, a person must certainly be in his proper sphere. We cannot change our positions at will and be of the same advantage and use in each; we excel in one thing, and in another we can do but little. A man bred in the city, and engaged in a prominent business cannot at any time change his position with that of a farmer, and be equally successful. A woman, then, can certainly not be of the truest and most worthy benefit outside of her little realm—the home.

It is said that the pleasure Tennyson's poetry gives is largely due to the deep interest he takes in the life and pursuits of men, in his capacity for apprehending their higher and more beautiful aspirations, and in a certain pervasive strength and purity of spiritual feeling. Tennyson, in several poems, especially in "The Princess," makes a study of the aspirations and pursuits of certain characters.

In "The Princess" he follows out a woman of royal personage in what appears to us a vain pursuit. Here the princess, discontented with her lot, tries another plan. Yes, attempts to lift woman's fallen divinity upon an even pedestal with man." It seems in reading the poem we can almost see Tennyson smile in soft sarcasm at the very thought. The princess tries to carry out her plans amid severe restrictions and confusion. She seems to endure, but at last she is humbled and is shown how void of reason her plan really was. And this change was brought about through the instrumentality of a little child. "A little child shall lead them."

In some other poems, Tennyson makes a great deal of the home life. How sweet the picture of a happy home with the father, the mother and children living in happy unison? Tennyson loves the thought of young people encircled by their associates and friends, but not, on the contrary, to see them isolated through contempt and hatred. We draw the conclusions from Tennyson's poem that he realized what woman can do for the benefit of humanity. He realized what an influence for good she can be to those about her. When her talents and accomplishments are used and enjoyed rightly, she must be of some benefit to the world. And even though she possesses no talents in particular, he perceives that in the humble routine of every day life, she always can do her best, and no person can do more than that.

Tennyson also realizes that another great thing woman can perform is to live for her family. What greater thing can she do than rear up her children into the best and noblest men and women, to create a spirit of love between them? Her children may some day do great things; they may some day represent their respective districts in congress; they may sway the world by their eloquence. And although they do not become great in our sense of the word, through their mother's influence they can become truly great and noble wherever their lot is cast. It seems that Tennyson loved these thoughts. He shows this in several instances. In "Enoch Arden," when the father of the family leaves on his long voyage, by his parting words to his wife he requests her to live for her children and to rejoice in them while he is absent. In "The Princess," Psyche is advised by Cyril thus—"Take comfort; live, dear lady, for your child." Her sweet Aглаia seems to have been her only comfort. Again, in one of the interpolary poems of "The Princess," when a woman was almost overcome with grief at the death of her soldier husband, her little child was brought before her. The sight of her helpless babe gives her hope, and she gives utterance to these words, "Sweet my child, I live for thee." Abraham Lincoln, the great statesman and our martyred president, paid this glowing tribute to his mother, "All I am and hope to be, I owe to my mother."

We believe with Tennyson that woman has her place in the building up of humanity. "Man is his place, and no doubt exceeds a woman in many things. Woman is not meant to be isolated from men and the world, but is supposed to make herself and others happy. Truly, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

Hilda C. Stegeman.
The Anchor.

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Editorial.

The literary department of this number has been contributed entirely by the students of the preparatory department. It is often surprising to find how simple and sincere, how deep and natural the literary insight is of the members of the lower classes. The most charming and pleasing originality is found in these younger, growing minds that are ever receiving new impressions. Their criticism, or rather appreciation, rises from the heart and not so much from the mind which easily learns to be critical and soon to love the discovery of falacy, overlooking in its rampant search those truly soul nourishing beauties in literature. Books of criticism have their place, but that place, for the young, maturing mind, is in the stack room, where dust may cover their gilt tops, and where they may remain unable to usurp the poet's benign tyranny over a young student's mind. To follow a critic is to have an additional, unnecessary link in the chain that joins the reader with the original literary source. Th critic is not a microscope to enlarge the finer influential qualities, but rather a colored glass that gives to all beyond its own characteristic hue. The student need not reign his love for an author simply bec use some critic lands him. An honest taste is the noblest test. If Milton and Shakespeare are supplanted in your appreciation by Burns and Shelley, do not mourn. They sing for others too. If the poetry of Pope is inviting, be not dismayed, tho his poetry is by some discarded; he has something to say and makes his saying terse and pointed.

The Anchor.

There seems to be some witchery in the word “vacation.” It is to the student the “open sesame” into a fairy-land of delight and ease. And it is true that a vacation has great powers of transformation. If the student has found himself buried under the load of interminable work, it presents to him an opportunity to become at one with himself again. If he has been satisfied with working only when it is impossible to play, it brings to him a time when even play, with no work, becomes tiresome. If he be one of the few who have been at all times in perfect self-possession and have in no way allowed themselves to be moved to either extreme of overwork or overplay, it offers him a season of widening outlook and maturing development.

But it is only by making use of opportunities that a student's vacation can be a journey to fairy-land. It is not such a fairy-land as he imagines. He expects for himself rest, profit, and pleasure, and growth, and relief from all responsibility. But the rest vacation offers the student comes through change of occupation: the profit derived is received from the saving of energy: the pleasure resulting arises from a sense of duty done: growth, then as ever, is proportional to activity: relief from a student’s responsibilities comes only by accepting those of an ordinary member of society. In other words, the benefits of vacation are commensurate with the activity and the usefulness which are neither too selfish nor too altruistic.

XX

On Monday evening, June 1st, Prof. J. B. Nykerk gave a pupils recital in the chapel. He was assisted by Prof. E. L. Norton, violinist; Miss Hazel Wing and Mr. Thos. Welmers, pianists. The recital was attended by about 200 invited friends, who pronounced it a credit to both pupils and teacher. The pupils who appeared on the program were: Mrs. Geo. Kleyn, the Misses Veneklaoen, Williams, Beach, Van der Ploeg, Nauta and De Feyster and Mr. Jas. C. DelPree. The solos of the Misses Williams and Veneklaoen were especially well received. The Anchor hailed this recital as another step toward the Conservatory of Music which Hope wants.
The comments given below have been received from Rev. G. H. Hopsers.

E. D. Barnes, Park College, Mo. Subject, “The Development of the American Ideal.” His was a typical American Fourth of July oration. His delivery was good.

Edward Hislop, Baker Univ., Kan. Subject, “The Spirit of Inquiry.” His thought was massive and dogmatic. The inherent truth of his statements would be questioned by many able thinkers. His delivery was dignified, graceful and in harmony with its massive thought.

Robert H. Newton, Eureka College, Ill. Subject, “The American Triumvirate.” His portrayal and elucidation was fair; his delivery also fair.

Franklin Fillmore Lewis, Depauw Univ., Ind. Subject, “The Tragedy of Labor.” His thought was good and fearless, having a tendency toward socialism. His delivery was boisterous. He had a powerful voice.

James O. Newcomb, Hiram College, O. Subject, “The Jew in the Christian Era.” His was a well arranged argument on a mooted religious question. His appearance was pleasing; also his expression; but suggestive of weakness.

A. A. Reece, St. Olaf College, Minn. Subject, “The Issue of the Age.” His were the solid sentiments of a Scandinavian. His accent was foreign, his posture stiff, tho not displeasing.

Melvin Roy Talley, Simpson College, Ia. Subject, “Anglo Saxon Supremacy.” His sentiment was bombastic; his delivery indifferent.

Clyde O. Epperson, Univ. of Colorado, Colo. Subject, “The Importance of the Louisiana Purchase.” His thought was ordinary; his delivery monotonous and rapid.

Thomas F. McGovern, Creighton Univ., Subject, “Principles and Patriots.” His thoughts were loosely connected; his delivery was slow and uninteresting.

Washington Irving Mauer, Beloit College, Wis. Subject, “The German Monarchist.” His was an able sketch of times, character and aims of Bismarck. His voice was certainly not pleasant at the beginning, but the energy which developed improved it much.

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<td>Barnes, Mo.</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>86</td>
<td>78</td>
<td>74</td>
<td>78</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hislop, Kan.</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>21</td>
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<td>Talley, Ia.</td>
<td>92</td>
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<tr>
<td>Epperson, Colo.</td>
<td>81</td>
<td>77</td>
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<td>73</td>
<td>66</td>
<td>66</td>
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Abraham J. Muste, Hope College, Mich. Subject, “John Sobieski.” His oration was characterized by fineness of sentiment and orderliness of movement of well worked-out material. His delivery was thoroughly well-poised and effective.

Among the Societtes.

The Fraternal Society.

Tho the beautiful spring weather is very alluring, our F. S. is bound to hold its own. We look back with pleasure upon the work done and social times spent. The evenings spent in the hall have been evenings of pleasure and enjoyment as well as of mental recreation. We are not the boys who will let an opportunity pass by. Our alumni will witness this at the close of the term. Nearly all the members are now the happy possessors of a society pin that cannot be surpassed in beauty and design.

Several Seniors are soon to leave us but we hope to increase our numbers by the new members that will be glad to join hands with us in another year. We are fraternal in name and in spirit.

President—C. Van Der Meel.
Vice President—E. R. Kruizinga.
Secretary and Treasurer—W. G. Hoekje.
Marshal—H. G. Pelgrim.

The Cosmopolitan Society

The Cosmopolitans, as a literary society, have very little new to submit, and to tell the old is to tell a many-times-told tale. Our society is the largest in college, but soon it will be smaller, when the seniors are gone, as the majority of them have been our most active and conspicuous members. Yet this should not lower our ideal, thwart our progress, and stifle our literary aspirations. We have had sincere work along every line throughout the whole year. Our endeavor has been to make public speaking as easy as conversation. Our discussions are mere introductions to the broader arts of discourse. With no reason to leave off and every reason to continue in our efforts, we may well call this term as successful as any other in the history of our society. The following were the officers for this spring term:

President—A. A. Wubbena.
Vice President—G. J. Penning.
Secretary and Treasurer—J. W. Van Zanten.
Janitor—R. De Zeeuw.

Minerva Society.

The Minerva society has enjoyed several excellent programs within the past months. One of the most interesting was a "numm meeting," in which the young ladies so far disproved the worn out adage of woman's talkativeness, as not to speak a single word. The lecture by Prof. Dimmen on "The Greek Woman" was declared well worthy of a larger audience.

The society is busily preparing for its annual reception to be given during Commencement week.

President—Grace Hockje.
Vice President—Lilla Thurber.
Secretary—Alice Kollen.
Treasurer—Maggie Beekman.

The Melophone Society

The Melophone society is busily preparing for the annual entertainment which is to be held at the close of the school year. The work of the past year has been quite satisfactory: the aim of the society to give evidence of this at its public entertainment. With bright hopes for the future, the society closes the year's work. The following were elected as officers of the society at the opening of this term:

President—M. A. Stegeman.
Vice President—P. H. Pienne.
Secretary—A. J. Van Houten.
Treasurer—A. Vos.
Sargeant at Arms—J. Van Westenbrugge.
Marshal—R. H. Nichols.
The Utilius still flourishes. Its members, tho few in number, have during the past year again given evidence of their faith in the philosophy of work. Meetings have been well attended and duties faithfully performed. Ridiculous blunders, which seem well nigh unavoidable to the American born, have been heartily laughed at and promptly corrected, but always in a spirit of friendly criticism. The sons of Utilius rejoice to realize that perseverance ensures success. It has been our earnest endeavor to learn to appreciate the language of our fathers. There is a growing need of men who are well versed in the Netherlanders native tongue. This language has its literature created by towering geniuses as well as any other continental language. Thus not only utility but also appreciation is our object.

President—H. Van der Naald.
Vice President—Z. Roetman,
Secretary and Treasurer—W. G. Hoekje.
Janitor—J. G. Pennings.

Y. M. C. A.

At the close of this term, the Y. M. C. A. can look back upon a season of comparative prosperity. It, indeed, has reasons to be thankful. The reducing of the number of meetings has proved to be a decided advantage. The finances of the association have never been in a better condition. The number of delegates appointed to attend the summer conference at Lake Geneva, is twice that of last year. The Mission Sunday Schools have been well attended, and through the kind assistance of friends the Beechwood S. S. will be kept open all summer. But, one fact is to be deplored—the fewness of the upper class men who attend our weekly prayer meetings. Why, fellow-students, is it thus? Should not a college prayer-meeting mean as much to a Senior as to a Freshman? Do you object to the present system? Then, why not join hands with us, and by your support and weekly attendance, help to rectify the errors, improve the conditions, and be of mutual benefit to one another?

W. W. C. A.

In spite of pleasant days and outside allurements, a growing interest is ever shown in our meetings. This month our state secretary, Miss Simms, came to us, bringing help and encouragement to all. The various committees received many helpful suggestions from the meetings held with her. On the afternoon of her stay with us, the association was most pleasantly entertained at the home of our lady principal, Mrs. Gilmore.

At present the young ladies of the association are busily engaged earning money for their Geneva fund. The entertainment given on May 14, was well attended and a nice sum was laid by towards this fund. They hope to send as large a delegation as possible this year.

* * *

Alumni Notes


'02. Henry P. DePree will spend the summer in carpenter work.

'00. Rev. G. Hondelink has been appointed to the North Japan Mission. His ordination took place at Grand Rapids on the evening of May 27. The ordination services was performed by the Rev. M. Kolyen, and addresses were delivered by Rev. Benj. Hoffman, Rev. J. VanHoute, Rev. A. Oltmans and Dr. J. A. Otte.

'00. Rev. L. L. Legters, ordained at Rochester, N. Y., on May 26, expects to begin work soon as missionary to the Indians. His station will be Arapahoe, Oklahoma.

'02. Miss Minnie De Feyter has accepted a position as teacher in the new and promising Memorial Academy at Cedar Grove, Wis.

'93. Rev. J. W. TePaske enjoys a pleasant charge at Little Falls, N. J., situated on the Passaic River, the place is noted for its beauty, even in the beautiful state of New Jersey.

'99. After three years of successful end highly appreciated work in the Northwestern Classical Academy, John E. Kuizenga resigned his position to take up the study of theology.

'01. The Academy will lose another valuable man in J. Wesselink, who likewise will study for the ministry.
'98. Rev. J. E. Winter of Monroe, S. Dak., spent a four weeks vacation at his home in this city.

'97. Henry L. Jonker, student of late, at Rush Medical College, has been appointed as medical missionary to Arabia.

'01. On May 21 the college received a visit of G. H. Korteling, who was on his way to Oklahoma to spend the summer in our mission field there.

'93. Henry Van der Ploeg attended the annual convention of the C. E. League, held at New York. He visited also other places of interest in the East.

'79. A pleasant occasion to some of our professors was the visit of Rev. George Niemeyer of Pella, Iowa, who led chapel exercises on May 14.

'00. A. T. Broek will soon take up his charge at Newburg, N. Y. This is one of the best known and wealthiest congregations of New York.

Athletics.

In the line of athletics baseball alone has drawn our attention during the past month. And if any one thing has been pre-eminently characteristic both of the players and of the student's support of them, it has been lack of enthusiasm. We would hardly dare say that the material for teams is not as good as it has been other years. With almost no practice whatever our Prep. team has won two out of five games with the High school; and though the college team was defeated by the McLachlan Business University of Grand Rapids in the first game of the season, the McLaughlan's owe their victory solely to the work of their "crack" pitcher. Enthusiasm, not ability, has been lacking. There has not been interest enough to bring the teams out for practice more than once or twice the whole year. But in spite of this fact, on May 29, the college team played a game that would give discredit to no institution. Against the same team and the same pitcher our boys won by a score of 8 to 4. The latter part of the game showed remarkable self-control and determination to win.

On the part of the non playing students the tendency has been to be critical and unappreciative; instead of the enthusiasm that was always sure to greet the boys six or seven years ago and that won many a game, their support this year has been meager and spiritless. And is it any wonder? Is it any wonder that the students won't support what is a mere apology for a team? Is it any wonder that a team won't play when it has nothing to play for? The change in the make-up of the city team has made it impossible to play with them. Petty inter-class contests soon lose interest and the restrictions of the faculty which forbid our playing in other places make it almost impossible for the manager to get teams to come here. But, you say, suggest a remedy! Permit us to suggest once more inter-collegiate athletics.

Of course there are objections to them. They demand much of a student's time and attention, and so threaten to lower his scholarship. But surely the faculty could set a high standard of scholarship for all those who engaged in athletics, and could enforce its regulations in this matter without difficulty. Or may we suppose that contact with men from the other denominational schools of our state could harm our athletes morally? On the other hand would not inter-collegiate athletics imbue the studentry with that spirit of enthusiasm and friendly, yet intense, rivalry that is so sadly lacking on the campus today? We have only the oratorical contest to become enthusiastic over now. Can't we have something more?

Our object is simply to present this subject to our readers. We would not be radical or rash. To the students, permit us to say, if you want inter-collegiate athletics, agitate the subject constantly. Of our alumni subscribers, many of whom no doubt are members of the council, and of influence with the powers that be, of them we would only ask a little earnest, impartial thought upon the question.

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“What is so rare as a ‘Day Off’?”—D. Muyskens.

“The fishitudes of life”—Booth.

“Brides and Brooms.”

O. o. o. o. my fings are w. —Booth.

“Hello Geo., still all off on top isn’t it?”

“I come from an obscure college etc.”

“The prayer meetings you always have with you, but me, you do not”—A. K-e-e-n. (Note, And yet Geo. attended the prayer meeting.)

“Pa Bergen promptly switches his sons when he perceives them off the track.”—Pennings.

“I am always good to the young ladies, but the trouble is, they don’t realize it.”—Prof. M.

On June 11 at 4:30 P. M. the Y. W. C. A., will hold a “Former Members Meeting.” All former lady students are cordially invited to attend.

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THE ANCHOR

“All the boys are nice to me.”—Grace H.

The senior caps and gowns ‘failed to take’ in Grand Rapids. Hence a poor class picture.

Melly is now drawing bones.

“If any man ever has me for his cook he will have to live on fudge.”—Miss B-n-e-t.

The Junior girls have been promoted to the front seat in the Biology class.

The young ladies began to collect hairpins and Pennings took the hint.

“Mr. Van H-s-a-l-t is going to have a fine violin class. I am to be a member too...”—A-v Y-t-s.

“What did you do with all the money?”

“Went into the hole for $50.00. I had made plans for a $100 blow-out.”

Why does big, fat Poppen sit in front of the Scott club?

Advertisement, of course.

Only one graduate in the chemical lab. And that is Ned.

Rottschaffer, the College Con tractor.

No jokes from the Prep. Dept. this time save that Andy B. threatens to discontinue his subscription to the Anchor.

After the ball game—“Where are the nine?”
Pardon us. There is still one joke from the Prep. Dept.
We quote the following from Mr. Van Western Horse and
Buggy’s Diary:

“Mon. Don’t know what I did.
Tues. Ditto.
Wed. Bumped from school.
Thur. Tore my trousers.
Fri. Fell into the lake.
Sat. Forgot to study.
Sun. Called on Rickey.
Mon. Don’t know what I did.”

Goodbye Bloomendale. Geen vrouwje opzoeken.

We’ll have to quit singing “Under the Bamboo Tree.” The
tree has been cut down.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen. Two Goats. See Ichabod and
Stogie.

The following from the East were seen on the Campus re-
cently: Brook, Legters, Van Puersen, Bruins and DePree. But
why doesn’t Bill D—K—show up?”

We hereby extend our heartfelt sympathy to Claude Dahlan-
burg of the Freshman Class whose mother died on the 6th of
June.

Miss Grace Hoekje ’03 has been appointed to the South Ja-
pan Missions.

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