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Hope College
WOMEN'S EDITION

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Bittersweet.

Upon the rose-bud's petals pink
Big rain drops fall, and deeply sink
Into its heart with crushing power.
They seem its beauty to destroy,
Its form to mar, and as their toy
To quench the life of that poor flower.

But the gentle sun, with bright, warm rays,
Drinks in the rain drops, and displays
The work of friends disguised as foes,
The sweetened breath, the freshened hue,
Disclose to our admiring view
The fullest beauty of the rose.

Into our hearts come floods of woe
That threaten soon to overthrow
Our fondest hopes. But painful tears
Oft self love and conceit remove,
And plant the seeds of tender love,
That bud and bloom in after years.

—Alice J. Kollen, '04.
Holmes—The "Laughing Philosopher."

Oliver Wendell Holmes was born August 27, 1809, in a house full of quaint, old memories, just north of the commons, in the historic town of Cambridge, Mass. Benedict Arnold's first commission was made out in this house. Washington for a while occupied it, and not far away stood an elm under which he took command of the American army. The patriotic associations of the place seem to have had an influence upon Holmes in his youth. When quite young he sat in the attic room of the old house and penned the stirring lines of his "Old Ironsides," which was first printed in the Boston Daily Advertiser. This poem was his protest against the proposed destruction of the battleship "Constitution," considered no longer sea-worthy; but as Holmes' cry went forth—

"Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!  
Long has it waved on high,  
And many an eye has danced to see  
That banner in the sky;  
Beneath it rung the battle shout,  
And burst the cannon's roar;  
The meteor of the ocean air  
Shall sweep the clouds no more"—

the heart of the nation was touched and the protest was echoed back from every city, town, village and hamlet; and "Old Ironsides" was saved. Thus it was that one

"From yon lone attic on a summer's morn,  
Thus mocked the spoilers with his school-boy scorn."

Dr. Holmes received his education at Phillips Academy, Andover and at Harvard University. He was graduated in 1829. He received his degree of M. D. in 1836 from Boston and Paris where he studied medicine. Dr. Holmes wrote a number of valuable medical books and he reached an eminent position in the medical profession; yet it is not as a physician that he is so widely known, but as the poet and author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." Holmes began to write metrical lines at the age of sixteen but "Old Ironsides" was the first poem that attracted general attention, and as this echoed throughout the land his fame became national and, soon after, world-wide.

Of his other early poems one of the most important is "The Last Leaf." This is said to have been a favorite of Abraham Lincoln who frequently quoted the fourth stanza.

The appropriateness of his poem "Brother Johnathan's Lament for Sister Carolina," will be appreciated by all students of history when they remember that South Carolina was the first of the sisterhood of the states to become dissatisfied; and allowing

the dissatisfaction to grow, she finally seceded from the Union. The Ordinance of Secession was passed December 20, 1860. Holmes wrote his poem upon the announcement of the passage of the Ordinance. His class poems are unusually good. His poem entitled "The Boys" was written just thirty years after he graduated but it shows that the heart of the poet had not grown old for it possessed the freshness and joyousness of youth. Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, the author of our grand hymn, "America" was a "boy" in that class, and it is thus the poet Holmes speaks of his gifted classmate:

"And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith  
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;  
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free—  
Just read on his medal, "My country", "of thee!"

In prose Dr. Holmes ranks as high as in poetry. It has been truly said of him that he is one of the writers who is destined to live long—longer, it maybe, than some of greater intellectual force and higher imagination because he succeeds so admirably in flavoring the milk of human kindness with an element which is not acid but pleasing to all. Holmes was called a "laughing philosopher" not only because he was ever ready with a joke, but also because his whole being was as bright as sunshine. Among the malcontents at the end of the century Holmes' writings appear like a veritable song in praise of happiness. At the age of fifty he chatted pleasantly about old age, at sixty he did not fear it, at eighty he still joked about it.

The magic pen of Dr. Holmes never seems to have lost its cunning, for his last poem, which was read at the Author's Breakfast in February, 1893, is full of poetic fire.

When the summons came on the Sunday afternoon, October 7, 1885, and the great heart of the poet was still, thousands of people at home and abroad mourned for him as for a dear friend. But though he is dead he still lives in the hearts of the people as the "laughing philosopher."

—Kate Veltman, Prep., '03.

Success.

Nothing that comes in life comes by chance. Everything is arranged by some definite law and never at random. Rain and snow are not brought down to us by accident, but are the effects of former causes. And so also with success. It is not chance that brings this about, but toil. Washington and Napoleon would never have gained their victories if they had depended entirely on chance. Franklin would never have made his discoveries if he had not followed his own advice that, "Diligence is
the mother of all good luck." Men of force and grit, men who are not afraid of hard work are always sure to meet with success.

The barriers have not yet been erected which shall say to aspiring talent 'thus far and no farther.'

One of the chief elements of success is self-confidence. If we would succeed, we must expect to succeed, we must believe firmly that we will triumph. We can accomplish but little with out confidence. The man who can be easily discuraged or turned aside from his purpose, the man who has no iron in his blood, will never win. Weak-minded men who allow themselves to be pulled hither and thither, who have not the firm resolution to choose and stick to one unwavering aim, may do something, but they will never accomplish anything worthy of the gift of life and its opportunities. We must expel every doubt from our mind as we would a thief from our house. What wonder has confidence not wrought! What impossible deeds has it not helped to perform! It took Dewey past the canons, torpedoes and mines of the enemy. It led Grant to victory. It was founded colleges and universities, built hospitals and asylums, printed newspapers invented the telegraph and telephonic. It has helped to win a thousand triumphs in war and science which were otherwise considered impossible. The man with energy and push surged to the front every time.

Success is in the man, not in the opportunity. It is not the men with extraordinary opportunities who have won their place in the world. It is a Lincoln in his log cabin in the wilderness; a Franklin with a kite; a Galileo experimenting with a straw in a horse's prison cell. These are the men who have been successful. They did not wait for their opportunities to come to them, but they seized every opportunity and let nothing escape that might be of use. They grasped every noble impulse.

"Failure", says Keats, "is in a sense the highway to success since every discovery of what is false leads us to seek earnestly after what is true." Let us look back and see what part failure has played in success. It was persecution that brought civil liberty and religious freedom to our land. We may go still farther back and say it was persecution that gave the world the great salvation of the gospel. It was said of Milton that "God wanted a grand poem of him and blinded him so that he might be able to write it." Who has not heard of Helen Keller who, although deaf and dumb, has made such wonderful progress. What has been the schoolmaster of the race. Necessity has been the mother of all great inventions.

What, therefore, is the secret of success? Addison writes: "If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsel, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius." We may all obtain this success if we will but pay for it. But how eager are we to obtain it? Would we with Abraham Lincoln walk forty miles to obtain a book that we could not afford to buy? Would we, with Henry Wilson, work for twelve long years for a yoke of oxen and six sheep? If we are made of such material we will conquer; if not, in spite of all our efforts we will fail.

Lena M. Keppel, '02.

Cavatina.

The Encore.

RAFF.

The day was dying. The golden sun paused ere it set, to peep thro' the window and bid the occupants of the little room a last 'good-night.' As its soft warm light rested for a moment on the pair, the sick girl raised her head and smiled; then as the bright ray faded, she sank back on the pillows and laid her thin feverish hand in her brother's strong one.

Ten years before the opening of our story, on the deck of one of the great ocean steamers, an interesting little group might have been seen standing near the railing, straining their eyes for a last glimpse of the land they loved; the father with the thin dark face and large sorrowful eyes of an Italian, and two children, a boy about ten, a bright handsome little fellow, and a girl three years younger, a delicate looking child with a sweet sad face, who clings tightly to her father's hand. Mingleed with their grief at parting from friends and home, were sad thoughts of the lone grave of an idolized wife and loving mother, which they could never hope to see again. Francesco Raffaelo was taking his children to America, where he hoped to earn a livelihood by means of his violin. After two long and weary weeks of uneventful travel, they landed in New York harbor, and wandered out into the great city in search of a home.

We pass over a period of six months during which time our friends experienced the usual changes of mind and habit common to all foreigners in a strange country. At last when their little stock of money was nearly exhausted and Raffaelo despaired of finding employment, he obtained through a fortunate accident, a place in the orchestra of a down town theatre. For over five years he continued to fill the position with credit to himself, and satisfaction to his employer. In the meantime young Giovanni was daily receiving instruction from his father, and was
making remarkable progress in his musical studies. Soon he too
found employment and so the days passed pleasantly and profit-
ably to all. But in course of time Giovanni began to notice a
change in his father which filled him with the gravest apprehen-
sion. His health had never been good and since his removal to
America the severe winters had proved a great trial to his weak
frame. Anita also grew thin and pale and a dry hacking cough
made its appearance as the cold weather drew near. The elder
Raffaelo grew steadily weaker, and ere long was obliged to give
up his work entirely. So the task of providing for the family fell
upon the boy's shoulders. The day came at last, and all too soon,
when the brother and sister were called upon to mourn with sor-
row unspeakable, the loss of their dear father. His parting in-
junction to his son was, "Take good care of Anita."

In obedience to this last request, Giovanni began making
preparations for removing his sister to the south, as he feared
that she would not be able to withstand the winter. They se-
cured pleasant quarters in the city of M——— on the gulf.
Their landlady, Mrs. Barrett, was a kind hearted woman, whose
husband, being a sea-captain, was seldom at home. She took a
great interest in the homeless orphans, and did all in her power
to make them comfortable. Giovanni soon secured a position in
an orchestra, and tho this was a somewhat better situation than
his former one, he constantly aimed at something higher, and
practiced very faithfully to perfect himself in his art. Nor was
he to labor in vain, for he had inherited great musical talent from
his father, and Fortune was at last to reward his efforts.

Contrary to his hopes and expectations, Anita's health had
not been improved by their removal, and she now spent most of
the time on her couch by the window watching the boats coming
and going. Giovanni gave her every moment he could spare,
and the sunset hour always found him by her side, talking cheer-
fully and hopefully of the future. Occasionally he played to her,
and his music soothed her restlessness, leaving her much re-
freshed. They have just been talking of the great concert,
to-night, at which he is to appear for the first time in the role of
a soloist, before the wealth and culture of M———

Warning at last by the lengthening shadows that it is nearly
time for him to leave her, the young man rises and taking his
violin, plays softly and tenderly her favorite air, the beautiful
"Cavatina" by Raff. A smile of pleasure lights her face as the
exquisite melody fills the room, and she closes her eyes to shut
out everything else. The music ceases, and after a short pause,
Giovanni bends over the couch and not cing how unusually frail
she looks says gently, "Anita, you are not so well?" She an-
swers faintly, "I am alright, brother, only a little tired." "I
must go now as it is nearly time for the concert and I shall do
my best for your sake. Mrs. Barrett will sit with you till I re-

turn." He stoops and kisses the burning cheek, then hastens
into the street almost broken hearted, and with an earnest prayer
for strength and patience on his lips.

He was just in time and hurried forward to his place upon
the stage. How he ever got through that Concerto was more than
he knew, but the vigorous applause of his auditors roused him.
What! surely not an encore! A moment's hesitation, then a
word to the accompanist and the audience was hushed and hold
spell bound by strains of delicious harmony. It was the "Cava-
tina", played as only an artist could interpret it. His very soul
was in his fingers. Before his eyes and heart was the picture of
his sister, all that was left him, slowly but surely slipping away
to the other shore and perhaps even now in the arms of the Dark
Angel. The very agony of his soul seemed to inspire him, and
he played as he never played before.

But even as he blindly eroded his way from the stage, scarcely bearing the perfect thunder of applause which rewarded
his effort, Success met him hand in hand with Sorrow. A mes-
senger met him at the door with the intelligence that Anita
seemed to be failing rapidly and was calling for him. Rushing
home with all possible speed, he arrived only in time to receive
a last smile and "good-bye" from the one so dear to him,

The name of Giovanni Raffaelo has been added to the list of
the world's greatest musicians, but he can never again be induced
to play Raff's "Cavatina."

XX

Friendship.
I took a walk through the woods one day,
The beautiful woods, on a marvelous hill
Of soft white sand which the waves had piled,
When the west winds blew and the air was chill.

But the waves were hushed as I wandered along
And the western winds blew soft, and sighed
Through giant pines and mighty elms
That for ages had lived: but some had died.

And well I remember one old dead tree
That stood 'bove the others majestically high.
While its brothers had fallen long ago.
And a new generation was full grown, nigh.

In a hollow it stood. A deep hollow: and all
Surrounded by white hills. The tree in its prime
Looked over those hills. But its dead limbs were now
Sustaining the weight of a graceful woodbine.
A triumphal column it seemed as it towered.
And the vine twined around it, and o'er it, and hung
In festive festoons, so profusely, it seemed
That a part of the tree was the vine that thus clung.

But dead was the tree, and the vine knew it not.
It trusted those limbs so symmetric and round.
The dead tree was no match for the furious storm.
With a last ghostly shiver it fell to the ground.

The woodbine still clings to the prostrate form,
And, o'er cover the shame of old age fallen low,
It spreads its green mantle of leaves o'er it all
And tenderly guards it from any rude foe.

O, le-son of gratitude, faithfulness, gardeur!
I thank thee for it thou lovely green vine.
May I always cherish the friends of my climbing.
When, worn with the conflict, they fall in their time.

A. E. F.

Freshman vs. Junior.

Jack is my cousin, and we have been chums ever since I can remember. I used to think Jack knew nearly everything, and Jack thought so too. He has the same opinion still; but I haven't, as he found out last winter. Jack was a Junior in ... College and it was my first year there, in the department of Music. Consequently, during the first two months I was Jack's abject slave. I believe if he had told me it was a college custom for new students to take off their shoes at the door, like the Chinese, I should have done it. The silly fellow actually seemed to feel hurt when I began to again assert my independence, and that started our Great Quarrel. Jack never act-ed so abominably before, and I know he never will again.

It was all about such a little thing, too,—only Marshall Wright, the Freshman the boys called "Righty" because he never was right. The fame of his blunders and bluffs spread even to our department. Besides this, it was reported that he considered himself as good as any Senior, and thought the Co-eds had the same opinion.

I remember he walked home with me one day. Jack never would tell me how he found out, but exactly two hours and fifteen minutes after Righty left Jack came storming in, to make me promise never to have anything to do with "that fellow."

"But Jack," I said, "he's very entertaining and pleasant, and really a good deal more polite than you are."

"Jack was so angry! I think he must have been jealous. "May", he said, "I'll never hear of your walking with that top again, I'll write Aunt Nellie about it. If you intend to make a fool of yourself, your mother ought to know it."

"But I promised after that. I had to do something to quiet him. But a couple of weeks afterward I heard that Righty was to be given a lesson, so I asked Jack about it."

"Yes, of course it's so," he said. "Why, look here, May, he got a 'ot cap somewhere, and wears it in open defiance of our warning: he calls our class president Billy; and last week he had the brass to take one of the Senior girls to a dawn town lecture. Do you suppose we'll stand such airs from a Fresh? Not much. He needs salting down, and he'll get it next Wednesday evening."

"But, Jack, what is it? Will they hurt him?"

"Oh, I guess not. What if they do—it's just what he needs. If he plays up sick, he'll have to lay aside his 'ot for a fur cap with ear laps. Say, I wish he would. I'd be willing to furnish the cap."

"But Jack, is it right? Would the faculty approve if they knew it? Isn't there a law against this kind of thing?"

"Oh, they can't stop us. But they won't know unless somebody is mean enough to tell them, and there is no danger of that."

"Really, Jack, I don't think it is right."

"Tell you, this is our affair, and you can't be expected to know what is right as well as I do. You're only a girl. Girls are such babies anyway, always afraid somebody will get hurt."

"It was too much. I know I'm only a girl, but I know what is right, and I know this is not. I have half a mind to warn Righty myself."

He put on his 'high and mighty' air: "May Cooper, if you care more about that old soup than about me, just go and tell. But if you do, it is under penalty of my displeasure. No soup can be a friend of mine."

That settled it. I didn't half mean what I said at first, but it was too late to say so now.

"Jack Fulton, I'm old enough to know my own mind, and I won't obey you. Nobody made you my guardian."

He didn't speak to me again till after Christmas. But that was not all. I verily believe I lived in a mild purgatory the next few weeks. I didn't tell Righty, for he left college the very next day, but everybody thought I had, and treated me accordingly. I used to wonder during those dreadful days whether leprosy could be worse. But the Christmas intermission was worst of all. Christmas is the great day with our family, when all the rel-
The Anchor.

Edtorials.

Please do not expect too much of the Women's edition. We have done our best, truly, but it should be remembered that we are very weak in numbers, and more than two-thirds of us are in the preparatory department. And, while the women of the college department have the same class-room work as the men, they are obliged to do all their literary society work with the preparatory girls, and thus miss much of the helpful stimulus as well as criticism which our Fraternal and Cosmopolitan brothers enjoy. When the college women can meet with the college men in true co-educational fashion, then may equal work be expected of them. The Women's edition last year won many kind expressions of appreciation. We hope this year that, at least, we have not fallen behind.

The Twentieth Century.

What a privilege has been given us! What an honor has been bestowed upon us. We, the girls of Hope, are editing this the first anchor of the twentieth century. How significant this is. One hundred years ago such a thing would have been unheard of. Only the privileged few had even the chance of obtaining a thorough college education. But now all has changed. Even women can have their minds developed if they wish. Too possibly not possessing the power of deep logical thought or clear cut argument, yet women with her intuitive perception and change of divination may, if she keep her gentleness and purity, succeed in making this century the grandest and most enlightened of history.

The Lecture Course.

Hon. Henry Watterson is a great orator. This much we knew of him before he delivered his masterly oration on "Abraham Lincoln," in Winants' Chapel, the evening of Friday, December 13. The house was filled, and the audience did not go away disappointed. No doubt, all present knew much of Lincoln's life history, and loved and revered his memory, but before they left the hall they obtained a clearer vision of the deep hidden springs in the character of the Martyr President. Mr. Watterson had a message to deliver; he felt the call to present for our love the "man sent from God" and he did it as only a lover of Lincoln could. Listening to him, we felt instinctively that he possessed many of the qualities he was eulogizing. Mirthful turns, too, there were, and his flexible voice lent itself to every shade of feeling. Especially enjoyable were his word pictures, and the illustrations he gave of Lincoln's humor and deep knowledge of human nature. We may forget Mr. Watterson, but his message, never. It is interesting to learn that Mr. Watterson is to deliver this oration at Carnegie Hall, New York City, on Lincoln's birthday. President McKinley and his cabinet will be on the platform, and he is to be introduced by Secretary Hay.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox mourns because she thinks a college-bred woman is more masculine than her sisters. We should like to ask, "which sisters?" Her sister statenorphers, book-keepers, sales women, traveling agents, actresses, trained nurses, are scarcely any of them college women and yet manliness is found among their ranks. Why then attribute the manliness of a very few of the few college women who enter professional life to the fact that they are college bred? In all grades of society, we find men's souls in women's bodies and it is quite natural that some of these freaks should stray to college as well as to the wash board or type writer. College women rejoice that they are just as feminine as ever. They glory in being women. They love home life and domestic joys. They are just as sympathetic and approachable as were their grandmothers. We believe that the college is fulfilling a noble destiny in making the future wives
and mothers more intelligent and broad-minded, more fit to be “perfect women, nobly planne, to warn, to comfort and command.” The bold, masculine woman is not nearly as common among the college-bred as among the less advantaged classes.

XXX

The Choral Union.

Another innovation has established itself at Hope College. Henceforth we have had glee clubs, male quartettes, and female quartettes but this year we have a choral union. About thirty of Hope’s warblers have joined the union with Prof. J. B. Nykerk as director. They meet once a week for drill. Just now they are working on Anderson’s “Wreck of the Hesperus”, Gounod’s “Praise Ye the Father”, and Donizetti’s “O Italia, Italia Beloved.” In working up the Choral Union Prof. Nykerk has had some very raw material to deal with but has accomplished wonders both on account of the earnestness of the members and his own experienced skill in directing. The union will give a public entertainment in a few weeks when we will surely hear something very artistic. Mr. Welmers is accompanist for the Union and does very excellent work indeed. He is also pianist for morning chapel.

XXX

The College in Reform Movements

It must be encouraging to reformers to see the interest the colleges of America are taking in reform movements. When colleges are near large cities there are always many students who volunteer to teach classes in the social settlements and who take great interest in sociology. Even in the colleges of small towns this subject is not neglected. Political economy is also being studied more than ever. The wonderful Student Volunteer Movement, so well organized and operating in nearly every college in the land, is another feature of the advance philanthropy is making in college circles. The temperance societies and prohibition clubs, numbering among their ranks some of the brainiest of the land, and also gladdening the hearts of the reformers. And it is with reason, too, that they feel encouraged; for is not the college the fountain of the thought of the nation? It is usually said that the school, the pulpit and the press are the moulders of public opinion. This is no doubt true. And it is just as true that the men and women in these three places are, more and more, the product of the colleges. How necessary it is then, for the advance of reform, that questions of a social and philanthropic nature should receive much attention by college students. College sentiment is worth more than it might seem at first thought.

Our Lady Principal.

It will scarcely be necessary to introduce to the Anchors readers our Lady Principal, Mrs. Van Raalte Gilmore. She is known East and West among the Reformed churches as the daughter of Dr. A. C. Van Raalte, the founder of the Holland settlement in Michigan; and is also known in her connections with the Women’s Missionary Boards and the Hope College faculty.

For thirteen years Mrs. Gilmore has been wielding an influence over the character of the women students of Hope with her own beautiful culture and rare tact. We are earnestly looking forward to the time when her gracious presence will preside over women’s hall. A daily and more intimate contact with such a woman as our Lady Principal would be a great privilege to the young women.

Altho there is no college home here for the girls and Mrs. Gilmore, in consequence cannot be to them all she would like to be, her home is always open to them, and they do not hesitate to consult her in regard to any difficulty.

How she comes to have her wholesome influence over “her girls” is hard to say. But certain it is that the famous “unwritten rules” of Hope College are seldom broken. It is the high esteem in which Mrs. Gilmore is held, and the pain which any disgraceful affair would cause her, that have much to do with the unusually good deportment of the students of Hope. Her success here has been such as to attract the notice of other institutions, and tho she has had some flattering offers, she prefers to remain loyal to Hope.

Personally, Mrs. Gilmore is a brilliant, gracious woman, and, above all, a devoted Christian. While holding a good many re-
sponsible positions, and thus having much of her time occupied with arduous duties in connection with them, she is very forget-
ful of her own comfort and throws her whole big heart into the
work, only too glad, as she says, that God sees fit to use her in
his service.

** Athletics for Women.**

In the Anchor which was edited by the young women last
year, there was an editorial just daring to hope that in another
year they might have physical training. That faint hope has,
this year, become a decided reality. A Basquett Club, com-
posed of eighteen girls, was organized soon after the opening of
the college year with Miss Floyd as president; Miss Riemens,
vice-president; Miss Yates, secretary and treasurer. The Bas-
quett girls have possession of the gym two hours a week, at
which times one half the hour is occupied with physical exer-
cises and dumb bell drill under the direction of Prof. Mast. The
rest of the hour is given to basket ball. The cut here presented
represents the girls ready for the dumb bell drill.

Basket ball is greatly enjoyed by the girls. They play the

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**Alumni Notes.**

The Rev. Wm. Wolvius, '93, of Boyden, Iowa, has received
a call from the Fourth Reformed Church at Pella, Iowa.

The Rev. Henry Bruins, '95, will take charge of a church in
Pekin, Ill., for one year.

The Rev. and Mrs. L. Warnshuis have safely arrived in
Amoy, China, and have already begun their work as missionaries
there. Mr. Warnshuis graduated from Hope in '97.

The Rev. Wm. Miedema, '93, has departed from Bushnell,
Ill., to Norwood Park, where he was installed as pastor on the
fourth of December by the Rev. P. Moerdykaye.

Report says that L. L. Legten, '00, is now acting secretary
of the city Y. M. C. A. of New Brunswick, N. J.

At the parsonage in Leighton, Iowa, the Rev. and Mrs. G.
Tynse welcomed a young Dominie. The senior Dominie became
an alumnus in '94.

The Rev. Henry J. Veldman, '92, of Pella, Iowa, has received
a second call from Milwaukee.

The Rev. E. Kelder, '96, recently visited our city and the
college.

The Rev. Gerrit J. Huizenga, '97, and wife have by this
time undoubtedly reached their new home in India. In a letter
written on the 6th of November, Mrs. Huizenga says,—"We are
now on the Mediterranean Sea in a large vessel, which will ac-
commodate eight hundred persons, including the crew. There
are with us a party of English missionaries who go out under
the care of the Church of England. We expect to arrive in In-
dia by the time this letter reaches you, or about a month from
now." We wish them the best of success in their new work.

The Rev. Anthony Rozendal and bride passed this city the
middle of December on their way to Hamilton, where Mr. Ro-
zendal takes up his new charge.
Among the Societies.

The Ladies' Literary League has made decided progress during the last term. The society is now divided into four sections, each section furnishing the program for one meeting. The historical selections are interspersed with music; and original stories and poems form a very pleasing part of the program. The critic of the meeting delivers her criticisms the following week. At our last meeting the following officers were elected: President, Alice Kolen; vice-president, Lottie Hoyt; secretary, Grace Hoekje; treasurer, May Veneklasen; sergeant-at-arms, Carrie Harrell.

The present executive has introduced the valuable custom of calling upon each of the members to take the floor during voluntary speaking; whenever a subject of general interest is before the society. Tho the speaking is not always voluntary, it is good practice, as it teaches one to think on his feet. It also brings out many unlooked-for opinions, as the speaker with distracted mind, forgetful of policy, stammers out the truth.

The society has this fall purchased some college song books and promises to make the campus ring with some new tunes as well as with the old stand-bys.

The last of the term, the usual Jollification meeting was held. Several of our graduate members from the Seminary were with us and did a good work in keeping the undergraduates within bounds. At a none too early hour we parted with pleasant recollections of the last meeting of the century.

During this term the Cosmopolitan Society has flourished. In numbers our ranks have been replenished until now again they are as large as in years gone by. The programs for each meeting are carefully selected and fully as carefully rendered. Among the students a tendency to shirk all unnecessary work sometimes reveals itself, but happily, this disease has not reached us. Shirking of work has been exceptionally rare. So much for the members. As to their productions, no fear that they be a judged of inferior grade. With the presidential campaign in full sway at the opening of school no wonder that the society half offered itself a fit receptacle for overflowing enthusiasm. Momentous questions of right and wrong were as gracefully and dextrously handled as any silver-tongued orators could have done; what care we that the nation did not take the same view as some of us took; we had the benefit and pleasure of it all. But the politics took up a good part of the enthusiasm, efforts were also made at biography and literature in general. Of the term as a whole in one broad word of criticism we say, glorious! May the future equal it.

THE MELPHONE.

The first term of the school year has been a profitable season for the Meliphone society. The blending of the two sections into one proved a happy union, and has increased the growth of a strong fraternal spirit between the members. Section distinction has been eliminated, and the feeling of unity is complete. The program committee has done commendable work in introducing considerable variety in the weekly programs. Criticism has been very thorough and always seasoned with a spirit of mutual interest. A new constitution is being made which will be adopted at the opening meeting of the second term. Preparatory students who have not associated themselves with the society are invited to investigate its value.

Collge Jottings

Blue Monday every time.
Catch it "Blackie."
"Watch my smoke"—Bill Damson.
The janitor of the gym is making a fortune out of the hairpins he finds.
Mr. DeKleine declares he will never marry his husband's brother.
Sayings of different Professors to intimate to a student that he "thanked";
"O this is wretched."
"Was the lesson so difficult?"
"I want to refer you to a little text-book."
"Next."
"Didn't you get that?"
The other professors think that their actions speak louder than words.
"Dominie" will probably spend his vacation in "Blanville."
Miss Harrell in chapel—"O, I can't see Prof. Nykerk. Miss Wiggers, will you please move one seat?" Miss Wiggers complies and Miss Harrell is happy.
The invitation extended to all the students for the annual reception by Dr. and Mrs. Kollen was accepted with unbounded pleasure. But O, those poor examinations!
Miss Floyd—"Prof. Boers will be sorry when the green grass is growing over my grave."
My rubbers are at the bottom of many evils, my hat covers a multitude of sins.—VanderMel.
Mr. Boee is on a very friendly footing with the roomers upstairs.

‘Betty Boots’ thought Mr. Nies quite fascinating the morning he appeared with a fascinator around his neck.

Hoeke is the ‘mourning star’ of the Freshman class.

Five young ladies, members of the L. L. L., entered the Western Theological Seminary lately and were cordially welcomed.

Don’t be looking out for Prof. Stuphen’s boys, Alice; take his advice and look out for your own.

Mr. Bruins—The ‘star’ of the Junior psychology class.

Mr. VanZoeren—Why are you so dry after the first hour? How do you explain the close affinity that exists between yourself and the pump?

The monkeys, our ancestors, were educated in the higher branches—Ex.

Mr. Van Pleursem is composed of local spots and pigeon holes.

‘Merry Christmas and Happy New Year’—from the L. L. L.

Oswald Visscher thinks his name is going in this paper as advertising manager. It was left out by mistake. All business correspondence should be addressed to him.

The Junior class is not doing as well as they might. A ‘decline’ is clearly visible.

O those Freshman caps
With great big flaps
Even make dry Seniors laugh.
To be somewhat better seen,
Instead of blue, they should be green:
For then the motto true and old,
‘If the cap fits wear it’, still would hold

Bergen, Stuphen, Nykerk and Doesburg were already in the Netherlands in the 16th century (yet.)

Mr. Kleinheessional knows all about transcendental things—even about the spirits of fleas!

A lecture on Liquid Air will be given the 23rd of January in Winants’ Chapel. The subject, so full of mystery and even rivaling electricity in interest, is worthy of the presence of all the students.

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