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River St., Holland, Mich.
JOSEPH ADDISON.

OFTEN TIMES have I wished to muse among the monuments of England's illustrious dead. Upon the registers of the solemn cathedral I would read the triumphs of her warriors, the exploits of her kings, and the songs of her poets. At the shrine of one I would pay homage such as is fitting only to those who command the vanguard in the progress of mind and soul; for in times of disension, through the power of his pen and the grandeur of his personality, he created a great reform and stamped the virtue of his intellect upon succeeding generations. This, the shrine of the prince of Essayists, the Spectator of humankind—Joseph Addison.

The story of Addison's career is peculiarly beautiful and changing. To study the age in which he lived, is to learn of the greatest transition era literature and society have experienced. To trace the development of his nature from a happy youth to an ingenious manhood, is to recount the noblest of early biographies. To review the influence of his literary activity, is to see the crumbling of old ideals and principles and the molding of a public conscience for a grander destiny. Finally, to give a true estimate of his character, is to add the charm which has endeared him in the hearts of a great people and ever passes on to radiate with ennobling purport.

Should we study Addison without a comprehensive knowledge of his times, it would detract from those features which invite appreciation of a grand and noble life in a great and troublous age. It was an era emphatically prosaic; yet, through the intellectual curiosity and unrestrained spirit of advance, it produced great results for literature. Essentially, the literature of this period was characterized by its conformity to Classicism. Men of letters were no longer actuated by those exalted passions and glowing flights of imagination as were the Elizabethans, since these ardent emotions had lost themselves in cold reason and unimpassioned logic. Criticism, restraint, and an undefined craving for elegance of expression, weakened the impulses for creative thought and supplanted the seer by the artificer. The writer must not deviate from the narrow path of finish marked out by the Classics of old. Indeed the voice of the singer had been silenced only to be heard again after the lapse of a hundred years. However, this reaction against Puritanic principles was not a stupid decline and meaningless lull, but a decided assertion on the part of language itself for self-preservation and extension of scope. An age so full of turbulence and disorder, though not furnishing landscapes for the poet's attraction, was, nevertheless, replete with fruitful instruction for the sharers in the conflict, and found, amid the tumult of party strife, its appearance in an enlivened and lucid prose literature. These feelings of unrest in the realm of thought, effected thus for the Fairest Language those hopeful changes which placed it upon a plane matchless for its precision and directness.

While these unpretending changes in literary expression were taking place, society had been plunging itself into those astounding depths which have been the blot of England's civilization ever since. The revolution of 1688 was accomplished by a total derangement of social and religious status. Progress was its motto; but what difficulties to surmount! What repulsive scenes to brighten! Debauch and intrigue, fashion and profanity of manners held high-feast in high places. Corruption stalked nakedly through all strata of society; in truth the higher ranks were more bespattered and befouled than were the lower. Trafficking in political schemes engaged the greatest minds of the age. A fast expanding commerce and large estates of land furnished the means to be idly spent in lounging about coffee-houses and gambling dens. Craze for intoxicants ran almost into madness. Royalty and humblest peasants alike were gradually approaching those miserable conditions wherein the Wesleys found the lower classes at the time of the revival. The wildest acts of foolish-ness and coquetry were reflected in a pretentious and sentimental drama. Then above this vice—this scepticism and greed for wealth, there prided those elegant bows and compliments which the man of quality detests to his inmost self, for to him this politeness and show of good breeding is but an open and shocking veneer.

Amid such conditions Addison began his career as a
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Amid such conditions Addison began his career as a
writer. Of the literary movement he was the friend and propagator; of the social evils he became the enemy and ameliorator. But it is essential before we consider his activities, to trace briefly the making of this wonderful man of letters. His parents were of that sterling type which the corruptions of the age could not tarnish. A certain peculiar charm and pleasantness, manifesting itself in all domestic relations, seems to have gained for the Addisons the appellation of "England's most amiable family." Somewhere among the undulating slopes of the Avon, the son Joseph was born in 1672. The quiet hills with their flocks of grazing sheep became the endearing joy of his youthful days, and in his loneliness it must have presented a scene similar to that of Israel's sweetest singer and shepherd boy. Gradually to him these retreats and solitudes became less attractive, for he heard the sounds of human life. Here his sensitive soul, like an Eolian harp, first learned to respond to the breezes of merry and turbulent England, which in later years should find in him so mighty a voice and protector.

His education was obtained in a manner similar to that of many pupils of his time; first private instruction, then grammar schools. In the Charter house his taste for classical antiquity early became a sincere passion and inspiration. Systematic study and midnight reveries in these languages soon distinguished him among his fellow students. The proficiency with which he began to write Latin verses under the elms at Magedelin, gave assurance of genuine poetic talent. He thus acquired a knowledge of Latin literature singularly profound and intelligent, and we may conjecture that with this widening interest in Latinity, he grew more familiar with the lives of the poets and the charm of their country—Italy. He deemed that by traveling through peoples and countries one might get a full survey of humanity, and as it were from a mountain height viewing the struggles of men, learn the lesson of strong and sympathetic brotherhood. Accordingly, he embarked, by the aid of others, for France, to acquire the language then recognized superior for its refinement and diplomatic use. At the French capital, in addition to his study of the language, he was enduringly impressed by the adornments of luxury as they eminently existed in the Versailles drawing rooms, and court.

But, in his imagination, beyond the mountains he beheld out-stretched upon the hills, Rome, the favorite city of travelers. What sights of poetic attraction and attainments in art did it not conjure up! Almost unnoticed by others, he found himself encompassed by the fields made sacred by the muses. What pleasing and mysterious moods must have possessed his soul as he stood face to face with the objects of his thoughts and aspirations. Here, surrounded by the records of civilizations, of literatures, and of arts, he must have felt his own expanding powers and realized that by engaging in worthy and instructive purposes, he too could be fashioned into a man that needed not to be ashamed.

A return trip through the Appenines and Germany brought him to his native-shore after an absence of four profitable and meditative years. But now this favorite of fortune must apparently be overwhelmed by misfortune. His father's death, the withdrawal of his pension, and numerous political embarrassments were the only greetings he obtained. But through his sturdy and winning nature, obstacles became stepping stones, and he aspired to a position suitable for the play of his talents. He is engaged to celebrate in verse, the prowess and "glorious victory" of Marlborough. Like all poems of the "made-to-order" type, the "Campaign" does not reach those heights of inventive art and depths of intimate sympathy; yet, for its designed purpose, that of promoting the cause of the Whigs, it gave remarkable service. Besides, it brings Addison into such universal recognition as a man of capabilities, that employment is given him as under-secretary of state. He is advanced again and again into the controlling affairs of government, and even until his death in 1719 he remained as one of its foremost leaders. As chief secretary to the Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, he executed the duty of office with such skill, that, even in times of Tory ascendancy, he was permitted to hold high positions of government. This diligence in office, this agreeableness of conduct, were the means by which he grew nation-wide in reputation, and secured for himself the full enjoyment of great and well-deserved prosperity.

But this only prepared him for greater things; he heard the call to a more inviting field of service—a field which
through his creative genius became a sphere of boundless possibilities. Richard Steele, his near associate, had already begun the "Tatler," a paper which treated questions of general concern, such as literature, morals, and problems of State. What could be more fitting than for Addison to dedicate his faculties to the extension of such an enterprise? By his charming and finished essays, the standard of the "Tatler" was raised, and at the close of its enviable career he began what is known as the Spectator. Truly, it reveals the Spectator of the affairs of men. With keen eye and large sympathies Addison moves quietly in the midst of the masses and learns their inclinations and needs. Then in brilliant and pleasing rhetoric he seeks to bring practical wisdom and reason into the coffee-houses and into the assemblies of men. It was his purpose to instruct men and women in the ways of cheerfulness, of truth and the art of highest living. It was a difficult task to direct such erring humanity, yet Addison, through his daily publications, succeeded in a way beyond measure. He portrayed noble men and women and made known the virtues by which that standard could be reached. He reproved the follies and foibles of society, and endeavored by examples of simplicity and purity, to elevate it to cleaner and better levels. What a grand conception! What a sublime purpose! What an unrivaled success! And had Addison in all his various contributions to the "Guardian," the "Freeholder," and the "Spectator," done nothing beside establishing a method of communication which was destined to grow into the magnitude of our marvelous modern newspaper system, his name would still deserve to be linked with the champions for progress and enlightenment.

However, Addison's powers were not limited to essay writing. The stage also, he deemed, called loudly for reform. A tragedy, "Cato," which he witnessed at Venice lingered with him as unusually fascinating and appropriate for bringing about his desired accomplishment. To reproduce this, in full, now became his sole ambition. After many disappointments and discouragements, the beautiful life of Cato, a picture of Addison's own excellence, battling with adverse conditions, became the admiration of England's theatre-going people. The unprecedented record of thirty-five consecutive nights and the numerous translations which ensued, adequately assures us of its immediate success. Although the tragedy reveals a deficiency in dramatic passion, yet in stately dignity of style, it portrays a character which men may ever with profit learn to imitate. At least we believe that it placed before the people a higher dramatic ideal and purged the stage of those sentimentalities which were the outgrowth of a vainglorious and depraved society.

With such a youth, with such a training, with such a career in state and letters, what remains to be said of Addison's character? Who does not admire the loftiness of his soul and the secret gladness of his nature? We have learned to think of him as the man with a "smiling tear"; for often with his enthusiastic humor and calm persuasion, he cheered us on to a happy and exalted feelings. His were no empty aspirations for the vanities of his day, but with a clear and holy vision for a better society, he fought a fearless fight against folly and sin. He had breathed the pure air of the mountain, of strength, and with a cheerful countenance he descended to the valleys to share with the needy his sympathy. His love for the Psalms and the worship of Jehovah is breathed into all his works and especially into those gems of poetry which have found a permanent place in our church hymnals. His wealth consisted in conversing with a chosen circle of friends and in a sincere devotion to happy domestic love. His sensitiveness to human needs, clothed and expressed in the fervor of his mental richness, won the admiration of all, and made him the molder of a strong and refined public conscience. With personality to draw, with wisdom to entertain, with virtues to inspire, he discovered the art of living, and in a composed and hopeful death scene showed, "how a Christian can die."

He who studies Addison finds a truly great reward. No finer recompense can we seek for ourselves, nor can we offer a more generous tribute to his memory, than to "give our days and nights to Addison." England loves him for the share he took in allaying her political dissensions, in creating a refined and lucid prose literature, in ridiculing the fancies of her foolish citizens, in reconciling the ways of man to man, in implanting ideals of justice and purity. Mankind loves him for these same reforms,—for through the centuries the principles
which he strove to inculcate, the virtue which he loved and lived, have been the guardians and guides to ambitions of nobler activity, to friendships of richer enjoyment, to thoughts of holier aspirations.

ANON.

FROM HOPELESS GLOOM TO CHRISTMAS JOY.

I was near midnight on Christmas eve. In a city of the Middle West a small boy was stealing along over the river bridge. He had been gazing despairingly into the waters and had found them blacker than he had supposed. He had come into the city up that river some weeks before, friendless, homeless and alone. He was cold. Jack Frost is cruelly severe after dark. Besides, one feels his severity much more keenly on damp winter days in this city and how much more when one is without friends, without a place to lodge, and afraid of the police.

The moon had risen, but its beams were lost in a fog rising from the lake and in the glare of electric lights. Down by the river, in the midst of the great commercial section of the city and not far from the bridge where the lad had tarried, stood the city hall. The building seemed higher than usual for the lake fog brought down the sky to the first floor and its tower rose two hundred feet higher. The boy found a recess in this building where some warmth came through the stone walls and he hugged himself into it, as if he felt a mother’s caress. There might have been some sort of heartbeat in that stone. At any rate, it was better than any human heart the boy had found since he stole his way from the sunny south. So he loved the stone-wall, and rested his cheek against it where the aching tooth had caused a swelling. It felt kind.

* * * * * * *

As a fisherman was making for a little bay in the sands which promised safety, if he could reach it, a wave tossed a life-preserver almost against his tiller. It supported the body of a child. Grasping it, he took the child into his vessel. As soon as the vessel was safe, the man turned to the child and found him returning to consciousness and warmth. His heart went out to the unfortunate child, and he took him into his lonely life with a questionable resolve not to report him to the world for fear relatives might take him away. With this little chap to love, life was brighter. A year passed and one day while the fisherman and his crew were out on a violent sea, the latter closed his career in attempting to swim to shore and summon aid, for their helpless vessel had begun to drift out into the deep. Fortunately the dreadful monster was satisfied with swallowing up one life, and its rage soon ceased.

The fisherman’s boat entered the harbor as usual, but this time with a corpse on deck and a friendless child weeping over it. However, a master of a tramp sailing-vessel took him for his own, and friendless Johnnie got a chance to see something of the world. He sailed through the Great Lakes even out into the ocean, down to the West Indies. Here the boy remained for a number of years, for it was the home of the ship’s master. But the master of the tramp-vessel had often been unkind when under the influence of liquor. Lately, he had been too freely supplied. Frightened, Johnnie determined to make his escape. Forgetting everything of his childhood, except the city which was his home, he searched for a time among the craft of Harvanah and found a steamer bound for the Great Lakes, and that meant home. Treated as a stow-away, he endured all sorts of hardships till he stepped upon dock in his old city, and the thrill of home possessed him.

But he found no real home. For weeks, he sought it and then went down on a cold night across the river bridge, looking at the water below, and trying to make a choice between its terror and that which was with him all the time.

The long hand on the city hall clock, which the public sometimes calls “Big Ben,” (imitating John Bull’s name for the hands on Westminster tower-clock), is lifting itself inch by inch past the large figure on the twelve-foot dial. As it swings upward with a motion which can easily be detected by anyone near to it, that huge minute-hand is approaching the point of the dial where the ponderous works will roll-forth, from the massive throats of the bells about, the momentous pro-
clamoration which is to be accepted by the city as the ushering
in of Christmas day.

There is a half-frozen boy, in abject misery, lying pain-
fully down there where the boisterous clamon of the bells will
be reverberated by the stones of the wall. But I hardly think
he will wake up and honor you, “Big Ben,” with any recog-
nition of your great service to the city. You may pull out
your grandest, but he is asleep. He needs rest. He will not
be aroused by your proclamation.

But there is another under your gaze, “Big Ben,”—a man
lost in the deepest of thought. Do you think you are going to
startle him? Will he receive that thrill which you are so skill-
ful in imparting to all classes and conditions of the human race,
especially on Christmas night? Not he! Ah, no, his ears are
closed to you. O, herald of “Peace and Goodwill!” He is in
such agony that he fairly groans, and he will be dead to your
appeal, “Big Ben.” He is asking himself a pointed question
as he walks absently. He is not suffering any bodily ailment.
O, no, he is well, strong, rich. A multitude of people call him
their dearest friend, but he has not a friend who is really dear
to him. He was deprived of his wife and children and nearest
relatives in that dreadful disaster on the lake, whose cold,
dreary waves he can now, in the stillness of the night, hear dis-
tinctly as they roll upon the icy shore-line. He was cut off
from the few whom he cherished in childhood and has wan-
dered over the earth some years, hoping to become interested
somewhere and find a sphere of activity suited to his powers
and tastes.

He has come back to this city a sad man, but what the
world calls a successful one. His fortune, which came to him
largely by inheritance, he has increased vastly by fortunate in-
vestments. His name has been heralded in the papers as a
typical twentieth-century American. Wherever he has
traveled he has met business friends and opportunities. Every-
body courts him; every city desires him as a permanent resi-
dent, every society extends open arms to take him in.

But he is friendless. Among thousands of friends he is
painfully friendless. He stops and looks up at the massive
buildings. Yonder, in that government building, he was
received a few nights ago. Into its halls, where many a
...man's fate has been determined, he came as an honored guest of the city. He stood in some of its gorgeous rooms, walked along its corridors, climbed its scree or more staircases. And now, he stands outside in the dismal cold, wintry night and looks up at it and at others in their glory, masterpieces of American architecture. But he is not awed by their grandeur.

He is cut in the cold. There is more than one sort of cold. You can feel both kinds; but the one which makes you shiver is not the worst. Whether he thinks of the buildings or not is hard to tell, for any thoughts he may have of them are not his deeper thoughts. He may be saying, "Yes, you are a meager structure, but I can draw my check tomorrow for $15,000.00 and duplicate you in material splendor."

But what about the history of these structures! The history of bricks and deals, the renown of associations with great men for many years, the embalming of walls which have run to incineration, which have gone around the world! These cannot be reproduced. Neither can wealth bring back the loved ones by back.

If I should die tonight who would be the tender friend who could claim the right to care for my remains? Ah! I have it! It would be my old servant, Jim! And my other servant would be the real sorrowers. They are the ones who have come nearest to me and loved them best. But why have the life which brings into itself as intimates only those who serve me for my gold? Perhaps, after all, some of those servants are merely there for what they get, and they tolerate me because they must.

The thought impresses him. He staggered toward the wall to support himself, as his brain reels under a suspicion now dry and mean. His foot comes upon that of the crouching boy, twisting it and awaken[ing the poor sleeper with a violent twinge.

"My dear lad! I beg your pardon. I had no idea you were here."

The boy is too surprised to reply. His foot hurts severely, but he forgets that, in the strange sensation of hearing a voice directed to him in kindness.

"Big Ben" finds his tongue. A slight click comes from the city hall clock. It is the mechanism thrown into gear.
The great hand points directly upward. It stands over the other massive hand known as the small one. The momentous hour arrives, and Christmas is at the door of hundreds who wait with bated breath for the important announcement.

Out upon the fog-laden air, out over the myriad lights of the city, out to the homes of the proud and great, out to the hovels of the ignorant and poverty-ridden, goes the glorious sound of the Christmas bells. Not as a booming of cannon; not as a bayonet charge; no, not suddenly, but gently and with a surprisingly strong crescendo, a hundred voices come from their throats, and every voice exalts the world to be kind and noble, strong and brave, patient and faithful, tender and true. And the two persons nearest the bells do not hear them.

"I am very sorry, indeed, my brave lad. I had no idea you were there. In fact, I was not looking at all."

He drags the boy to a standing posture and gets the light upon his pinched, blue, suffering face. The pitiful sight makes him more earnest in his effort to atone to the child for the suffering he has caused. But over the face comes such a look of gladness, that he stops in amazement and blurts out, "Did I not hurt you?"

"I fancy you did, sir; but if you'll speak to me like that about it, you may stand on my foot till morning, sir."

Calling a cab, he helps the injured boy within and takes the seat beside him, driving quickly to his hotel, where the house physician is called. The boy is bathed, dressed, fed and put to bed by those who are with the man, perhaps for his gold.

Johnnie awakens. He feels the bed to see whether he is dreaming or in paradise. A movement of the injured foot reassures him. That pain is familiar, all else is strange.

The man has stayed with him, for there is something which will not let him leave the child. Sitting upon the edge of the bed, he asks:—"My lad, what is your name?"

"Johnnie, sir."

"But what else? "Johnnie who?"

"It was Johnnie Jones on the schooner and Johnnie Brown on the tramp-ship, and since that it hasn't been any-

thing but Johnnie. Nobody made me have any other name on the steamer."

"I think you had another name before it was Johnnie Jones. Try to remember your childhood. Try to remember your father and mother."

"I do remember them. And father's eyes were like mother's and mother's were like yours. I can never forget them."

"Who besides your mamma, used to carry you and play with you? What did you call him?"

"Father, or papa, to be sure," replied the boy quickly.

"I'm your father!" exclaimed the man, with tears of joy, such joy as he had never felt since the days before the ship-disaster.

Here are two souls who were deaf to "Big Ben's" notes as he ushered in the Christmas-tide. But Christmas has brought them each a greater gift than any other two in the city.

R. D. MEENGS.

ARE THE COLLEGES FULFILLING THEIR MISSION?

We, as students in a college which, though small, is considered one of the best in the state, have probably already had enough experience in college life to answer intelligently the question which is the subject of this discourse. Are the colleges fulfilling their mission? What I mean is, are the colleges doing the work they are supposed to do in the intellectual world? Do they turn out at the end of each college year that finished product which is so sorely needed and in so great a demand in the world today?

We all know that the first and fundamental task of any college is to teach, to teach so well that scholarship should be held in the highest possible regard by the student. On the other hand, the primary aim of every student who goes to college should be to study and learn; to acquire knowledge not only for himself, but also for the benefit of his fellowmen. That too little is thought of scholarship by the average college student of today is a sad and sober reality, and the question naturally arises, "Who is to blame, the students, the faculty or our present system of education?" The excellence of the
latter can hardly be questioned and thus it is the former two phases of the subject which I wish to discuss, and which I think should be carefully considered by every teacher and student alike.

In the first place, is it not true that the average teacher of today is chosen more because of his scholarship than for his ability to teach? You have but to watch the progress of events in the college world to find this to be a fact, that as a rule, a teacher gets a position on a college faculty not because he can teach, but by demonstrating that he has been taught. "Well," you may say, "if a man is a great scholar, with a confusion of alphabetical insignia following his name, does it not necessarily follow that he should be a great success as a teacher?" In answer to this question I would quote Prof. Palmer of Harvard, who says, "While no doubt it is well for a teacher to be a fair scholar, that is not the main thing. What constitutes the teacher is the passion to make scholars, and again and again it happens that the great scholar has no such passion whatever." Thus it becomes evident that it is not always the highly educated man that counts, for a little learning will go a long way if it is imparted to the student in the right manner. A medical man can learn and keep on learning, but as long as he doesn't practice and make the right use of that learning, of what benefit will it be to the public? It seems to me that what is taught and how much, is not so important a question as how it is taught. I am glad to say that we have a professor in our college who, although we cannot class him as a great scholar, yet who, in my opinion approaches very near the ideal. His ability as a teacher and his upright character and honest methods are not questioned by a single student and the influence he exerts upon the student body as a whole, cannot be estimated. I am willing to concede that every teacher influences every student somewhat but the conclusion of the whole matter is, that it is very slight. I quote from good authority that 28 is the average number of teachers whom a student comes in contact with who has gone through a public school and a college. By the testimony of the students themselves only six out of these twenty-eight have distinctly influenced their character. Teachers who influence, are those who not only teach good morals and who are themselves of good moral character, but also those who have a mastery of their subject, who are sincere and practical and who have the ability to impart definite information in a pleasing, helpful manner, by illustration and example, by explanation and suggestion, till every fact settles so deep into the mind of the student that it never will escape. A dozen such men in our faculty and in the faculty of any other college would be an ideal state of affairs and then we could safely say that the colleges would fulfill their mission.

On the other hand, a great deal depends on the student, although, if it were possible to have such faculties as I have just described, the tendency on the part of students to disregard scholarship would be greatly lessened. Mr. Dooley's witty remark, "You can lead a man to college, but you cannot make him think," holds true, only in so far as the student comes under the influence of effective or ineffective instructors.

But why is it that scholarship is not the goal the average undergraduate seeks? "You have but to ask this question of the students themselves to get a satisfactory answer. One will say, "It will interfere with other pursuits which are more worth while both for the development of the body and accuracy in thought and movement." This one we will recognize as the athlete, the proud wearer of the college monogram. Yes, he has fame and is exceedingly popular, but for how long? It is only a fading fame lasting but a few years. The student who attends college to acquire a record of this description lacks worthy ambitions. Athletics in college is indispensable and should be encouraged, but when it begins to take the place of scholarship it is losing its proper function. Call it old fashioned if you will, but one should attend college chiefly and first to learn. There can be no question about it, that the man who is honored most, both in college and when he gets out into the busy world is not the wearer of the monogram but the one who, character being equal, has caught a clean grasp of what he was required to learn in the college. Call him a grind if you will, but the ground sickle is the one that reaps the harvest.

Then another will say, "I do not think it is worth the effort. If I only manage to get my degree, that will bring me
a position.” Watch that fellow; he’s a sluggard, dishonest in examinations and has no character. If he does get a position, the position will soon get him and he will find out that the four wasted years of college life might have been profitably spent on the farm.

The next one will say, “I do not feel that I have enough natural ability to try.” Another, “I was not started right in the Freshman year.”

These are a few and the most important of the countless reasons which stand in the way of scholarship. “The average student of today feels that success in athletics, the management of the college paper, a wide acquaintance, college spirit or anything which shows energy and ability except study, is valuable and should be sought.” It is against this universal spirit that I would raise a protest. A little athletics is a good thing, a wide acquaintance should always be sought, college spirit is a necessity, but let us not allow it to occupy our thoughts to the exclusion of what is far more essential, “Scholarship.” If we strive to make that our aim, if we do faithfully every day the task that is set before us and in addition, if we have that Utopian state of affairs in our faculty which I have just described, then and then only can we say, “The mills of Hope grind slow, but they grind exceeding small.”

WILLIAM J. STRONKS, ’12.

A Tradition of the Evergreens

In a distant wood at the foot of a hill
Where murmuring evergreens grow,
Stands a fir tree of old whose olive-green garb
Is wrapped in a mantle of snow.

It sings in the wind on a dark, dreary night,
When the keen, chill winter blasts blow;
And it waves of traditions and legends oft told
In the days of the long ago.

When old superstitions and groundless beliefs
In magical charms, mystic foci,
Hung mistis o’er men’s visions and clouded their minds.

This ancient tradition arose.

Alone in his cell sat a druid of old
One night, when his taper burned low,
And he chanted a charm o’er the woodland gloom
Where spirits ever fit to and fro.

Then, all sylvan spirits, he called, to enchant
The spot where the evergreens grow—
It worked—and all evergreens wielded the power
O’er all human sorrow and woe.

With this superstition that evergreen boughs
Could banish all sadness and woe,
Came the custom of decking the Yule-tide feast,
When Autumn had come to a close.

All the houses were adorned with evergreen boughs,
With holly and fresh mistletoe;
And the huge yule log, being fresh from the wood,
Was burned on the great hearth below.

Today this old practice of decking the home
At Christmas, when hearts are aglow,
Survives still in form, but its meaning has died
With the legend of long ago.
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Today this old practise of decking the homes
At Christmas, when hearts are aglow,
Survives still in form; but its meaning has died
With the legend of long ago.
THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

"Rejoice, our Savior he was born
On Christmas day in the morning."

HE day most universally celebrated of all
holidays still retains its distinctive spirit.
As in olden times, Christmas is still the
"season of regenerated feeling—the season
for kindling not merely the fire of hos-
pitality in the hall, but the genial flame of
charity in the heart."
Although the festivities in which this day is celebrated differ, from the Yule
log in England to the display of fireworks in some of our
southern states, still the spirit of Christmas is the same every-
where. As at no other time of the year the spirit of unself-
lishness prevails. The atmosphere charged with happiness

leaves no room for oneself. The annoyances, difficulties and
disappointments which seemed so formidable all the year are
forgotten in this season of joy. And the gifts,—are only the
expression of a desire to show in some tangible way that one
loves one's friends.

At Christmas time it is especially evident that people are
kind, that they forgive one another, and, that not satisfied
with making merely their friends happy, they bring good
cheer to the unfortunate and needy. If we trace the spirit of
charity to its source, we find its origin in a Man who showed
us this way and gave us His spirit. It is His spirit living in
His followers today which creates the Christmas cheer, and
which everyone feels whether or not he recognizes the source.
The greatest charm of the Christmas spirit is that it cannot be
defined nor limited; forgiveness and unselfishness are but its
manifestations. He whose birth day we celebrate called it
Love, and it was His legacy to all the world.

NOTATE BENE!

Gentle and Merciful Reader:
You are hereby informed that the ensuing few numbers of
the Anchor will be dedicated to the literary productions and
prodigies of the various societies. Each society will disport
itself verbally in the literary portion of an issue. It has
seemed that this is the only panacea for the apparent paralysis
of writing among the college literati. The Anchor sincerely
hopes that there may be a complete recovery through this
treatment, heroic though it may be.

DOCTOR OF LETTERS.

THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

The annual week of prayer at Hope College opened Sun-
day evening, November 13, 1919. The daily sessions in the
college chapel were well attended by the student body as a
whole, many visitors also being present. The speakers and
subjects were as follows:

"The Need of Prayer"—Mr. Hubert Kuiper.
"The Student as a Power"—Rev. J. Heemstra.
"What Is It To Be a Christian?"—Prof. Dimnent.
"Planning Our Lives"—Mr. E. O. Schwitters.
"Why Decide for Christ?"—Rev. B. Hoffman.
"Why Join the Church?"—Rev. Edward Niles.

The meetings were marked with much earnestness of spirit, culminating in the last meeting on Friday in a feeling of special need of sincere and whole-hearted consecration to Christ’s service. No less than fifty young men and women signed by rising their earnest resolve to follow Christ as their Lord and Master. The succeeding week was one of real thanksgiving to Him who gave unto us “more abundantly than we could ask or think.”

—G. J. H.

THE SCIENCE CLUB.

Believing it desirable to gain a wider knowledge of science in general and to obtain a better opportunity for scientific investigation and discussion, a new society was organized last month, to be known as “The Science Club of Hope College.” Besides the above mentioned aims, it will also seek to promote scholarship and character. The membership is to be composed exclusively of college students taking advanced scientific branches.

The charter members and officers are as follows: President, E. S. Aelits; Vice President, J. G. Van Zuyen; Secretary-Treasurer, S. Fortune; J. De Pree, G. Manting, M. Den Herder, H. Kremers, J. Vruwink.

DR. GRIFFIS VISITS HOPE.

A special treat was given in chapel on Monday morning, November 14, when Dr. W. E. Griffis, author of “The Mikado’s Empire” and “Brave Little Holland,” addressed the students. Dr. Griffis is an inspiring speaker as well as a noted writer, and has recently given a series of lectures on “The Dutch Nation” in the Ryerson Public Library building in Grand Rapids.

He emphasized the fact that the Dutch traders who were established in Nagasaki were instrumental in preparing the Japanese for the treaty with the United States introduced by Commodore Perry in 1853. Previous to that time the Japanese had accepted Chinese philosophy, but under Dutch influence they began their investigations in science. He called Dr. Guido Verbeck and Dr. Samuel Brown the makers of the “New Japan” because the boys whom these pioneer missionaries taught have become the powerful men in Japan today.

Dr. Griffis’ advice to students is to go to the original source of information for all data. He said: “If you wish to become an authority on any subject, make independent investigations. I am sure that your professors will not object if I say that they only hope to give you a start in your education; don’t take their say-so for anything.” He then brought out the fact that the best time of a man’s life comes after he is fifty, provided that his life before that age has been well lived. At fifty he comes into his inheritance, for he can then reap the benefit of his years of acquisition.

Dr. Griffis is firmly convinced that a man’s best work comes after he is dead. He used as an example Dr. Van Raalte, the founder of Hope College. “Dr. Van Raalte’s plan to found a school appeared impracticable years ago, but now we appreciate his far-sightedness.” The work which stands the test of time is the only valuable addition to the world’s wealth.

“To live in the hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.”

PEEPS AT PARLIAMENT THROUGH A WOMAN’S EYES.

Mrs. Philip Snowden, the second speaker on our lecture course, was very well received. November 11. In a vivid and entertaining talk she pictured the situation of governmental affairs in England. Before proceeding to a discussion of the House of Commons, which comprised the bulk of her lecture, she gave some good-illustrated take-offs at the expense of the House of Lords. Perhaps a few excerpts will illustrate her style.

“No, the House of Lords is a hereditary body, each member holding office because his father happened to be a lord. You laugh at that;—and it is a laughable state of affairs when a good sensible member of Parliament can be out-voted by a hereditary lord who happens to be a lunatic.”

“Do you
wish to know how we manufacture lords? If a member of Parliament is extraordinarily stupid, we, being a polite nation, do not dismiss him from the Commons; we make a lord of him. If a man has spent a great amount of money for his political party, he is placed on the lists to be remembered on the king's birthday. All our lords are quite modern; most of them were created since 1802."

Mrs. Snowden calls herself a hot-headed radical. She believes in aristocracy, but defines the term, saying: "Aristocracy means giving the aristocracy in democracy a chance." Thoroughly democratic, Mrs. Snowden has no sympathy with those who wish to restrict the privilege of voting to the educated classes. She says that illiteracy does not prevent intelligence, and that the educated man is often the most unintelligent voter.

SOCIETY.
Debating News.

The Alma, Oliyet and Hope triangular debating league has chosen the question submitted by Hope College, which reads: "Resolved, That by cities of over 20,000 inhabitants, the commission plan of government should be adopted." Spurred on by the double victory of 1910, the Hope students are working harder than ever to make this year's work a success. The plan of leaving the preliminary debates in the hands of the literary societies produced such fine results last year that it is being used again. Each society is showing such interest that the inter-society debates promise to be very strong, and we feel sure that the six men finally chosen from the nine representatives of societies will represent us ably in the inter-collegiate debates.

On Saturday evening, November 5, the young ladies of Vorhees Hall entertained their friends at an informal party. Light refreshments were served.

Mrs. Parr of Castle Park is the originator of a novel form of entertaining the girls of Vorhees Hall. For the past month the teachers and girls, in squads have spent Saturday at the Castle enjoying the delightful hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Parr.

On Wednesday evening, November 23, Dr. and Mrs. A. T. Godfrey entertained the Hope College scientific club. After the business meeting Dr. Godfrey gave a short talk of encouragement to the members and the society adjourned for a delicious luncheon.

The Sorosis society celebrated Thanksgiving in Puritan cap and kerchief, Friday, evening, November 18, when a New England menu was served under the direction of Miss Bemis. A program of toasts was then carried out, the president, Miss Stapelkamp, acting as toastmistress. Miss Martin and Miss Forncrook were the guests of honor.

With the fair sex present, and the hall decorated in festive garb, the Cosmopolitan society reports an evening spent most enjoyably, December 2. After an entertaining address by the president, Mr. Schwitters, on the society's motto, "Friendship, Truth, and Progress", a short literary program was rendered, after which an informal banquet was given in honor of the ladies.

The students of the School of Expression and the School of Music gave a pleasing recital Tuesday evening, November 29, in Vorhees Hall. It was the first recital of the year, and no doubt all who were present will make a point of attending those which follow.

ALUMNI.


We were glad to see so many alumni attend our prayer meetings during the week of prayer. The following alumni conducted services: Rev. B. Hoffman, "95", Grand Rapids; Professor E. Dimmenj, "96", and Rev. J. F. Heemstra, "90", Grand Rapids.

Mr. Herman Renskers, "08", writes of his safe arrival at Amoy, China.

The new church at Gray Hawk, Ky., was dedicated No-
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November 9, Rev. B. De Young, "07", the new pastor, preaching the dedicatory sermon.

In answer to demands from students and friends, the lectures on "Systematic Theology" of the late Dr. Dubbink, "92", have been published and are now on sale.

The Third Reformed church has increased the salary of their pastor, Rev. E. J. Biekkink, "83", from $1,200 to $1,500.

Dr. J. J. Mersen, "95", attended the stock show in Chicago.

Frank Wynia, "08", has been visiting friends in the city for a few days.

Rev. and Mrs. Vander School, "04" and "05", from Baldwin, Wis., have been in the city for a few weeks.

Rev. C. Muller, "07", from Bethany, Iowa, visited the Seminary while he was in the city.

Professor J. E. Kuiken, "99", gave a lecture on "The Bible in the Curriculum" at the Bible Institute at Albion.

Mr. E. Strick, "03", visited the boys at Van Vleck hall during his Thanksgiving vacation.

In the department of the Saturday Evening Post called the "Hall of Fame", where some of the world's most famous men are mentioned, we find the name of Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer, "87", our noted alumnus.

Mr. Arend Visscher, "73", resigned his position as superintendent of the Third Reformed Sunday school after serving for seventeen years. Mr. Henry Pelgrim, "03", was elected in his place.

EXCHANGES.

The Kalamazoo College Index contains very interesting reading matter. The article, "A Little Journey in a Furniture Factory", is particularly good. It combines instructiveness and literary merit. A few more striking cuts would enhance the paper's attractiveness. The "hit or miss" distribution of the advertisements is unpleasant; yea—disagreeable.

The October number of The Argus appears in a handsome cover. "The Castle of Treasures" is a sweet little allegory of school life,—simple, but very pleasing. The paper used by this periodical is of good quality, fairly heavy, and of a restful, dull finish. The bold, distinct type tends to make the paper look more interesting.

De-e-lighted! Lincolnian, those November editorials are quite the thing. They reveal a sane outlook and a sincere purpose; thus their content is of more than temporary value.

* We appreciate the zeal and faithfulness shown by the Exchange Editor of The Pennant. All the papers discussed are accorded ample comment, while the witticism is given in a spirit of open-minded friendliness.

The High School Review of Hamilton, Ohio, is unique among our exchanges, in that it has a department called "Bookman", in which the characteristics and qualities of certain books are discussed. This we consider a good idea. Students must be encouraged to acquire a taste for reading, and a taste of the right sort. Such a department as "Bookman" will serve that purpose. Again, the Mankatonian of November gives space to "Library Notes", containing information and comment concerning new books in the school library. We believe one of Hope's students could prepare a similar article, and thus do his fellow-students a service.

Each time that the Exchange Editor takes up a new number of College Chips, he is well-nigh staggered by the wealth of literary material offered. Such an abundance of solid, educational reading matter as is found in the October issue deserves close perusal and just remark, but for this time we contented ourselves, with reading "The Toll of Progress." This article deals with present-day interest in America, and gives evidence of being the product of a keen, well-informed mind.

The cuts in The News of East Orange, N. J., are first-class. Their subdued suggestiveness, being superior to fulsome-flashy detail, reveals a truly artistic sense.

From week to week, the Olivet College Echo publishes pleasant letters from one or more alumni. Naturally, acquaintances will find such letters to be as a breeze from a pleasant land; while these little messages help to form links between Alma Mater and alumni. We suggest to Hope's old students, if they desire to be remembered and considered as still in the game, that they drop The Anchor a line of appreciation now and then, with possibly some facts about the duties and pleasures that are theirs in the school of life.
Cooper Courier, your cover design is clever and catchy. However, the marginal framework on all your pages looks somewhat cumbersome. Could you not arrange the different departments more clearly, with the divisions between them properly designated for the reader’s benefit?

In many ways, Normal Advance bears the stamp of quality. “You Never Can Tell” makes an entertaining short story. The author of “Thistle-down” merits praise for the originality and excellence of his production.

The following college orations are worth reading: “The Woman’s Safeguard” in the Linchian; “Influence of Public Opinion,” which appears in the Central Ray for November 15; and “The Man of Color” in Hedding Graphic for October.

At this time, when compulsory Bible study is being encouraged for Michigan colleges, it is of interest to read what a writer in Calvin College Chimes thinks of the great development of college Bible study in America. The article is entitled, “Bible Study Among College Students,” and it suggests that the taste for higher criticism is a dangerous element in the movement. Hence the piece is conservative,—whether this conservatism is entirely healthful, is a question.

ATHLETICS.

Kazoo 11—Hope 6.

The cleanest and most interesting game of the season was that played between Kalamazoo College and Hope. Early in the game Vreunink made a sensational run, winning Hope’s touchdown. Stegeman kicked the goal, making Hope’s score 6. During the last quarter, everybody was surprised when Bramble, in quick succession, made two touchdowns for the team from Celery town. The players were in the game “every minute.” Hope kept the ball most of the time, and Kalamazoo was a hard one to buck. Not until the latter part of the game did the disadvantage of not having a coach become evident. Not enough can be said in praise of the Kazoo men. They played like gentlemen throughout, and no delays were caused by misunderstanding of the rules. Another feature of the game was the singing furnished by the co-eds, led by Miss Forncrook.
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Basket Ball.

One can almost truthfully say that basket ball is beginning anew at Hope. Never before has there been so many vacant places on the varsity team. You hear the fellows say: "I would like to see him guard Laven"; "Wasn't Gus some slippery player, though?"; "Couldn't Henry get that guard play off swell?", "Remember the great game Brooks played at M. A. C.", and "I hope Mart can play again." But, are we down-hearted? No! With the most promising bunch of candidates; and the services of a star coach, our alumni, George De Kruif, prospects are better than ever. Capt. Johnnie, "Stegie" and "Brock" are the only regulars out, and they are all being pushed pretty hard. There is a chance for all you basket ball players in the leagues. You don't know how much you know about it, until you let the coach get a hold of you. Two games will be played at Hope before the holidays, when the team will make a tour, playing teams in Michigan, Ohio and Indiana. Olivet and M. A. C. are the state colleges which will be seen in the Carnegie "gym" this winter. Hull House, Notre Dame and Detroit "Y" are coming again. Prospects are bright for a game with the fast Tammany Five from New York, who are going to make a trip from coast to coast this winter. Don't miss any of the games, because you cannot tell what might happen.

Talk about your championship league game. Well, just ask some of the fellows. Smallegan's team won five straight games and kept a clean record in the "Prep." League. M. Siegengen's team went down to defeat only once, and that before Smallegan's last five. The games in the college league were the most interesting, and though the De Moenje team won with a percentage of 1.000, it was no snap for them. The games in the college league had the best of dopesters guessing, and the interest was intense throughout the entire schedule. The first league lasted until Thanksgiving, and now a new league in the college and "prep." which will last until Christmas, is in full swing. The captains of the college teams are R. Vandlen Berg, Van Zyl, Poppen, Leenhouts, Brush and Laidens. The captains of the "prep." teams are R. Ogge, Dielman, Wierenga, Peake, Schaap and Cloetingh.

M. J. D. H.
LOCALS.
The Local Editors wish their victims a Merry Christmas.

We Have.
We have a Fletcher, he shines like a star;
We have an Incubus, ready for the bar;
We have a Plato, a genius as he is,
We have a Barbarose, who minds his own biz,
We have a Jerusalem Fat, earnest as can be;
We have a Jerusalem Short, silent as a bee;
We have an Addison, who keeps all on a pace;
We have everything to keep us in the race.

—Cosmos.

Jongewarde has proposed to several girls, but was opposed.

Dimnent—"Woman is like an airship—she's always up in the air."

Meengs (to De Motts): "If you work hard enough, you'll be at the top when you're finished."

De Motts: "Suppose a fellow can't work any harder?"

Meengs: "Then take a good, good sneeze—your brains are dusty."

Sayings of Wise Men.
I.
"He who courts and runs away
Will live to court another day."

II.
"He who courts and does not wed
Will have to come to court instead."

Irene S.: "I do hate to get up and make a fool of myself in that debate in English."

Woodbee Wit: "Just be natural.

Query No. 1: Why did Caroline Bogards blush when one of the girls, in translating German, spoke of a "resounding caress"?

Muyyskins is just crazy over "Sport."

Gerarda Broek claims that she knows how to cook heets exactly to suit Prof. Nykerk's taste.

Query No. 2: What is there about Vanderlaan that interests violinists, so greatly?

Prof. Raap's explanation of the new pole at the foot of the walk leading to Van Raalte Hall—"A relic of barbarism."

Helen Roelofs asserts that she would walk ten miles to meet one of her expectations.

Query No. 3: Did Vanderwonde attend a convention at South Haven recently?

Colenbrander: "They quarreled over an agreement of marriage or some other inconvenience.

Query No. 4: Why did everyone laugh when Dame innocently confessed his interest in "Rose Brusse"?

No. 29. Dorothy Trompen and Nina Lindeman actually were seen on their way to class before one o'clock. Continue in the good work, girls.

Ethel Thomas (ready to weep): "I wish somebody was crazy about me."

Flossie: "I'm going to put a stop to this affair."

What will Arie do?

Jongewaarde: "And no one was hurt except one man, who was shot in the left wing."

After one of the Saturday evening affairs at the Dorm, Clara and Bilker shook hands at least four times.

Lucille (trying on Bata's new coat): "Why, it feels just like Leon's."

Vander Laan: "I know two Agnes; one I like and the other I love."

Co-eds, beware! It grates on Art Heusinkveld's nerves to walk with a girl.

Heard at a fudge party at Staplecamp's:

Irene: "What if we should all be quarantined?"

Mr. Heusinkveld: "Let's get a doctor and see if there is any case developing."

Mr. Bennink: "Well, if we stay here long enough we may be able to develop a case."

Mae De Pree: "Professor, my name is not Mary; it's Mae."

Prof. Schlosser: "Remain after class, Miss De Pree, and
I will change your name."

How very sudden.

Agnes S., standing before a Victor talking machine, was
heard to say: "I'm listening for my master's voice."

We're delighted to have Margaret with us again, but
where is Brooks?

For information about a fair weather courtship ask Miss
Brown and Mr. Mulder.

Rev. Drucker is preaching a series of sermons on Ruth
Van Zyl is a regular attendant.

The morning after—

Miss De Boer, exhausted by her efforts at Choral Union,
does not appear at breakfast.

Twenty-one people wish us to express for them their
keen appreciation of the receipt of twenty-one of the benevo-
 lent professor's apples on the evening of the twenty first of
November last.

LOST—On the campus, during the past week, a bunch
of good jokes. Kindly return to local editors.

LOST—On State St., a Frat. pin. Finder please return
to Don Brush. No reward.


Reward.

Prof. Sutphen (in Sophomore class): "Whom did the
oracle of Apollo judge to be the wisest man?"

No answer.

S. "Well, I'll tell you; that was Jack Johnson."

Waiter in restaurant: "What d'ye want?"

Peat: "A culinary mosaic, slightlyumberated, and a
receptacle of bovine nectar."

Wichers: "I have a good story to tell you; I don't think
I ever told it to you before."

Geb. Stegeman: "Is it really funny?"

Wichers: "Yes, it is."

G. S.: "Then you haven't told it to me before."

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