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ART.

In this excessively material age among men who are early centering their lives and development about some practical purpose, there is a strong tendency to neglect the training of our aesthetic sensibilities. Art we look upon as something created for giving pleasure to the senses. We regard it as an expensive luxury, and a man who has conceived an ideal such as regenerating the slums might think it a waste of effort to cultivate his talents and sense of appreciation for these things. Now the question we propose is whether art exists only for its own sake and is created only to furnish entertainment and sensuous pleasure to those who have the means and leisure for it, or whether art exists for a greater and a more self-justifying purpose and should be the property of all mankind.

It might almost seem that the lives of the great masters of the expression of human feeling were a sufficient argument to plead for the deeper meaning of art. The pathetic picture of Schubert selling for a dinner harmonies caught, as it were, from another world; the young Keats, whose frail frame was unable to bear the strength of his passions; the majestic Shakespeare in "the depths of some divine despair" reveling among the sublime conceptions of mankind's most wonderful tragedies—shall anyone say that these minds purposed only to give sensuous pleasure to succeeding generations? No, these men travailed that they might bring forth a message which was to them divine, to give which they had the earnest...
conviction that they were given breath. Theirs were lives of purpose, a purpose to express a truth which they felt with all the powers of a human soul.

"'None can attain this height,' returns the shade.

'But those to whom the miseries of this world

Are miseries and will not let them rest.

All else who find a haven in this world,

Where they may thoughtlessly sleep away their days. If by chance into this fate they come,

Rot on the pavement where thou sittest hath."

But, although this is no mean argument that we draw from the earnestness of purpose in the lives of these men, though it is a subject not unworthy of notice, a more convincing line of reasoning is that which is corroborated by our own experience and which consists of the nature and purpose of art itself.

It would be highly presumptuous for a college student to say much about so unformulated a division of psychology as the emotional side of man's constitution. Still the opinion might be hazarded that to us it seems the most important aspect of the subject. It is this that makes a man truly alive. Back of all his mental activities lies something which is akin to emotion furnishing the incentive to act. In fact, it is difficult to conceive of a mental state, not merely devoid of emotion, but which is not based upon emotion. Analyze the men of whom you would say they are strong personalities. Do you not find that intangible characteristic so denominated, refers largely to the emotional character of the man? Is it not the manner in which he feels and the peculiar manner in which he arouses your emotions that leads you to say that he possesses personality? It seems quite a safe statement, that we judge character largely by the quality of the individual's emotions. Let him reason to you ever so logically, let him be ever so much a scholar, a man never reaches you unless emotional contact is secured. Now, of course, nothing is worthy the name of art that is not emotional, seeking to produce in us the state of emotion which gave birth to it. It aims to make us feel. We show the Anglo-Saxon stoical tendency of not displaying our feeling. Why? Simply because we think it unmanly. Rather because we know this is too really our inmost self. Yet the expression of self in this way is a desirable capability. Also such expressions are very prone to go into distasteful extremes if not restrained. It is evident that the sincere student of art is learning three valuable lessons, how to arouse his emotional life, how to make use of it as the best means of expressing himself, and how to express himself thus in that judicial and effective way which we designate artistic.

However, it is not simply for this reason, that art is emotional in its nature, that we would cultivate its acquaintance, but rather because of the character of the emotion to which it appeals; in other words, its high purpose. It is that which calls into being the highest sentiments of humanity. Art aims to interpret life, self, and God, largely by the presentation of ideals. Sometimes in a positive setting forth of an ideal, again in a negative way by a realistic description of the ideal's opposite suggesting the ideal, more often by combining the two. But true art always, if it is to deserve the name, must present an ideal. This is self-evident in the artistic in literature. In painting and sculpture, too, we may understand how the setting forth of ideals, the conception of a Madonna, or the depicting of peasant life accomplish their purpose. But in music it is difficult to define the process. Nevertheless just as certain as the picture of the Madonna can inspire the ideal of mother love, just as certain as Millet's paintings arouse sympathy for the peasant, just so certainly is the music of such masters as Beethoven, Wagner or Schubert imbued with similar purpose. Art aims to present in the most direct way, through the emotions, an ideal of life.

With this purpose in mind he who regards the term aesthetic as a synonym for pleasing, utterly fails to appreciate the true meaning of what we call works of art. For there are artistic productions such as Shakespeare's "King Lear," such as Schubert's "Erl King," which in their realism almost terrify. Although a psychological analysis might reveal that we
do feel a certain pleasure in experiencing the emotions these works call forth, certain it is that it was not the purpose of the artist to produce that pleasure, but solely to convey his mood, his viewpoint, his message. Therefore, in our appreciating works of art we must regard them not as instruments of pleasure and entertainment merely, but must penetrate to the artist’s purpose. In Emerson’s words, “As soon as beauty is sought, not from religion and love, but for pleasure, it degrades the seeker.”

—JOHN H. WARNSHUTS, 10.

THE HELP FROM THE HILLS.

I STOOD on the stage platform of the New Metropolitan, “Dude” Brown and I. “Dude” was the proprietor of the aforementioned hostelry. The name of neither landlord nor house appeared descriptive. The New Metropolitan was far from metropolitan, being hotel, barroom, postoffice, and supply post, whereas the landlord’s only claim to his appellation was the voluminous white tie which he affected. I had been in Placerville a week, and so felt sufficiently well acquainted to commit a breach of western etiquette. “Brown,” said I, “are you related to Civil War John Brown?”

“If I am,” said he, “it’s on my mother’s side. Brown’s a handy a handle as any when you dislikes to remember you was brought up in a preacher’s family.”

I considered it time to change the subject. Western patience has its limits. “Pretty neat little town, this,” ventured I. “What’s that monument over there on the plaza?” I pointed to a huge boulder on the glazed side of which I could see the dull tracery of an inscription. For answer the landlord walked across the dusty square towards the stone. Seizing a story, I followed, sure that if the few samples of narrative which I had heard from him in a happy mood could

be equalled by him while sober, I would be well repaid.

“Here We Gather the Body of ‘Scot’ Selkirk.
His Soul is up in the Hills.
Thanksgiving—1900.”

“Now came see his church,” said the “Dude,” and again I followed quietly, discreetly silent. Down the dusty street we walked, past the town-corrail, into the winding trail, and then up a rocky path, hedged in by mountain-laurel and pinyon pines.

When we had reached the small plateau to which the path led, I halted, struck by the beauty of the panoramic scene below. At the mouth of the pass lay the town, a jumble of shacks and tents among the rocks. Down the valley stretched the mantle of pine and cedar, through which the trail cut like a brown ribbon. Even then I saw the moving cloud of alkali dust, herald of the daily stage from The Creek. Far to the east brooded the vast mass of the Peak; and southward, their silvery summits gleaming in the sunset sheen, the Spanish Sisters kept guard.

Turning from my reverie I looked up, and there, built on the bare plateau, with a background of ever-lasting snow and ever-changing sky, I saw a chapel of dull mountain-rock. Under the marble cross at the peak, stained in the glass of a window, was the story of the Master bringing back the one lamb from the mountain. Above the arch of the door I read, “My Help Cometh from the Hills.”

“Yes, and I guess it did too,” said the “Dude,” as if reading my thoughts. “‘Scot’ sure changed some while he stuck it out alone in’ Croker’s Pass.”

“Worked it alone, did he?”

“Mostly, always alone, he was. Queer guy. White, though, clear white.”

The “Dude” sat down on the chapel steps, and I followed suit. “Have some meal?” as he shoved his package of Durham at me. Soon we were both puffing our brown paper nails and I felt the psychological moment to be at hand.
"Wasn't a preacher, was he?"

The "Dude" waited a full minute and then languidly began the expected tale.

"Preacher? Naw, leastwise none of them they turn out down there at the preacher-factory at Boulder, but he was a sure-enough pilot to steer by. He come here when I did, when the first placer strike was made. Queer guy, as I said. Never said much, but drink! Holy snakes! He was my cash-tills' best friend till he left. Never had no pal but his bottle of maple-syrup! Always drinks it straight, and that's bad, specially when you lives on it. Boys got to calling him 'Skee Scot.' I did once to his face. "Look? Once and out for mine. I could almost imagine myself with a red polka dot over my nose. 'Scot' was that handy with the new-fangled pill-splitter he carried. He must have had some personal arguments if he'd cared to tell, which he didn't. By the way he drowned 'em he must have had considerable sorrows to forget. Always lived peaceable, though, 'cepting when he had 'em. Snakes? Yep, twice. Only he saw a whole beast show cavorting around promiscuous. Thought he was Adam naming the animals. Glory be, how them dago Scotch cusses would gangle from him. Then once more, it was after the last and worst one, he comes to me. "Dude," says he, "it's off I am for the hills." 'Sorry,' says I. Help yourself to the feed." So he loads up and strikes off Holy Cross way. Gone for four months. We mourned considerable, seeing we liked him.

"Then come along September, and in walks him, trailing the assayer fellow from Boulder. Struck it rich, he had. We all lined up, it being a long time since we'd had just cause for celebrating. 'Scot,' he said, but never a drop would he touch. Then he told of his fight. Seems to have come across from Scotland, father a dyed-in-the-wood, blowed-in-the-bottle, triple extract pope and king-hater. Here there was a kind of hitch in the story. You bet we didn't ask any fool questions. Anyhow the consequent was whiskey, whiskey, and then some. That's why he left. Up on the Holy Cross there alone he fit it out. Told how he hated the hill at first. Made him feel low-down, and wacky, and such-like. Then it kinda seemed to help him, he said. I can't tell it the way he did. 'Scot' sure gave us some strong talk. Told us how if God kept these here bile 'majestic and sublime' (yes, sir, them's his words) there was no excuse for us humans balling up. "Men," says he, "God made them mountains, but that ain't all. He made everything, and what's more, he keeps it fresh and clean. You're the only thing ever went back on him." He showed us up scandalous, did 'Scotty'—he knew.

"Then we got our church. 'Black Monte,' being larned, drew the maps for it. an' 'Scotty' picked the place. We all bunched and helped. Thanksgiving, year gone, was the big send-off. 'Scot' was doing the talking. "Boys," says he, "there's still a hitch in my story, and I'm going to tell ye." He never did. He went all white. A gun cracked over by the open door, and 'Scotty' falls on his face and never moves. The guy didn't get far. He was a dude-looking gent on a painted gray, and when the pony quit dragging him around by the stirrup he was as full of holes as a quit-claim deed. 'Scot' wouldn't have approved of that, but we was excited. No, we didn't feel extra thankful after that. Placer City has changed considerably since last year, though. And say, pardon, seeing you're book-larned and tomorrow's Thanksgiving, 'sposin' you read a bit from Parson Scot's book?"


**THE PEARL.**

Here are four Old English poems which well merit the attention of students of literature. They date back to the fourteenth century. Who wrote them we do not know, but it is conjectured that they were all written by the same author. If that be the case, their composer should have a place on the scroll of literary fame, since these poems form a valuable part of English literature. This collection consists of the
pleasing Arthurian romance, "Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight," the two Biblical poems, "Cleanliness" and "Patience," and the sweet, touching elegy, "The Pearl." Though together they offer a fruitful field of study, one is amply repaid by a consideration of the last-named only.

As we dwell upon the beauties of "The Pearl," we are surprised that such a tender, melodious song could have been conceived in that early century, and we are astonished also at the knowledge of the Bible and of religion that the author reveals.

The poem presents a man mourning the death of his little daughter. His bitter grief is expressed thus—

"Chill sorrow seized my heart;
Wild grief made tumult in my breast,
Though reason whispered 'peace.'"

In such a fit of sorrow he falls asleep on her grave, and sees a glorious vision. He beholds a bright country of "crystal cliffs," sweet-singing birds, and beautiful trees, plants and fruits. He passes through this fair land, and comes to a river. On the other side is his daughter, clad in white, and decked with pearls. With her he holds a long conversation, and at last he asks for a view of her beautiful home, and his petition is granted. Here follows a description of the New Jerusalem, which closely corresponds with St. John's vision as portrayed in Revelations. The father beholds his daughter rejoicing in the midst of the heavenly glory, and is seized with a strong desire to cross the dividing stream. But the Prince of Heaven does not permit, and the sleeper awakes and loses his vision. This again is a heavy blow, but he submits to the will of God, and breathes this high aspiration:

"Christ that in form of bread and wine
The priest doth show to us each day;
He grant us to be His servants' seal,
And precious pearls for his pleasure!
Amen. Amen."

"The Pearl" can truly be called a religious poem. It contains references to the Psalms, to Solomon's writings, to Isaiah to the Gospels, to St. Paul, and to Revelation. The parable of the "laborsers in the vineyard" is very clearly and sweetly told, as this stanza illustrates—

"At the close of day, at even-song,
One hour before the sun had sunk,
He saw the strong men stand idle there,
And said to them in gentle voice:
'Why stand ye idle the livelong day?'
Nowhere, they said, was the hire for them.
'Go to my vineyard, ye virgins young,
And work and do as best ye may.'
Soon the world grew dark and wan;
The sun went down; it grew full late;
He summoned them to take their hire;
The day had passed its goal."

The poem brings to its readers many a lesson concerning earthly sorrow, the way of salvation, the future life, and submission to God's will. Its religious spirit alone it is well worth reading.

But it is also an excellent lyrical work. It appeals to us because of its emotional nature. It deals with a theme that is fresh every day. It treats, not of knights and war, but of that great mystery, death, and of that eternal treasure of mankind, religion. If we have lost a dear one, our grief will lead us also to meditate on the meaning of sorrow, and on the happy state of the departed. As the bereaved father exclaims—

"Ah, me! what thoughts stole there to my mind!
To think of my fair one o'erlaid with day!"

he strikes a responsive chord in the reader's heart. His vision of the Holy City, and the rapturous joy that it gave him, may well be appreciated by some weary soul waiting for a summons to the better land.

"The Pearl" is lyrical because it is not only emotional but also musical. The stanzas consist of twelve lines each. Each stanza seems to run on a lofty strain, until the last line is reached, when the end comes with a very melodious cadence.
The poet seems to divide the poem into groups of five stanzas. In the first lines of the stanzas of each division occurs the same word or set of words, thus similarity producing a harmonious effect, and thus increasing the melody of the verse.

This poem contains excellent descriptions, such as those of the beautiful land to which the dreamer was first transported, and the graphic picture of the New Jerusalem. Let us take a glimpse at this picture.—

“As John the Apostle beheld it then
I saw that city of noble fame,—
Jerusalem, so new, so royally light.
As it was come from heaven adown.
The city was all of burnished gold,
Burnished bright as gleaming glass,
With glorious gems beneath it set.
And pillars twelve on bases reared,—
Foundations twelve, with temenos rich.
And every slab a special stone,—
As in the Apocalypse this same burch
John the Apostle doth picture so well.”

Thus we see that “The Pearl” is no harsh tale of sorrowing or war, but a sweet song of the heart. It is a lyrical poem, strongly emotional and musical, while its descriptions are beautiful and graphic. It is particularly characterized by its religious tone. For all its excellent qualities, we render due praise to the unknown writer, who perhaps “builted better than he knew.”

Note.—Passages quoted are from Gallaner’s translation.

—HENRY V. E. STEGEMAN, ’12.
of Hope College council delight to see how the men of their college compare with those of other colleges. And we sincerely hope that it will bring out one other fact, namely, that wholesome enthusiasm, gained on the athletic field, carries over to other spheres of college life. Our debating teams are getting ready for work. Next March our orator will speak at Lansing. With a view to this, let the lesson gained from the Kalamazoo-Hope game be this: "Hit the line hard, while practicing; you'll hit harder in a scheduled game."

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DON'T BE BASHFUL.

Conceit is a virtue that has always been regarded as the distinguishing attribute of the college student. It would seem then that the superlative degree of conceit is attained when the college student in turn passes on the accusation to his fellow college-mate. Now to us the whole question seems to be not whether the individual sets too high a value upon himself, but rather whether the value he sets is such as interferes with his usefulness to society. When a man thinks himself too good for a certain duty, then, no doubt we are justified in finding fault with his conceit. But it is quite evident that in our college activities the great obstacle is not that the students estimate their worth too highly—that is when it comes to a work to be done—but that they under-estimate themselves. In other words, not conceit, but modesty: not self-assertiveness, but lack of self-confidence, is the fault of the Hopeite. There is always a holding back to see if "someone else" will not come forward first, a disagreeable hesitancy lest we shall not be supported in the stand we take and "shall make a fool of ourselves." Girls do not come out on the tennis-court for this reason: men are afraid to speak their opinions in our athletic meetings. The writer has been present in a meeting outside of the college, but where a majority of those present were students, where in order to do business it was necessary to prime people to make the motions. In fact, there is noticeable through every phase of our college life a lamentable want of aggressiveness due to this cause. The reason for this bashfulness is not difficult to find. It is a fear to trust our own judgment, a fear that we may do or say something so incongruous with the general opinion that we will bring down public ridicule upon us. The remedy must be sought by each man for himself, by his resolutely willing to make it otherwise. Everybody is bound to "make a fool of himself" pretty often in this life, and the sooner he learns to do it gracefully, the better for his peace of mind. According to Carlyle the only man who never makes mistakes is the man who never does anything. Self-confidence is only acquired by so frequently testing ourselves that we learn how far our abilities do extend and those of us who are so exceedingly bashful usually discover that they are not so untrustworthy after all. Not merely at a social gathering for pleasure, but of any purpose of a social character the supreme injunction necessary to its success is, "Don't be bashful!"

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THE EVENING SCHOOL.

Announcement was made some weeks ago that an evening school would be opened in Van Raalte Hall for the benefit of such as were occupied during the day, or otherwise prevented from pursuing their studies in the day schools. In accordance with such announcement this new school opened Wednesday evening, October 20, with an attendance of between 50 and 60. It holds its sessions three times a week, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, commencing at 7:30 p. m. A marked and growing interest has attended this work from the beginning, and it promises to be a source of much benefit to such as are interested in self-improvement.

This work is being carried on under the direction of the Department of Pedagogy, and is in the nature of College Extension work. The college recognizes that there are many who, by force of circumstances, are deprived of many of the opportunities which education offers, and it would like so far as possible to extend the friendly hand of encouragement and
help to such as recognize their need of further instruction, and are willing to devote the necessary time and effort to secure it. It has accordingly opened its halls to the Department of Pedagogy for this purpose, and has thus made it possible to accommodate all who are interested in this work.

Among the classes thus far organized is one of about thirty adults who have somewhat recently come to this country and who are desirous of learning the English language. The work of this class is largely reading, writing, and conversation designed to give a practical working knowledge of the language. Another class, somewhat more advanced, consists of those who have some knowledge of the language, but desire to acquire a more correct and perfect use of it.

Besides these there is a considerable class of young men, most of whom have been in school here, but have been compelled for various reasons to drop out to seek employment. They feel the value of education and are coming to the evening school to extend their studies in various directions. Some are taking arithmetic, some English, some U. S. history, etc. With this more advanced group the individual method of instruction will be largely pursued, in order that each may be allowed to advance unrestricted by the others.

While various members of the College Faculty will probably be invited from time to time to participate in the instruction given along their special lines, yet to a considerable extent it is expected the work of instruction will be assumed by the advanced classes in pedagogy, and thus constitute a part of the practice work so essential to this department of instruction.

A great opportunity is thus opened both to the community and to the students of Pedagogy, which it is hoped may be increasingly realized as the time goes by. There are scores of young men in the city whose education for various reasons is defective. They recognize it and find it a handicap in the way of progress. Doors of opportunity and advancement would be open to them if only they were better educated. They could easily spare three evenings a week for self-improvement. The association with those of similar ambitions, and with helpful teachers, would prove inspiring. They would soon find study for self-improvement a pleasure, and so they might easily advance from step to step and subject to subject. Until their entire outlook of life would broaden and their opportunities for usefulness and advancement be greatly multiplied, it is greatly to be hoped that the influence of the evening school may continue to extend until many young men, and women, also, may be encouraged and helped to undertake regular courses of school extension work.

—DR. E. N. BROWN.

In response to the hearty welcome extended by The Anchor, last month, to the new members of the faculty, it seems but fitting to express some appreciation of the cordial reception given us by both faculty and students. Kindly greetings are always gratifying to the stranger within your gates, and in return, his first impressions may not prove wholly uninteresting to his hosts. In coming to Hope College one is first impressed by the attractive appearance of the campus, the artistic grouping of handsome buildings against a background of beautiful trees. Next, the convenient arrangement and the complete equipment for satisfactory work claim attention and win hearty approval. As the students come together and take up their work, one is convinced of their appreciation of their favorable surroundings, of their college loyalty, of their earnestness; and one is delighted by their genuine courtesy and by their ready response to the requirements of their instructors. Though comparisons are usually classed as odious, yet, in comparing the students of Hope College with those of other institutions, we think that the balance is largely in favor of the supporters of the orange and the blue. Hence, taking a general survey of our surroundings, and reviewing the incidents and events of the past few weeks, we feel like saying, with one of old, that our lines have fallen in pleasant places.

NEWCOMERS.
THE LECTURE COURSE.

Any and all shams facades in speaking of Hope's lecture course for the coming year is simply out of place. Anyone who can not appreciate the desirability of the course offered has poor chance and judgment. For the oratorical and musical talent that has been secured are sure attractions, with each of the lecturers and one of the musical companies known to us all. Only sufficient space is allowed for a brief announcement. Prof. S. H. Clark, the reader from the University of Chicago, opens the course on November 10, with Hon. Champ Clark following on November 23. The last of the lecturers will be "The Purposeful Orator," Prof. E. A. Ott, who discusses ethical and municipal problems. The date is March 9. The musical numbers are no less promising. The offers in this line are Whitney Brothers, whose music is extensively reproduced from Victor records, with the Four Artists, and Rogers and Grilley to fill out the course. Champ Clark's coming, especially, is awaited with the very widest expectancy.

SOCIETY

The question of debating has finally been settled in Hope College. The Debating Club which conducted the debating last year has been dissolved, and the literary societies have taken up the work. A triangular inter-society league has been formed, however, conducted on a different plan than the inter-collegiate league. Each society is represented by one team, and from these nine men the six best debaters are chosen to represent Hope in the inter-collegiate debate. Whether this plan will be a success, depends upon the interest shown by the literary societies, and upon the faithfulness with which debating is taken up as a feature of society work.

Has the Debating Club accomplished its purpose, namely, to awaken interest in debating at Hope College? We hope it has, but the results are, as yet, not what they ought to be. The fault is not with the Debating Club, but with those out-side of it. Now debating is no longer limited to a single club, but is open to all.

The question submitted by Alma College has been chosen as the question for this year's debate: "Resolved, That the United States Should Levy a Progressive Income Tax; Constitutionality Conceded."

On Friday evening, October 20, the members of the Soro-sis society, with their friends, enjoyed an old-fashioned Hallowe'en party in Voorhees Hall. The lights from the numerous electric bulbs in the spacious dining room were tempered to a ghostly yellow, while bats and owls perched upon withered cornstalks, and ghosts and witches walked through the corridors of the hall. Shriil shrieks issued from the "cavern of horrors." The timid guests found the hall a house of thousand fears. But the quiet New England dishes, served for refreshment, soon reconciled every one with the growing surroundings, and an excellent program ended this most joyous of all occasions.

At the recent Hudson-Fulton celebration, the Rev. John Ossewaarde, '97, of Albany, N. Y., enjoyed the honor of being present at one of the banquets, and of addressing in their mother tongue, the officers of the "Half-Moon," representatives of the Netherlands.

The boys of the class of '99, who are at Princeton Seminary, are very enthusiastic over the work they are taking under Dr. Henry Van Dyke in the university.

On October 18, the cornerstone of the new First Re-formed church of Rochester, N. Y., was laid by Rev. R. H.
Johannesma, St. pastor of the church. The new church will be the largest in Rochester, and will be constructed at the cost of $30,000.

Dr. S. M. Zweezel '87, has again been among us. He conducted a most inspiring missionary rally and aroused a great deal of enthusiasm for the coming missionary conference to be held at Rochester, N. Y.

At a recent informal dinner, Rev. and Mrs. P. T. Pockman announced the engagement of their daughter, Madge Pockman, to John Van Zanten, '07, of New Brunswick. Rev. Pockman is pastor of the First Reformed church of New Brunswick, N. J. The Anchor extends its heartiest congratulations.

On October 8, '05, Rev. Jacob Carleton Pelgrim, '05, was ordained as minister and installed as pastor of the Central Avenue Reformed church of Jersey City. During the opening exercises, Miss Estelle M. Kollen, '08, sang a solo and Dr. John M. Van der Meulen, '01, preached the sermon.

ATHLETICS.
Hope 13—Wayland 0.
Hope 5—Holland H. S. 0.
Hope 0—Muskegon 0.
Hope 8—Grand Haven 9.
Hope 11—Holland H. S. 0.
Hope 21—St. Alphonsus 0.

The football season opened up with a snap and a vim that set the spirits of all the students on edge. Enthusiasm ran high when the end of the second half of the first game showed 13 points for Hope and a goose egg for the opponents. All the scoring was done in the first half, a touch down having been made within three minutes after the whistle blew. Indications were that Hope was to have the best team in its history.

The second game showed Hope a little weaker, but this was due to the fact that it was but a practice game and probably not fought as hard as it otherwise would have been.

October 13 saw the best game of the season. Hopeites had hardly hoped for better than holding the crack Muskegon team to a low score, but although almost disorganized at the last moment by the refusal of the faculty to allow three of the members to play who did not have PERMITS, and three substitutes having been put in, yet our husky players made an unexpected showing which finally ended in 6 to 0. Hadden's long punts and the stopping of forward passes by Hope's ends were features of the game.

On account of much wrangling, the next two games were not brilliant victories for the winners. Grand Haven's referee almost being hoisted off the field for his seeming unfairness.

The St. Alphonsus game was one of the best games played by Hope. Every man played well and as a result the score was large. The St. Alphonsus played old-fashioned ball, not a forward pass or a double play being made.

As a preliminary to the St. Alphonsus game the second team played the second team of the local H. S., defeating the latter by a score of 11 to 0.

The students are already showing an interest in basketball, two leagues having been formed of five teams each, which are playing regular games. Indications are that Hope will keep up its record this year in having the best basketball team in Western Michigan. Most of the old players are back and with as much enthusiasm as ever. Here's hoping that this year we get the state championship, which we last year so nearly gained. So far, games have been secured with Grand Rapids Y., Central Y. of Chicago, Battle Creek, the Spaniards of Detroit, Olivet College and Mt. Pleasant Indians. This is the strongest schedule ever attempted by Hope.

HOPE COLLEGE 23—KALAMAZOO NORMAL 0.

Some class to that! By so decisively defeating the strong Normal team, Hope firmly established an enviable athletic reputation among her sister colleges. Good coaching and
hard, faithful work enabled our gridiron heroes to close a most successful season with highest honors.

The game commenced with every condition favorable for a snappy, scrappy exhibition of foot-ball, and that's what took place much in this manner:

Hope, winning the toss, defended the windward goal. Kazoo kicked to Weurding, who was downed on his own 40-yard line. From there, by straight, fast foot-ball, the oval was carried 30 yards into the opponents' territory and there punted. The Normals' superior weight was expected now to carry the ball at will through Hope's much lighter line, but our defense, centered around Warnshuis, proved grit and speed worthy of the opponents' bulk. The onslaught was stopped almost before it was begun and Hope's clever tactics carried the ball to their opponents' 35-yard line, from where, with excellent interference, Brooks scored the first touchdown on an end run. Levan kicked a pretty goal. The large crowd of students and townspople were wild with enthusiasm. Kazoo was determined to come back strong and quickly overcome our slight lead. The kick-off went to them, but Addison, brushing aside all interference, nailed their runner in his tracks. Again their offense was futile, and Hope, receiving a punt, mixed a few trick plays with smashers and brilliant dodging by Stegeman and Vruwink, and carried the ball within striking distance of the goal, when a well executed forward pass from Levan to Brooks scored another 5 for us. Levan's good toe made the score: Hope 12—Kazoo 0. The half ended without any more scoring. Hope's nervy line twice forcing the opponents over their own goal line for touchbacks. Kazoo came nearest to scoring when Captain McGinnis, snatching the ball on a fumble, started for his goal, but Abbink, never giving up, shot after him, and with a pretty, flying tackle, saved Hope's line from being crossed.

Our opponents took the aggressive in the final session and covered much ground by tackle smashing and punting, but every time our goal line was threatened they found it a veritable stone wall. Levan's strong booting here sent the pigskin out of danger time after time. So the battle surged till Hope, within the time limit, again started a march for their goal by quick formation plays and splendid forward passes. On one of the latter J. Vruwink carried the ball 60 yards for another score. The try at goal failed. The last touchdown was made when Kazoo's quarter, attempting a pass on a shift play, was block by our line breaking through, the ball was grabbed on the fumble, and for the fourth time planted between our goal posts. One more point for Levan's toe and the game ended; Hope having the ball in mid-field.

Hope's line was always there with a game, fighting spirit, fostered by Mitchell's coaching, against which the trick plays of the "schoolmasters" were naught. We justly claim the title of being past masters of the forward pass, "Shorty" Vruwink being deadly sure of long gains on this play, assisted by accurate throwing from Levan and "Stegie."
resented. The ode to “October” needs special mention. The entire poem through its noble sentiment and dignity of style reveals the student and lover of nature.

“Kazoo Index.” The article, “Psychology of Foot-ball,” is very well written. It shows not only the athlete at highest maturity, but also the accomplished writer. From the ennobling description of Mirror Lake, we, too, conclude that it should not be drained. The parody, “To the Freshman,” excels in vivacity and good feeling.

Read the “Style” department in the Collegian and have a jolly laugh.

“Purple and Gold,” Bellevue, Neb. Your publication is a model in every respect. The article, “College Graft,” is up-to-date and sadly true. Read it, Hopeites, and let it spur us on to more genuine college spirit and common honesty—less of unfaithfulness to obligation and sham philanthropy.

“Volante,” Grand Island, Neb. We welcome you as one of our best exchanges. “The Pioneer of English Literature” deserves special comment. Its sweet illumined rhetoric betrays the genius and power of the author in her devotion to her subject. The writer seems to have imbued much of the richness, purity and force which characterizes the “Finder of the fairest language.”

“Red and Blue.” An hour spent with your paper is like a day spent in a new country. Your several cuts are beautiful. A more artistic cover design would increase the

northern lights and gorgeous sunsets.” The descriptions of “Evening,” and “Sunset,” respectively, are gems of exquisite beauty. The “Goldseekers’ Dream” is a very fascinating and bewildering fancy. By the various descriptions of winter’s wearied bleakness and summer’s joyous verdance, given in such simple and refined language, we conclude that Alaska is a scenic and romantic country.

LOCALS.

Arthur Schaefer must have some kind of a funny world all his own. In his world they translate “Das Orgel kann mein Organist wohl spielen” into this: “The organ can play my organist very nice.”

Prof. Nykerk claims that we laugh in our sleeve because our humorous bone is there.

We heard, the other day, of a certain Mr. Naphtha who got to sparkling around a Miss Gasoline. At last reports he has not benzing since.

There are some embryo literary critics on the campus. The following gems hail from the Caesar class:

“Caesar’s dead and buried. 
And so is Cicero; 
And where those two old gents have gone
I wish their works would go.”

“Old Caesar’s battles all were sham, 
His Commentary’s rusty. 
If he had to take our exams.
He’d say, ‘Veni, vidi, bust!’”

Hessel Yntema—Say, did you ever hear about Caesar’s Irish wife?

Fortune—No, Who was she?

Yntema—Mrs. Caesar, I suppose, or Caesarea, or something. Oh, well, I wouldn’t swear he had an Irish wife, but anyhow, he had an Irish sweetheart, because when he came to the Rhone he proposed to Bridget.
When the B class in English were writing applications for positions, Bessie Fellows astonished Miss Kreel by handing in an application for a position as a chorus girl.

One of the feminine mathematical stars of the Sophomore class got this statement out of a certain Latin author by some wonderful process of reasoning: "I divided three students into six volumes on account of size."

De Motts said to a girl, after church, "May I experience the extreme brutality of escorting your beautiful corporeal presence unto the abode wherein you dwell?"

Dorothy Pieters' English class learned one day that "ferment" means "to work." That afternoon someone asked her, "Dorothy, where's your sister?" "She's fermenting in the laboratory," said Dorothy.

Prof. Beardsley in Ethics: "Yes, sir, Roger Bacon was finally burned."

The Sophomore class in rhetoric were studying Kipling's "Story of Muhammad Din" as a specimen of prose narration.

Professor—In the expression "tubby stomach" what is the value of the word "tubby"?

Eager Soph.—It is an example of local color.

One Sunday afternoon a trio of Hope College models were out walking in close proximity to an apple orchard—accidentally, of course. Dick Smalligan, with his breadth of view noticed a tree which bore this inscription, "Keep Out." Says Dick, "I wonder if that tree's hollow?"

In Latin Class, someone was translating "anda the ghosta rattled his chainsa."

Prof. Sutphen—Now, please don't use that word "rattle." It's all I hear at home all day long.

Van Der Laan passed Prof. Nykerk in the dark one evening, and mistaking him for someone else, breezily ejaculated: "He bin jij daar, onwe Kees?" Not a leaf stirred.

The Junior Class were once more the victims. They came, they saw, but the ice cream had vanished. They seemed to take pride in the fact that they were compelled to buy two gallons more. Ah, how shallow is pride!

Miss Charlotte Boer, to Wolterink at the Seminary table in the Dorm,—"I'd like to talk to you, but I don't know what to talk about."

De Jong in Elocution—We fell out, my wife and I.

Instructor—Hold on; hold on; that's too fast.
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