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"Opera in Pen"

VOLUME XXII OCTOBER, 1906 NUMBER II

JOHN MILTON.

(george Birkhoff, jr. English Prize Essay.)

Milton's life might have been a song of unbroken joy. He was born ostensibly to dwell for a life-time with his Muse, and to create for an appreciative world "lyrics, musical as is Apollo's lute." But that solemn soul, pensive even in his youth, with his lofty ideals of noble manhood, and his ambition "to live as ever in his great taskmaster's eye", had a mission of greater service—of service to his generation as liberty's champion; to all successive generations as the poet of mankind's sublimest themes, who would "justify the ways of God to man." He spent his youth in the "quiet air of delightful studies", till he had secured his fame as a lyric poet, then turned to obey the voice of patriotism that for twenty years had called louder than his Muse, but when the heat of the fray had passed, he summoned his Muse again, and sang in solemn strains 'that work by which we now call him great.

Milton's works cannot be studied outside of the history of his age. His was the age of the Commonwealth. The new learning held a secure hold upon the great minds of the nation; civil liberty and puritanism were courting recognition; and Milton's career was interlinked with all three. There are two words which bear in them the epitome of the ideals of his life, and those words are liberty and obedience. Liberty is the word that affects all his works—it breathes an atmosphere into his poetry, and it forms the key-note of his prose controversies,
Obedience is the thought and teaching that finds expression chiefly in the epics. Liberty, then, was part and parcel of his being, and as its apostle he was to witness great transformations in his country’s political and religious life. He saw the tyranny and subsequent death of Charles I. followed by the brilliant career of Cromwell and the Commonwealth. So also he witnessed the new order of things reversed, with the return of the Stuart House to power, and the cause of liberty turned to apparent defeat.

We love Milton not only because next to Shakespeare he is England’s greatest poet, but because of all our poets he is the greatest man. He tells us of the beauties of nature, although he has himself studied nature through the medium of books; he reveals to us the truth of art; he ravishes our ears with his perfect music. When freedom is sounded on every tongue he leaves “the quiet air of delightful studies” to become for us a true model of the patriot. But neither his love for the beautiful, nor his fidelity to liberty appeal to us most. There is in his being a quality that has produced that peculiar awfulness of soul which we feel in his presence; it is his high resolve for noble living, to make his “life a true poem”, and to be the embodiment of chastity itself. This tendency, combined with the resolute purpose never to depart from this holy living, is above all the true ideal of his life and the quality that commands our truest respect.

For his chosen task nature had given him a wonderful endowment. The scope of his imagination is marvelous, but it is an imagination that is not left unguarded, unconfined by reason. For what is imagination without reason, but mere fantasy in which the most beautiful lines lose their very soul? Milton is seldom guilty of giving us mere fantastic pictures. His natural bent to dwell upon lofty themes produced in him a sublimity of conception that is visible in all his poetry. A certain solemnity of thought and steadfastness of expression pervade his entire poetry, and they leave upon us a feeling of awe in his presence. And with all these endowments he has the power of expressing his thoughts in perfect music, at times light and tripping as in “L’Allegro”, and again grand, majestic, as in “Paradise Lost.” And underlying all this, and present in all his works, both poetry and prose, is a beautiful moral tone that is at once the gift of nature, and the product of his own careful cultivating.

We call the first the lyric period of his life. The works of these years are his delightful poems—the poems of which we never tire. After spending hours upon his prose works with their weighty thought and sometimes hidden philosophy, and upon his epics with their dogmas and lengthy expositions, one turns again with relief to the poet’s Cambridge and Horton productions, rich with their gentle music and rhyme. The poems of this period are dominated by the spirit of classicism and the influence of Spenser. Rhymic forms and classic allusions are freely borrowed, but we believe that the work “at last is his who does it best.” Their tone and art remain unmistakably Milton’s.

While the poem “On the Death of a Fair Infant” showed considerable promise in Milton, the ode “On the Morning of Christ’s Nativity” established the poet’s fame. Awakening on Christmas morning he recalls all the sacred associations of the day. All nature is hushed when the Christ-child is born, and earth and heaven, shepherds and angels come to do obeisance to him. While the earth is still, heaven bursts into singing, and the golden age has seemingly returned. And then in sharp contrast Milton paints the judgment, when all the pagan deities will be shorn of their power and before which man we will not realize our full bliss. Peace begins and peace ends this poem, and even the joyfulness of peace has entered into the music of this splendid lyric. The thought is solemn, yet beautiful; the diction is choice; the imagery is lofty conceived, though sometimes it verges on the fantastic, as in the description of the sunrise—

“...when the sun in bed, Curtained with cloudy red, Pillows his chin upon an orient wave—”
The conscious effort of the poet to reach the highest standard of lyrical excellence marks the ode as somewhat artificial. But nevertheless the poem remains one of the finest lyrics of modern literature, and the poet bears the distinction of having contributed it in his youth.

"L’Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" are companion poems, not antithetical, but complementary. In these nature and man and art are pictured as they appear to a man filled with an imaginative joy, and an imaginative sadness. In "L’Allegro", with an invocation to Mirth, Milton allows his poetic fancy to idealize and picture the delights of a spring morning, when the charms of nature call him out to rustic labor or sport, till evening comes, when the pleasures of the day give way to the jollity of romance, or to the enjoyment of drama and music. The "Il Penseroso" opens with an autumn evening when the nightingale has fled, and the fire-light plays upon the floor, while the pensive student loses himself in contemplation, and then, after a period of noontide rest and quiet on the following day, the poet imagines himself again at eventide listening to the music of some great cathedral organ that "brings all heaven before his eyes." The introduction of both poems are stately, but the rhythm in each soon becomes lighter to suit the thought. In "L’Allegro" the careful choice of words gives an atmosphere of cheeriness, and in the happy mingling of trochees and iambics the verse bounds as if borne along with very joy. The lines never halt; their character is swiftness and smoothness. Not so in "Il Penseroso." Here the poet must portray the meditative man, and the frequent pauses in the lines produce the proper atmosphere. Both poems are conscious of their art throughout, they seem to have been written even with very little spontaneity, yet they have a careless gracefulness that is not present in Milton’s other works. The poet has written both well, but his sympathies are most strongly with "Il Penseroso", in which he expresses his longing that he may live long to enjoy a pensive life.

"Till old experience do attain,
To something like prophetic strain."

The first poem in which the influence of Milton’s strong Puritan ideals shows itself is the "Comus." It is unmistakably an invective against the glaring evils of his times. Comus, the enchanter, is the embodiment of the spirit of that age with all the insincerity and lewdness of the Stuart House, and in sharp contrast therewith is pictured purity strong in its very beauty. Comus is unsuccessful in getting the Lady under his power, and flees a vanquished foe, but only one soul has been released from his power, which thought conveys the teaching that this conflict between baseness and chastity is to be the probation of every soul. It is an invective and a eulogy: a philosophical treatise and an entertaining masque: a gem of ethical teaching made beautiful by a poet’s master hand. The masque is such only in outline, the proprieties of drama are forgotten as the poet sets forth the qualities of virtue in language entirely unsuited to the age of the speakers; but as a lyric we must regard this also as of the best. It has both its strength and its weakness. The imagination soars at times and then falls again, but when he has given us his fantastic conceits of a cloud that turns its silver lining on the night, or, of the night that closes up the stars in its dark lantern, the poet’s imagery becomes the more beautiful again as in the lines—

"A thousand fantasies,
And airy tongues that syllable men’s names
Begin to crowd into my memory."

Such we call the loftier flights of his imagination, and wherever they occur the verse is noble and majestic.

The poetic labors of Milton’s youth close with “Lycidas”, a pastoral in its structure and art. It is an elegy upon the death of his college friend, Edward King,—one of the few great elegies of the English language, written not in vehement outbursts of passionate sorrow, but in quiet admiration and regret. Milton observes no unity in this poem, for when, under the guise of one shepherd mourning for another, the poet has spoken his lament, his passion bursts into a denun-
cation of the hirpling shepherds of the church who have cor-
rupted their offices with their abuses. The absence of keen
sorrow from this monody is often pointed out as a fault, but
we must bear in mind that the nature of the pastoral does not
call for such intensity of emotions. And although there is not
in it the tender, submissive mournfulness of his “Epitaphium
Damonis”, still the poem is redolent with feeling, and the
poet’s love for the beautiful gives the whole a coloring that
has helped to class it among the best.

Milton’s very earliest works are only the echoes and the
poetical memories of his own experience. About “Comus”
there is an atmosphere that suggests the possibility of a con-
flict with royalty, but in “Lycidas” we have the sure intimation
that the storm is coming. “Lycidas” indeed prepares us
for the controversial period of Milton’s life.

It is not within the scope of this essay to treat of the
English Revolution or the Commonwealth, except in so far as
these twenty years constitute the long, darksome period of
our poet’s life. In England’s history they are years of tur-
moil, strife, and change; in Milton’s life years of quarrels,
discontent, and embitterment of soul. His muse is silent; his
poet’s voice is not heard except in the few stray “trumpet
notes” of the sonnets. They are the years of Milton’s prose—
prose written in liberty’s defense, whose life-long champion he
was. His treatises are divided into three groups, treating of
ecclesiastical, personal, and civil freedom.

Whatever is not of universal interest to all ages, but is
written merely for time, must perish—it is effaced by the cruel
forgetfulness of the passing years. This is the harsh judgment
that time has passed upon most of the prose works of Milton.
His scathing attacks upon Prelaty in his true and noble zeal
for Church reform, truly the least important of his pamphlets,
have suffered most.—barely their names remaining of any
interest. Still even in these we have occasions to see this
master’s prose style at its best, as in his amazing and sub-
lime appeals to God to defend the cause of righteousness. For
the chronicler of history their interest may be almost nil, but
not so for the curious student of powerful prose. Time has
been more lenient with the once notorious “Tracts on Divorce”
and with that masterpiece of eloquent diction, the “Areopagita.” The “Tracts on Divorce” have suffered continual
abuse, and yet, curiously enough, Milton’s principal argu-
ments remain unanswered. To the unbiased philosopher their
reasoning holds such food for thought that they will not soon
die. The “Areopagita” is the best and most famous of his
pamphlets. It is not a work of passing interest. “Its defense
of books and the freedom of books will last as long as there
are writers and readers of books.” As a literary production
it is assuredly the “high-water mark” of his prose treatises.
Milton combining in it all those qualities in rhetorical work
by which we call him a master in prose. Direct, forceful argu-
ments, a clear outline, a beauty of diction and expression are
combined as in no other of the productions of his services as
champion of liberty and Latin secretary of Cromwell. And
to all these qualities is added a masterful eloquence that is
born only of enthusiasm. It abounds in biting satire, but not
to that extent which marks his “Defense of the English Peo-
ple”, the most merciless production we have in English litera-
ture. This work is an overwhelming answer to Salmacins,
the greatest scholar on the continent in his day, who had
come forward as the champion of the fallen monarchy. And
yet this is merely of interest to us and not of great value. Its
ture value lies in its sound philosophy of statecraft that it
contains. To him who searches for this element in the treatises
these works are wonderful.

The prose works in the main afford no pleasure in read-
ing. They contain all the miseries of debate with its abuse
and mockery; their language is even brutal. The author often
descends from passages of lofty sentiment and stately diction
to passages of bitter sarcasm and careless utterance. The
forcefulness, the intellectuality, the philosophy which these
writings contain alone save them from being revolting. But,
on the other hand, their good qualities must not be lost sight
of. The age in which Milton wrote was not a prose age, and
yet almost as a sole master he has risen to show to him who would attain to effective speech the powers to which the English language can be put. These writings contain some of the most powerful expressions that have ever been heard. Repeatedly we feel the sense of a great moral power attending them, and we see evidences of an unaltinger faith in the final triumph of liberty upon which his very character was built.

It is indeed peculiar that amongst the bitterness of these twenty years could spring from the poet's genius the best of his sonnets, of which we have "alas, too few!" These little gems are written in the perfect sonnet form, and the noblest of them, amidst solemn music, utter as deep a religious patience as was ever expressed by the poet in any other period of his life. The "Sonnet On His Blindness" is the greatest of them all; rather, it is the most famous sonnet ever penned by any man.

But it is not chiefly as Cromwell's Latin secretary that we remember Milton, for the political conditions of the Commonwealth and the poet's polemics will fade away in the mists of history, but the poetry of his later years—never. His "Paradise Lost" will live as long as mankind has a share in the struggle between right and wrong, and as long as sin and death rule in the world. It was written by one who lived in the service of the generations; it was dedicated to the generations of which the poet truly prophesied that they "would not willingly let it die."

In his youth Milton had already determined to write an epic that would be worthy of his genius. He had chosen a purely romantic theme in the story of "Arthur", but the maturity of his later years led him to abandon this for an epic with a religious motive, that he might tell of how revolt was quelled in Heaven, and how Paradise was lost and won to man. As a result of this determination, "Paradise Lost" with its sequel, "Paradise Regained", was produced, constituting the only great contribution of English bards to the epic poetry of the world. And we call "Paradise Lost" one of the greatest of epics, because it fulfills the laws that underlie this class of poetry, not falling short, as Addison observes, of the epic beauties of the "Iliad" or the Aeneid." The plot tells of one, and only one, action, of a whole action, and that a grand one. The theme is the "Fall of Man", and holds our attention from beginning to end: the poet, in order not to break the unity of the poem, throws the story of the battle of the angels, and of the creation of the world into the fifth, sixth and seventh books by way of episode. The action is in no wise incomplete, but a perfect whole. The "Fall of Man" is contrived in Hell; the plot is enacted on Earth; and retribution is paid in Heaven. Likewise it is a great action, so great indeed that we can conceive of nothing loftier or more noble than this theme which wins the universal sympathy of all ages. In epic poetry the treatment of the characters forms another important consideration. Milton's chief characters are indeed few, but he has entered as many as his subject will allow, and those characters, each in their peculiar sphere, are truly great. Adam and Eve in their happy state in Paradise are ideal characters, the embodiment of chastity and beauty, and these in the reader's imagination may be separated from these same persons in their totally abject state, so that they form really four characters. They remain in either state great personages for epic treatment. Man's enemy is the arch-enemy, Satan himself, supreme in his realm, and Milton's God is Jehovah, ruler of all. Neither Homer nor Virgil ever had occasion to treat such great and appropriate characters. And, finally, epic poetry requires lofty sentiments and sublime language. Certainly Milton's poem does not fail in these. Whatever may be said of the other qualities of Milton's poetry, in sublimity of thought and stateliness of diction lies his great talent; in fact, his supreme excellence is to be attributed to these characteristics.

It is meet at this occasion to mention also a few of the defects of this great work. It is not an infrequent thing for Milton to stop in the midst of some narrative to philosophize or to express his reflections upon some event or character that he may have entered into the story. In such digressions the
poet himself booms up before us, and not his characters, in which event we have rather the lyric element than the epic element of poetry. Again the many allusions to heathen fables ushered in with an air of truthfulness, are hardly in keeping with the sacredness of the theme; however, it must be said that they are merely alluded to, and none of the doctrinal parts of the poem are based upon them. As for the language, it is laborious and abounds in foreign idioms, many of them unintelligible, while many of his sentences, long and involved, defy all analysis. And yet in spite of this, the epic lives; its virtues are greater than its faults.

The one poem whichcomparest with all "Paradise Lost" is Dante’s “Divine Comedy.” Both poems treat in part somewhat similar subjects, but the modes of treatment vary vastly. Dante’s poem is characterized by the intensity of emotional effect that it produces; it is extremely melancholy throughout. The pictures that are painted are not intended to produce an illusion on the mind, or to suggest more than they represent. They stand simply for what they are, and no more. And all his pictures are painted in detail, so that there is nothing for the reader to do but to read, and to see what the poet himself saw. How different in “Paradise Lost”! Milton continually relies upon the reader’s imagination to finish the picture which he suggests. There is nothing realistic in the work: the golden thread of fancy runs through its warp and woof. Milton is no eye witness of what he represents, as Dante might be termed, who almost seems to see before him the dark portal, with the dread inscription on it.—"All hope abandon, ye who enter here." Milton does not even give us all the details of any picture; he is suggestive, everything has the atmosphere of vagueness.

The style of “Paradise Lost” is always great—continually uniformly great. The stateliness of the language dignifies even the most commonplace things; even the things that have no beauty in themselves, charm us because of the beautiful masque of poetry in which they appear. The words are always adapted to the thing described, the pauses, that break the blank verse at most any point, are always suited to the thought. There is nothing careless, nothing hazarded. And the whole twelve books of the poem resound with a solemn music, which none but Milton has been able to produce.—indeed, there is hardly a light, fantastic line—all is majestic to suit the lofty sublimity of the theme.

The universe as represented in “Paradise Lost” consists of Heaven or the Empyrean, of Hell, of Chaos, and of the World. Heaven is on high, indefinite in extent, walled toward Chaos with impregnable battlements. Chaos is the vast, limitless abyss, in the midst of which is situated Hell, a fall of nine days and nine nights distant from Heaven. The World, too, is situated in Chaos, but is connected with Heaven and Hell; and about the Earth revolve the seven planets, while the Crystalline and Primum Mobile spheres surround all these. In other words, Milton believes in the Ptolemaic system.

The religion that breathes its atmosphere into the great epic is purely the Puritanism of Milton’s time. But the story would be interesting no matter in what religions ideas it might have been written, merely because the Fall of Mankind meets with sympathy in people of all beliefs. But the poet’s religion furnishes only the atmosphere—it is the story itself that interests us. It is the old, simple story telling of how Satan by his wiles overcame Man in his innocence, and left him abject, only the mere vestige of his former self, to be raised again to a hopeful state through the mercy of his compassionate God.

"Paradise Regained" is the sequel of "Paradise Lost." It is the happy, triumphant story of Christ over-mastering Satan’s temptations in the wilderness, and restoring lost Paradise to Man. This epic is written in the same grand style as “Paradise Lost”, but it lacks its richness of imagery and diction. The first two books are marked by their utter simplicity; there is hardly any adornment in their poetry. But in the third and fourth books the poet’s imagination is once more unbound, and soars to its accustomed height. Its triumphant spirit is partly lost in the argumentative treatment that the poet has given it. Its tone truly savors of "Paradise
Lost", but its beauties are different, and it has failed to win
that admiration which scholars have for the longer epic.
Milton closed the work of his poetic genius with Samson
Agonistes, a drama, built on the model of the Greek drama,
with choral odes and dialogues. We find in it a magnificent
picture of Milton's own life, allegorically expressed. Like
Samson he was dedicated to the service of God, and like him
he had been disappointed in love, and had suffered blindness,
but both he and the Israelite imagine a distant vision in which
right finally becomes triumphant. In "Comus", Milton has
seen the same forces of good and evil set in array, but in
"Comus" he writes with idealistic philosophy—he sees the
struggle with prophetic eye. In "Samson" we have realism—
the poet is in his old age, and he looks back upon the strug-
gles from which he has learned that Divine strength alone will
bring the triumph of virtue. In both dramas the poet lives
in the assurance that God himself aids the weakness of Man.
Thus did Milton live to serve the generations. In his
early poems he teaches us to appreciate beauty in nature,
poetry, and life. He ravishes our souls with his soft songs and
the lightest, happiest music of which his solemnity was
able. But he teaches us not only to appreciate and inter-
pret good poetry; he fills us rather with the desire to produce
similar strains. In his prose works he teaches us the power
of language, and the desirability of hollowing a lofty ideal at
the cost of sacrifice. But in the works of his old age he enables
us to look beyond the present into the future, beyond the
earthly into the heavenly, and to feel in meditative mood the
majesty of the human soul. We are familiar with the picture
of Milton walking with one hand on the shoulder of the poet;
with the other on the shoulder of the future. As a man he
rested upon both; and as he was familiar with all ages, so he
is deserving of still continued recognition by the present and
the future as their immortal bard.
Milton is not dead. It is true, for those who love the
trivial he has no life, but for those who are interested in the
solemn, the noble things of life, his influence is undying. He
has breathed into English poetry a new vigor. Lyric poetry
has received a new impetus through his "Lycidas"; epic poetry
through his "Paradise Lost." Indeed, "Paradise Lost" con-
tinues to have an ever-increasing interest to all those who
know the Bible and the inherent weakness of Man. And even
if we had received from Milton nothing but his beautiful
"L'Allegro" the poet would live today in our lasting admira-

—JOHN WICHERS, "to.

THE MARVELOUS ADVENTURES OF JOE.

X THE course of my wanderings I found
myself, one cold November night, at a little
town in central Michigan, where I had to
leave the railroad and go on to my destina-
tion by stage-coach. The stage-coaches of
the present day are degenerate; even that
romantic name no longer clings to them.
They are simply stages, but sometimes they put one in the
way of an adventure. This one was only a two-seated car-
rriage. The side curtains were on for the greater comfort of
the passengers, for a sharp wind was blowing. I was the only
passenger that night, and the driver stowed me away in the
back seat.

The aforesaid driver was evidently a character. His name,
by the way, was Joseph England, but nobody ever called him
anything but Joe. He was short and stock and red-faced, with
the bustling air of one who knows how much the welfare of
the world at large and the travelling public in particular de-
pends upon his individual efforts. When he had gotten his
mail sacks and my baggage disposed of, he put on a great fur
overcoat, which showed patches of leather where the fur was
worn off, established himself on the front seat, and we were off.

It had been muddy and then had frozen. There was about
a mile where the farmers had been working on the road—a
bright proceeding, certainly, at that season of the year. They
had plowed up the outside of the road and left the loose earth
in the center, as usual, and they and the weather had wrought a work of art that made the traditional rocky road to Dublin look like cement pavement. And there was no gentle introduction to the festivities. We had been going along fairly well for a time, when all at once I found myself sitting on a couple of feet of thin air and trying to force my head up through the canopy of the vehicle. After that I simply vibrated between the seat and the canopy, a living demonstration of the beautiful laws of inertia. The driver was exhausting all the choicest profanity of the English language, regardless of feminine presence, and I really could not blame him. Then, as suddenly as the festival had begun, it ceased, and we vibrated no more. So far as we could make out, there were no bones broken and neither of us had suffered internal injury, but my new winter hat had settled down around my ears in a mass of ruin, and patience was at a premium. I felt as if I would gladly give a five dollar bill for one of the driver's expletives, but I knew he hadn't any left.

After a little we reached a little clump of trees, on a deserted part of the road. Joe shifted the reins from one hand to the other and turned around in his seat. I snatched a story. "Just a little ways ahead here," he said, "I was held up, just twenty years ago tonight it was!"

I felt my hair struggling to rise up under that gelatinous mass of hat. "Held up!" I cried.

"Yes, sir! Held up. I was comin' along here just about this time o' night. I had four hundred an' thirty-seven dollars in the mail bag that night, besides what I had in my pocket. I was comin' along here an' all of a sudden two fellahs come out from the side o' the road an' grabbed the horses' heads. I had two men in the back seat, an' they jumped up—'What's the matter? what's the matter?' they says. 'Oh,' I says, 'you stay there. I'll fix em. Take the lines.' So I jumped out an' choked one fellah while the other one was gettin' his gun. Then I went around to where the other one was an' I looked him square in the eye. It was moonlight, so I could see. I looked along his gun into his eye an' I says, 'You put away that gun.' 'Go to grass,' says he an' he pulls the trigger. It missed fire, an' I says, 'Now you put up that gun an' come along with me to the sheriff.' He says, 'Not on your tin type! I don't ride with no man with an eye like you've got.' An' before I could grab him he runs off in the woods. The men in the wagon says, 'Why didn't you let us get 'em?' they says. 'Why, I knew I could fix 'em,' I says. Now, I've allus thought I knew just who they was, but o' course I couldn't prove it, so I've kep' still. But I've got my suspicions. Yes, s'ree! Gedap!"

And the hero whistled a snatch of a song just above his breath.

There was a long silence after that, broken only by Joe's "Gedap! Gedap!" and then, just as we were driving along between two pieces of woods two men stepped out into the road and seized the horses' heads. A gun was leveled upon us. "Where's you cash, pard?" asked one with grim good-nature.

"Holy smoke!" This from the hero of the hold-up, as he fumbled in his pockets.

"Hurry, up!" and a shot whistled over the canopy. The horses reared, frightened.

"Give a man time!" gasped Joe, frantically fumbling. "Here you are." He produced a bill and some small change, and parted with it with alacrity. I preserved a dignified silence and passed unnoticed in the darkness of the back seat. When the desperadoes had secured the driver's spare change, they departed speedily.

Joe got rid of a good-sized chunk of profanity. "Them was greenhorns," he said, with the air of a connoisseur. "Gedap!"

—BATA M. BEMS, '12.
THE ANCHOR.

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EDITORIAL

Of the many occasions for joy at the opening of college, one feature stands out pre-eminently, namely, the absence of school days on the campus. For the old students, the sweeping roominess of the western prairies or the salty ocean breeze effectively killed off the germs of lurking discontent. And so far the new student, ah, who does not delight in the new student? With his eager hopes and unbounded faith in success, with the trembling excitement which the novelty of things reflects in his features; with his unshaken confidence in his new Alma Mater and the high estimation and appreciation of conditions on the campus, behold, the inspiration of the old students, the vision that sweeps away the doubts of those who experienced some of the unavoidable grind of college life, or perhaps battled with "cons" and "flunks."

The large number of new students greatly stimulates this

optimistic spirit, which will enable us to "do" things this school year. For we must forge ahead still more than we have done in the last few years. Together with the increasing number of students there must be a development from within a manifestation of greater mental ability. Classroom work and report cards will show this satisfactorily to the individual and his parents. Debating and oratorical contests will label us for the outside world. Hence the need of strong effort, in order that we may not only realize the purpose of our presence here, but also reflect credit upon the institution to which we become more indebted the farther our course extends.

But without the urging of the Anchor, the college faculty is abundantly able to look after your educational development. There is, however, one other feature which must not be passed over, namely, the resolution to create strong, clean athletics. And in regard to this we heartily endorse the statement of Olivet's president, "Brilliant athletics, but first brilliant recitations." Above all, let this be the watchword. For at times there may be quite some dissatisfaction with regard to our restricted athletics, but how can we ever hope for the sympathy of every member in the faculty when the men of the gridiron, basket ball court, or base ball diamond give no convincing proof that the athletic sports strengthen their zeal and ability in the classroom? With this understanding we urge every healthy fellow who wishes to remain healthy, to come out and participate in the various athletic feats.

Hope College began its fall session on September 15th. The event was marked by the usual opening exercises. After the reading of Scriptures and the offering of prayer, President Kollen, in the course of his opening remarks, took occasion to officially thank, in behalf of the college, Rev. H. V. S. Pecke, of Japan, and Dr. H. G. Keppel, of the University of Florida, for their magnificent gift of the picture, "The Prophets," by Sergeant. His work of art was presented by two distinguished men of Hope's alumni "in memory of a strong college friendship." Following the President's remarks, the principal ad-
addresses of the day were delivered by Rev. A. L. Warnshuis and H. V. S. Peake, missionaries to China and Japan, respectively.

With considerable humor, Rev. Warnshuis described present day world conditions, and pictured this decade as a time of rich opportunity. The latter half of his address was largely advisory in character. With the problem of the present being always one of sacrifice, the college man must equip himself for life's duties by forming strong habits of work. The mere fact that a person attends college will not make him a man. The essentials of preparation for any profession are work, and an embracing of all opportunities, with motives clear enough to see through, wide enough to move in, and high enough to rise in. In all this we must remember that there is a plan for each of our lives, and that we are to make our lives "just like the plan."

Rev. Peake's address was very brief. He took as his theme the passive and the active parts of our education. Much good comes to a student merely from the fact that he is at college, where there is an atmosphere already created for him. The longer a man is in any atmosphere, of whatever nature, the more he is influenced by that atmosphere. The active part of our education consists in the amount of work we do. And work does not become work till we put conscious effort into it. "The grind does it." "The energized work is what achieves."

Placing responsibility on a man by electing him to a position of leadership too generally means that we expect him to assume not only that particular responsibility, but ours likewise. Then when things "go to smash" we blame him for it. It is a scheme not without its advantages for some of those concerned. But success, we must remember, depends not alone on good generals, but equally so on good soldiers. What does a matter that we have a leader far in advance if he stands there alone, with his followers too lazy or too selfish to support him?

Apply this to the Anchor. No matter how good your staff may be, no school paper will ever be a success unless it is truly a school paper; that is, unless it has the school behind it. This means that every student should feel that this is his paper and that he is bound to support it, defend it, take a just pride in it, and be glad and willing to contribute to it. Evidently some of the schools on our exchange list elect their staff to furnish the material for their papers. Certainly it is not fair to expect such work from the staff. It will soon destroy a paper, not so much because these few people will wear out their enthusiasm so soon, but rather because such a paper is not a school paper.

Now, as a rule, the Anchor has had little trouble in this respect in the past. Students have always felt it a compliment to have their productions published in the Anchor. We want to keep it so and the way to do this is for every student to do his and her share to make it a good paper. Strive to make your society productions, your class-room compositions desirable as Anchor copy. Be ready to contribute a special article when asked to do so. If you have a good story or essay, overcome your bashfulness and ask the editor if he thinks he can use it. And, above all, when you submit material be sure that it is your best and that there is nothing in it to be ashamed of. Plagiarism is something we cannot be too careful about. It is so easy to commit that crime; it is so often done altogether unconsciously, and it is such an odious, degrading thing to print an article of such nature that no paper, no student, can avoid it too strictly. "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter"? See that the Anchor Box in Van Raalte Hall is kept busy.

One of the college papers was struck the other day with the need of getting up a snappy appeal to subscribers. The result was the following:

Once upon a time a man who was too economical to take a college paper, sent his little boy to borrow the copy taken by his neighbor. In his haste the boy ran over a $4 stand of bees and in ten minutes looked like a watery summer squash.
YE FRESHIES!

Every class in college should have its own distinctive cheer. A pleasantly descriptive cry for young beginners like yourselves is "Raw-raw-raw." The chances are that is what you will be for at least one-half of your first year.

It is well on all occasions for young collegians to get on pleasantly friendly terms with their instructors, but the act of slapping the president on the back and addressing him to his face as "Old Hoss" is to be avoided.

Eschew hazings in so far as you are able to do so. It is the height of foolishness for a boy fresh from school to descend suddenly upon a group of a dozen Sophomores with the intention of throwing them into a duck-pond. We do not recall, in many years of experienced observation of the ways of college boys, a single instance where such an effort has turned out successfully.

Let your ambitions be in strict accord with your physical capacity. A Freshman weighing ninety-eight pounds who thrusts to get on a football team is apt to encounter some disappointing obstacles which may not be overcome. While, on the other hand, he might reasonably hope to become light-weight Tiddlywink champion of his class.

All men need a certain amount of sleep, even Freshmen. It is well, therefore, to go to bed occasionally during the first few months of your stay at college. The opportunities of sleeping in a class-room cannot be counted upon, and in most of our higher institutions of learning it is not considered good form to take a pillow or cot into recitation rooms.

It will, of course, become obvious to you, as your college career progresses, that your professors and tutors are not what you will be for at least one-half of your first year.

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ence which one you join—Minerva, Sorosis, Metaphone, Fraternal, Cosmopolitan, or the new society. They will all doubly repay you for your time, if you only do your duties there.

The ex-Metaphonians of the class of '05 have seen fit to become the charter members of a new society. Resolutions have already been adopted, and although the society is still without a name, we hope that the worthy organization may soon find a name which belies their rank and principles. The other societies of the college department have expressed their willingness to heartily cooperate with the new movement. We believe that there is plenty of opportunity for three men's societies in the college department. The new organization numbers fourteen members, which is sufficiently large for a new society to begin with, since the members are all from the Freshman class.

Can you speak Dutch? Then why not join the Ulilas or Van Raalte Club? The Dutch literary societies have again commenced their pursuit of the pure Dutch language, with Dutch vigor and persistence.

ALUMNI.

Hope College is again in session with a large increase in the number of students and another class added to its Alumni roll. The Anchor was interested to learn that of the members of the class of '09, Victor Bleekink, Peter Pleume and Abraham Van Houten are studying theology at New Brunswick; John Dykstra, Teniss Comkvans and David Van Strien at Princeton; and Milton Hoffman, A. T. Luman, H. J. Meinders, Henry Schut, Isaac Van Westenberg and John Wolterink at the Western Theological Seminary. Besides these, the following members are teaching: George Roost in Utah; Henry Rotteschafer at Bellevue, Mich.; Louise Warnshuis in the public school at Holland, and Wynand Wackers at Hope College, Holland.

At the opening of college this year, the old and new students were addressed by two of Hope's own Alumni, Rev. II.
ATHLETICS.

42, 39, 14, 87: Boom, Rah Rah. We are at it again and with a determination that this year's football team is going to outclass all former efforts, besides showing other schools that Hope is still to be reckoned with. The prospects are certainly very bright as the team is under good management, and although there are very few men left of last year's team the new material looks very promising. The manager informs us that some of the teams which Hope will meet this year are as follows: Wayland H. S., October 21; Muskegon H. S., October 19; Grand Haven H. S., October 17; Grand Rapids Battalion, October 22; Grand Rapids H. S., October 30, Kalamazoo Normal College, November 6. The game on November 6 will be the first inter-collegiate contest Hope ever entered into in football, and talk of the game is already on the lips of many of the enthusiasts. What the team needs this season most of all is the hearty support of all (we say all) the students. The teams are what we make them. Season tickets are being sold, which is a new venture in the way of meeting expenses. Just now the services of Mr. Mitchell, an old Carlisle star, have been engaged to coach the men.

The tennis courts are the scene of quite a little activity these last few weeks of the season, but we are sorry to say the fair coeds of Hope seem to be exceedingly modest when it comes to anything in the line of athletics. We miss the feminine squeaks and rustle of skirts on our tennis courts and it is hoped that some day a court will be laid out on the lawn near the Voorhees Dormitory, so that the ladies may overcome their modesty and take active part in our contests. Tournaments were held for city championship which some of the college students entered, but up to the present writing the championship has not been decided. New plans are on foot for making new courts on the campus, putting up backstops and other improvements, which probably will not materialize till spring, the season being so near at an end.

LOCALS.

"Volo hunc librum
Esse in Inferno;
Vehementer sperno,
In quo nullum bonum
Numquam esse cerno."

—Inscription in a second-hand Psychology.

Behold in the above effusion an indication that your labors are not fruitless. O ye classic worthies.

Last year we learned of Prof. Iftema that the suffix "ius" means full. During vacation we sometimes wondered if the state of being full of pie could be briefly called "pious"?

Prof. Beardslee must think the state of learning at Hope has deteriorated during the last year. He found out from one of his pupils lately that the language spoken in Peru is Peruna.

What next? The other day our model of correct English, our peerless psychology professor, said in class: "Gee, it was a sleeping child!"

A new version of a classic ditty runs thus:
My bonnet spreads over the ocean,
My bonnet spreads over the sea.
For a bonnet that spreads 'er the sidewalk
Isn't half enough bonnet for me.

This from William Walvoord, Jr.: How I love its tuneful gurgle!
How I love its ceaseless flow!
Oh, I love to wind my mouth up
And I love to hear it go!

During fair week, Prof. Swiftph inquired of his Freshmen who Themistocles was. They are not very well acquainted here yet, so didn't know. He answered his own question, with a quizzical smile: "That's the Spanish Count. You can see him downtown for a nickel."

Haven't you seen a change in the new students since
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Haven't you seen a change in the new students since
they came to Hope? They all seem to have some "saints" pounded into them. There is a change, even in some of the old students; for didn't John Allman swallow a fire-escape piece during the summer?

But what cannot happen during three short months—Even our timid Prof. Patterson saw fit to make two hearts beat at once shortly after school closed.

Joe De Pree, in speaking of that event, said: "It's peculiar, but you would never have thought that such a thing would happen if you had seen the mark he gave me in biology." To those who do not see the point we wish to say that Prof. Patterson marked his report cards one short week before the close of his single blessedness.

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