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HIGH CROWNS OF YOUR HEADS. TO THE COME

B. STEKRENN

FOOTWEAR

NORTH RIVER ST.

AND BAKING POWDER.

THE HOLLAND TEA STORE.

STUDENT'S

RUBBERS.

SHOES AND BOOTS.

HIGH GRADE ENGRAVERS.

DIRECTORS, ROOMS, STATIONERY.

THE LEADERS.
tion. It is so. It is an accumulation of hours and deeds transmuted into life; an accumulation of habits and methods of doing things; an accumulation of noble or ignoble principles; an accumulation of the little things—daily acts, deeds, integrity, trustwor-
thiness, reliability, sympathy, unself-
ishness, or their opposites, which go
to make up that general estimate, a
man’s "reputation" in the communi-
ty: an accumulation of the rills and
rivulets of life flowing down out of
the hours of school life, the evenings
of social life, the days of business life,
which gradually gather their forces
into the mighty stream that flows on
through the years.—that is character.
The young boy, the young girl, faces
the arena of life, faces the unbroken
forests of life that stretches out before
each one, and every day sends them
into the arena, into the forest, and ev-
ey evening they come back with some
accumulation entering into that su-
preme thing character.

Now, I say, noble character is the
best property. The best accumula-
tions of life are inside accumulations.
Good blood and healthy organs are of
more value than all the fine clothes
one can put on the back or in the
wardrobe. The invalid would gladly
exchange riches for health. Mental
possessions are of more value than
material possessions. I would far
rather take a dollar and purchase an
instructive book and get the contents
of it into my head, than put that dol-
lar into my pocket or in the bank.
But noble character is the best of all
possessions. "Who steals my purse,
steals trash," said Shakespeare,—"but
he that fleches from me my good
name, robs me of that which naught
enriches him, and makes me poor in-
deed." The philosopher Steloeph,
having escaped from a conflagration
in which he had lost his property, his
books, his manuscripts—all that he
had, was asked what he had lost. He
replied: "I have lost everything but
principle, but I never esteem anything
as my proper good which can be tak-
en away from me." Said St. Bernard,
"Nothing can work me damage but
myself; the harm that I sustain I car-
ry about with me; and I am never a
real sufferer but by my own fault." And
Ruskin says, "There is no fault
nearly of my life that does not rise
up against me, and take away my joy,
and shorten my power of possession,
of sight, of understanding. And ev-
ey past effort of my life, every gleam
of rightness or good in it, is with me
now to help me in my grasp of this
art and its vision." So character
is accumulation. It is accumulation
on the inside of life. It is accumula-
tion of heart-qualities rather than
brain-qualities. A young man may
pass through the schools to polish his
brain, and may come out a polished
"take", or a polished rogue; but cul-
tivated heart-qualities always make
manhood, for, as George Herbert says,
"A handful of good life is worth a
bushel of learning." He who acquires
a noble character as his possession,
the title deed, in fee simple, to the
respect and good will of every
man and woman that knows him;
while the rich rogue, gambling in
stocks is poorer in the sight of God
than the honest man that toils in the
ditch for his daily bread.

II. My next thought is about Plan
and Method in Character Building.

There is a best way of doing every-
thing, but character is too often left
to build itself—without plan, without
method. If you have ever built a
house for yourself to live in, you will
remember that the most interesting
feature of it was the deciding upon
the plans. I have sat up nights studying
plans. For weeks, I fear that I spent
more time on the plans of my house
on the farther shore of the Lake than
I did on the sermons I preached. I
was going to put a few thousand dol-
ars into a home, and I wanted it to
be satisfactory when completed,—
therefore I devoted much time and
study to the plans before the con-
tractors struck a pick into the ground
for foundation.

But what is the building of a home
in comparison with the building of
character? The one is the pitching
of a tent, as it were, on the border
of the lake or the fringe of the forest, to
be vacated when the frosts fall, and
the birds fly, and the leaf turns scar-
yellow. The other is the build-
ing of the eternal home of the soul
where you will abide while time takes
its flight, and the stars grow old and
fade away, and the judgment throne is
set, and destinies is ushered in, and
leaves you to dwell forever in that
character home you have built for the
soul. Can you afford to be careless
about that? The plan, will you be
indifferent about that? Will you let
the years of your life glide away like
water through the lips of the fountain
and permit character blindly to build
itself? Unworthy living that would
be?

Your plan will be your "Credo." What you mightily believe will be the
mould for your life. The men of
strong beliefs, with conscience back-

ING up the belief, are the men of force-
ful lives; and if their beliefs are cor-
rect beliefs they make strong charac-
ters. It is a tremendous mistake for
any one to think it makes no differ-
ence what he believes. Your belief is
your by live, the thing you live by:
and if you have no convictions and no
ideals up to which you are stretching
your life, it will never rise very high.
Ponder well, and get thoroughly
grounded in your belief about God,
and duty, and Jesus Christ, and judg-
ment, and immortality, and then stand
like rock. Your character building
will depend upon what you believe
about these supreme truths.

What shall be the plan? Large or
small? Gothic, Corinthian, or Queen
Ann? Odd, unique, expensive? The
plan determines the cost—whether it
be house or character.

Happily this difficult question is al-
ready decided for us. Foundation
and plan are furnished by the Divine
Architect of our lives.

Some houses are set on posts: oth-
ers have a foundation of solid rock.
No matter how many frills and grillis,
how much putty and paint and paper
and frescoing, the house is nostrong-
er than its foundation. So with char-
acter. Foundation is all important.
It map be rubbish: it may be solid
rock. See the foundations on which
many are building:

On the dull slime stone of sensual
lust:
On the frail guilt-stone of ambition'
hope;
On the marly stone of revenge and
hate;
On the pale white stone of hypocris-

Some build on wood, hay; stumble,
their wants were reduced to the minimum. As your necessities increase larger demands are made on your income to meet them. The one who would succeed must deny himself in morining maps, pleasure trips and needless luxuries.

Self-denial. There is magnanimity in it—great heartedness. We must hold many of our opinions and judgments in abeyance. However much we may know, we do not know all. The opinion of some one else may be equally good as our own. It bespeaks narrow-mindedness to quarrel with everyone who disagrees with us. The Scotchman who never gives in, who grants "nothing" and is willing even to "argy" the proposition that two and two make four, does not thereby raise himself in our estimation. Some men have such an overweening self-conceit, that others feel relieved of the duty of respecting them at all. But he who forgets himself in acts of self-denial and kindness towards others is the very man whom others will not forget. "He that loseth his life shall find it."

4.—Self Control. This is the masterly virtue in character and life. The steam engine is a wonderful piece of machinery, but its mechanism gathers its boiling powers, its terrific energies, its frightful swiftness up into the throttle and lever and air-brake that may be grasped with the hand, and only needs the management of the skilful and careful engineer to make it move softly as a child's cradle. Human life is a wonderful piece of machinery; but its boiling passions, its force appetites, its bounding energies ought all to be gathered up and brought under the leverage of a masterly self-control. The uncontrolled man is the weak man. The man who is "touchy" and flies all to pieces in a second, and can't get himself gathered together again in the next two hours is a pitiable caricature on that noble ideal of what a man ought to be. The man who cannot rein in his impulses and passions, who cannot control himself, has lost his freedom and is carried along the current of life: the slave of his strongest desire. By vigilance, by discipline, by restraint, we ought to bring every instinct, impulse, faculty, of our nature under the masterly touch of self-control. The Bible gives praise, not to the man who conquers nations, but to the man who "ruleth his own spirit"—and a man is not the ruler of his own spirit if he cannot smile in the face of the man who insults and injures him, and keep his passions from boiling over until next week!...
judgment note. Be careful of your speech; men will judge you by it. Be careful of your thoughts; they are the eggs that with much brooding hatch out into action. No matter what your work, hold fast your integrity.

5. — INDUSTRY. Sir Walter Scott's motto was, "Never be doing nothing." Mr. Gurney asked a man who had travelled over most of the world whether there was any one thing that characterized the whole race of man. In broken English he made reply; "Me tink dat all men love lazy," Well, then, we must learn to love induction, for laziness never succeeded. Indolence never plowed, a field or put a dollar in a savings bank. There is no such thing as being born under a lucky star. Industry means good luck, indolence means bad luck. I have heard it said that a man of good profession lost his luck in a river where he idled away his time fishing when he should have been working. And wise observers have even gone so far as to say that when we see a "vagabond" creeping out of a groggeries after ten o'clock in the morning, hands in pockets, hat-rim turned up and crown knocked in, that we may take for granted that he has had bad luck! Guard against indolence. It creeps into our lives, claims acquaintance, steals our moments, slips off the edges of hours, and ere long demands days! Meet it with iron industry. "Seest thou a man diligent in his own business? He shall stand before kings." The "Micawbers" never turn anything up, because they don't like to touch the spade, but jetroboam began with the mattock and ended with the throne. Too many are looking for the "soft snaps", and "gentle positions", that take them to the office at 9 o'clock, and send them home at 4 o'clock, and they become as soft and pliable as the position. But industry is not afraid of twelve hours a day, filling up the unhired hours in self-improvement. Industry toils on and on. Industry lays its own foundation and builds on it. Industry builds its own ladder and climbs it. Industry is success and power and a hedge of virtue. Young friends, let it be said of you that you are inductions.

Fling idleness to the wind. Don't lose many hours in play. Buckle yourself down to work. Put pride in the trash basket or the ash-pit. Hold on to the work you've got, or take the first that comes to hand, and work, work like a Trojan, and your ladder will go up round after round till you get to the top.

6. — RELIGION. You may build into your life self-respect, self-control, integrity, and industry, but your character will be incomplete without religion. Nay, you will not be able to build these supreme qualities into character without religion. It must be the source, the inspiration of all noble life and conduct.

In speaking of religion I am not trying to force something upon you. It is a part of your nature. Religion boils up from your own soul's depths as the waters of an artesian well boil up out of the depths of the earth. In your own nature God has made room for himself, which his Spirit alone can fill. God has implanted in man the moral sense—conscience, the religious instinct, the flash of duty, the very germ of religion; and there is no more reason for being ashamed of believing religions than there is of having a mind with which to think, or a heart with which to love. Man is stunted who represses his religious nature.

Young friend, do not think religion will make you squishy and sentimental and weak. There's nothing else will make you so strong, or give you such moral backbone, or make you say "No" with such force when it ought to be said, or make you say "I will" with such determination when a thing ought to be done! I can tell you the fellows who are squishy and weak and fast, and lying and drinking and going to the devil today are the fellows without religion. You know that as well as I do. A newly appointed chaplain at Sing Sing prison blunderingly began his work by laying his hand on a prisoner's shoulder, and asking him, "Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?" The culprit looked him in the face and replied quickly, "What do you take me for? I shouldn't be here if I did."

There's nothing like religion for keeping a person right with God and men.

Consciously or unconsciously, everyone is building character. Every day we are building it. We are building a house for the deathless habitation of the soul. Silently it rises out of the months and the years. For some it is a little thatched cottage on the seashore, shaking in the instability. For some it is like the leaning tower of Pisa—lofty, threatening, frightful. For others it is a beautiful temple on Zion's hills, eternal as the right and the throne and the world of God. Every deed is the placing of a beam. Every word is the driving of a nail.
The Greylings

JOHN and George Greyling were half-brothers. George had two or three brothers, but they have no place in this narrative.

John was honest, kind-hearted, and generous. He never willfully deceived or robbed any man and if, in his business transactions, he had unintentionally "got the better of" any man, his kindness of heart prompted him to make twofold restitution. If anyone wronged him, he generously forgave the injury even before pardon was asked.

George was of a different stamp. He was shrewd even to the verge of dishonesty; so that, naturally, some of his dealings, while legal, could scarcely bear close scrutiny. Though not naturally hard-hearted, yet his shrewd dealings made him somewhat callous. His better nature was blunted.

He was not generous, but vindictively treated up an injury.

John had inherited considerable property from his mother, and his father had bequeathed him an equal share with the other sons. This was, of course, untrue right. But George was envious of John's greater wealth and determined to get as much of it as ever he could.

He sought to obtain his end by various means. Whichever John needed his assistance George charged him handsomely for his services. If John needed legal advice, George could always recommend a very able lawyer. And he who ever proved to be too charge fees. And, somehow, a not inconsiderable portion of these fees was sure to find entrance into George's pockets.

But these methods were too slow to suit George. He accordingly sought to devise a scheme by which he might entrap John in a snare, from which he could not escape except he pay a large sum of money. And George would see to it that he came in for his share.

They together owned and operated a tubing factory. For years they had done a very paying business and each had made a snug fortune at it. But of late, owing to the invention of a new material that cheapened the cost of steel pipes, they had barely made enough expenses. At last they shut down.

About this time John was persuade to endorse a note for five thousand dollars, which, George claimed, he wanted to invest in timber land, from which he could, in a very few years, realize more than twice the amount invested. But instead of investing the money as proposed he purchased bonds, which, by the terms of purchase, were not negotiable and could not be redeemed until ten years after.

Thus John was compelled to pay the note he had endorsed.

This he found extremely difficult, as he had all his capital invested in different enterprises from which he could not readily withdraw it.

Then George appeared in a new role, that of tempter. But so insidiously did he accomplish his purpose, that John could not say he had been tempted except by the promptings of his own mind.

Their factory was heavily insured. The policy must soon expire, and, to renew it required the payment of a large premium. This was money wasted. George suggested, since it brought no returns.

"If only," he said—and then stopped: it was enough; the tempter was at work.

For the first time in his life John was tempted to do a great wrong. He cast aside the evil prompting. And yet it kept recurring to his mind and the oftener it returned the less repulsive it became. Soon he entertained it. And ere he was aware of it he determined to make it come.

Of a night the factory burned. And with the factory John's conscience began to burn.

How it tortured him. What had he been? John Greyling, honest, kind-hearted, generous, respected of all men for his uprightness. What was he? John Greyling, an incendiary.
ary, broken-hearted, self-condemned, suspected of all men because of his agitation. He was not sufficiently schooled in crime to hide the scourgings of his conscience.

His evident nervousness, coupled with the fact that, the day before the fire, he had caused a large quantity of lumber to be removed from the immediate vicinity of the factory, made him the immediate object of suspicion. And he had not the foresight to deny the crime when accused of it. He confessed at once. Of course, they could not collect the insurance.

George was angry. He threatened to prosecute his half-brother whom he could easily land in the penitentiary, as he said. John offered him a sum of money equal to the value of the factory according to their last invoice But George was obdurate. He was playing his card better than he had dared hope. He was now intent not upon a part but upon the whole of John's fortune.

And oh the agony the latter was enduring! He could barely recall the night of the fire and the day or two before. He had not seemed his own master. Some external force had seemed to urge him on. Some stronger will had held his own enslaved. From the moment the wicked purpose had been suggested to him he had no longer been his own master. Had he only spurred the tempter?

Ten years later. In an obscure village John Greyling is passing peaceful days. He enjoys the remnant of his fortune. The poor and unfortunate owe his generosity a debt of gratitude. But he is living as in the shadow of death. For a diseased heart may at any moment subscribe "finis" to the memory of the days of agony when his honest soul was tortured by an imaginary crime.

The penitentiary's gloomy portals swing wide. A plain coffin is carried out containing all that is mortal of convict 403. The prison records show that cell 403 was last occupied by George Greyling, committed for fifteen years for the criminal practice of hypnotism.

Notes and Comments.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR FROM THE ANCHOR TO ALL ITS READERS.

May the year be new, not only in name, but new in its aspirations and ideals, new in its attainments.

This New Year our country enters a new era: new duties rest upon us; new needs are crying out to us: we enter upon an untried field; no precedent binds us, but we are to establish a new standard, that will be the precedent to all who follow us.

THE ANCHOR.

Published monthly during the school year by the Anchor Association at Hope College, Holland, Michigan.

Published in cooperation with De Alumnae, edited by Henrietta A. Zwemer, '90.

De Alumnae.

EDITED BY HENRIETTA A. ZWEMER, '90.

Of the boys of Hope, Messrs. Gellner Kuiper, '89, Gerrit H. Albers, '91, and James F. Zwemer, '79, are members of the Knickerbocker society at Grand Rapids.

Frederic Lubbers, '96, who gradu-
Winter Thoughts.

When chilly winter comes with icy frost
When snowflakes float down to cover earth
With her pure and spotless robe, then are we off
Reminded of our childhood's home and hearth.
When winter's early eve began to close
We drew our chairs around the pleasant fire.
Our weary mother gave herself repose.
Whilst we were listening to our aged sire.
Who told the tale that happened years ago.
When shepherds, watching o'er their flocks by night.
Had seen the angel, who had come from heaven.
To herald peace, good-will toward men below,
Glory to God, for he had sent the Light
Through whom salvation to the world was given. — or.

Among the Societies.

Edited by John Woodruff, '90

The Ultras.

Although we have not been heard from the last two issues, let no one think we are no more. The Ultras is still here and steadily advancing on the way to success. What we need is more members, and more enthusiasm for the work. We would earnestly invite those who are able, in any way, to understand the Dutch to visit us. We feel confident in saying you will be abundantly repaid. Why can we not swell our membership at least to thirty among as many as a hundred students who occasionally use the language?

Prof. Doesburg has voluntarily taken himself to give instruction in the syntax of the language for fifteen minutes before every program. This certainly is a very helpful feature which should be taken advantage of by as many as possible. Even in our study of other languages this will give us assistance.

Philomathean Section.

The Philomatheans have enjoyed a very encouraging and prosperous term of work. The interest of the individual members has been keen and the endeavors earnest. Great satisfaction prevails. When society work ceases to be regarded as an irksome duty, but becomes a real pleasure, then we can hope for desired results. This has been a notable feature among us. The good work of the past term promises us much for the weeks that are to come.

Y. M. C. A.

Again we are within a few steps of the goal to which eighteen hundred ninety-eight has brought us. A few more days and the college doors shall once more close behind us for the Christmas vacation. As a Y. M. C. A. we look back with gratitude on the journey we have now almost finished. Those Thursday evening meetings, those earnest addresses delivered there, those prayers that from thence ascended to the throne of God—ah who counts their real worth in student life? The merchant sits down and strikes a balance of the dollars and cents gained during the year's transactions; the merely intellectual student passes an examination, and rests satisfied that he has stored his mind with a certain amount of useful knowledge; but the Christian student with his religious meetings and Y. M. C. A. membership has acquired a wealth and a development of mind and soul, a power and firmness of character which shall influence his life and activity for the better as long as he lives in this earthly abode.

We thank all the friends who have so willingly assisted us with word and deed during the past year. Although weeds sometimes spring up where the wheat might be expected, we nevertheless feel assured they have not sown in vain. The students highly appreciate those earnest and instructive addresses.

Since the last issue, the Y. M. C. A. has had two meetings. Dec. 8, the Rev. Mr. Birchley delivered an interesting address on the subject, "Baptism." Dec. 15, the Rev. J. F. Zweier spoke on "Abraham." This was certainly enjoyed by all who heard it.

The helpful and timely lessons drawn from the life of this "hero of the Faith" shall long remain with us as a power for noble aspirations.

William McKinley.

Irregularities, '90

There are during all ages, among all nations, certain characters, who, by means of their peculiar gifts and rare attainments, become as it
yet their influence continues to live
and exert itself into countless ages.
The Greeks had their Demosthenes;
the Latins their Caesar; the Dutch
their William of Orange; the Ger-
mans their Bismark; the English their
Gladstone; the Americans their Wash-
ington. And thus one could certainly
to count and enumerate hosts of oth-
ers; but suffice it to say that their
names and deeds still linger in the
minds and hearts of grateful peoples.
Who will say that the influence of
that great defender of the independ-
ence and patriotism of Greece is at an
end? Where are the boundaries which
limit the statesmanship of that great-
est general of his age, Caesar? Who
can estimate the value of that noble,
heroic character, William of Orange?
Have the Germans forgotten their
Bismarck or the world its Gladstone?
And where is the land or the island so
remote which has not heard of our
Washington?
But is it necessary to recall charac-
ters from the past in order to hold
them up as worthy of imitation? Have
we not some among our own number
in the living present worthy of con-
sideration? A Conwell, a Moody, a
DeWitt Miller, are suggested to my
mind; but is there not one in whom
are blended the virtues of the politi-
cian, the statesman, and the Christian,
whose influence and power is nation-
ally known? And our attention is at
once directed to our own William Mc-
Kinley.
He was born from a sturdy stock.
Through his veins courses the blood of
the Covenanter and the Puritan, to-
gether with an element of the studi-
ous and thoughtful blood of the Ger-
man. His early life was characterized
by a studious disposition. Although
not entirely void of the elements of a
recluse, yet his society was courted.
He was kind and considerate—virtues
which neither time nor ambition have
affected.
It was while working as clerk in a
store, preparing to re-engage in col-
lege work of which he had been de-
prived for some time on account of
ill health, that he heard his country's
call for defenders,—a call which he
accepted, and in which capacity he has
served more or less since. A pri-
ivate at eighteen, a commander-in-
chief at fifty three, he is today the
greatest statesman that America has.
What is the secret of his success?
Let his own record answer. His is
the power to distill honey out of gall
and out of an open friend to create a
secret friend. He is upright in his
dealings, sincere in his purpose and
not careless of his friendship. These
characteristics crop out in every
phase as little by little we examine the
fibre out of which his life is wov-
en. Follow him and read his charac-
ter as step by step he is climbing in
the scale of military honor. See him
when as a private he shoulders his
gun' See him in the commissary de-
partment where temptations to enrich
one's self are rife, how out of all it he
comes with an untarnished character.
See him as he exposes himself to shot
and shell at the battle of Antietam,
dealing out coffee and buns to the al-
most famished soldiers! See him as
he is called into confidence by such
generals as Crook, Hayes, and Sheri-
dan, what confidence they place in his
judgment! A private in '61, he goes
home in '65 a major, loved and re-
spected by superiors and privates.

Fallen
Lost, when sisters were sleeping,
Lost, when the clock struck one,
Mourn on the street and weeping,
A mother's only son.

Far from home he had wandered,
Far from parental care,
In a city, where, everything squandered,
He was left alone in despair.
Thoughts of adventure allured him,
Thoughts of wealth and of fame,
But all temptation marred him
And left him alone in his shame.

This is a tale of a city,
This is the lay of the night,
Told in accents of pity,
For he wandered so far from the right.
Pity, but do not despise him,
Pity, but turn not away,
Righteous aid and advice he,
And help him again on his way.
Fraternal Reception

The Fraternal Society entertained the Ladies Literary League at the rooms of the Hope College Boarding Club on Friday evening, Dec. 9. Several times have these societies met together in the past, and each time with increasing pleasure and profit. In truth, this last meeting was one of the most enjoyable yet held.

The Fraters responded to the call of the roll by quotations on Coeducation. Then a literary program was carried out, which consisted mainly of a study of poets and poetry. Lowell, Wordsworth and Coleridge were especially considered. Music and humorous recitations were interesting features of the program.

Games and refreshments followed the literary exercises and a pleasant social time was passed. In due time the gathering broke up and all went to their homes with a merry heart and with a verdict upon their lips of an evening well spent.

College Jottings.

Venerunt, videntur, vicemur.

Oratorical Contest, Feb. 22nd:

No more darkness on the campus.

Electric lights in every nook.

Nonsense: Nonsense? Bosh with your conscience.

Fussibility, Ductility, Unnarrishability, Malleability. Any other color, I say.

"Hoboes come from Hoboken," says Prof. Bergen.

The intimacy between Ruisaartland and Kleinheksel is becoming rather conspicuous.

The following silly notice appeared on the bulletin board last Thursday: "The Seniors will hold their annual hop tonight. Dr. Kollen and Mrs. Gilmore will lead the waltz. Freshmen keep away!" Humbug.

A great relief. No more mention of the F. F. C.

"Sum pius Aeneas—I am Rev. Aeneas." He must have been the first Domine mentioned in history.

Schaefer admits that he could not hold him.

After the recitations in Chemistry have ended, Winnie, no more confirmed talks with Loggers.

Koets is competing with Prof. Vegh in teaching French. Every afternoon he teaches a few "A" class boys.

The "B's" say that it is a common thing for the Latin Professor to lecture Gibel Monday mornings for being out late Sunday nights.

Leland T. Powers impersonates David Garrick on Jan. 23.

The trip to Waverly all in vain.

No response on Tenth street. Brink enters at 8:30. Did you ever see the kaff?

The ill-fated Grammar School building is now nearly repaired. Students desiring first-class seats for the lecture course are urged to buy their tickets as soon as possible. Fedde has again tampering with the Council in obtaining a contract for repairing the Grammar School building, for a certain well known carpenter of this city.

Kerk is halting between two opinions concerning his vacation work. The one, to go to one of the suburbs of Chicago and visit a maid of sweet sixteen. The other, to serve as preacher in Maryland.

Professor in Greek was much shocked the other day when two little fellows drawing a sled accosted him with "Saw, kid, d'ye want a ride?"

Wm. H. Cooper rendered an electionary program at Zeeland on Dec. 20. The Zeeland paper states that he was highly recommended by the college authorities.

The F. S. held a joint meeting with the L. L. L. in the boarding club rooms on Tenth street. After a literary program was rendered by the F. S., proceedings common to such occasions followed. In order to facilitate matters, Hondelink thought it well to search for his rubbers in due time.

The various Sunday Schools are preparing for their annual Christmas entertainments.

"Henney" Arends expects to spend the winter in German Valley, Ill.

The Misses Klompers and Van Hoote visited their former classmates, the Freshmen, a few days ago. For details apply to Ytenta.

Prof. Boers, whom we had wished to have with us again after Thanksgiving, expects to resume his work after the holidays.

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