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HOLLAND.
HE Rev. W. Ogden Saunderson was washing his Sunday shirt. Most reverend gentlemen usually prefer to leave their laundry work to Chinamen, or as a second choice to their wives. However, a domestic missionary in Montana does not always have his preferences respected—especially if he has a decided prejudice against asking his future wife to share his income of four hundred a year. So the Rev. W. Ogden Saunderson was washing his shirt, and at the same time growing exceedingly discouraged.

When Saunderson had graduated, he had supposed himself to be a man with a mission. His mission was to better the condition of the Montana cowboy. Saunderson was no tenderfoot. All of his boyhood he had spent in the West. Not in Montana, it is true, but he was at least partially acquainted with the hardships he would have to undergo to carry out his purpose.

Nevertheless, he went. Every Sunday he held meetings in the school house. He conscientiously visited each one of the scattered families on the surrounding prairies. He had even attempted to make friends with the stolid sheep-men. And now he was discouraged. Not even in the slightest degree could he see any result of his work. The fights at "Barley Bill's" saloon were as frequent as ever, and it seemed impossible that a peace-
able settlement would ever be affected between the sheep-men and the cowboys.

Saunderson stood at the door of his cottage. He gazed over the endless prairie. Near him there was nothing to be seen but three shanties, the saloon and the little school-house. Far off were the scattered cabins of the sheep-men. Not a living creature did he see. It all seemed lifeless and unreal. And was it all worth while? Of what good was it all? Tomorrow was Sunday. Tomorrow he would hold his little meeting in the school-house. He would preach to his little congregation of women, Tomorrow—and what then? He entered his shanty and began to prepare his evening meal. Tomorrow—and what then?

The little congregation in the school-house was singing. Thru the windows floated in plaintive, but rather inharmonious, notes the words of a familiar hymn. The music ended listlessly. The preacher now became the center of whatever interest there was. He spoke earnestly but in a manner suggesting that he spoke entirely from a sense of duty. The heat was oppressive. A majority of the people were in just that condition that precedes sleep. Suddenly the audience awoke. In the doorway stood a man. And such a man! His drooping form told plainly the exhaustion he had undergone. His blood-shot eye was the picture of despair. He stared at the little company. Slowly his eye took in its numbers and seemed to light with hope. At last he spoke—

"Ober de 'Wild Horse,' dey was butchering us fellers."

In a moment all was action. No one questioned who "us fellers" were. Who else could it be but the German settlers of the "Wild Horse"? And what could it mean but a cowboy raid. There was not a moment's delay; there was not a semblance of confession. The seven able-bodied men mounted their horses, hastily said good-bye to their wives, rode across the prairie and were gone.

The men rode quickly. The settlement was ten miles distant, and every minute might mean a life. When about a mile from the school house old Dick Hardy looked back. Hardy was the leader. No one had chosen him, yet by general consent he was their leader. Dick Hardy looked back and laughed. The rest looked back and they too, laughed. A quarter of a mile behind them came the minister. The minister! What could he do? He couldn't fight. He might be able to preach men into hell, but he couldn't ever send them there with a gun. Again they laughed, then hurried on. They couldn't wait for him.

Evidently it was not necessary that they should. In the course of a mile the minister's pony had covered the intervening distance, and he was at their side.

Silently they rode along. Then an oath escaped the lips of the foremost. In the distance they could see the smoke rising from the burning shanties of the ranchers. They drew nearer. All around were the carcasses of slaughtered sheep. The cowboys had truly shown no mercy.

At the burning shanties they halted. There was not a sign of life. All was deserted. The men were non-plussed. They had hardly hoped to be in time to save the lives of the Germans. They had come to bury their bodies and avenge their deaths. But here there were no bodies to bury and, as far as they knew, no death to avenge.

Just then some one made a find. Upon a stone lay a letter, not much of a letter, indeed, but still enough to contain abundant possibilities. Eagerly they pounced upon it. And then they read—

"If anyone get dis he no dat ve vas kout, de vas going hang ons op to brein city. If youse aint got dis bis de vas det al reaty. Don't com else ride lik de ———" Evidently the writer had broken off in haste.

Bryan City was but seven miles distant, but it was the rendezvous of the cowboys. To enter it in the face of the crowd that had undoubtedly gathered to witness the lynching seemed to be nothing but tempting death. And what could they do?—seven men against three hundred. Slowly they started home-ward.

"Cowards!" T'was the preacher's voice that cut the air.

"You goin' back? You cowards. Go then, I'll go alone." Shamefacedly they rode on—all but old Dick Hardy. He stopped.
"So long," he said—"I am going with him." The two rode on to Bryan city.

That night at "Burly Bill's, Dick Hardy told what happened.

"Well ye see," he said, "We jist rode 'long a little. We didn't nobody say nothing. I was too blamed scared. Yes, I was. You'd be scared to say you was scared but I aint, I was scared. I don't know what was the matter with the preacher—he didn't say nothing neither. A feller naturly feel like saying much when he's doing something like that. Maybe that was the matter with the preacher.

"After a while we got there. Say! there was a bunch of cowboys. Over to the other end of Main Street was the doings. Two of the Dutchmen was strung up all ready. They was mighty horrid to look at, high up there on a telephone pole, All round the cowboys was shooting at 'em. A hot kind of target practice I calls it, but they seemed to enjoy it; so we let 'em shoot. 'Twould'n't do no good anyhow and it might raise h— with the others.

"Alongside the next pole they was getting ready another. They was jist a-going to pull him up and then the preacher begu his heavy work. Right to the middle of 'em he went. I jist naturly went along. I was scarder than h—, but wouldn't of stayed behind for money. But the preacher,—he scared? You'd have that so if you'd a seen him. He jist took two of 'em and bumped their heads together. He did, he done it per fact. And I'll be totetally dog-goned if them dirty skunks wasn't scared of the preacher. I never seen nothing like it. He didn't have no gun but he knocked the whole darned bunch to pieces inside of half a minute. And then? Wall, boys then he talked to 'em, and after a while he prayed over 'em. No, I don't know what he said, but it certainly settled their hash pretty quick, I tell ye. What had I been doing? O! I was busy enough. Something was the matter with my gun—it went off kinder easy and a few got hurt.

"And that's about all there was, I guess. We got the other Dutchmen off alright and they're home now—skinning the sheep I guess, maybe. The're a hot bunch anyhow.

"But say, that preacher, he's a man, he is. Got a lot more nerve than you dubs, too. And it's a dirty shame the way that we've been treating him. Let's give him a square deal. That feller ought to be married, he ought. Last night I seen him thru the window doing his own washing. Fer fact I did, and its a shame. Let's send him home to get a wife.

"What do you say, fellers? Here Bill! you pass the hat."

To what the "fellers" said young Mrs. Saunderson will testify in person.

R. Visscher, '06.

The Marred Brooch.

The sun has just set, and it is evening on the border of the Great Staked Plain. The sky is a great dome of downy yellow, save where, in the west, a few tardy bars of red light are slowly creeping down towards the spot where the sun has just disappeared. To the south and east stretches the desert, a vast expanse of dull, gray sand, thickly studded with columns of cacti. At the north a chain of wooded hills abruptly meets the vision. The shadows of the tall cacti lie long upon the sand. Suddenly, darting out among them is seen what appears to be also a shadow. But as it draws nearer the form becomes more distinct, and soon it determines itself into the outline of a horse and rider.

The horse has the gait of that wiry animal known in the west as a calico-pony. The rider sits erect and guides his horse with the ease of a confident horseman. He has not, however, the loose-jointed, easy fashion of riding characteristic of a "cow-puncher," but rides with his limbs and body rigid. Quickly he emerges from the shadows and begins to climb a low, sandy knoll. Checking his horse he sits erect and gazes for a moment intently towards the hills. As he sits there motionless, it becomes evident that he is an Indian, a Navajo, for his dark green blanket is criss-crossed with many zig-zag lines in a pattern known only to Navajo women; and his long, unplaited, black hair hangs down his back, gathered by broad bands of copper. He tattles but a moment, then sends his pony scurrying down the hill in the direction of a light which has just appeared among the trees. Crossing the little valley he dismounts, unsaddles, and enters the

There, under the trees, built against the rock, is a small
house. As the Indian approaches it, his stolid face relaxes, and his dark eyes glitter as with anticipation. And why should he not be glad? Had not his master returned,—his master whom he adores, nay worships? When he is gone, gone on his wild, lone rides, the days seem never-ending to Joe out with the cattle in the valleys.

But now his master has returned. He has been gone longer than ever before, and as Joe enters the house he involuntarily shudders. Is his master well? What if something has befallen him! His heart fails at the thought. But he is soon reassured, for stretched out before the fire on a great bear rug is his master. No wonder Joe almost worships him. He is a man of splendid physique. The fire-light reveals his fine, clearcut features. Heavy locks of dark brown hair fall around his white, set face. He stares with his great, grey eyes into the fire, nor does he immediately greet the the immovable brown statue at his head. His dress, tho neat, is not at all gaudy. His jacket is of deer-skin, made by Joe's deft fingers. His trousers are of the same material, fringed with dyed tassels.

As he rises and greets Joe, something glitters among the fringes on his breast. Looking closer, one might have seen a great, pearl brooch. Sadly smiling, he greets Joe, and motions him to a seat. Joe thinks his master strangely kind to night and soon the two are conversing in the short, terse terms of men unused to talk for talk's sake. Again the brooch glitters in the fire-light and Joe's attention is attracted. He has often wondered why his master so jealously guards it. Simple as he is, he understands that his master prizes it not for its value but for its associations. Suddenly taking the brooch in his hand he says, 'Why always wear it? Got it of father, and father dead?' His master turns his head, rises, and slowly leaves the room.

Fearfully Navajo Joe watches him, till he carefully closes the door; then turns his attention to other matters. Outside in the star-light his master stands with bowed head, in deep meditation. Why always wear it? Oh: reason enough. Every time he looks at it, it reminds him of his hate. Oh: that hate—hate for the East—hate for women—hate for her who had deceived him. She had given it to him for a love token. Now it is the symbol of his hate. True had his love been; bitter is now his hate. Thru all these years of solitude it had upheld him. It was all he had lived for. At first he had often thought of suicide. "One ball," thought he, "and all will be over." But who had ever called him a coward? And was not, then, to fear destiny, and to attempt escape the lowest act of cowardice?

To be true to his fate and sustain his hatred was all the purpose he had in life. His hate surpassed all things. He rarely swore, but he swore by it. He had yet to learn that a sincere hatred is very near to true love. But had he not been a coward when he left her? Left her when she would so soon sorely need him? To be sure she had been false, but who is perfect? As he meditates the brooch glitters in the star-light, he unclasps it. It is of a peculiar, antique pattern. The gold of the setting is dull with age. It represents a serpent, coiled around a pearl of great size. All the colors of the rainbow glimmer in its depths. It is nearly perfect, but it, too, has a defect. A ragged scar mars its beauty. "But," thinks he, "shall I refuse to enjoy its beauty because of the one defect? No; by contrast they can the better be appreciated. But, is not she whom I hate like this pearl; like a great scar on her character is her one weakness. But would I discard her for that? No, I would the better appreciate her other qualities. I will return, and by love and kindness blind my own eyes to her fault." Acting on the impulse, he re-enters the house to prepare for his return. That done, is horse his quickly saddled, and soon Joe, with wondering eyes, sees his master canter away in the direction of the railroad. A few hours later, and he is again nearing civilization and the East.

The next day, at sunset, he reaches his destination. The little home-town has grown in his absence, and he sees none but strange faces on its streets. His inquiries are met with stares, and it is with dark forebodings that he seeks their old trysting-place, the village churchyard grove. There, where a rustic bench once stood, two white marble slabs glitter in the moonlight. Mechanically he stoops to read the smaller one's inscription. "Ford, my name," he mutters. With ashy face he turns to the larger one. As if stricken he drops to his knees, "Irene, my God," he cries, and it is not an oath. What agony he suffered none but God knows; but in the morning they found him
dead, kneeling there between two graves. A peaceful smile was on his uplifted face, and in his hand was clasped a great pearl brooch.

Anthonie C. Ver Hulst, Class "B."

A Lawyer's Honor.

John Bancroft stood at the window of his office, looking down into the busy street. It was a cold December afternoon, and the shadows were beginning to settle. From his position in the seventh story of the great office building, he could see the ever-moving crowds, the individuals hurrying along independent of each other, and yet an integral part of the thronging city life. There were women loaded with the results of their holiday foraging expedition; men, with collars turned up and hats jammed down as a protection against the icy lake breeze, bustling thru the crowd. Here and there darted a news-boy, shouting in boyish treble, "News, "Merican 'n' Journal." He could see the cable car rumbling along with uncertain progress thru the blocked thoroughfare, its going angrily protesting against the haughty indifference with which a heavy truck just ahead was disputing the right-of-way. At the crossing, with dignity befitting a guardian of the law, stood the "crossing-copper," now raising his club to stop the advancing wagons and automobiles for the convenience of the pedestrians hurrying across the street, now signifying permission to the restless traffic to proceed. It was all noise, hurry and bustle.

Opposite, Bancroft could see the County Building, with its polished granite monoliths, deep set windows, and heavy overhanging cornices. He turned abruptly from the window and switched on the light. Seating himself in the revolving office chair, he allowed his gaze to wander over the office, resting finally on the book-case. Over toward one side were his law school text books. There was "Mechem on Torts," Storey's "Criminal Procedure," Paley's "Actions in Tover." He thought of his law school days, and, finally, his mind reverted to his college years. He could remember commencement time, his home-coming, and then the announcement of his decision to become a lawyer. He had known the prejudice that existed in the quiet little village against the law as a profession,—of course lawyers were necessary, but of the nature of a necessary evil. His father had not opposed his desire, but had heard him out patiently, and then had said, "John, be honest whatever you do, even tho you do become a lawyer." Well so far he had been honest, even when it had cost him something, for like most young men he was ambitious; he was confident of himself, and his particular desire had been to engage in the practice of criminal law. Yet this very desire had been the means of augmenting temptations for him, for in no other branch of the law is there so much chance for seeming honesty and actual dishonesty, especially in a large city. He had won cases, he had lost cases, yet not once had he stopped to obtain a verdict by such means as a "hung" jury or a bribed constable or an unfair continuance.

The footsteps of a man walking along the tiled corridor, coming toward his door, interrupted his reverie. The door opened and a man of the rural suburbanite type, one of the class of small produce farmers living in the outskirts and suburban villages near Chicago, entered.

"Is this Mr. John Bancroft, attorney at law?" was his greeting.

"Yes sir, sit down. What can I do for you?"

"Well, my name is Ricker. I am a citizen of Dolton Heights, and I want to ask your advice about a matter. I want you to take a case for me. You see we are an incorporated village with a president and board of trustees who look after the interests of the village."

"Before you go any farther," interpolated Bancroft, "I want to inform you that I am village attorney for Dolton Heights."

"Oh, well, that doesn't make any difference. The matter I want you to attend to is this: The president and trustees are supposed to draw merely a nominal fee for their services, and the other day, while looking over the list of tax appropriations posted up at the village hall, I noticed that each of the trustees draws fifty dollars a year. This set me to thinking, and I asked Zimmerman, the village president, how many meetings they generally held a year. Without suspecting anything, he told me
the village board held regular meetings once a month, and about two special meetings a year. You see this would mean about fourteen meetings altogether.”

“In other words,” amended Bancroft, “they’re drawing fifty dollars for fourteen meetings, that is about three-fifty a meeting.”

“Exactly,” rejoined Ricker, “and I had heard that the law allowed them only a dollar and a half.”

“You are entirely correct—The law says”, and here Bancroft picked a volume from the case, rapidly turned over a few pages and then quoted, “Trustees of incorporated villages shall be entitled to a compensation not to exceed one dollar fifty cents for each meeting actually attended by them.”

“Well, ever since Zimmerman knocked me out of the Republican nomination for town supervisor,” continued Ricker, “I’ve been waiting for a chance to get even with him. You know, he holds a county job at the court house, because his being elected village president seems a guarantee to the county machine that he can swing the republican vote in the village into line. Now, I want you to get after Zimmerman and his crowd, even if you are village attorney.”

Bancroft hesitated to give an answer. Finally he said, “I think mandamus proceedings can be instituted against them to recover the salary paid in excess of the law. Possibly, they may be liable for malfeasance in office. However, call in tomorrow and I will look the matter up and let you know.”

“Well, I’ll be in to morrow afternoon. Good bye.”

Left to himself, Bancroft thought over the situation. He was village attorney and, tho his duties in no wise comprehend overseen tax appropriations, still to prosecute the village officers would place him in a peculiar light before the citizens of Dolton Heights. Moreover, he was not without some hope of securing the position of assistant State’s Attorney for Cook county and to prosecute Zimmerman would surely result in Zimmerman’s using his political influence against the appointment. Besides, need he prosecute the case? The money consideration was so small, the whole thing seemed so petty and trifling. Was it any of his business if the citizens of the village paid a trifle more in taxes because of their municipal officer’s dishonesty? Any way, if the county clerk had not cared or did not care to notice the matter when the village taxes had been filed at the county office, why should he worry about it? Well, he would sleep over it and—

R r r r r r r rang went the telephone. “Say, is this Bancroft? Well, this is Zimmerman. Has that yahoo of a Ricker been over to see you? He’s just been here telling me he’s retained you to start suit against me and the trustees about some sort of a salary matter. Say, we’re entitled to a little extra money for the work we do for the village. And say, you’d better advise Ricker to drop the whole thing. Tell him he hasn’t got a case at all, or we’ll have to give the village law business to some other attorney than you. Besides I think State’s Attorney Barnes will listen somewhat to my suggestion as to whom he shall appoint as his assistant. Think it over. Good bye.”

Bancroft slept very little the first part of that night. He was arguing two sides of a case at once. Conscience was the jury; ambition, the plaintiff, and honor, the defendant. Could he risk offending Zimmerman by proceeding with Ricker’s case? For surely, if he did so, there would be no chance of his securing the appointment of assistant State’s Attorney. And yet, on the other hand, could he falsely tell Ricker that he had no case; that it would be of little avail to prosecute; that no conviction could be secured;—all reasons plausible enough to persuade Ricker to desist from his contemplated action? Still, just then, the figure of his father came to his mind and he seemed to hear him saying, “John, be honest, even tho you do become a lawyer.” That settled it. Conscience found for the defendant, and honor had won.

All next morning Bancroft worked busily at the case. He went over the county clerk’s record of tax appropriations, obtained copies of the receipts issued to the treasurer’s office for salaries paid, and finally, when Ricker called in the afternoon, had the bill of particulars drawn up ready for filling with the clerk of the circuit court.

Ricker was elated. “Say, Mr. Bancroft, this time I hope to get even with Zimmerman. And if I get elected next spring town supervisor, I’ll give you all my law business.”

“Thank you, Mr. Ricker,” said Bancroft. He hardly liked
the prevailing motive of revenge, which seemed entirely to animate Ricker.

However, conversation soon ended, for they had now reached the court room. Bancroft waited till the recess between court calls, and then handed the bill to the clerk.

"Mr. Bancroft," called the clerk to John leaving, "Will you step over here a minute. I think you had better enter a plea to withdraw suit in this case of "Ricker versus Zimmerman et al," or better yet, since I haven't entered the case on the docket, you can simply take back the bill of particulars."

"Why, for what reason?"

"I'll tell you," continued the clerk, "yesterday a citizen of Dolton Heights, I think his name is Bartel, thru his attorney instigated proceedings against the same parties, and on the same charges you have included in your bill. Your bill, therefore, is useless.

A feeling of great relief came over Bancroft. He thanked the clerk and then walked out of the room. In the moral battle he had fought with himself, he had won on the side of honor. Now, there would be no hard consequences to pay.

C. A. B.

Y. M. C. A.

In the Y. M. C. A. the beneficial influence of the week of prayer has continued to be manifested and is still felt. The prayer meetings have claimed a large attendance from the students, and a spirit of earnest, thankful petition has prevailed in them. The faithful work of the term of teaching in the four Sunday schools conducted by the Association reached its climax in four splendid Christmas programs. Evidences of material prosperity, also, are not lacking. The Association has been provided with new hymn books and expects to be able to send a larger delegation than ever before to the annual state convention next month.

It is to be regretted that the Association work does not have a place in the life of every man at college, or even of every Christian man at college. It seems incredible that where so large an opportunity for development in Christian service is of-
nothing of the jolly carousals indulged in on various occasions would tend to misrepresent the society. The members are not chronic dyspeptics and once in a while, when the spirit moves, things are done and things are said which in after life will make these evenings come back to our memories as the best and happiest of our lives. But, as is said, this is only once in a while. The standard of the society is work, hard work, and nothing is allowed to interfere with duty. The officers for the winter term are:

President—Bert Poppen.
Vice president—Dick H. Muyskens.
Secretary—W. Rottschafer.
Sergeant at Arms—A. Wubbena.

Minerva Society.

Looking over the past term’s work, the Minerva Society finds that while there is much room for improvement, the meetings have, on the whole, been of a helpful character. In spite of the fact that a great majority of the members are from the Preparatory department much talent was displayed in both musical and literary lines. The programs were so arranged by an able program committee that all would receive profit and instruction.

The officers for the coming term are:
President—Minnie Kikken.
Vice president—May Venkassen.
Secretary—Esther Andreae.
Treasurer—Estelle Kollen.

Lorado Taft.

The entertainment given by Lorado Taft Dec. 14 was, indeed, very instructive, and those who ventured out in such inclement weather were fully repaid. Mr. Taft is a sculptor, having received his training and education in the sculptor’s art at Paris in the Ecole des Beaux Arts. He is recognized as an authority on all matters relating to works of art, as well as accorded the leading sculptor of this country at the present time.

Mr. Taft’s purpose was not to lecture, but merely to show

“How statues are made.” This he did by modelling the clay into the image of a human face, showing the sculptor’s great problem of features, proportion and expression. He showed the process of building up a figure, and the great amount of experiments required to give full expression to the various poses. He showed what use is made of plaster casts, and how useful they are to the sculptor. He also indicated the great trials and perplexities of marble cutting and the jointing instrument used.

His manner of giving information of his art was entirely conversational. No attempts were made at being oratorical. Undoubtedly were we to enter his studio, we would see the same method of work, and hear the same confidential and unaffected talks. From what we have seen and heard we must say that Mr. Taft is an artist in appearance, in speech and in work.
'85. Prof. J. B. Nykerk read a very interesting and instructive paper at the opening of a recent meeting of the Ottawa County Teacher's Association. His subject was: "Reading in the Seventh and Eighth Grades." At the same meeting Rev. J. J. Van Zanten, '80, read a paper on "The Benefits of a Pedagogical Training."

'86. News comes from Egypt that J. Kruidenier, missionary at Cairo, mourns the death of a four-year-old child.

Since the last issue of The Anchor the following changes have occurred in the location of our alumni ministers: C. Kuiper, '98, of Graafschap to Grand Rapids; J. G. Meengs, '98, of West Tray, N. J., to Albany, N. Y.; K. J. Dykema, of Luctor, Kansas, to Leighton, Iowa.

**Exchanges.**

The Exchange Column in all the high school and college journals that we receive is a necessary accessory. It is necessary because the editors are desirous of knowing what is being thought of their publications; and accessory, because the exchanges are not in the hands of the many, but of the few who happen to visit the exchange table through curiosity. To some, consequently, the Exchange Column is meaningless. It is somewhat like book reviews contained in the leading magazines, yet very different in purpose. Book reviews are to the general readers advertisements of new publications; the Exchange Column is to the different editors the tie that binds them all in one common work.

The articles in our exchanges of Dec. are mostly Christmas stories. "The Star of Bethlehem," in The Russ deserves special mention for its artistic treatment and beautiful sentiment. "Bess' Change of Heart" in The Squib is well written and neatly handled, but the close lends itself too much to the romantic. It is noticed that the romantic element in high school and college fiction is suppressed almost entirely, but where it is not, the sentimental must be carefully avoided. The remaining articles are all praiseworthy.

Among the didactic articles the following are worthy of mention: "Life in Indian Territory," The Normal Advance; "Advantages of Country Life," Optimist; "The Penitentes," The Occident; "Thomas Carlyle" and "The Idea of Beauty," The College Review.

Those whose cover designs deserve mention are the following: Normal College News, The Purdue Exponent, La Plume, High School World, The Montgomery Bell.

Teacher—"Are slang expressions good grammar, and should they be used?"

Pupil—"Not on your life. They are not what they are cracked up to be. We ought to cut them out before they freeze onto us so that if we try to flop over we can't hack her and the jig will be up. We might as well call it off then, and if we give up the speil that we have passed up such an expression we have to show we are from Missouri and I might as well add that when it is up to you, take your medicine like you were game and call it square."
Editorial.

This is the time when many people endeavor to get out of old ruts of habit based on incorrigible error, by putting into effect personal reform long contemplated and finally framed in a resolution to do or to leave undone what reason dictates. It is this, perhaps, that The Anchor should do under red-lettered captions that each one of our readers might know what is to be expected from us before he pays his subscription fee in advance. We refrain from such an undertaking for two reasons:—The staff of our paper is not composed of journalists; our financial condition does not permit us to make an innovation in expensive accessories.

The first is self-evident to all of our readers. Our alumni know that this is because the editor and his associates generally hold the same office but one year. During this time the work is mostly immination plus a few doubtful experiments, which are mostly a matter of taste for the sake of variety. The element of immination reflects the character of the college; the element of experimental variety, the character, or literary taste, of the staff. To say in this first number of 1904 what course our paper has mapped out for the ensuing year, would be to dictate to our successors. Consequently we forbear.

The second, apparently, is not self-evident; but, in some cases, not evident at all. Our college paper is not as large as it was formerly for the simple reason that our alumni have failed to give it their financial support. All that we ask of each alumni is to remain a subscriber, and to pay the subscription fee when it is due. Then, as our alumni increase in number each year, our paper has an opportunity to maintain itself not only, but also to make advance instead of retrogression.

We have, at present, about five hundred dollars that is due us from unpaid subscriptions. If, kind reader, you are one of those who has unintentionally neglected the annual remittance, remember for the sake of The Anchor that a New Year's resolution to "owe no man anything" will be highly appreciated.


Our local oratorical contest took place in the chapel on the evening of Jan. 23. This is a month earlier than formerly for the purpose of having sufficient time in preparing the oration of the winning contestant for the state oratorical contest which this year is to be held at Adrian, Mich., on the first Friday in March.

The audience was larger than ever before. The seating capacity of both chapel and Y. M. C. A. room together with as many additional chairs as could be found room for, was barely sufficient to accommodate all. The people of Holland show a greater degree of interest in Hope's endeavors along this line of oratorical achievement.

There was considerable enthusiasm manifested by the students, culminating as usual in class and college yells which rent the air, made the very walls tremble, and deafened the ears of an audience that came to hear orators and not to become a prey to demonstrative outbursts of human voices and tin horns in inharmonious unison under the yell-master of each class.

The orators who contested were the following: from the senior class, Jacob G. Brouwer, subject—"The Trail of the Serpent," and John Van Zomeren, subject—"The Dawn of English Liberty;" from the junior class, Jacob Pelgrim, subject—"The Liberator of Protestantism;" from the sophomore class, Andrew J. Kolyn, subject—"China for the Chinese," and Andrew Stegenga, subject—"The Battle of Tours."

The final rank of the contestants is as follows: Pelgrim,
first; Van Zomeren, second; Kolyn, third; Stegenga, fourth; Brouwer, fifth.

Mr. Pelgrim received three ones in delivery: Mr. Van Zomeren received three ones in thought and style. These two contestants were also honored with receiving the first prizes that have been conferred on these occasions—first prize twenty dollars; second prize fifteen dollars. These prizes were founded by Cornelius Dosker of Grand Rapids.

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The contest on the whole was not the best we have ever had. This was due, perhaps, more to the foul air of the room than to the inability or lack of preparation on the part of the orators.

The first orator on the program to be introduced by Abraham J. Muste, president of Hope's Oratorical Association, was Jacob G. Brouwer. He started out with an earnest effort to capture the good will and undivided attention of his audience. His subject being the "Trail of the Serpent" through that dark and hideous jungle of the history of France, the French Revolution, he painted pale and gloomy scenes whose interpretation necessitated a conclusion that the actors in this tragic drama of human history were ravaging wolves with human ambitions. His strength lay principally in narration and description. Had it not been for his halting and stumbling in the midst of the French Louis, and his more or less extemporaneous and interpolated sentences foreign to the original manuscript, he might have held his audience spell-bound; for all are captivated in a measure by the tragic element in life. But self-possession was gone; intellect was robbed of its mainstay, memory; association, dearest element in life, and worthiest in public speech had left her human tabernacle. What was left was blinded reason and duty veiled.—This, perhaps, was due to the foul air. No one then surmised it.

The next orator was Jacob Pelgrim. With calmness and deliberation, with perfect ease and composure, he introduced to the same docile audience "The Liberator of Protestantism," Gustavus Adolphus. In clearness and richness of voice, he is unsurpassed by any orator Hope has produced. The style of his oration is in accord with his manner of delivery. We do not in the least have any fear in his not taking first place in delivery at the State Oratorical Contest. And yet he was not at his best. Wallenstein was suddenly called into the arena where all was action and strife and victory for Gustavus, with less relevancy than the oration permitted. The climax had been reached, and still that apparently confidential composure kept winged enthusiasm out of reach of the orator's grasp. His face grew paler. In the midst of a short sentence, he broke down, and sank into a chair behind him, having uttered but two words of the sentence, "Mark well." He was then carried out to the council room where he recovered. His was a case quite similar to that of the first orator, but he had sufficient absence of mind to succumb altogether.—This, perhaps, was due to the foul air. All then surmised it.

The audience arose; the windows were opened; "America" was sung.

The program was then resumed. The remaining three orators appeared to be survivors of the wrecks of fallen heroes. They had seen with their minds eye the inglorious fate of French kings and ephemeral leaders. Napoleon becomes "a Prometheus, bound to the lonely rocks of St. Helena, with the vulture of remorse gnawing at his heart." In fancy they had seen Gustavus Adolphus fall, "the wounded charger covered with Gustavus' blood;" in reality they had seen his advocate, their rival, fall.

The next orator after this unexpected intermission was Andrew J. Kolyn. In his dealing with an up-to-date subject, "China for the Chinese," he aroused his hearers to a problem that awaits solution at the hands of more than one statesman. He deals with a question upon which all are certainly not agreed to have the same opinion. His view is well worded and neatly handled, but falls short of rotundity, for the solution of the Chinese problem is still pending. His delivery was rapid and unfinished. The oration and delivery have back of them remarkable ability, which had not the time to manifest itself fully.

The next orator was John Van Zomeren, who centered all the accumulated knowledge of a college course upon "The Dawn of English Liberty" in the battle of Marston Moor. His was a very able oration with a few strong points that were well
adapted to a strong and enthusiastic delivery. Either his training in delivery was at fault, or he broke loose from all directions. The first half or more of the oration was delivered well, and he was on his way to victory; but the second half became somewhat overdone in enthusiastic loudness, which left him in a monotonous trend to the end.

The last orator was Andrew Stegenga, who had to contend against two weaknesses,—first, the choosing of his subject, "The Battle of Tours," and second, a peculiar Dutch brogue. Nevertheless, though these militated against him, he did wisely in entering the contest. This brogue can be overcome, and a less hackneyed subject for an oration can be easily found.

"Sons of Hope" let us stand by our orator, for he is certainly a winner. There is nothing that can cope with him in the way of delivery.

**Jottings.**

1904.

Cave psalmist!
"There goes my fa-ther!"
"Romea, where art thou?"

Make no new paths. Be a Chinamen.

The "younger students" will kindly refrain from placing their "lids" upon the new bust of Geo. Washington.

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Once there was a boy named Runt. He used to pull the Wool over the Per-fesser's Eves. Poor old Per-fesser! But one day the Per-fesser showed the boy that he could C.

O Runt, where art thou?

Chris Brook, a week late? Why, what is the matter?

O, he came in via the Pere Marquette.

Stogie pointing to a Vaudee Ribs advertising sign, "That's local coloring."

Bush recently spent a few days in Hamilton. This makes Douma grin.

Visscher—"I'm sure I know Av—Y better'n any other fellow in town."

Muste was sick for twenty four hours. He thinks it necessary to drop Greek, Logic and Dutch.

Kolyn attended all the prayer meetings held in Hope church recently.

The report is that Prof. N—k is starting a singing school in Overisel.

Simba presented John Douma with a lovely pair of spectacles. Poor John. He has strained his eyes at a gnat.

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8 East Eighth Street. Agency American Laundry.
Prof. V. D. M. and Miss Veneklassen now agree that it takes just 1 hr. 13 min. 30 sec. to reach Kalamazoo from Grand Rapids.

"Come back girls!"

Rev. and Mrs. Dubbink entertained the "western boys" at a New Year's dinner.

Christmas gifts galore! Even Hope college was not forgotten this year.

Dr. Coles of New York presented Hope with a fine bronze bust of George Washington.

Class spirit is arising at the approach of the Home Oratorical Contest.

The first portrait to grace the walls of the corridor of Van Raalte Memorial hall is that of the late Dr. Thomas De Witt. The portrait was presented by Mrs. Jessup, daughter of Dr. De Witt.

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