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Prairie School
Prairie School
Thomas De Quincey.

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The philosophic world has gone mad over the “New Psychology.” Not so much what men think as how they think is engrossing the attention of the scholars of to-day. It is but another manifestation of the old craving—old as the race itself—to see the unseen and to know the unknown. The first thought that entered man’s soul brought with it the question, “Whence am I?”, and the last thought that flashed into your consciousness was accompanied by the same query, no less perplexing now than then. In our inability to solve this problem, we have gone to the shadow-land of dreams and the fairy realm of the imagination, and have sought even amongst the ravings of the insane for a soul acting unhampered by the body, but have found none. It is this love of the uncanny and the weird that has drawn attention to one of the last century’s greatest prose writers, Thomas De Quincey, “The English Opium Eater,” known mainly through his “Confessions” and “Suspiria De Profundis,” a naked soul whose wild utterances, overwhelming fears, and indescribable passions are penned down in a style as beautiful as it is unique.

De Quincey is one of the writers of the early nineteenth century who mark the revolt from the philosophic and literary classicism of the eighteenth. Like Coleridge, he was an ardent student of the new German philosophy and, in consequence, like him he broke away from all convention to absolute freedom and independence of thought and expression. His romantic yearning could find no satisfaction in the things of life as he found them; so he took them with him to the dreamland of fancy and there played with them as he would. Where others were satisfied to sing of the beauties of the world around them, his soul, finding no resting place here, went to
a realm of its own and revelled in the beauties there revealed. The pioneering spirit of the Romanticist had entered into him; and, since in soul autobiography he had no predecessors, he set about to construct his own chart and compass which should take him from this land of trouble to the happy Savannah la Mar beneath the sea of forgetfulness.

It was not, however, due entirely to the fact that he was a slave to opium that De Quincey could see sights to which other eyes are blind. It is true, the vice had such a terrible grasp upon him that at one time he consumed eight thousand drops of Laudanum a day. And it is also true that during his entire sad career his most daring flights of fancy and most impassioned prose melodies were made while he was under the influence of that drug. But when he was but a mere child and was called upon to view for the last time the body of his dead sister, his boyish soul went down into the depths of suffering and struck the deepest chord of human sorrow, so real, yet so far beyond comprehension that the depth of feeling in his essay written concerning that sad event has not yet been fully grasped and will not be until our soul is attenuated to his. Before the fairy land of fancy was opened to him by opium, he was already familiar with the dreamland of the soul; and in opium his soul found an easy portal to sights and sounds he knew and loved.

Men tell us to-day that science and art can have nothing in common. "Art for art's sake," is their dictum. That beauty and usefulness should admit each of the presence of the other they consider impossible. To such a theory, the "Confessions" and "Suspiria" are an absolute contradiction. De Quincey is at once a psychologist and a poet. As the hierophant of the profound mysteries that have swayed man's soul from the day he first began to meditate within himself, he enters within the shrine of man's inner being and reveals to the world the soul—the naked soul. In all its experiences he discloses it, and also in all its possibilities; in all its beauty, but now the less faithfully at times in all its ugliness. He always is at the same time sane and insane, his sanity constantly reflecting upon his insanity. Thus he is a psychologist such as no other can become. But in all his analyses and descriptions of his subjective states and feelings, he never ceases to be an artist. In fact, that portion of his "Confessions" which depicts "Despair," in which he portrays the deepest feeling that ever entered his lonely breast, is perhaps the most perfect example of "impassioned prose" in English literature. When his fancy sears the highest into the realm of dreams or penetrates furthest into the gloom of the unknown, then his pen drops its most ecstatic words and the beauty of the whole is most perfect.

Notwithstanding this, if De Quincey's fame were to depend upon the subject matter of which he treated, it is doubtful if the second generation after his death would have known him. It is true, he wrote voluminously on nearly every branch of literary thought. It is said of him that he was so prolific of the works of his pen that he would hire a room for his lodging and then would write, write, write, until the room was filled with his manuscripts. Then he would lock the door and remove to new quarters, only to repeat the process. He is a historian, but he creates history as easily as he creates the phantasies of his imagination. He is a philosopher at times; but Kant and the German transcendentalists have been but poorly grasped by him. The only way in which he treats philosophy in any measure successfully is when he uses it as a butt for his humorous flings; as in his essay on "Murder as One of the Fine Arts." Slightly better in this respect is "The Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth." His tales are entertaining and engrossing; but not so because of any depth or sublimity of plot. Even his autobiographical writings might have been set aside as the insane ravings of a sense-befogged slave of laudanum. Why then is it that he has retained his place in literature from his death in 1859 until to-day? Why is it that at least one or two of his works are on the "prescribed list" in English in nearly all of our institutions of learning? Why is it that every select library contains volumes of De Quincey's works—too little used, 'tis true?

If you would discover why De Quincey has been and always will be a highly prized luxury to the lover of literature, read his essay on "Despair" in the "Confessions." This is not an essay; it is a grand prose symphony in a minor strain. It begins with the delicate dream music of "preparation and of awakening suspense." As he sings, this gradually changes to a frightened minor which, swelling out, becomes more and more unearthly as register after register of feeling is added, until it reaches its climax in one grand crash of harmonious discord that sends the soul down to the deepest
depths of despair. Then, gradually decreasing in volume and
weirdness, it ends with the same dreamy strain with which it began,
and softly the Amen is heard, "I will sleep no more!" There is the
secret of De Quincey's fame—his style. A style that deliberately
produces for its subject matter foreground and background, minor
incident and climax as an opera does, that is De Quincey's object in
his "impassioned prose." Many of his prose works are not prose at
all, but poems, so much the more beautiful because unhurried by
the necessities of meter. In subject-exalting prose, De Quincey
stands unique as an author. He was without father, without mother,
but not without descent. Perhaps his most illustrious follower in
this realm of literature is his countryman, John Ruskin, in whom a
resemblance to De Quincey also in many other respects can be
traced.

De Quincey is not only a musician in style but an artist as
well. The conceits which he drew from his dreamy reveries com-
pose some of the most beautiful pictures in literature, pictures be-
fore which even the most bitter critics must pause to admire. As a
poetic conceit, scarcely anything can be found to equal "Savannah
la Mar," the dream city floating beneath the sea. De Quincey's
"Joan of Arc" is another gallery of grand and daring pen paintings,
the last of which is the beautiful scene of the final trial of the
Bishop of Beauvis. Before the bar of God, the martyred Maid of
Orleans comes forth to plead for him "when Heaven and earth are
silent." Such passages betray the soul of a true poet. But some of
his pictures are grand in their awfulness. There are passages in the
"Confessions" which almost cause the heart to cease its beating. His
romances and extravaganzas are a portion of his writings not fre-
quently read. But when a reading world takes delight in the awful
realism of a Poe, it is difficult to understand why the stories of a
De Quincey should be neglected. The plots of the latter are perhaps
not so deep, but in power of portraying scenes that cause shudders
and quivers of apprehension, Poe cannot be compared to De
Quincey. In "The Fatal Marksman," there is a feeling of nameless
dread and vague apprehension running throughout the whole
which comes to a fitting climax in the weird and terrible scene of
the moulding of the "devil's bullets" at midnight.

And over his pictures, beautiful and awful alike, there hangs
that dreamy haze of uncertainty that makes him so pleasing as an
artist. Everything is a delightful blending of the real and the
dream. You seem to be gazing half asleep into the blue depths of the
tropical ocean as you read in "Savannah la Mar." "This city
seems floating along the noiseless depths of ocean and oftentimes in
glassy calm, through the translucent atmosphere of water that now
stretches like an aerial awning above the silent encampment,
mariners from every clime look down into her courts and terraces,
count her gates, and number the spires of her churches." Whether
or not it be the effect of opinion, there is a charming indistinctness
about all the characters drawn that lends a sleepy beauty to the
whole. To describe this, words are useless. Everything appears as it
were in the twilight. You are constantly wondering whether that
character in the distance has a real substance or is merely a shadow
or the creature of your imagination. This is true not only of his
works commonly classified as impassioned prose. This dreamy haze
to a greater or less degree pervades his historical and philosophical
writings as well. The "Flight of a Tartar Tribe" is but a canvas of a
dull grey background over which the shadowy characters can be
indistinctly seen hurrying to and fro in terror stricken trepidation.
There is always in De Quincey's works a certain elusive something,
suggested but never revealed, the search for which gives them their
charm and engrossing interest.

Why then is De Quincey so little understood? He has answered
this himself, "Not to sympathize is not to understand." Only when
we enter into the feelings of the author can we see anything more
than mere words in his works. It is because the feelings and the
experiences giving rise to such feelings are so many and varied in
De Quincey that he is so far beyond popular comprehension. At one
time he was a starving outcast in the streets of London saved from
death by a dram from one as unfortunate as himself, Ann, who after-
wards became the Beatrice of his dreams. Within three months
he was the distinguished guest at the dinners of princes. With
him, hope and despair succeeded each other in turn. The casual
reader of to-day is unable to follow such vicissitudes of feeling. It
is a sad commentary upon the reading public that it is too busy to
appreciate De Quincey. But there still remain a few who have
time at twilight to commune with their own souls, perhaps at
the fireside, perhaps under the evening sky. To such De Quincey is
the gentle spirit who guides their souls care-free beyond the com-
monalities of life to the land of peace and joy where dreams are
born. Only those who have tasted the bitter drops of grief can un-
derstand the grief of De Quincey's soul as poured forth in his
"Ladies of Sorrow." Only those who have been entirely without
hope can appreciate the "Despair" of De Quincey. Only those who
have dreamed themselves can understand and follow this child of
fancy as he trips from leaves to butterflies, from butterflies to the
immortality of the soul, from the immortality of the soul to Milton,
and from Milton to Shakespeare's sonnets, clothing all in a dream
mantle of most perfect texture. But to those who are sympathetic
enough to comprehend, his voice is one of supreme sweetness. It
seems to be wafted on strains of music from dreamland, and strik-
ing the ears of the reader, it fills him with the satisfied peace of its
own native country.

But in an age that seeks for simple, direct style, it is not sur-
prising that De Quincey is set aside by critics. For simple and di-
rect oftentimes he is not. In fact, in some of his argumentative
works, it is almost impossible to follow the trend of his thought be-
cause of the many interpolations. In this respect, he indulges his
fancy overmuch. His digressions are sometimes more ponderous
than the body of his work. Oftentimes he may be charged with
triviality; but when he does deal with trivialities it is with such
delicate humor that the fault can almost be pardoned. In our criti-
cism of De Quincey we are loath to condemn him of every fault that
literary flesh is heir to. This has already too cruelly been done by
Carlyle, Stephens, and others. If they had obtained their desire, De
Quincey would long since have died a literary death. And yet there
are some things about his work which had been better if they were
otherwise. Besides being given to digressions, he is also pom-
pous and verbose at times and his sentences sometimes become
wearisome because of their length and heaviness. It is not difficult
from his style to note that philosophy was his chief subject of
study. Besides this, his discussions sometimes descend to sophistry
and "wire-drawing." Again, the humor with which he seeks to re-
lieve his stately passages is often forced; but De Quincey did not
claim to be a humorist. Perhaps the most unfortunate feature about
his work is the fact that his writings are mere desultory fragments.
The spirit of opium would bring before his eyes scenes and
thoughts of greatest beauty; but ere they were half penned they
would vanish to be recalled no more. He was incapable of any
long-continued literary effort. That he "provided a good deal of
respectable padding for the newspaper," as Leslie Stephens says, is
a charge in which there is some truth. De Quincey was often com-
pelled to write in order to provide himself with the necessities of
life. But although his work often was that of a hack writer, his
spirit never was. And notwithstanding all this, there still are
enough of his works far above criticism to assure him his place as
one of England's great essayists.

In answering the question whether De Quincey will live or not,
we can do no better than quote his own words concerning Charles
Lamb. "He ranks amongst those writers whose works are destined
to be forever unpopular, and yet forever interesting; interesting
moreover by means of those very qualities which guarantee their
unpopularity. The same qualities which will be found forbidding
to the worldly and the thoughtless, which will be found insipid to
many even amongst robust and powerful minds are exactly those
which will continue to command a select audience in every genera-
tion. As long as there shall be men who love to meditate with
themselves and their own feelings, and men who can see something
in the world besides a mere material universe, so long De Quincey
will live to instruct and delight.

A prominent English critic was once asked to review and com-
pare the works of Coleridge, Poe and De Quincey. He replied,
"Sir, you have given me the wrecks of literature to compare." Wrecks, 'tis true, yet beautiful in their calamity. All three stranded
upon the rock of their own intemperate desires. When we think of
what De Quincey's wild fancy might have accomplished, had it not
been "under the Circean spells of opium," we would almost become
sad. But we should not complain. He opened up to literature a
new realm where fancy may roam at will. He disclosed a host of
new possibilities in the language and showed that prose and poetry
are after all not so very different. But, while he might justly be
called "The Father of the Soul-Lyrical," the shadow of his life will
never be driven from his name, and he will ever be known to history
as Thomas De Quincey, "The English Opium-Eater."

A. J. Folyn, '05.
Goodman Misery.

On a certain day Peter and Paul met each other in the village of R. —The rain was falling in torrents and they were wet to the skin. They were both in quest of a night's lodging, but could find none. A wealthy man, named Richard, had turned them from his gates, bidding them remember that his house was not a public wine-shop; when a poor woman, who was washing linen in a brook, took pity on them and led them to her neighbor, Goodman Misery. How much more human was the poor washerwoman than wealthy Richard; for, having beheld herself on the way that old Misery would probably have no food or water at his home, she provided herself with some cooked fish, a big loaf of rye bread, and a jar of wine. Peter and Paul ate with a will, but sad was the case when the meal was ended. Goodman Misery was so poor that he had no bed to offer them, save the straw upon which he generally rested his own tired limbs. The two travelers were, however, too considerate to accept it. They chose to sit up, and suggested that Misery should tell his story to them. He consented. The most he had to tell was that a thief had stripped his pear tree, the fruit of which was nearly all he had for a living.

Touched by his distress, Peter and Paul told Misery that they would pray to heaven for him. And one of them asked Misery that if he had any special desire, he should express it. Misery asked them to pray that if any man should climb his pear tree he should remain there until Goodman Misery desired that he come down.

On the same day on which Paul and Peter departed, while Misery was gone to fetch a pail of water from a near-by spring, the thief, who before had stolen some of his pears, returned to the tree. Goodman Misery, having set down his pitcher, saw the thief up among the branches, unable to move.

"Rascal," I've got you," shouted Misery. "This time you need be in no hurry to pick my pears, but let me tell you that you will have to pay a heavy price for them, through the torments which you must suffer at my hands, and besides, all the town will see you up there as a thief. I will light a roaring fire under my tree and smoke and dry you like a ham."

While Misery was gone in quest of his fire-wood, the thief cried until he attracted the attention of two neighbors of Goodman. Yielding to the prayers of the robber, these two good people climbed into the pear tree to rescue their fellow-creature, whereupon they discovered that they too were fixed in the branches. These three had been left there seventeen and a half hours when Goodman Misery returned. He was astonished to find three men stuck in his pear tree.

"Come, come," he cried, "the sport will be good with so many customers. Pray, what did you two new-comers want here?"

"We are no thieves," they replied, "we are good neighbors and came to help a man whose crying moved us to aid him."

"If that is true," answered Misery, "you may come down as soon as you please, the punishment is but for robbers." Whereupon the two neighbors found themselves free, and quickly descended, but the thief remained fast in the branches. The neighbors were greatly surprised at the power of Goodman Misery. They begged that he should take pity even on the robber, who had endured torture for many hours. The robber also cried out, "I will pay any sum if you let me down, I am enduring tortures."

At these words, Misery told the thief that he might come down, and said he would forgive him.

"May a hundred devils seize me," said the robber, "if I ever come within a mile of your pear tree again." The story was soon told about the town and all wondered greatly at Goodman Misery and his pear tree.

But Misery was old, and his strength was failing him daily. One day, somebody knocked at his door. He opened the door and beheld a visitor whom he had long expected, but whom he did not imagine to be so near his poor hearth. It was Death, who had stepped aside to tell him that his hour was at hand.

"Welcome," said the Goodman, looking steadily at him as at one whom he did not fear. Death was greatly surprised to find himself so well received.

"What," cried Death, "thou hast no fear of me? No fear of Death at whose look the strongest tremble, yes even kings?"

"No, I have no dread at your presence," replied Misery, "what pleasure have I in this life? If anything in this world could give me a regret, it would be the parting from my pear tree, which has
fed me so many years. But you must be settled with and you allow no delays when you beckon. All that I will ask of you before I die is that I may eat one more pear in your presence, after that I shall be ready.”

“I will grant your wish,” answered Death.

Misery crept forth into his yard, Death following close at his heels. The Goodman walked around the tree many times, seeking out the finest pear. At length, having selected one, he said, “there, I choose that one. I pray you, Death, lend me your scythe to cut it down.”

“This instrument is never bent,” said Death, “It seems to me it would be better to pick that pear with your hand. Climb into the tree.”

“I would if I had the strength,” replied Goodman Misery, “but don’t you see I can hardly stand?”

“Well,” answered Death, “to do you a service, I will climb the tree myself and get the pear for you.”

Death climbed into the tree and picked the longed-for pear, but was astonished to find himself unable to get down.

“Goodman Misery,” cried Death, “tell me what kind of a tree this is.”

“Don’t you see it’s a pear tree?”

“Yes, but why can I move neither hand nor foot?”

“That’s not my business.”

“What, Goodman, you dare to play a trick upon me, at whose nod the whole earth trembles? Do you know the risk you are running?”

“I am sorry,” was Misery’s cool answer, “but why did you come to disturb the peace of a poor man who never did you harm in his whole life? What notion brought you here? You have now the time to reflect, however; and since I now have you under my thumb, I will do a little good to the poor world, that you have held in bondage for so many years. You will not get out of that pear tree until I permit you.”

“Goodman Misery,” he pleaded, “I deserve this for having been too good to you. But don’t misuse the power which the All-Powerful has given you. Give me, I pray, consent to leave this tree at once.”

“By all that is holy,” answered Misery, “though you should kill that tree, it will hold you until you get free from it by God’s will.”

“I see,” Death continued, “that I have this day entered an unfortunate house. But come, Goodman Misery, I have business in four parts of the earth, and it must be finished by sunset. Do you wish to stop the course of Nature? Do you fear nothing from me?”

“Nay,” answered Misery, “I fear nothing. Every man who is above the fear of Death, is above all threats. Your threats affect me not at all. I am always ready to start for the next world when the Lord shall call me.”

“Thou mayest boast, Goodman Misery, of being the man in this life who has gotten the better of Death. Heaven commands me that, with thy consent, I leave thee to return only on the last day of judgement, when I shall have completed my great work and man shall be no more. You shall see the end. I promise you; so now, and quickly too, allow me to come down or let me fly away. A queen is waiting for me five thousand miles away.”

“Ought I to believe you? Or are you only trying to fool me?”

“No, you shall not see me again until sun, moon, stars, and earth be no more. The last stroke of my scythe shall fall on thee. Do you hear me, Goodman Misery?”

“Yes, I hear and believe you; come down whenever you want to.”

At this Death swept through the air and disappeared from Misery’s sight. Misery has never heard of Death since, although he has often been told of his presence in his very neighborhood. So Misery has lived to a wonderful age, and dwells in rags near his pear tree. And, according to Death’s solemn promise, Misery lives till the world shall be no more.

Gerrit DeJong
“B” Class.
Truth

Can Truth herself be so defined that minds
Of mortal men can grasp the full intent?
Can Truth, the goddess of almighty power,
Be made to stoop to this poor sinful life?
O Truth, who art thou? Goddess, thee I love
With all my heart and soul. I pray of thee
Have mercy; look with pity on me as
I grovel in this filth and mire of doubt
And lies, of false pretence, hypocrisy
And cant. I pray thee, in thy love, show me
Thy beauteous face and shine into my soul!
Reveal thyself unto my blinded eyes
So I may learn and teach in later life
The glories of thy saving power. Alas,
We see so little of thee here in this
Dark world of ours, and soon might we forget
Thy face, did not thy Master and thy King
Revive us day by day and clear the mist
A moment from our eyes to catch a gleam
Of thee, as thou art hid in majesty.
'Tis not for violent hands to drag thee forth,
Nor yet for cumbrous, prying minds of men
To dim thy beauty and thy chastity,
But for the Lord's elect, the children of
Thy King, who stand before their Master pure
And good, and seek, through love, to learn of the e.
O Truth, we shall not see thee on this earth
Or even know thy form until the One
Who said "I am the Truth" shall call us up
To where we shall be made to know as we
Are known and glory evermore in Him
Who is thy Lord.

Shall we despise thee, Truth?
Shall hope die in our breasts and dark despair
Seize on our souls? Shall we consider lost
What is now kept from our vile hands and hearts?
Shall we not trust in Him who plans our lives
And rules our destinies? Is doubt allowed?
Truth is not seen by sinful eye of flesh
But by the holy eye of spirit pure.
No one can hear her silvery voice but he
Who lives in close communion with his Lord.
'Tis he alone who reads the Word of God
And lives in touch with that eternal love,
That comes to have the clearest view of Truth.
Still he has but a shadow, but a hint,
An inkling, as it were, of what by Truth
Is meant. We shall know Truth in after life,
But while we still upon this earth do dwell
'Tis meet that we should strive to know that Truth,
And live a life made better by her light,
As she directs.

Our hearts do ever call:
"O glorious Truth, O Truth divine, the best,
The truest friend of man, we beg thee come."
When our dear ones depart this life
And leave us bathing our sad hearts in tears;
When life is dark and drear, sad and forlorn,
And hopelessness on sable wings sweeps down
With mournful note upon our quaking souls;
When devils give their hellish hints at death—
That death ends all, that all there is of life
We see here while we now are in the flesh—
When all the turmoil of the darkest fears
Beset us with a hissing, sickening sound;
When utter helplessness, so serpent like,
Does twine its clammy coils about our hearts,—
Then Truth shines forth with sudden cheer and strength,
Much brighter than the summer's laughing sun
Breaks through the dark and lowering clouds o'er head;
Then Truth dispels our doubts and calms our fears,
She foils the demons' plans, and proves to us
That this which we call life is wretched death;
She gives us an inspiring glimpse of heaven
Where all is bright and all is endless love.
By Truth we are raised from pits of deepest hell
To regions of ethereal light and joy
Which shines forth from the throne of Grace alone.
'Tis Truth that aids the minister of Faith
To guide the erring steps to realms above,
To heal the wounds and soothe the aching hearts,
To comfort those who are about to sail.
Upon the stream that bears the advocates
Of Truth to endless day, Truth's enemies
It sweeps to unknown lands of grief and woe,
From which no one returns.

We long
To know the regions of the dead, But think—
Ah, dare we think? and dare we ask of Truth
Tope our eyes that we may see and look
Into that vast abyss, that fiercely yawning
And beheld forth the flames of sulphurous smoke?
Shall we ask Truth that she reveal to us
The mysteries of the life that is to come?
May she unveil our eyes that we may see
Enough, no more, of what is still to come.
We cannot know and live.

O friend of light,
Wouldst know the Truth? Then read the Word of God!
Read not with eyes that are half closed in sleep,
Nor with a mind that's clogged with useless trash,
Nor with a heart that seeks but to find fault.
With clear and steady eye peruse the page,
With mind as bright and keen as falcon's edge,
And heart that loves and hungering for the Bread
Of Life, that thirsts for water from the throne
Of God, Prepare thine heart to take the good
Sent down. Haste, purify thy heart's dark cells
Which seem to thee no eye can penetrate.
Ah, 'tis Truth thou seestkest, but beware!
For once let in, she searches through and through,
And conjures up before thine eyes a mass
Of guilt. But let this motto to the world
Ring out: "The Truth, the Truth shall make you free."

Philip Jonker, '07.

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If a good start augurs a good end, then this year's lecture course bids fair to be a success. Gov. La Follette succeeded in interesting and instructing his audience even beyond the expectation of those that heard him for the first time. His size and appearance was not prepossessing, but as soon as he had uttered the word "follow-citizens," in his peculiarly impressive way, everybody caught the ring of honesty and earnestness in his voice and for nearly three hours he held the attention of his audience. This is the more remarkable because he used no stories to illuminate the more serious parts of his lecture. He showed more clearly than has ever been done before on the chapel platform the difference between real oratory and mere eloquence. His was heart language from beginning to end, and if his voice was sometimes stirred with passion or heated in pathos, it was not the outward gloss that courts applause, but the passion or pathos of the man's honest soul. Some received the impression from his speech that he is a pessimist. But on the contrary, his is the highest kind of optimism. He has a childlike faith in the final triumph of justice, and looks upon the common people as the rock of our country's salvation. True optimism does not, seeing the danger, cover it up, but faces it, and fights it if necessary, as Gov. La Follette has done so effectively. And then we have been hearing so much about the bright side of our country and government that it is instructive as well as interesting to hear the dark side dis-
The Anchor

The Anchor

De Alumnis.

The members of the "class of '05" are widely scattered. J. Pelgrim is attending the New Brunswick Theological Seminary; G. Bosch, G. J. Pennings, C. Van der Schoor, M. Ruisaard, and W. P. Van der Laan have entered the Western Theological Seminary; and D. Muyskens has enrolled as a student of the Grand Rapids Theological Seminary. Margie Keppel is teaching in the Zeeland public school, Wm. Rotschafer has charge of the public school of Crisp, Mich. A. J. Muste is an instructor of Greek and English in the Academy at Orange City. Z. Roetman is teaching in North Yakima, Wash., and D. Taylor fills the position of principal at a school in Albuquerque, New Mexico. E. F. McCarty has charge of a Methodist congregation at Jackson, Mich., and C. Brock is studying law at Chicago.

We learn from the "Volksvriend" that Prof. A. J. Muste, '05, of Orange City, Ia., has again been visiting in Rock Valley, Ia.

Rev. J. E. Winter, '98, was married on October 17, to Miss Stella Halsey of Monroe, S. Dak. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. P. Winter, '91. Rev. and Mrs. Winter will reside at 320 Fairfax Ave., Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

On Friday, Oct. 27, the usual recitation work of the Junior Psychology class was omitted and the class enjoyed a lecture on the brain by Dr. J. J. Mersen. '95. Dr. Mersen "brought his brains with him." His specimen of a human brain proved to be especially interesting.

Rev. J. Broek, '63, of South Holland, Ill., has received a call from the Third Reformed church of Muskegon, Mich.

Rev. R. Bloemendal, '86, of Muskegon, Mich., will soon move to Baldwin, Wis., where he will serve as pastor of the Reformed church recently organized.

Sussed also. The management of the lecture course was certainly fortunate in securing so able a speaker.

But there are five more numbers to follow and doubtless all will prove as good as the first, Prof. Herbert Keppel has travelled quite extensively and his lecture will be well worth while listening to. Dr. John Driver of Chicago, too, is an exceedingly popular speaker, chiefly on historical subjects, and his lecture will prove a valuable number in the course. Isabel Gorghill Beecher has attained a wide reputation as a reader and her interpretative recital will doubtless be both artistic and entertaining. The course is especially strong in its musical numbers. The Empyrean Entertainers will be here to amuse us with reading and music. And Leonora Jackson, who is too well known to Holland audiences to need further mention here, will also return. The Anchor hopes that the efforts of the managers of the lecture course may in the future be crowned with as much success as it has been in the past.

ATHLETICS at Hope are dead. The new gymnasium will not be completed till next spring. Meanwhile a large part of the athletic field is rendered useless, and the only football games we may expect this fall are class scrimmages. Indoor basket ball is out of the question, and this game out of doors does not seem to have due fascination. "Watchman, what of the night? The morning cometh." It has been well suggested that the available part of the athletic field might be flooded and used for skating during the winter. This would certainly be the best substitution for a gymnasium that Hope can offer its students during the cold season.

But while athletic contests may not prove the mettle of Hope's students this year, another contest awaits them which offers a more strenuous fight and a brighter reward. In a few months the oratorical contest will be here. There is no reason why Hope should not be the first among the colleges of the state. This, however, depends largely on the thoroughness and enthusiasm of the home contest, and the home contest is again dependent on conscientious, individual preparation. Are you in for all there is of you?
The Anchor

The calls extended to Rev. H. B. Boer, '70, of Otley, Ia., by the Reformed church of Portage, Mich., and to Rev. J. Van der Meulen, '85, of Chicago, Ill., by the church of High Falls, N. Y., have been accepted.

Five of the members of the "Class of '80" have already passed away. The fifth number to be claimed by death was Rev. Abel H. Huizinga Ph. D. of Fishkill, N. Y., who passed away September 11, 1905. After graduating from Hope College Rev. Huizinga continued his studies in the New Brunswick Theological Seminary and the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md. From this university he received the title of Doctor of Philosophy. He served as pastor of the church of New Paltz, N. Y., from 1886 to 1891. From 1896 to 1898 he occupied the chair of Old Testament Language and exegesis at McCormick Seminary in Chicago. Then he took charge of the church at Fishkill, N. Y., and for a few months served also as professor in New Brunswick Seminary. The strain proved to be too much for his strength. A few months rest gave promise of returning health, but hopes were disappointed. Soon it became evident that Dr. Huizinga's strength was spent. After some weeks of suffering he was called to the Heavenly Home. The "Anchor" extends its sympathy to the bereaved family and to all the relations and friends of Dr. Huizinga.

Rev. J. Sterenberg, '93, has received a call from the Second Reformed church of Englewood, Ill.

Among the Societies.

The Fraternal Society has begun its year auspiciously. The membership has been doubled, the programs have been excellent, and best of all, the meetings seem to be pervaded with the old Fraternal spirit which has stood the society in good stead for so many years. The first reception of the year will be held in the near future. During the past year the work was frequently interrupted by other meetings which were held on Friday evening, but the Fraternal Society has determined that this year there shall be a meeting every week. Considering this we predict a year of hard work and remarkable success for the society.

President—J. C. Hoekje.
Vice president—R. Visscher.
Secretary and Treasurer—Jas. Veneklasen.
Keeper of Archives—P. E. Hinkamp.

The reorganization of the Sorosis Society occurred Friday evening, Sept. 20. The society begins the year under very flourishing conditions, not only in respect to its numbers, but also with its material for excellent programs. The following officers were elected:

President—Elizabeth Grotemat.
Vice president—Estelle Kollen.
Secretary—Ida Larkins.
Treasurer—Anna Scheulke.

Although the Cosmopolitans regret the loss of so many staunch members (of the Class of '05), nevertheless all feel inspired to take up the work with unabated zeal and courage. Several members have been added to the ranks of the society, and their spirit is truly cosmopolitan. The officers for the ensuing term are:

President—Richard d'Zeeuw.
Vice president—Arnold Mulder.
Secretary and Treasurer—John Van der Schaaf.
Janitor—Cornelius Muller.
The outlook for the Minerva Society at present is very bright. The old members have shown more interest and enthusiasm than heretofore, and the new members are rapidly becoming accustomed to the methods of procedure of the society, and have entered actively into the work of supporting its advancement. The following officers were elected:

President—Mae Brusse.
Vice president—Olive Barnaby.
Secretary—Dora Albers.
Treasurer—Lucile Steketee.

Although the Van Raalte Literary Society met with tolerable success last year, this year did not seem to point at bright prospects. The reason is obvious. After the loss of several valuable members the remaining few considered themselves hardly capable of taking the task upon their shoulders. While we console ourselves with the old saying, "quality, not quantity," we are nevertheless desirous to increase our number with all who wish to study the Dutch language and literature.

President—J. A. Vis.
Vice president—N. Sichterman.
Secretary—W. Vis.
Treasurer—Geo. Scholten.
Sergeant at Arms—W. K. Scholten.

The year was opened full of promise for the work of the Young Women's Christian Association. There has been an addition of sixteen new members, the prayer meetings have been well attended, and great interest has prevailed. The opening reception given the college girls at Mrs. Gilmore's home on the first Thursday after the opening of college helped the members to become acquainted with each other and served to bring before all the college girls the interests of the Y. W. C. A.

The Missionary Work received a splendid impetus from the address given by Mrs. S. M. Zwemer on Oct. 3. The society hopes to have a strong Mission Circle during the winter.

The visit of the State Secretary, Miss Leila P. Johnson, was of great benefit to the association. Her suggestions to the various committees were very helpful and her very presence inspired to greater activity. The State Convention will be held this year at Lansing, Nov. 9-12, and will be attended by six delegates from the association.

The Y. M. C. A. has entered very heartily upon its work this year. A spirit of unity and enthusiasm enters into every department of the work. The weekly meetings for prayer are well attended, and great interest is a characteristic of every meeting. The Bible Study committee has labored with success and has enrolled a large number of the students in its classes. Missions have also had a boom this fall, due, in part, to the efforts of our alumni missionary, Dr. S. M. Zwemer. Dr. Zwemer will visit the college on November 21 and 22 in the capacity of Traveling Secretary for the Student Volunteer Movement. Another phase of the association's work this year is that of a social character. The reception for the young men, and another jointly with the Y. W. C. A. for all the students, were a remarkable success and have benefited both the students and the associations.
Exchanges.

The World from St. Paul, Minn., is one of the cutest papers among our exchanges. The October number has a highly artistic cover design and some beautiful illustrations. Much attention, too, has been given to the exchange column.

The Hillsdale Collegian is rather lacking in original literary productions.

The October number of the Argus of Plymouth, N. H., is a great success as a fiction issue. The story, “The Man with the Bell,” in a faint degree, reminds one of Poe. The story, “Kush kuski,” is graphic and exceedingly interesting, though quite long for a college paper.

The Pulse of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, has created a new department devoted to the alumni. A good idea. The Anchor has practically done the same thing by giving the October issue entirely to the alumni.

The Helios of Grand Rapids High School is a fine little paper both in cover design and general make-up.

A fishy old fisher named Visscher,
Fished from the edge of a fissure;
A cod with a grin,
Pulled the fisherman in;
Now they're fishing the fissure for Visscher.—Ex.

You may think this is poetry,
But it is not, the printer
Just set it this way to
Fool you for once.—Ex.

To be well informed, take a paper.
Even a paper of pins will give you some points.—Ex.

She meant to kill him with a look—
Such had been her plan;
But it happened she was cross-eyed,
And hit another man.—Ex.

Jottings

“And banished Ham to Afrikee.”

Miss De Y.—“I think Mr. F. has heavenly blue eyes.”
Miss M.—“I am stuck on his mouth myself.”

Brinkman is morally certain that two more were in it. Brinkman has a clew. A cigarette butt and a burnt match have been found on the corner of Fourteenth street and Van Raalte Ave. We are again on the trail. All glory be to Brinkman! He used to be an under sheriff in Grand Rapids.

For sale, by John Hoekje—a select line of last year’s matrimonial possibilities.

Prof. in Ethics—“I never in my life have met a real glutton.”
Kolyn—“I have. There’s Dykema.”

Professor in Psychology—“According to the Greek idea of perception, as I now look at Jonker I see a thousand little Jonkers floating toward me.”

Only seven Veneklasens this year. Count them.
Five Seniors showed up the first week.

Prof. Nykerk rendered a charming vocal solo in chapel on the morning of September 21st. Dr. Kollen says it was a mistake.

“Who puts the fake notices on the bulletin board?”
“Either Stogie or some Prep.”

Only three convicts left. A gradual course of weeding out is in progress.

“D” paper in history:
“What did the Assyrians do for civilization?”
“They created the heavens and the earth.”

Jean Baptiste Kropp says we are a bunch of crazy bandits. He is going back to the Netherlands.

It has been officially announced by the Greek Dept. that “civilization is a sham.”

Raap's latest is choir-director.
Douma says a red-haired girl is the sine qua non of a student's life.

Some more work for Brinkman. F. S. Hall was stacked Hallow-e'en. Drs. Steffens and Dubbink were seen out late together that evening. It is hardly fair to get even that way.

Renkes daily takes a walk to Pine Creek for his health. Always about 3:30. A-hem.

Van der Meulen claims there is nothing like lense-paper to clean microscope slides.

Dr. Kollen is going to build an elaborate hen-coop on the N. W. corner of the campus.

Who's trying to get a "pull" in the psychology class?
Answer—J. C. Hoekje.
How?
There's a girl in it.

Did it ever strike you that little sisters are a nuisance? First it was Van der Schaaf. Now it is Jonker. He also had to buy a ring to satisfy a little sister (?) at home.

Ask Van der Meulen for quotations on carpet beating.

"Don't interfere with the workmen, boys."

It seems that some fellows in V. V. Hall need considerable heat to warm them early on Monday morning, after the chilling receptions following Sunday evening services. At least someone was heard tampering with the furnace at 2:00 a.m. Monday.

Kropp said the faculty did not know whether to make him a Senior or a B.

The Seniors are taking a course in orthoepy! ! ! !

Who is president of the college?

There is a new course in the college in care of Prof. Mast. All are guaranteed a job as building inspector.
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