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Christmas 1901.

Six weeks and Christmas is here. You are going to make a present to your Mother, Wife, sweetheart, or somebody. Why not make it a useful one? There is nothing as acceptable and at all times appropriate as FURNITURE.

A NICE ROCKER,
A WRITING DESK,
A PARLOR STAND,
A COUCH,
A MUSIC CABINET,
A HALL TREE.

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Union Barber,
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6 East Eighth Street, HOLLAND, MICH.

THE ANCHOR.

"Spera in Deo."

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VOLUME XV.

Mysteries in Reality.

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone embrace.
Believing where we cannot prove.

Thine are these orbs of light and shade:
Thou madest Life in man and brute:
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

[Tennyson's "On Memorium."]

In all the realities we see round about us, we find inexplicable mysteries. The rays of sunlight as well as the flickering paths of thunderbolts defy the understanding of the naturalist. The chemist finds the elements of the entire universe strictly obeying laws, but he fails to find the reasons why. The astronomer peers into the heavens with telescopes of monstrous size, but the limits of space are brought no nearer to his view. The existence of life and the power of growth puzzles the scrutiny of the biologist while Death, inevitable Death, mocks at all his intelligence and shatters his fondest theories. To deny the existence of life because human reason cannot comprehend it, we consider justly the greatest of folly.

Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,
He is a slave, the meanest we can meet.

[Wordsworth.]
In all sciences, whether natural or metaphysical, some phenomena make their appearance which we must accept "by faith and faith alone" even this "we cannot prove."

As we have already remarked, it is folly to deny the existence of a phenomenon or an actual fact because it cannot be proven by scientific demonstration. We know it cannot be scientifically demonstrated why one ovule produces an individual of one species while another in every way similar produces another individual of an entirely different species. Still this gives us no reason why we should doubt that such is the case. The naturalist discovers the general law that "heat expands and cold contracts." He explains it by the theory that molecules in a heated state swing in wider arcs than when cool and hence the cause of contraction and expansion. But what about water that has reached the point of freezing? It acts entirely contrary to the general law. Still we cannot reject the researches and conclusions of science; but neither can we reject the results of actual observation. We must admit a mystery involved. A hound in chasing a hare, decreases the distance between himself and the hare by one-tenth. Mathematics demonstrates with mathematical accuracy that the hound will never overtake the hare. Do we feel quite satisfied? We cannot find out where the error lies; but surely, we do the wisest thing to accept both the demonstrations of the one and the actual facts of the other without disregarding either, even tho their relations to one another cannot be understood.

There are psychologists who, by the most careful scientific researches, fail to find in the mind a third conscious element namely that of "spontaneity," "self-directiveness," "activity" or in short, the will which, by the greatest philosophers of all ages has been considered the most important element in human nature. They define our efforts as composed merely of a "complex of sensations and affections." They define our choices (selective action) as a "conflict of impulses and action follows when one of the two has gained the upper hand over its rival." Volitional action arises when in consciousness there are "two sets of ideas" one of which is supplemented by the idea of our own movement. Whichever set of ideas "get's the upperhand, depends upon the capacity of each to hold the attention." Hence man is entirely passive controlled by his impulses. They prove their position by introspection, "the final court of appeal."

Finally they conclude by stating that there is "no psychological evidence of a mental activity, above or behind the stream of conscious processes" and further also, "whenever we look inward, we find nothing but processes of varying degrees of complexity." Thus merely because science fails to find the ego, the self, the actor behind all mental processes they omit this feature entirely and consider it out of question. Alas, for scientific researches! Were they infallible, we would have; but they too have already failed to prove many things.

Now we come to the question, is there then something in man that is self-directive, that is active and as such the producer of all his acts? If we are not willers, if we are not actors why then do we at times approve of our own acts? Why do we at times feel a keen remorse for what we have done if we ourselves are not the producers of such? Upon what does personal responsibility rest? Remorse, self-approbation and responsibility could never exist in us if we were at the mercy of our impulses. We accept the fact that we live, by intuition not by scientific demonstration. The mathematician with the unvarying rules of mathematics as his infallible court of appeal, demonstrates that, under conditions already stated, the hound will never overtake the hare. In a similar way, scientific researches demonstrate that there is in the mind of man no activity, no self-directiveness. Must we then accept their demonstrations as actual proof, and, consequently, not recognize at all what we learn from actual experience? We confess that we fail to find an which side the error lies if there is any; but we are compelled to accept the fact that there are mysteries in reality.

Let us take an illustration that brings into striking contrast what is revealed by scientific researches and what by actual experiences. While walking by a tobacco shop, I see some cigars displayed in the window. I am fond of the delicious, the poisonous fumes of cigars and accordingly walk in. After choosing the kind I like best, I light it and pass out. According to introspection, two sets of ideas at first arose in consciousness whether to get cigars or not. There was a conflict which of the two should have the upper hand? The idea to get cigars had much more power to hold the attention and consequently I walked in. The keeper asks me "what will you have?" Now there are "materials of two different impulses" in my consciousness whether to get cigars or not. There was a conflict which of the two should have the upper hand? An "idea of my own movement" is supplement to the materials of the impulse to get the former kind. This consequently gains the upperhand and I walk away. I enjoy my cigar and approve of my choice. I do not regard my impulses in the least. I feel quite sure that I have not been passive. But unfortunately, I meet a friend whom I esteem highly and always like to please. He greatly dislikes bad habits and now he finds me smoking. Do I turn to my impulses as having produced my act? I accuse no other than my own activity. Otherwise I could have no remorse. Experience teaches me that some activity of my own has been the producer of these states of feeling, even the introspection reveals no such thing as activity. Hence we are compelled to assert that we have no right to deny the existence of activity in the mind, whatever introspection may reveal—no
more than the mathematician has a right to deny actual facts even tho the unvarying rules of mathematics demonstrate the contrary.

But if we take no other proofs into consideration than those which science gives us, what influence must such one sidedness necessarily exert? A reign of impulses imbues us with ideals no loftier than those of a brute, with aspirations no higher than those of a savage sensualist. Its fittest motto is: "Eat, drink and be merry for to-morrow we die." An active soul inured by the idea that it is but a passive thing at the mercy of impulses, can never be filled with high and ennobling ambitions, can never be guided into better ways by the bitter remorse of wrong, can never feel the inexpressible joys springing from a striving after right and truth, but is ever a miserable slave in the thralldom of necessity, abandoned by his own wishes and desires, abandoned by that freedom which is life itself, abandoned by his God.

But we rejoice to learn that now "we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when that which is perfect is come then wrong, can never feel the inexpressible joys springing from a striving after right and truth, but is ever a miserable slave in the thralldom of necessity, abandoned by his own wishes and desires, abandoned by that freedom which is life itself, abandoned by his God."

Let us notice this as we peep into the room of one of "the girls of Hope." Along one side of this room are the table with its pile of books and vase of asters, the tiny cupboard with silk- oline curtain, bearing the lamp, a calendar, photographs of the loved home folks, and all the bib a-brac dear to a girlish heart. Here too, hangs the indispensable mirror.

The central figure in the missionary corner is the head of St. Paul by Raphael. Grouped around it are mounted pictures cut from missionary magazines of all the missionaries of the Re- formed church. The Japanese doll with his Japanese fan from above, and the little lady on the Chinese handkerchief, from below, watch this galaxy of heroes and heroines.

Not far away are "The Angelus" and "The Gleaners" while "Ruth," "Jephthah's Daughter," and a little picture in pink and green, "In Blossom Time" give color and expression to another wall. Next to the window seat, a bare space of wall patiently waits for the promised book-case. Over one corner of the window hangs a "Detroit '99" flag, recalling the International Christian Endeavor Convention, and the lace curtains bear badges, autumn leaves, cards, and other souvenirs of happy experiences. On cards placed where they can always be seen is a motto from Philip Brooks and the poem beginning: "Build a little fence of trust."

My little bachelor's button.

---

My Little Bachelor's Button.

(Composed upon having received the flower as a gift from a friend.)

It always makes me smile at what
They say you are, but still are not,
You little bachelor's button.

You never adorn a bachelor's vest,
E'en tho' he's in his Sunday best,
My little bachelor's button.

Your innocence, your comeliness
Will ne'er endure blank loneliness,
You little bachelor's button.

A fairer fellowship you find,
And fairer forms of human kind.
My little bachelor's button.

Think not your beauty is so rare
That hence the maidens deem you fair,
You little bachelor's button.

They love you not for what they see,
But what they fain would have you be,
My little bachelor's button.
THE LECTURE COURSE.

By W. H. Cooper, ’03.

Montaville Flowers in “Ben Hur.”

Montaville Flowers, won and then charmed his audience at Winants Chapel, October 22, with his finished, balanced, and scholarly interpretation of “Ben Hur,” by Gen. Lew Wallace. Mr. Flowers displayed rare literary insight in his selection of the choicest passages from the original, and a remarkable dramatic sense in his arrangement of these parts.

The story told in a dialogue, is full of spirit and rapid in movement. Its characters talk and act; in a word, live before the audience. Each character is distinct from every other character, and yet not, necessarily, widely dissimilar. Some are different, but only just different. And it is here that we come upon Mr. Flowers’ greatest power as an impersonator. It is this which makes his versatility and power of adaptation almost limitless.

The production was rendered in four acts, each act having its own climax and each arranged in order of climax. A stranger must win his spurs in Holland. Mr. Flowers was not long in winning his. When he ascended the platform, his refined manner, his dignified bearing gave evidence of a self-expression—coming forth from his heart with simplicity and earnestness. In all his expression there was an intensity, a naturalness, and a depth that was delightful beyond description. His pronunciation showed the careful student, and had it not been that we were attending to articulation, it would have gone unnoticed, so smooth and unobtrusive it was. Vivid is the word that describes his reproduction of the characters and of the scenes and incidents of the plot.

While it can hardly be said that he excels Leland T. Powers, the king of impersonators, yet, in Montaville Flowers, Powers has a formidable rival. His voice, in clearness, purity, depth, and resonance, far excels that of Powers; his quickness in changing from one character to another equals that of Powers.

The fact, that, in this performance, he did not display the same degree of ease and repose which is so delightful in Powers, is due largely, possibly entirely, to the production in hand.

Mr. Flowers is a happy combination of impersonator, actor and orator. Many times during the evening the audience sat breathless under the spell of his superb acting. His silence speaks and his “intervals are full of thought.”

Leonora Jackson.

Leonora Jackson and her company appeared at Winants Chapel on the evening of October 14. The large audience present showed that the people of Holland and vicinity are ready to support the efforts of the management to secure only the best talent. The responsiveness, too, of the audience as, successively, it lent enchanted ears to the vocalized breath of love, exulted in the inspiration of hope, and sat subdued under the magic spell of sorrow, revealed the most perfect heart sympathy between artist and auditor. All unite in saying that this was an evening “so memorably wonderful and sweet, that its power of inspiration lingers still, so full of her [Miss Jackson’s] pure presence, so divine with the melodious” breathing of a heart which called a thousand harmonies from chords attuned to heaven that it shall ever be an hour around which shall cluster our fondest recollections.

Among the artists that have thus far appeared at the chapel, Leonora Jackson and her company stand peculiarly first—the highest. Not simply because the music of the others is now like the remembered fragrance of the flowers that are gone or like the lingering melodies of the birds that have flown, not simply because we have not yet awakened from the delights of a mid-summer night’s dream whose personages are yet present leading our souls on and on until we seem to catch the harmonies of the divine, no! not because of these alone, not simply as artists, but as remarkable personalities. Miss Jackson is a true artist; her music is a faithful expression of her high spiritual nature and the work of her accompanying artists is in perfect accord with the truest spirit of art.

It is not our purpose to review the entire program. The first number, Polonaise from “Le Bal”—Rubinstein, by Mr. William Bauer, the gifted German pianist was well received, but did not receive the recognition it deserved, owing to the fact that the audience was eager for the star of the evening, Leonora Jackson. It was not until the sixth number, Mr. Bauer’s second appearance, in a solo, that the audience could show its appreciation of his work. Especially was it enthusiastic over his rendition of Etincelles—Moszkowski. His technique is superb. He displayed a charm of style and temperament seldom excelled.

The next number, Romanza from Opera “La Gioconda”—Ponchielli, by Mr. Fellows, the tenor, was so thoroughly enjoyed that the audience suspended its eagerness for Miss Jackson’s
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The production was rendered in four acts, each act having its own climax and each arranged in order of climax. A stranger must win his spurs in Holland. Mr. Flowers was not long in winning his. When he ascended the platform, his redefined manner, his dignified bearing gave evidence of a master. Yet the audience was reserved. But he had not spoken five minutes before his rich voice with its depth, resonance, and elasticity of tone had charmed all hearers. His succinct analysis of the story, secured the interest of all and the speaker began his sway.

He began the monologue with an easy dignity. His abandon was excellent; he gave himself up so completely to each successive thought, that the thought seemed to express itself—express itself—coming forth from his heart with simplicity and earnestness. In all his expression there was an intensity, a naturalness, and a depth that was delightful beyond description. His pronunciation showed the careful student, and had it not been that we were attending to articulation, it would have gone unnoticed, so smooth and unobtrusive it was. Vivid is the word that describes his reproduction of the characters and of the scenes and incidents of the plot.

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He displayed a charm of style and temperament seldom excelled.

The next number, Romanza from Opera "La Gioconda"—Ponchielli, by Mr. Fellows, the tenor, was so thoroughly enjoyed that the audience suspended its eagerness for Miss Jackson's
appearance long enough to hear him again. Mr. Fellows took
the audience from the start with his refined and genial personal-
ity. Some were swayed by his rich and powerful voice while
others were moved by the delicately sweet, pure, sympathetic
tones that seemed to flow from his very heart. Through out,
his enunciation was very clear and pleasing.

The third number on the program announced the star.
At length Miss Jackson appeared not with much ado and flourish,
but with delightful simplicity. Travel and public work has not
made her bold, nor has praise rendered her vain. She is simple,
unaffected and modest. This consummate artist imbodyes the
maxim that "to hide art is the highest art." As we look upon this
girl, for such she seems, we can hardly realize that she has ap-
ppeared before the crowned heads of England, Germany, Sweden
and a number of lesser royal personages, Dukes and Hereditary
Princes in various countries, so unassuming is her manner. The
audience was her friend at once. But while her presence is
winning, it is nevertheless commanding. As she stands ready to
play, instinctively we think of Antigone standing before Creon,
in all the consciousness of majestic rightness. As she stands
enraptured with her art, we think again of Antigone and a number of lesser royal personages, Dukes and Hereditary
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in all the consciousness of majestic rightness. As she stands
enraptured with her art, we think again of Antigone at a period
when her heart is a happy monarch, her home a paradise, where
love is in the ascendent and peace reigns o'er all the earth.
Her music is a sum of impulses and aspirations of a pure and
gifted soul made audible. Who can hear her playing and not
listen, till a single thread of pure, pure melody has gone up the
heights to blend with the angels' rhapsodies and we hear only
our own heart-beats."

The Children's Crusade.

All wars are full of thrilling experiences; but few are so
fascinating or touching as the Crusades, more particularly the
Children's Crusade. Although it has, perhaps rightly been
styled the "mad crusade" still it had a noble purpose—to de-
throne the false prophet and crown the rightful king; to regain
the sepulcher from the cruel Moslem and trample his followers
in the dust. About this most pitiable undertaking, we wish to
present a few thoughts.

Little.a little more than seven centuries have elapsed since the
hermit Hildebrand began to preach the Children's Crusade. The
former attempts had ended in wretched failures; but he believed
that the children would be more effectual in capturing the
sepulcher because they were without sin. Burning with zeal he
strove to arouse the people by his eloquence and earnestness
to again put on the cross. While he was preaching in a country
village, a young count, Stephen of Cloyes, accompanied by his
foster brother, "Big Peter" chanced to ride by. Attracted by
the throng that had gathered around Hildebrand, he turned aside
to see what it all meant. Stephen was an enthusiastic and
ardent sort of a boy. He was rich, healthy and happy. Un-
used to cares or trials he did not know what sorrow meant in his
own life.

Although Stephen was no believer in the Crusades he was
so affected by the scene that he stopped to listen directly in front
of the preacher. Most of the people were pale and frightened.
Some were weeping. Others with eyes staring wildly and
heaving breath gazed at the speaker. All were rapidly working
themselves into a state of frantic excitement. Hildebrand rais-
ing his skinny hands in the air called out to the careless youth,
in piercing tones of warning: "Ho, you that ride on horses, you
that sing gay songs to the music of the lute, know ye that the
day of wrath is coming, yes, is now at hand! Is this a time for
music and dancing when the cross of Christ is trampled in the
dust? Sing while the Turk defiles the sepulcher! Dance while
he spits upon the cross whereon your Savior died that ye might
live! Ay, ay, sing on, dance on. But remember the day of
doom is coming."

Still staring at the awe-stricken Stephen, who began to
tremble and fear the old monk in softer tones abjured him to take
up the cross and follow. Summoning Stephen to him, he cried
out "Behold the leader of the Children's Crusade." Men beat
their breasts as the enthusiastic boy in a trembling and husky
whisper asked, "What wouldst thou have me do, holy father?"
The monk snatched from his breast a simple cross of white linen
and said, "Behold the sign of the cross, take it on thy breast
and swear to follow it till the last Turk is swept from Palestine
and the crescent of Mohammed is drowned in the sea." In a
wild burst of excitement the crowd cried out, "Dieu le Volt!"
"Dieu le Volt!" (God wills it! God wills it!)

Now comes the important crisis in Stephen's life. What
must he choose? On the one hand are home and friends, on
the other war and enemies. In the one balance he places father,
mother, brothers, and sisters, in the other him whom he had
confessed as his Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. To return home
he knew would mean plenty and comfort for this life; but to re-
dem the sepulcher, he believed, would ensure him eternal hap-
piness. Under this conviction, with his eyes still raised to
Heaven as if he saw some vision in the blue sky, he said slowly
and dreamily: "If thou dost me worthy, holy father, I will
take the cross and fight against the infidel." He had taken a
bold step and having pledged himself, felt that the vow once
taken could not be broken save at the price of disgrace on earth and, as was most firmly believed, eternal punishment after death.

Stephen went home to bid adieu to his parents. "Big Peter" rebuked him for his rash and inconsiderate action. "What will your lady mother say?" But Stephen turning around with a look that said: is not the sepulcher more than fifty mothers, and with a harsh voice uttered the terrible words, "Sacerdotaligions wretch!" As they approached their home part young hero was moved. In the distance he saw his sister with a company of others all full of jollity and laughter. He could not meet his sister, and oh, the pain it would cause his mother! As he approached the company, all their jollity was turned to gloom and their laughter to sorrow. No one answered the speech of the boy count; and he, irritated by this, launched out into a fiery speech inviting all to join him in fighting for the cross. Like Hildebrand, he pictured the terrors of hell and too, the delights of heaven which was to be the portion of every one who died for the cross.

Transported by his new born enthusiasm Stephen burst forth in a stream of eloquence that not only astonished but also convinced his hearers. While he paused for breath, a beautiful black-eyed maiden with rich face and crimson cheeks cried out enthusiastically: "Fathers of the Crusade! Finn the holy war! Fight bravely and promising the joys of Heaven to those who kill, were silent; while the more quiet ones were preparing for the battle. Stephen who knew no fear was encouraging them to fight bravely and promising the joys of Heaven to those who fell early.

They had not long to wait for the Turks bore upon them with a rapid impetuosity that showed they expected an easy victory. Soon the sound of their drums and fifes, mingled with hoarse shouts could be heard. The shouts grew more loud and menacing as they came nearer. And Stephen with all the fighting blood in him shouted: "Fight for the cross, children of Heaven. Death at the hands of the unbeliever is a sure passport to Paradise." As he said it, the foremost ship of the Turks struck his own galley, and with a fierce yell dark faced men leaped aboard. The contest was too uneven to last long, within half an hour all the grown persons and many of the children had been slain while all the others were taken captive.

Then followed sorrow and suffering. To be a prisoner of the inhuman Turk certainly did not mean much less than dying by degrees. Some, it is true, were ransomed; but a greater number died from grief and hardships. Thousands were sold into slavery. "Big Peter" was killed. Stephen and Blanche finally return home only to find their father dead and their home claimed by another. Thus ends the story of the Children's Crusade. But how about the moral that in it lies hidden? Let Stephen himself give it, "I hold to this" he says, "that the empty tomb of Christ, though a desirable thing, is not worth the spilling of one drop of blood. And I hold further, that a woman in love, will go further than a man in his valor; and that the same God is worshipped by Turk and Christian so that the man who fights against his religion fights against his God."

J. Van Zomeren, '04.
EDITORIALS

Knowledge of Ignorance.

When we do not and think we cannot know a certain thing, the next best thing is to know that we do not know it. No knowledge is more dearly bought and of greater value, because we cannot reasonably come to this conclusion without an exhaustive investigation. When we see after a word in the dictionary, "Derivation unknown" we but seldom stop to think what an immense amount of labor it has cost to make this statement, much more, perhaps, than the most perfect analysis of other derivations. A knowledge of our ignorance is, in a way, knowledge, as truly as that of tangible facts.

The Choral Union.

Hope's musical talent is again asserting itself. The worshippers of Apollo now number about fifty. Professor Nykerk, under whose leadership the former glee club gained considerable renown, is determined that the present Union shall excel in power and proficiency any previous musical organization of the college. A few talented singers from the city, and the Professor's private pupils have been enrolled as charter members. These will balance the four parts.

This organization, known as "The Choral Union," has elicited no small amount of interest and commendation during last year's commencement season. The public has shown its interest and appreciation of the splendid work done by this large chorus. A discontinuation of the good work begun would prove a great disappointment to all. With this in view, the members have deemed it essential to effect a more permanent organization upon a carefully drafted constitution, and to fix an initiation sufficiently high to warrant earnestness of purpose and diligence in work.

Drill has begun upon several excellent pieces, among these Sir Walter Scott's "Young Lochinvar" composed by A. B. Arnott. When a few numbers of this high grade music shall have been mastered, the public may anticipate a very entertaining concert.

A Senior Party.

On Friday, October 25, the Senior class spent the evening at the country-home of Professor Yntema. The beginning of the end, as the class looks upon it, but surely a very pleasant beginning. From the moment they started, to the end of the homeward drive, there were none but happy faces. Songs told all who wished to hear that some happy Seniors were passing by. At the supper table all proved themselves equal to the occasion, for they are a healthy class. Every subject except College affairs was permitted, but occasionally some one "forgot." After supper all indulged in games, in which some were so absorbed that they were hardly heard from during the rest of the evening; others were not quite so intent on the game, but all enjoyed themselves.

The evening was concluded by singing college songs till the unwelcome announcement was made that the "carry-all" had arrived. All expressed their sentiments as to the delightful evening they had passed, and the homeward journey was begun. Class yell and college-yell were given as a farewell. Prof. and Mrs. Yntema were declared to be most royal entertainers.

Our "Want" Column.

Wanted—a prize medal for the local oratorical contest.
Wanted—some genuine old time college spirit.
Wanted—gymnastics resumed.

The love to perpetuate one's deeds, has been implanted deep in the human breast; and it is right that heroic effort and noble sacrifice should be so rewarded. The Athenian youth endured the most arduous training that he might have his name inscribed on the pillar of triumphs, as an Olympian victor, and felt all his toil and sacrifices infinitely repaid when his brow was crowned with the garland of oak leaves. The dashing young soldier laughs death to the face when he thinks of a soldier's glory; and so the dismembered veteran, unmindful of his wooden leg or empty sleeve, displays with keen satisfaction the badge of the Legion of Honor. Men need some such inducement in intellectual strife as well. Now we believe that the winning of an oratorical contest is in itself a sufficient reward to cover all the inconveniences of the effort, yet, contestants will strive more eagerly and successfully with some symbol of victory before them, which they can fondle, admire and treasure with honest pride. We further believe that the next local oratorical contest would bring out better productions and speakers, if a prize medal were offered. Hope need not be ashamed of her past orators, but neither must she be satisfied. We must capture the prize before the cycle is complete. If we do this we shall be with the foremost in the state league. We think the societies jointly, the faculty, or the college should establish such a prize medal.
It would stimulate a more general interest in oratory as well as a fraternal rivalry and class spirit. We all feel the lack of the genuine old time college spirit. Why have we suffered it to depart? An unheard of state of affairs is prevailing just at present, and yet it seems to provoke no surprise. Athletics are practically dead. There is no football, no basketball, no gymnastics, no songs, no college yell, no class spirit. It is a humiliating fact that thus far not a single real game of foot-ball has been arranged. The basket ball teams are out of existence with small prospect of any great interest in that direction. There is something decidedly wrong somewhere, when our ablest foot-ball players join outside clubs to the utter neglect of a college team, when our gymnasium stands disordered and deserted day after day all these weeks.

This is rather a gloomy picture we have been compelled to hold up to view; but we trust the gloom over-spraying it is but a passing shadow. Who will help us find the silver lining of this shadow casting cloud?

"Shall college spirit die, and shall athletics die? There are some students still would know the reason why."

**AMONG THE SOCIETIES.**

**FRATERNAL.**

Emerson says, "I learn immediately from any speaker how much he has already lived from the poverty and splendor of his speech." Nowhere is this truth more noticeable than in a literary society. In the class room the student may pose simply as the phonograph, uttering the contents of his textbook; on the campus you know him as a sprinter, quarter-back or pitcher; on the street, merely as a college man. But in a literary society, you learn his caliber and moral status. He can not help disclosing himself to his views, his grasp of things, and peculiar leanings. The F. S. encourages a student to be his best self, to say what he thinks and to think honestly and soberly on all questions of local and public interest—in short, to show how much he has lived and how much he is living. The society aims to be progressive in thought and method, carefully guided by conservative criticism. Intellectual, fraternal and social growths are objective points earnestly striven for. This we believe explains why the F. S., tho usually small in numbers, has ever maintained its lofty standard.

**THE COSMOPOLITANS.**

At the last meeting of the Cosmopolitans, some changes were made in their constitution. Several of its by-laws had become obsolete and were annulled, and new ones were inserted. The usual zeal for society work still prevails, in which the new members have manifested an eagerness to do their share of the work to its fullest extent. They evidently feel the importance of the idea that was expressed in an address by the president of the society, that literary societies pay an exceedingly high interest to all who deposit in them good society work.

**THE ULPHILAS CLUB.**

The Ulphilas Club has of late increased its membership to such an extent that the small, poorly furnished, and badly ventilated room where it formerly held its meetings, has been abandoned. It now temporarily occupies Prof. Bergen's recitation room which it hopes to retain for its own private use after the new building is erected. The club at present is in a prosperous condition and looks forward to a year of hard, yet enjoyable, society work. Much stress is laid upon the correct use of grammatical constructions as well as that of idiomatic expressions.

**THE LADIES LITERARY LEAGUE.**

Nearly all the ladies of the college that are in any way able to attend its Friday afternoon meetings, are now members of the L. L. L. Its programs from week to week have been very interesting. Along with the usual features of society work such as essays, readings and original stories, considerable attention was devoted to music. The society congratulates itself upon having among its number so many that are gifted with musical talents which renders the meetings both enjoyable as well as profitable. In one of its recent meetings, the question, "Resolved, that co-education is best for a girl," was debated and both sides were vigorously defended. The judges, however, not entirely free from prejudice, decided unanimously in favor of the affirmative. The sentiment of the entire society proved to be with them; for when the question was put to vote before the whole society it was again carried unanimously in favor of the affirmative.

**Y. M. C. A.**

On the evening of October 10, Prof. Dimnent addressed the Y. M. C. A. on the subject "Dreamers and their Dreams." The address was interesting, instructive and finished, as the professor's always are.

The following Thursday evening, the Association listened with pleasure to Dr. Kollen as he drew lessons from the subject "The staff of Elisha in the hands of Gehazi."

The Rev. M. Kolyne, of Grand Rapids spoke October 24, on the subject, "A Student's Temptations and How to Meet
Them." The address was full of sound advice and contained many practical illustrations.

On October 31, the Rev. G. Dubbink presented a paper before the Association on the subject, "A Student's Reading Matter." Rev. Dubbink gave us most helpful and wise advice, and a most excellent list of books and subjects for consideration.

On November 7, the Rev. J. Ossewaarde delivered an address on "The Glory of Youth." Mr. Ossewaarde's address was characterized by earnestness and eloquence.

The committee in charge of these Thursday evening lectures, is to be commended for the choice of subjects and speakers brought before the Association.

XXX

De Alumniis.

The Reformed Church of Fairview, Ill., has extended a call to Rev. G. Watermuelder, '97.

The Rev. G. Niemeger, '79, of Otley, Ia., upon recommendation of the Classis of Illinois, has been appointed classical missionary, by the Board of Domestic Missions.

The Rev. K. J. Dykema of Westfield, N. D., has declined to take charge of the church of Pella, Neb. The church has extended a call to Rev. J. De Young, '97, of Wormser, Mont.

The Rev. M. Flipse, '90, of Passaic, N. J., has recently been visiting friends and relatives in this city.

The Sioux County Syndicate has appointed as its missionary, the Rev. James Moerdykje, '97, at present a missionary in Arabia.

The First Church of Pella, Iowa, has invited the Rev. A. Vanden Berg, '85, to take charge of the congregation.

Grace Church of Grand Rapids, Mich., has extended a call to the Rev. R. H. Joldersma, '81, of Poconoke.

The Rev. F. Lubbers, '96, of Lafayette, Ind., has received a call from Luctor, Kansas.

The Rev. Mr. Stapelkamp, '83, of Kalamazoo, Mich., has accepted the call from the First Church of Orange City, Iowa.

The Rev. Mr. Vander Erve, formerly pastor in Grand Rapids, has been enrolled in the faculty of Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

College Jottings.

'97 ! '97 !
C! C! C! to of(u)r Juniors.

"Chee Fis-s! You're a hot C oo-kie!"

"Success (4)! Failure (1)!

Oh, the revelations of the screen!

"Latin is an abomination! Yea, verily!"
Roy Joldersma,—A faint heart never won fair lady.

"Go on please Miss—Hannibal?"

Sace procedit ad Zelandium ut Lilybaenum (Lily by em)

With regard to the depredations committed on Hallows'een, Mr. Ham says: "It is a low, mean, sneaky trick,—and Bloemendal says so too."

The latest need of the college—("foot-lights")

N. B.—Thy friend hath a friend, and thy friend's friend hath a friend. Beware!

"Once he did that twice."

Accounts for absences.

Kelly—I had a pressing engagement that evening. Kruizenga—I had two pressing engagements. Of course, they were excused.

Peter G—is still puzzled over the difference of fencing and building fences.

Prof. Bergen has promised the Juniors a copy of Hope's unwritten laws.

Prof. Nykerk says he would be very sorry to discover the goblins of Hallowe'en. Invisibly they still flit about.

Peter P.—has evoked this palpable alliteration: Peter's Paws.

Oh Prof. S—n, where did you get that hat?

COMEDY—"ON US."

"Stolen apples are sweet."

"Not so," declares Rudy, "when there's a barb wire between you and the apples."

"Nit," responds Frank, "for I vow that I had the sour
Contest. The game is called. These worn alternately will wear future Economy.

A. White. The bride is now on Dakota, of the marriage of Miss form passenger.

Information has reached Scenb. AmenAmerica, looks around in vain for some

Lottie, anxiously talking with the usher at the chapel door. Exit, downcast.

Scene II. Car riding rapidly back to Zeeland with its former passenger.

Amy D—"It makes little difference whom J—goes with as long as he accompanies me home once in a while.

Information has reached us from Forestburg, South Dakota, of the marriage of Miss Evelyn Visscher to Rev. George A. White. The bride is now on the way to Oklahoma, her future home. Congratulations.

Prof. Bergen has lately been giving lessons in Domestic Economy. Students are advised to get two suits of clothes, these worn alternately will wear much longer than one worn continually.

The new instructor in physics and chemistry—"Prof. Yantepa."

Why did the professor ask Mr. Bloomers before any of the other Seniors, "if he could get any smartweed?"

Lottie complaining to her friend of two rather untimely callers, "Why I had all my rings off."

During an evening stroll—"Say doesn't the moon look cold? "Yes, poor thing."

Prof. Nykerk has attained fame in a sudden bound. He is no longer considered as an individual, but a whole organization. He has received one vote in the Schiller Piano Contest.

Miss Hoy is an object of envy to all the lady students at

Hope. Does she not have Prof. Mast all to herself for a whole hour every morning.

Prof. Bergen, "There are 2,000,000 people in Galilee, a very small province." Mr. Poppen—"I shouldn't think there would be room for them even to sit down." Prof—You must remember Mr. Poppen that some people are thin.

Grace, who takes Dutch with the Juniors being asked how she liked them replied, "O, they treat me quite well."

What can be the matter when Mr. De Kleine calls one of his classmates, "Miss Bottum?"

Miss Thurber wonders whether a rabbit's left hind foot will bring her good luck.

Why do all the young ladies so affectionately murmur "Boeoe," when they see the white cow on the campus?

Miss Dosker has lately become quite intimate with a ghost.

The way the members of the L. L. L. are instructed in house-keeping, is by being given the privilege of holding the office of marshal, for one term.

The professor of mathematics ought to be the happiest man in the world."—Prof. Bergen.

The red letter day in the Senior calendar, faculty meeting day! ! !

Lottie is quite a bright student in Latin, but she says that the only word which she cannot remember is the word which means "to propose."

Prof. Nykerk—"Why is Miss Riemens like the American Indian?" "His faithful dog shall bear him company."—Pope.

Did you ever see such well disciplined, obedient, respectful bull frogs as those of the present generation in the biological department? Even though the Hallowe'en spirits unlocked the prison doors, the thoughtful frogs deemed it beneath their dignity to escape.

Cupid's arrows have not pierced Mr. Kleinbesselinck, they have simply lodged upon the lapel of his coat.

Brother Junior's logic: While Sir Isaac Newton reposed under the tree, an apple hit upon his nose and the law of falling bodies came to his notice; hence we credit this scientific theory to the apple.

Virginiam cogito, Virginiam video, Virginiam iam vanis imaginibus, recentibus tamen, audito, adloquor, teneo—Cooper.

May is not so strong as will.
Our boarding-house meat nearly finished me,
But I soon had ceased to fret.
For the doctor was called and he wisely said
That I couldn't die—gest yet.

It was his first voyage and he was leaning over the rail in an attitude of reckless abandonment.

"What are you doing?" some one asked him.

"I am rendering unto sea's sir the things that are sea's sir," he gasped.

Mother: "Did you eat the whole of that doughnut?"
Son: "No, I ate what was around the hole.

There are meters of accent,
There are meters of tone.
But the best of all meter
Is meter alone.

A man who courts a girl has got
A hard lot, we aver;
He first must ask her for her "paw"
Then ask her "paw" for her.

There are meters of accent,
There are meters of tone,
But the best of all meters
Is meter alone.

Prof. "What part did you take in this disgraceful proceeding of holding Mr. Waters under the pump?"
Student—"His left leg Sir.

Phoxy—"Hang it! I left my pocket-book in my clothes. Say lend me a five, will you? I'll return it tomorrow."*WISEMAN—"I'll do better than that. Here's a nickel; you can go home and get your pocket book."*WISEMAN—"My great-grand-sire fell at Bunker Hill. He tersely—"Ice or banana skin?"*Arma Virumque, "He said he'd like to kiss me." "Yes?" "And I was up in arms against his cheek directly."

"Why are you crying little boy?"
"Coz ma just made an example of me for my little brother's sake."*PROVING—"Pap, what is diplomacy?"
Student—"Proving a man a liar without calling him one."
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