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The Anchor
"Spica in Deo"

VOLUME XVIII  JUNE 1905  NUMBER 16

Vision

(Suggested by the last words of Mrs. G. J. Kolen, who, as she lay dying, said, "And is this dying?")

I

Dark is thy pall and sable thy hood
(So they had told me) — bringing no good?
Stealthy thy tread and chilling thy hands,
Prisoning all in merciless hands?

Smiles I can see and love in thy face!
Glorious thy beauty; God breathed thy grace!
Joy hovers o'er thee; Spring's on thy breath—
Yet I had trembled and feared thee, oh Death!

II

Tears, they had said, must come in thy wake;
Yearning and pain for hearts that must break!
Vigils must lengthen, life know no cheer;
Night hold its terrors; day bring its fear!

Angel thou art from God's holy throne!
Gladness thy message, peace for his own—
Love, life and rest for his children who roam—
Death, thou art Christ who bringest me home!

E. D. Dimment.
A Review of the Greek Lyric

Verse is the natural medium of speech. As one who would become more thoroughly familiar with nature must meditate most deeply upon its grandeur and charm, so too does verse become the most exquisite art only when the sublimity of theme and loftiness of motive lift the human soul to the contemplation of the lofty and the exalted. The Greek lyric in its development shows us a natural progress; no charm of beauty, no excellence of art, but it is found in the Greek lyric. - But as the too ardent admiration of nature often leads men to the airy flights of fancy only to be thrust down again with a disgust for the once thought grand, so also does the Greek lyric witness its period of decadence until at last, but a faint whisper of some unlonged for, unwelcomed genius is heard. Political decadence was to Greece not alone the loss of its civil liberty but also the enslavement of its literature, a most pitiful servitude.

The history of Greek literature is marked by distinct periods. Even very early, in the infancy of the race, does blind Homer sing of his heroes who with a chivalrous devotion sought to avenge the wrongs perpetrated upon Greek womanhood. But to infer from this and from the fact that these Homeric epics are the earliest extant masterpieces of Greek literature, that they are the product of some talented mind unguided by any earlier verse, is to ignore the natural progress of human development. Once the song of the personal and subjective established among a people of so fertile an imagination and lofty and noble sentiment, but little marred that the bard can sing the lay of hero princes. Verse is of the individual, and so, reason would argue, it was with the Greeks. The lyric must have preceded the epic only to be restored again when once the epic had become a bore to the public owing to the cheap superficiality of Homer’s followers. And thus the Greek lyric must forth with all the ardor and zeal that the personal impulse of a pure soul might offer to the innermost feelings of man.

A glorious past often instills within a people an indelible and servile disposition as well as a lack of true patriotism. In this the Greeks were no exception, and at about 700 B.C., the zeal and ardor for their country had so greatly waned that only a poet could re-enthuse them with their martial daring. A Callimachus inspires his townsmen with their old-time devotion to Ephesus, while a Tyrtæus champions the cause of the Spartans and raises their enthusiasm by his recital of the deeds of Spartan ancestors. For their purpose they employed the elegiac metre which with its short sentences, its terse expressions, and its regularly recurring halt, is most forceful in its effect. Yet not alone for arousing the courage did the poets employ this verse, but, owing to its very sententiousness, it was adapted by them to the writing of gnomic poetry. So lay down the law for the Athenians by his songs of exhortation to valor and lawfulness, while at the same time he brings home many a moral precept in the most forceful maxim. Theognis ex horts the Athenian youth to moral and political uprightness and to the abhorrence of the follies and wickedness of pretentious youth. A still different form of thought was to find expression in this elegiac metre, for a Minnemosine sings in lamentation of the frailties of human life and the sorrow and sadness of a gloomy soul.

Contemporaneous with the development of the elegiac is that of the trochaic and iambic. In these, men of a pessimistic bent of mind attack the follies and foibles of human thought. Archilochus, a poet honored as a genius equal to Homer, “the servant of the Muse,” with bitter irony and cruel disgust poured forth in his verses all the pent-up energies of a disappointed life. No class of men escaped the bitter, biting shafts of his tongue; nor cared he for old traditions but rather sneered and jeered at them; for says he, upon having lost his shield in battle, “Let the shield go, I’ll find another just as good.”

Altho music had not been neglected by the Greeks but had rather been regarded as a necessary accompaniment or prelude to the recital of poetry, it was only in the early seventh century B.C. that it began to be fully perfected by them. But few fragments remain to us and it is possible to draw from these only ungrounded inferences as to the elegance and expressiveness of Greek music. Terpander is reputed to have substituted for the tetrachord the heptachord and to have thus perfected the art to the requisites of the grand and solemn choral odes of the Dorian Greeks. Terpander, a native of Lesbos but a poet of Sparta, sang with reverential attitude the honor of the gods and thus satisfied the staid and moody Dorians who cared only for the weighty and sublime, and possessed the disposition of our own Puritan forefathers. The development
of the choral ode is somewhat shrouded in mystery and only the tales of the adventurous lives of its writers are left to us. The charm and enchantment of the lyre and song of Anem is even still preserved in the well known dolphin legend, while Schiller has forever immortalized the name of Ibycus. Gradually the songs in honor of the Delphian God and even of Dionysius developed until the transition to the sublime odes and choruses of the Greek drama was but a natural growth in the development of Dorian solemnity.

The island of Lesbos lent its inspiration not alone to the choral lyricists but also to these poets whose names have been forever immortalized, by the songs of the purely subjective Alcaeus and Sappho. As varied as are the thoughts of men, so varied can one expect the songs of the emotional and impulsive poets to be. Alcaeus sings his feelings to ask the indulgence of an appreciative public. Singing to a cultured, pleasure-loving and frivolous, as well as imaginative public, the poet was ever bound to furnish enjoyment to the reveling banqueters with an intensity of personal feeling that cannot but help gaining the admiration of and giving delight to his readers. In Sappho we meet with a poetess whose fame has never been excelled but rarely if ever equalled. "She is intensely personal; her imagination is all her own; her songs are all herself; and yet, with the instinct of a true poet, she never deserts her listeners,—you are carried with her." She is all feeling and cannot refrain from giving utterance to her true self. The intense burning of love, the delights of sensuous pleasure, the extreme frenzy of feeling, all are portrayed by her with the most consummate art. She says but little and yet with an exquisite charm of figure and speech she carries her readers with her in her imaginative flights. With Sappho the purely subjective poetry has undoubtedly reached its zenith and in her successors we no longer find the purity of thought that characterized Alcaeus and Sappho, but rather the beginning of a degeneracy; the natural outgrowth of an age which sought to make the noblest form of speech but a means to gratify their physical and social pleasures. Anacreon, with an air of sincerity and at the same time with the fervor and air of a debauchee, praises in the most elegant verse the delights of the cup.

As the last star in the galaxy of Greek lyric poets appears Pindar, with the two Cean poets, Simonides and Bacchylides, as his satellites. In their praises in honor of the victors of the games these poets ever sing their reverence to the patron deity as well as their respect for the athlete. They center their theme about some legendary myth whose heroes are always related to the winner of the great contests. And be it true that these poets served their patrons, the tyrants and men of wealth, yet none would sacrifice his independence to be a mere servile writer to his often dissipated master. In Pindar especially do we meet with such a treasure of words and beauty of expression that his recurring references to the simple phenomena of nature never seem obtrusive. "The flash of lightning, of sunbeam, of star or of gold, the eagle's or arrows' flight, with other impressions of dazzling splendor, recur in every ode," and yet with a beauty and charm that defy all imitation. Pindar's verses may not be equally clear to us nor as easily comprehended as the simpler poems of our own literature, still to his contemporaries he was ever the one grand poet of unexcelled excellency, and "among the bards sublime, the masters of the loftiest style, Pindar has a unique position."

The Greek lyric is an interpretation of Greek life; it portrays to us the disposition of the Greek people; it is inextricably interwoven with the history of its people, and shows the power of verse among a people not in its primitive state but in that stage of civilization and refinement that has never been surpassed. The Greek people furnish us a storehouse of experience, and nowhere are they "better interpreted and understood than in the poetry which is a natural breathing forth of their own active and artistic thoughts."
In Memoriam

WILLIAM F. ROBINSON

Today from every dusty city street
And every winding, grass-grown vill ge lane.
We hear the pythic tread of many feet;
And now, long silent war drums beat again.
Far down the road, with slow and steady pace,
Our grim, gray soldiers proudly marching go,—
As in the years gone by they went to face
Long smoking lines, where knelt the waiting foe.

No longer are the gleaming rifles seen;
With all its gloom and horror strife has fled;
They merely march to yonder hillside green,
To scatter flowers o'er the faithful dead.

That old familiar step, that sharp command,
Sends waking blood to grizzled cheek and brow;
Once more neath faded colors do they stand,—
What old emotions surge within them now!
Thiers is the youth that triumphs over years,
The stirring recollections ever young.
The listening soul that through the distance hears
The last faint echoes of a strain long sung.

Those broken ranks, once many thousand strong,
Are thinned and scattered by the hand of time;
But still each faltering foot-step seems a song,
Age leaves our army stronger, more sublime.

Each year with added glory gleams the blue,
To every proud and loving patriot eye;
lor, ever bright and true,
Enfolding radiant hopes that never die.

Well didst thou labor for the truth and right,
Immortal hand, fit symbol of the free.
Still eager to devote thy time worn might,—
Today a grateful nation honors thee.

A Few Thoughts About Milton's Poetry

Milton says "Sweetest Shakespeare, FancY's Child." These words make us wonder what Shakespeare would have said if he could have read Milton's great works. Milton had the wisdom of a true critic. He did not despise the dramatists as the more extreme Puritans did; He accepted genius because he was a genius. He recognized the "wood-notes wild" as those coming directly from the warm and sympathetic heart of nature. He knew that his own subject was "something unattempted yet in prose or rhyme," but he knew also that no one else would dare to attempt to create what Shakespeare created; that not even his own more imaginative genius could copy life so truthfully. Such was Milton's appreciation. Would Shakespeare's have been reciprocal? We trust it would. We believe he would have been awed at the mighty intellect in comparison with which his own was insignificant; that he would have listened with joy to the harmony and perfect structure of Milton's verse; that he would have felt the thrill of his power, and the grandeur of his simplicity, but above all, that he would have wondered at the imagination that could create by the magic of words celestial and infernal worlds.

Both poets have their defects. Shakespeare's are mainly the result of carelessness; Milton's of too much painstaking adornment. Sometimes he wanders away after obscure mythological allusions instead of singing the true song of the heart. And in some instances his intellect is a drawback to his poetry. He does not remember that all men are not as well cultured as he himself is. Some of his lines have the same effect upon the reader which the painfully elaborated passages of Virgil have upon the translator. They were meant by the author as gems of thought and structure; but the multitude loves rather the warmth of a living heart than the cold grandeur of the stone. Not that such passages are frequent in Milton; he was too wise to let his wisdom master him. But there is rather a coldness throughout all his work. He loves grandeur and wisdom and mighty actions that fill the soul with awe; but he cannot comprehend the petty ambitions, the little sorrows and joys, of a real, warm-hearted chambermaid. For this we look to Shakespeare. For this reason Shakespeare is more widely read than Milton, and methinks, deservedly so.

But Milton's defects sink into insignificance when we think of
his merits. The greatest of these is his imagination. His characters seem natural and in their true sphere. He does not regard Satan as a being too alien from our own to be comprehended or imagined; nor does he give him the nature simply of an evil man. And it is right that he does not. That would have raised him out of his natural sphere. But Milton has the power to go down to the haunts of woe and eternal darkness, where the very flames of fire seemed to cast a more terrible pall over the scene, and to represent Satan and his followers as its natural inhabitants. He eliminates all “time, dimensions, boundaries and conditions,” to create Chaos, where the warfare of the elements disturbs the peace of worlds innumerable. Many an imagination cannot travel around the world; his can comprehend a universe in which this earth is but a momentary beam. For in his mind time is but a human arrangement; and he can comprehend how a “thousand years is but a day.” His celestial beings also, are not represented as gifted with human strength. One of the most awful scenes in all Milton is the battle on the field of heaven. The combatants use mountains as missiles. The celestial light of heaven is dimmed for a moment by the myriad hosts; and the divine music is drowned in the war-cry of fiends.

Such was the power of Milton’s imagination. Nor do his expression and form weaken his noble ideas. Whenever a great thought took possession of him, he cloathed it in a garb that casts a charm on the whole. The vastness and power of Satan call for all his power of expression. Hell is great, even immeasurable; but still he makes Satan “call so loud that all the hollow deep of Hell resounded.” But he can express not only power and grandeur. In his earlier poems and some of his sonnets he stirs us with the light touch of an artist. No matter whether his verses express power or beauty, they are always harmonious. He did not employ rhyme in most of his poems, but that did not diminish the gentle flow where it was needed; and certainly it increased power and stateliness if that was required. His whole being was resonant with music; and he seemed to draw his inspiration from the “hidden soul of harmony.”

In contrast with the foregoing qualities is simplicity. It is true, simplicity is a rare quality in Milton; but it is very effective wherever it is found. His sonnets are, on the whole, simple. For example “On His Blindness” is beautiful in its simplicity. The truths expressed in it are not new. Many a moralist has preached them before; but their full force was not felt until Milton cast a spell of calm and simple beauty over them. It comes from a serene heart that has ceased struggling against destiny. The plots of “Comus” and “Samos” are very simple. Even Paradise Lost has its simple parts. In the tenth book the angel relates the story of creation; and the author, with Puritanic reverence, seems to think he cannot improve upon the inspired language of the Bible. He gives back almost the exact words of Scripture; and the simplicity adds to the beauty. He gives us the familiar words with the impression that they have been turned into music.

We cannot give all the qualities which make Milton a poet. For it takes no common mind to comprehend him. In respect to the greatness and variety of his powers, he is like his own Chaos, which it takes a master-mind to conceive of. But we can approach him with reverence, and try to understand, at least partially, the results of a life-time of toil.

P. F. C. Prep.

When the Ship Comes Home

OLIVE L. HARNABY. "A" Class.

A snowy sail woods the whispering breeze,
And a faint fair light touches harbor lee,
While, freighted with treasure yet untold,
Comes a home-bound ship o’er the sun-kissed sea.

Outlined against the horizon blue,
How fair she looks to the eager gaze;
Her pennants afloat on the purple air,
Her white sails shrouded in sunset haze;

With anchor of hope and rudder sure,
Moving along o’er the crested way,
To musical murmur of singing wave,
Gold touched in the light of departing day.

When the ship comes home in the twilight hour,
Like the passage of birds o’er a shining stream,
What shall she bring to thee? To this heart
The fulfillment of many a happy dream.
Where Are the Poets?

What has become of the poets? Why do we not hear more real, inspired verse from them? Where are the successors of Shakespeare or Milton, of Tennyson or Browning, or of Whittier of a later day? True, we occasionally hear a note of power from our poets of today, and there are many who write with truth and beauty. But we miss the soul-stirring music of the earlier poets. What may be the reason for this? It cannot be that there is lack of inspiration. There are deeper and more terrible tragedies enacted today than there ever were in the days of Shakespeare, and more inspiring victories are gained. Humanity is as passionate, as complex, as lovable as it ever was in the times of Burns, or of Shakespeare. We must search deeper to discover the true cause of this silence.

Various reasons have been given. Recent numbers of The Critic have contained a series of excellent articles on the subject by the leading poetic writers of today. Several of these believe that there is no decline in poetry, that the poetry of today is better than that of earlier times. Joaquin Miller says that there is more real poetry in Aldrich than in Milton, and Dante and Homer all put together. Others think that the novel, with its ease of reading and its wide advertisement, has usurped the place of verse. Ella Wheeler Wilcox thinks that people nowadays read the simpler and briefer forms of poetry because they take less time.

But it seems to me that the real reason must be found in the spirit of the age—in the hurrying spirit of material achievement, in the eager rush for wealth and power. Here we must find the cause both for the lack of great poets, and the lack of interest in poetry. For nowadays men have no leisure for poetry. The goal of success lies in a different direction. The achievements of the earlier ages were intellectual achievements, and these most often made poetry their instrument. To be a successful poet in that day was to achieve fame, if not fortune, and fortune was a secondary thought.

But the marvellous scientific advances and discoveries of recent years have turned men's thoughts into other channels, and have inaugurated this present age of wealth, of material prosperity, and of comfort. Robert Bridges says: "This, it seems to me, is the most romantic of all ages; its great men are men of daring imagination, and huge capacity for making their dreams come true—but few of them are writing poetry." And this is true. The poetry of today is expressed in the harnessing of Niagara, in the discovery of radium, in the creation of mammoth trusts and vast corporations, in exploration, in trade, in all the manifold and wonderful achievements of an active age. The creative instinct, the imagination, still finds glorious expression, only it is in another direction.

And let us not fear for the future of poetry. It is true that many of the time honored (and time-worn) themes of song have passed away with the change of the times, but new ones, of equally vital interest, have taken their place. True, war is no longer romantic. It is a matter of calculation, of sanitation, of transportation, of huge mechanical armies of men. Even the rifles are aimed by calculation. The days of fierce hand to hand conflicts are passing, and war itself may soon be a thing of the past. So also regal pomp and power, all the glitter of court and nobility, are fast yielding to public sentiment. The farmer is no longer a picturesque peasant. But now, with the new age, there are new themes for the poets. There are commercial combats, bitter life and death struggles for power and wealth. There are tragedies innumerable of suffering men and women trodden under the heel of merciless employers. There are deeds of romantic heroism tucked away in old corners of many an old newspaper or record. Nature is as lovely as ever, and, seen through the newly opened eyes of science, far more wonderful. The human heart has not changed; it is subject to the same passions, it has the same nobility, and goodness, and sincerity that it always had. Do not tell me that the older poets have exhausted the field, that it is impossible to write anything original.

Let the poets of today awaken from their dreams of long past glory, let them abandon their threadbare classical themes, and sing the living, breathing, throbbing life of today! Then we shall have poetry, not pretty verses. Then may the singer take his place among the workers of the world, as one who has achieved something, as one whose work is of value to mankind. Poetry is not dead. It is only that the poets are not yet in sympathy with the new order of things. There will—there must come a man who shall be great enough to see the significance of modern life; to read
The tangled riddle of the present, and to express it in that noblest vehicle of human thought—poetry.

The stream of verse, which welled up so clear and bright in earlier years, has sunk into the desert of heedlessness and disuse, but like those western rivers, which flow in subterranean channels, it will soon spring up again, all the stronger and more refreshing, to bring new happiness and power to all who drink of it.

Henry P. Dutton, '08.

_Absolvo Te_
A. VERHULST "A" Class.

The cold death-sweat lies on her brow;
The holy water on her hair;
The death seal glows upon her cheek,
So young, so fair.
The pale lips gasp the Dying Rite,
They kiss the dying Christ impaled,
Who for her sins was on the cross
For torture nailed.

Her quiv'ring limbs convulsing toss;
To the crucifix she turns her head;
The death pangs rack her body frail—
She is dead.

Then gently close her sightless eyes;
Fold her wan hands across her breast;
Around her let the tapers gleam;
Thus let her rest.

Toll softly, bells, with muffled tone;
As she is slowly born away,
Pronounce, O Priest! with lifted hands,
Absolvo Te!

Beneath the myrtles let her rest,
Where whispering poplars gently sway,
Where winds among the branches lisp,
Absolvo Te!
than the team that represents us this year. Captain Bush has given every man a fair chance to prove what he can do and the only places still uncertain are catcher and right field. Vrunkink promised to make a star catcher but was shifted to short, his old position, where he with Roggen, Veener and Stegeman will make an infield almost invincible. At present Stegeman is trying out for back stop and promises to make good. Bush and Van der Laan are playing left and center respectively, while Sizoo and Blekkink are both candidates for right. Slag will undoubtedly be used as utility man. Van der Laan, last year's pitcher, is throwing as well, if not better, than last year, while both Huizinga and Boone are putting in good work.

This year's record of the team is not large, nor yet discouraging. Three games were won from the Holland High School with the following scores: 9-2, 17-7, 19-2. On May 13 a game with the team of the MacLachlan Business college of Grand Rapids resulted in a score of 11-6 to Hope's credit. On May 20 the Allegan High School was defeated by a score of 10-1. The game on May 27 with the Grand Rapids High School was lost by a score of 7-4. The attendance at the games has not been large, but continual good work will undoubtedly bring out large numbers.

For the result of the great Tennis Tournament see next month's number.

Societies

Minerva Society

The Minerva society closes this school year with more enthusiasm than has been evident at any time during the year. It is with regret that they have been obliged to omit the annual "Fete," but commencement week will be so full of other functions that no opportunity will be given for this event. The girls will, however, celebrate the year's end by a day's outing.

The evening spent in Fraternal Hall was a pleasant interruption of the regular Friday evening meetings. Those joint meetings tend to cultivate social instincts, which should receive more attention.

Meliphonia Society

The Meliphonians have completed a very enjoyable and profitable term of work. Incidentally the last meeting of the year was the first meeting in its newly decorated hall. For a long time efforts have been put forth to improve the appearance of the hall and these have at last been realized. Its beauty ought now to be an incentive to every Meliphonian for greater efforts in their future work. No effort has been spared to make our annual exhibition a success and from present indications a pleasing and profitable program will be presented.

The Sorosis

A new society has been formed among the girls of the college. Its name is "The Sorosis." The membership of the society is at present small but all are enthusiastic and the outlook for the society is bright. The following officers have been elected:

President—Elizabeth Grotenmat.
Vice president—Estelle Kollen.
Secretary—Mina Coggeshall.
Treasurer—Anna Huizinga.

Y. M. C. A.

The Bible study and Mission study departments of the Y. M. C. A. have completed a successful year of work. Both departments have conducted two classes during the past year. One of the Bible study classes was in charge of Dr. G. H. Dubink, and the text book used was "Old Testament Characters" by W. W. White. The other class had for its leader J. Wessling, and for its text book "The Man Christ" by Robert E. Speer. Of the two Mission study classes one was conducted in the College department and the other in the Preparatory department. The former was conducted by W. G. Hockje in the study of "Social Evils in the non-Christian World" by Dr. Dennis, and "Sunrise in the Sunrise Kingdom" by DeForest. The latter was in charge of A. A. Wubbena, and studied the book entitled "Effective Workers in Needy Fields," in which is found a history of such missionaries as Livingston, Mackay of Uganda, Isabelle Thoburn and Joseph Neesima. The Missionary committee has also been able to collect the needed amount of money for the support of the native worker in India, Ephraim Souri.
De Alumni

Prof. E. J. Strick, '03, of the Northwestern Academy of Orange City, expects to assume next fall the duties of principal of the public school of Sioux Center, Ia.

Chapel exercises were conducted on May 2 by Rev. C. Steffens, '92, of Dubuque, Ia., and on May 9 by Dr. P. Moerdyk, '66, of Chicago, Ill.

Three members of the Class of '03, Messrs. Welmers, Vander Naald and VanderMel, visited college during the past month.

Rev. H. Schipper, '99, has returned to his home in Sioux Falls, So. Dak., after spending about a month with friends and relatives in Michigan.

Mr. G. J. Dinkeloo, '00, has accepted a position as professor of music in the Western Union College of Lemars, Ia.

A call has been accepted by Rev. S. F. Rieper, '00, of Detroit, Mich. to the Reformed church of Hospers, Ia.

Among the members of the graduating class of the Western Theological seminary were three of Hope's alumni, Mr. J. Vander Beek, '02, Mr. J. Wesselink, '01, and Mr. J. VanDeeuren, '02. These graduates expect to take charge in the near future of the Reformed churches at Oak Harbor, Wash., North Holland, Mich., and Coopersville, Mich., respectively.

Prof. J. M. VanderMeulen, '91, will during the summer months conduct services at the Mission chapel of the 2nd Reformed church of Kalamazoo, Mich.

The Anchor wishes to express its heart-felt sympathy with Rev. T. M. Muilenburg '89, in the death of Mrs. Muilenburg.

Rev. H. Dukhuizen, '05, and Rev. F. Mansens, '90, were called to Holland during the past month on account of the death of their mother, Mrs. S. Bolt.

Rev. P. J. Marsilje, '99, has changed his residence to Cement, Oklahoma.

Dr. S. M. Zwemer, '87, has revised "The Cradle of Islam," and has written another book, "The Moslem Doctrine of God," which will be published this month by the American Tract Society.

Exchanges

"Early to bed, and early to rise"
Does pretty well for sick folks and guys
But it makes a man miss all the fun till he dies.
Go to bed when you please
And lie at your ease
You will die just the same of some Latin disease.—Ex.

The Exchange Column in the "Argus" is exceptionally good.
The article in the "Brown Alumni Monthly" on the Schiller Centenary is interesting as well as instructive.

Do college athletes deserve all the scathing sarcasm W. A. Young hurled upon them in the "Ray"?

The " Collegian" minimizes the good of an Exchange Column by running in the exchanges to fill up space.

He who fights and runs away
From awful battle scenes
May live to write them up again
For all the magazines.

If you think that hats are but a "covering for the head" read the article on "Hats" in the "Sentiment."

Fifty years ago men were afraid of electricity; now they make light of it.—Ex.

If wishes were lessons, some of us wouldn't flunk.
If our grades were written on our foreheads, it would make some of us draw our hats over our eyes.—"Oracle"

The Alumni Column in the "Normal Leader" and "College Life" are especially good.

Student—I'll have to get a blank to figure that out.
Professor—Oh, do it in your mind.

Rock a-bye Senior upon the tree top,
As long as you study the cradle will rock,
But if you stop digging the cradle will fall,
And down will come Senior, diploma and all.—Ex.

"I stand corrected" said the school boy, who didn't care to sit down after the teacher had chastised him.—Ex.

"The 'Leather Stocking Tales' as an Artistic Creation" in the
May number of the “Coe College Cosmos” is well worth reading for its insight into Cooper’s philosophy of the novel.

“The Oracle” from Cincinnati has some very appropriate mottoes at the head of the various departments. The poem, “Light, Love, Life,” expresses considerable artistic feeling.

“The Pulse” from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, is good in its make up. It is in many respects well worthy of imitation.

“The College Days” would be improved by giving more attention to its literary department.

**Lattings**

One of those black-biled, morose, and cross-grained Freshmen asked us to insert in this department a satire on the weather. We’ll have it distinctly understood for once and for all that this is not the place for it, nor have your humble servants the inclination or ability to a sarcastic dissertation on the weather. The weather is bad enough to call forth the request for patience, brother, patience. Remember Job.

VanderSchoor, stumbling through the hall at VanVleck at 2:00 a.m. Monday; “Je Wis, but its quiet in the hall.”

Ben and Nettie, two of the most promising Juniors were overheard lately discussing the doctrines of Parmenides (?). Ahem!

Bonthius has a watch.

Vander Schaaf “went dead broke.”

Moral: Don’t have so many little sisters to buy rings for.

“What is the hallmark of a Junior?” “A rainbow colored eye.”

An odd coincidence is noticed at times. As soon as Prof. Beardslee goes on the platform to lead chapel exercises, John Douma makes a rush for the door.

According to Pennings, Shakespeare says: “Wubbena sees sermons in eyes and good in everything.”

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Bedeed (meisje)—Voor informatie, vraag Steenga.

Wederzien—wachten tot Zondag-avond.

Zien—heiden-avond.

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Prof. Mast says that there is only one horse-chestnut tree in town. We noticed one on the campus.

This is Dr. Bergen’s. Wouldn’t it jar you?

Miss Thurber—“Professor, where can I get a cross bow?”

The Doctor—Get your lover angry and then you will have a cross bow.

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"The Oracle" from Cincinnati has some very appropriate mottoes at the head of the various departments. The poem, "Light, Love, Life," expresses considerable artistic feeling.

"The Pulse" from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, is good in its make up. It is in many respects well worthy of imitation.

"The College Days" would be improved by giving more attention to its literary department.

Jottings

One of those black-billed, morose, and cross-grained Freshmen asked us to insert in this department a satire on the weather. We'll have it distinctly understood for once and for all that this is not the place for it; nor have your humble servants the inclination or ability to a sarcastic dissertation on the weather. The weather is bad enough to call forth the request for patience, brother, patience.

Member Job.

VanderSchoor, stumbling through the hall at VanVleck at 2:00 a.m. Monday: "JeWis, but its quiet in the hall."

Ben and Nettie, two of the most promising Juniors were overheard lately discussing the doctrines of Parmenides (?). Ahem!

Bonthuis has a watch.

Vander Schaar "went dead broke."

Moral: Don't have so many little sisters to buy rings for.

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For a second time has the city of St. Johns been compelled to relinquish one of its prominent educators to Holland. This time it is the High school which is benefitted. We predict that in the future the little boys in Holland will have to be more orderly. That's the way they are in St. Johns.

The Prohibition League has been setting up free drinks at all the base ball games of late.

Stegenga wants to know what kind of plant an aquarium is. Is it anything like a squash? If anyone should find one he will please inform Stegenga, as he needs one in his laboratory work.

The new girls society now wish to be known as the Sigma Sigmas. The Anchor at first surmised that these letters stood for the Six Secedere. We have since learned, however, that one of the letters represents the word Sorosis.

By request we publish nothing concerning John Hoekje's trip to Grand Rapids and his subsequent arrest as a pickpocket.

The Senior party given by J. C. Pelgrim and E. F. McCarty on May 18, was an event in college social affairs, and notable for artistic decorations and delightful entertainment.

On the evening of June 5 the juniors entertained the seniors in a very pleasant way. This was made possible largely through the kindness of R. Visscher in putting his home and hospitality at the service of his classmates, the Juniors.

The following is an extract from a diary, not Adam's, but a student's.

Sunday. Went to church in the morning. Shaved. Went to see —. Took — to church. Went walking with Wubbena and others.

Monday. Went to school. Flunked in Greek. Spent two hours in the Biology laboratory studying the structure of glycerine. Talked a while with Wubbena. He prefers sopranos but I would rather have an alto any day. Sopranos are all too thin.

Tuesday. Am still trying to make out the structure of a cross section of glycerine. It surely presents a very interesting problem. Wubbena says that Altos are too fat. He was always a knocker anyway. Am going to see — tonight.

Wednesday. Tonight is the Third church Y. P. S. C. E. meeting. Wonder if Sizoo and the rest of the gang will be there to keep me company while waiting for the thing to let out. Too bad we may not go in any more.

Thursday. Too busy to write. Hard at work at the glycerine.

Friday. Am on duty in F. S. tonight. Think I will have to and see —. Have solved the glycerine. Mast says the bean was mounted in the glycerine and not the glycerine in the bean. Who would ever have thought it. Think he might have told me before. I don't care for biology much anyway. Wubbena doesn't either.

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Saturday. Ball game on the campus, but took a walk with — The management isn't very good—they are so apt to lose money on their games. Did a good week's work. Wublena says that he thinks I'll make a good preacher. This is glorious news. It means eight hundred a year, so my future is assured. Think I'll go and tell — tomorrow.

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We wish to Announce

The publication of an ANNUAL for '04-'05. It will be a cloth-bound book of 175 pages, 8x12-in. in size, containing over 50 half-tones of the societies, faculty and buildings, views of the campus, the laboratories, the recently erected Van Raalte Memorial Hall and the new Carnegie Gymnasium and Graduation Hall. There will also be about 30 zinc etchings and drawings, illustrating places of college life. A hundred pages will be devoted to reading matter and write-ups of the various departments of the college.

The Alumni

Will be especially interested in THE ANNUAL. Since the time they have left College many changes perhaps have taken place. THE ANNUAL will fully describe and illustrate what Hope College is to-day.

The Friends

The friends who so generously aid the College will find THE ANNUAL an answer to the query which may have risen in their minds "What advance is Hope College making?"

Fellow Students

The issue of this, the first ANNUAL Hope College has ever issued, depends upon your loyal support.

The contents of THE ANNUAL is entirely new, the photographs and drawings have been especially prepared for the book. The paper and binding is the best obtainable. The ANNUAL will appear June 1st. Send in your subscription as soon as possible to

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