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Editors:
J. DE HOLLANDER, Editor-in-chief.

Assistant Editors:
L. ROYCE.

ANN C. ROYCE.

J. DE HOLLANDER.

MINNIE BOYER, Local.

MINNIE VAN DER PLUGEN, Alumni.

W. H. COOPER Business Manager.

H. ROYCE, Subscription Manager.


A Day on the Simplon.

The Simplon pass is the road that crosses the Alps between Domodossola and Brig. The route was first laid out by Napoleon. After having experienced the difficulties and dangers of leading an army across the Alpine passes he decided to build a road over which "cannon could be carried into Italy." Though that road has long since been disused and has almost entirely disappeared, it is over the same route that the smooth macadam road of today has been laid.

The carriage rolls through the arched gateway of the imm- one of those old-fashioned buildings with a courtyard in the centre, around which are ranged the stables with the sleeping rooms above—rattles over the paved street of the little Italian town, and out through the fields, following the course of a little stream that is called navigable in the guide books but by what kind of craft I know not. Very soon we leave this valley to enter the ravine of the Dovbra, a rushing brook that at this point breaks through a steep gully and empties itself into the navigable stream mentioned above. Three or four times the road climbs back upon itself, each time crossing the Dovbra on a higher bridge until it passes over a single arch of masonry a
daisies, anemonies and Johnny-jump-ups which cover the other end of the gorge of the Doveria. Small clumps of

Vegetation has returned, but it is not that which was left at the other end of the gorge of the Doveria. Small clumps of scrubby mountain pine and fields of grass and clover are all that grow in this cold altitude, except the masses of forget-me-nots and daisies, anemonies and Johnny-jump-ups which cover the hundred feet in air. This little elevation climbed, we drive by the side of the brock for some fifteen miles, the Doveria tearing madly down its path, while the horses climb laboriously upward.

At first the slopes on either side are gentle and covered with verdure. Little villages are spread over the hills in every direction. Mulberry and fig trees give a prosperous look to the little farms. Only the snow capped peaks in the distance inform the traveller that he is near the limits of vegetation. But the valley narrows as it advances. The Doveria becomes more rapid, splashes with louder noise over the boulders that lie in its pathway, and sometimes must needs tumble over a cliff in order to release itself from its prison. Vegetation becomes less and less prominent, until it ceases altogether at the little village which marks the boundary between Italy and Switzerland. Here the rocks rise high on both sides and a little turn in the valley in either direction gives one the impression that it is entirely surrounded by mountains and that the village lies at the apex of an upturned cone of rock. It is a very poor village, but the coachman thinks it best to stop here and rest his horses while he re-gales himself with a glass of sour wine.

When he has sipped wine to his heart's content we drive on through the gorge, for gorge it has grown to be. The road is cut out of the solid rock high above the raging torrent. Ofttimes huge masses overhang the road, so that it is enclosed on three sides. The precipices grow higher and more perpendicular till the mica slate stretches upward for two thousand feet, its thousand faces glimmering from the countless reflections of the sunlight. Sometimes the road seems to disappear entirely, until a sudden turn reveals a gallery cut through the rock. Over the entrance to one of these galleries a little brook tumbles from the cliff above. It falls in a sheet of pure white spray that lies like a veil over the black, yawning chasm of the gloomy tunnel. Only here and there some small wild flower finds lodgment for its roots in a tiny crevice. All else, around and above, is the bare rock.

When the gorge opens we have climbed some three thousand feet, always following the little Doveria, in the path which it has been cutting through the mountains for centuries. The incline has been steep, but it is to be steeper still, for henceforth we must wind our way straight up the mountain side, no longer can we follow the course of the brook.

Vegetation has returned, but it is not that which was left at the other end of the gorge of the Doveria. Small clumps of scrubby mountain pine and fields of grass and clover are all that grow in this cold altitude, except the masses of forget-me-nots and daisies, anemonies and Johnny-jump-ups which cover the shining links of a seemingly endless chain of glittering camp-fires. Old Viljoen sits quietly smoking his pipe. He thinks of his wife and daughter at home and wonders whether he will ever see them again. Paul and Pieter have already forgotten the heart-rending parting and busily discuss the exciting adventures that loom up before them. Adrian, however, seems to have become more thoughtful of late. Lying on his back, he looks straight upward to the millions of diamonds that sparkle in the heavenly dome. He thinks of his too hasty departure from Besse. He is sure all would have been well if he had been more considerate. How sorry he is that he can not recall his words, and meet her before the coming battle. But there something strikes his ear. Oh, it is the battle hymn of the Boers. It starts at one end of the chain of camp fires, on it comes, and it increases as it advances. It is like a river whose current is quickened and whose bosom swells at each additional freshet, till with mighty force it rushes on to the sea. The Boers arise as the sound reaches their ears and with uncovered heads they join the thousand of voices. As the song melts away in the distance the Boers roll themselves in their blankets and are soon fast asleep.

Early on the morrow the division over which General Kock is commander, is awakened by the loud blasts of the bugle. The Viljoens have joined this division, are thus early in their sad errands, and, along with others are off for Elandslaagte. Hardly have they neared this town when the van of the Boer army encounters a small English battery, which is the farthest out-post of General French's army. Hostilities are soon begun. The Boers are drawn up in a semi-circle. On a little mound, surrounded by a few officers, stands General Kock. The shells of the British batteries burst very near this group of Boer commanders. But Kock deigns to flee from what his men have to face. The Boers, having taken possession of some cliffs, await the time of the English advance. Finally the numerous batteries of General French have silenced the two heavy maxims of the Boers. The sign is passed along the lines of the British to storm the cliffs from behind which the Boers are sending their unerring bullets. On come the advancing lines. Now is the time for the Boer marksmen. A flash as of lightning passes from the peaceful looking cliffs and terrible is its effect. But the lines are closed, and on they come. General Kock still hopes to check the advancing column. The terrible fire is repeated. As the smoke clears away the English officers, sword in hand, are seen to leap forward. But ah, many fall. There one struggles onward like a deer that has received the fatal bullet in its breast. There one holds his head with one hand and faintly feels around for support with the other. There the English reserves come up. A shout is heard. The burgers of
Underneath this humor and wit there runs a steady current of serious thought, common sense, and wholesome philosophy. No subject could be more fitting than that of "Grumbling and Grumblers—or the philosophy of life." Dr. Henson's nature and disposition are possibly best brought out in his words: "I was once a pessimist. I saw nothing but corruption in politics, and aarchy in the church. I saw clouds hanging overhead; the world was a panorama of misery. I now see beauty, happiness, joy, peace, and love. We are living in a most beautiful home—a home that has the impenetrable rocks for a foundation, the towering trees and mountains for its walls, the clear blue sky for a dome, the sprinkling of clouds that frescoe the dome, the grassy meadows for a carpet, the heavenly orb that illumines this dwelling place of ours by day, and the constellations by night."

Very helpful suggestions were offered as an antidote to grumbling: have a good conscience before God and man—a conscience void of offence. Be careful of what you eat. Be careful of pie with a hard crust top and a soft crust bottom, and untold horrors between. Sleep well, when husband or wife or daughter or son become cranky and peevish; a good sound sleep will set them right. Be thankful for the many small things enjoyed and the many small things you don't experience. Look for sweetness and light. The bee seeks for the rose, finds it, loads itself with honey and goes back to its hive. The vulture finds no pleasure in the rose, but seeks a carrion and finds it. What you seek for, you will obtain. Next, work. What we want is to "get a move on us." Do something for yourself and for somebody else. Inertness is degeneration.

Dr. Henson certainly has the happy faculty of presenting his thought both in a humorous and a pathetic way. At times his audience bursts forth in peals of laughter and loud applause. Then again, an intense silence prevails, and a heartfelt sympathy is felt. He is full of love for the most unlovable and of pity for the fallen. He magnifies the good qualities in people and minimizes the weaknesses. His broad sympathetic heart and spontaneous humor certainly make him a strong platform speaker.
spread over the earth and are ever spreading. Also, that their influence is so little felt! Bloody wars are still being waged. England, one of the foremost Christian nations is continually at war with some unhappy tribe, subject to her power. Her war in South Africa is most unjustifiable and unchristian. Rumors of war among other Christian nations are all about us.

Why are these Christian nations not more peace-loving? Is it not because the individual does not love his fellow-man? Peace must be founded on good will. War and strife will continue unless Christ's command "Love thy neighbor as thyself" is universally obeyed. We must all strive to exert an influence for peace, by means of the most powerful weapon on earth—love.

**Ideals of Character.**

Everyone of us, consciously or unconsciously, has ideals of character. Wherever we come to know anyone, we measure his character by our ideal standard, noticing where it differs or is lacking. To meet men of noble character, is an inspiration and an education in itself. As our knowledge of the world and of men widens, our ideal of character changes, each new character adding something to it. Whenever we find a person who conforms to our standard of character, we feel great delight and satisfaction. But greater is the good, higher the pleasure of meeting one who gives us an ideal of a character absolutely different from any we had ever conceived, a realization of a noble personality. It lifts us out of every day life; the experience is a revelation and an incitement. To have such a one as friend, is the greatest earthly blessing, a man can receive; contact with such a one uplifts and ennobles one's own character. And such an experience is only a foreshadowing of things beyond. No one has ever yet been able to fathom the character of the Friend of friends. To have Him as a friend, as ideal, is more than earthly blessing, it is life everlasting.

**The Home Contest.**

One of the most exciting and most interesting occasions of the year,—the oratorical contest, is rapidly drawing near. The speakers have been chosen, and hard work upon the orations has begun. Enthusiasm is not wanting on the part of the students. All the four classes of the college are to be represented in the local contest this year.

There is one duty, however, devolving upon the faculty that demands consideration. This, if we err not, was suggested by The Anchor last year, and has heretofore been left entirely out of consideration. It is the judging of the thought and composition of the orations. The excuse given heretofore, that profess-
An Abusive Reply is No Defense

We notice in many of our exchanges a most resentful and ungenerous spirit toward criticism on their paper or some of its departments. Perhaps the criticisms made are sometimes unjust and seemingly severe, yet on the whole we believe kindly intended. It certainly is small and ungenerously to answer these criticism in the sarcastic and abusive manner of which some college editors are guilty. It is right and proper to defend one's position or views on any matter; but the flinging of abusive words at another's difference of opinion, is no defense at all. It is the blind and maddened splurge of "error wounded." Such retaliation should have no place in college journalism. If the criticism is puerile it will be all too evident, and may be ignored. It will pass judgment on itself. If it is malicious, a generous fortitude will be the most fatal weapon against it. If it is kindly, it should be taken kindly. Few college journals are above criticism; but all should be above the use of abusive resentment.

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The Tower of David.

Ira D. Sankey, in an interesting article on his trip thro Palestine, which appears in the February Delineator gives an entertaining description of the Holy Land as he saw it. Concerning the Tower of David he says: "From the top we behold one of the grandest and most interesting sights to be witnessed anywhere in the world. At our feet lay the city with its narrow streets, its mosques, its domes and temples; and beyond its massive walls we could see Gethsemane, Calvary and Olivet; the valley of Jehosaphat, the vale of Kedron and the barren hills that surround the city. In the far distance to the eastward, we could see the River Jordan and the Dead Sea, with many other points of great biblical interest." The illustrations which accompany the article are of unusual merit. We advise our readers to read it.

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AMONG THE SOCIETIES

THE COSMOPOLITANS.

The Cosmopolitan Literary society has just passed thro a term of very hard society work; and as it now stands at the opening of a new term, it feels determined to make the coming term fully as successful as the past one. In order to do this, special attention will be paid by the program committee to put each member on the program at least once in every two or three weeks. The success of its past has always rested upon the fact that the work of the society has not been left to a few faithful members, but to the society as a whole. By giving each member an opportunity to do his share of the work it will increase the general zeal for society work as well as promote the highest interests of the society in particular. The newly elected officers for the coming term are as follows:

President—H. Van der Naald.
Vice President—S. Zandstra.
Secretary and Treasurer—L. Boeve.
Sergeant—B. Bruins.

FRATERNAL.

With the pleasures and profits of a term's work well done, in mind, the Fraternal Society has entered upon the work of the new term, in a spirit that has always been characteristic of the F. S., the spirit that is bound to make the most of the matter in hand. With us the work varies somewhat with each new set of officers. A program committee draws up a program for the term, which is submitted to the Society for approval. The work of last term was devoted largely to criticisms and reviews of work on oratory, poetry and fiction. Original work has always been strongly emphasized. The winter term which is a student's best term for work, should also be the best term for society work. In the coming weeks let every Fraternalite do just a little more than his duty well, and the success of our meetings is assured.

At the last business meeting the following officers were elected:

President—William DeKleine.
Vice President—John De Hollander.
Secretary and Treasurer—Cornelius Van der Meel.
Marshall—John E. Winter.

THE ULFILAS CLUB.

Never before in the history of the society has the Ulfilas Club entered upon a new term's as well as a new year's work under more promising circumstances than the present one. During the past term its membership has increased to the number of fifteen; and a very marked interest in the work has been maintained throughout. But to create enthusiasm is one thing and to maintain it is quite another. Hence a weighty task presents itself before the club; still its members feel the importance of the work and are determined to make the best of it. Its officers for the coming term are as follows:

President—John Vanderbeek.
Vice President—W. Hoekeje.
Secretary and Treasurer—G. Bosh.
Janitor—Muyskens.
The Ladies' Literary League has made decided progress during the past term. At present the society is so divided that about one-half are college students and the other half preparatory students. The work, however, has been so arranged that all could receive instruction and benefit. At the last meeting of the Fall Term the following officers were elected for the coming term:

President—Anna Riemens
Vice President—Minnie Van der Ploeg
Secretary—Minnie De Feyter
Treasurer—Lena Keppel
Sergeant-at-arms—Caroline Judd

De Alumnis

Rev. D. C. Ruigh, '96, of Wortendyke, N. J., expects to leave soon for China, where he will engage in missionary work. Mr. H. Sluyter, '99, is at present taking charge of Rev. Ruigh's congregation.


Rev. J. G. Thalken, '96, of Wellsburg, Iowa, has declined the call from Peoria, Ill., Rev. A. J. Reeverts of the Reformed church of Belmont, Iowa, has been asked to fill the charge; but he also declined.

Rev. G. Watermulder '97, of Oyster Bay, L. I., has left for his new field of labor at Fairview, Ill.

The First Church of Pella, Iowa, has extended a second call to Rev. A. Van den Berg, '85, of Overisel, Mich.

E. Winter, principal of the academy of Cedar Grove, Wis., spent the Holidays at home.

O. Visscher, 'or, at present studying at the State University of Ann Arbor, and Robert Kremers, '98, civil engineer at Salt Lake City, Utah, were at home visiting relatives and friends during the Holidays.

Among our New Brunswick friends who were home for the holidays were Messrs. A. T. Broek, G. Hondelink, and L. L. Legters all of the class of '99.

William Rinck, G. Dinkeloo and A. T. Godfrey were also here during the Holidays.

Rev. A. Bursma, of Grand Rapids, died on Dec. 5th. He was one of the first graduates of Hope. Of his class the class of '96 only three members of the eight are still left. The Anchor extends its sympathy.

Rev. F. Lubbers, of Lafayette, Ind., has declined the call from Luctor, Kansas.

The Anchor

COLLEGE JOTTINGS.

Stockings!

Red ones, big ones, full ones!

"Glad to see you all here."

Brun's goat must have starved during the Holidays. He is so quiet. Or did "Patsy" devour him while keeping Bachelor's Hall.

Don't ever go to Fremont. You'll come under suspicion if you do.

The Juniors have increased in grace. The Misses Roest, Kollen and Hoeske are the three graces.

Prof. S—n.—"It is safe to be on the street at night Miss May." Another supporter of the Curlew Resolution.

Hessel, there is a letter for you in the Zeeland Post Office.

Grace had several reminders during the Holidays, in the form of penny crested envelopes. It is not good taste, Mr. P—s to use stationary with your coat of arms upon it.

Wm. DeKiene has been appointed business manager of The Anchor, in place of W. H. Cooper who has resigned.

L. Bovee has been summoned home because of the serious illness of his mother.

Several new students have come to Hope this term.

Subscribe for The Anchor.

John H. Moeke, a former class mate of the Juniors, has entered the matrimonial state.

The Junior Class proposes, the Oratorical Committee deposes and the Faculty imposes the class orators.

Will De Bruyn—"I wonder if I can lick Ben Kleinhesselink?"

Miss Roest has lately been going into raptures over a sweet smile received from Mr. Poppen.

If sweet dreams resulting from placing a piece of wedding cake under one's pillow, are indeed prophetic, what a rose colored future there is in store for Miss Vander Ploeg.

Mr. Bloomers acting as professor to his class—"What must be done with the 5,000,000 unmarried women in Germany?"
Lottie has succeeded in arousing much envy by announcing that she received two handkerchiefs as a Christmas present from a bachelor down her way.

Raymond Visscher and Will De Bruyn think that a party consisting of two other persons besides themselves is a large enough crowd for a sleigh ride.

Grace has been amusing herself this vacation by tossing pennies.

Mr. Strick—One-two-three-four-five—Result, None.

Miss Riksen says that Mr. Grooters did not call on her, but on her mother.

Mr. Van Zoeren and Miss Riemans intend to take up the study of Italian this term with Prof. Veghte and the candy store man, as instructors. Much enthusiasm on all sides.

The Seniors are all eagerly awaiting their share in the large fortune that Mr. Kleinhesslink is soon to amass.

Mr. Walsyke and Miss Pessink selected a day which was too windy for other skaters, in order that they might not be disturbed by a crowd.

It sounds rather ambiguous doesn’t it, when a young lady calls a rather plump looking mississ a “brief.”

Minnie Van der Ploeg says “she doesn’t care, she is just dead in love with ‘Mike’.”

The only kind of matches that Lena can recommend are “parlor matches.”

The hearts of several young ladies of the L. L. L. have been overjoyed by the lavish gifts sent to them during the Holidays. If the thoughtful donors would only make themselves known doubtless they would be rewarded for their tokens.

It is hoped that the Fraternal Society will not get the reputation of being a fast society, because it can in one minute transact the same business which takes the Cosmopolitan Society two minutes.

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W. R. STEVENSON, SCIENTIFIC OPTICIAN

24 EAST EIGHTH ST.
"I have often wondered," remarked Green, dropping a one-cent piece in the slot, "where the profit on these machines—"
Here he worked the lever.
"Where the profit on these machines—"
Here he shook the machine.
"I have often wondered, I say, where the profit—"
Here he shook the machine again.
"Where the profit comes in. Blame the thing! It seems to be clogged this time. Not a kernal drops out!"

"Well," laughed Brown, "do you begin to see where the profit comes in?"

The fastest modes of communication now-a-days are telegraph, telephone and tell-a-woman.

"Father, what is the difference between trousers and pants?"

About five dollars, my son."

Some of us live to learn; few of us learn to live."

If a man has plenty of push he is bound to get there—but sometimes a pull helps wonderfully.

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