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Pericles and Aspasia.

We live in an age of self glorification. The latter half of the nineteenth and the beginning of this twentieth century have been such as to make the world satisfied with itself. Material wealth has increased, art has advanced, literature is better and more abundant, science has developed, and inventions and discoveries have been made such as cause us to stop and breathlessly ask ourselves, what next? Well may the world admire herself for what has been accomplished. But amid all this self-congratulation which we hear from the teacher's desk, the platform, and the pulpit, let us go back some twenty odd centuries to that city, small, yet "greater than her fame," lying in the sunny plains of Attica, and to that more brilliant than all succeeding ages—the Golden Age of Athens. We of to-day boast of our knowledge. What is that knowledge compared with the wisdom of Socrates or Plato? We boast of our art. What is our art compared with the magic skill of Phidias? We boast of our literature. What writer of to-day dares compete with Aeschylus? We boast of our intellect, when the intellect of the average Athenian of the Golden Age is said to have been as much superior to ours as ours is superior to that of the thick-lipped African negro of to-day. Even the common laborer in Athens had an education surpassing that of our college graduate. Athens in her Golden Age seized the scepter of mind and intellect and with this magic wand she has swayed the world of thought even to this day. And just as He ever does when wishing to usher
in some world-influencing epoch, God sent a man to Athens who
was to stamp this period with the indelible impress of one great,
all-embracing intellect, and this man was Pericles, the "Zeus of the
Pantheon of Athens."

Pericles, the philosopher, builder, orator, statesman, warrior,
and patron of arts, sciences and literature, was the son of Xanthip-
pus. He was educated under the leading teachers in Athens and
learned the art of war in the field against the old-time enemy of
Athens, Persia. At the down-fall of Cimon and Thucydides, he
took the leading place in the affairs of Athens. Then came his
great political attempt to make the city the center of Hellas. He
failed. This was followed by the long struggle with Sparta. All
through the weary years of the war and down to his very death,
Pericles had one great idea in mind in regard to his beloved city,
and that was to establish such an empire for Athens as would
enable her citizens to subsist entirely on the contributions of their
dependent allies, and, like a race of rulers, to direct and govern the
whole of that empire of which the mere brute force and physical
labor were to be supplied by their subject cities of less noble race.
This was his political dream for Athens. Whether his aspirations
could be realized at all, whether they ought to be realized in the
manner in which Pericles sought to realize them, are questions
which admit of discussion. Perhaps the experience of the world
has driven us to confess that, while leisure is necessary for the
development of the highest natures, the mass are kept from ruin
only by severe and continuous labor. Whether right or wrong in
his policy as a statesman, certain it is that Pericles was sincere in
his convictions as to what he considered right. What more can we
ask of a statesman?

Why need I speak of Pericles as a philosopher, as a warrior, an
orator, or builder, or patron of learning? History is full of the
record of his achievements in these lines. Go to the Acropolis of
Athens and there, amid the ruins of Athenian temples, conjure up
the dead voices of the past and let them speak to you of Athens, the
"Queen of Beautiful Cities," decked by the hand of Pericles.

For fifteen years, Pericles continued his great work among the
people of Athens. Often discouraged and weary—as who of us are
not?—he braved all opposition manfully, cheered and urged on by
the help and sympathy of his dearest friend, Aspasia of Miletus.
She had come to Athens when Pericles first assumed leadership.
Wishing to marry her, he was forbidden to do so by the laws of his
city, which made it a crime to marry a foreign woman. Her con-
temporaries speak naught but good of Aspasia. Scholars, reading
the encomiums of Socrates and Plato concerning her, wonder
whether there would probably appear among womankind a second
Aspasia to delight with the graces of womankind and counsel with
the wisdom of the sage. To the home of Pericles and Aspasia came
Socrates, Plato, Phidias, and Anaxagoras, who looked upon her with
respect and admiration. Here came also others of the Athenians,
many of them accompanied by their wives, for, notwithstanding the
seclusion in which Athenian women generally lived, many came to
this center of intellectual society to enjoy the conversation of
Aspasia. So skilled was she in oratory that Socrates gave her the
praise of "having made many good orators, and one eminent over
all other Greeks, Pericles, the son of Xanthippus." Such was the
friend of Pericles. The love and esteem she bore him silenced the
scruples of womanhood and defied the voice of scandal. She waived
the honors the statutes denied her, and by her devotion to her lord
and faery to Athens preserved in history a place among the great
and virtuous women of the world.

Perhaps nowhere else in the history of the world has such a
collection of geniuses gathered to discuss the common weal as at
the house of Pericles and Aspasia. Here were planned those great
public works of architecture and sculpture which tended to benefit
the people and place the commonwealth of Athens in the vanguard
of human progress for three thousand years.

During the time when Pericles and Aspasia guided the state,
Athens lay quietly at rest from war. But it is in times of peace
that people fail to discriminate between the merely noisy and the
truly great. As the Parthenon arose and its ivory statues of the
gods were laden with golden ornaments, the weight of public taxes
began to cause discontent, and the influence of Aspasia was alleged
as the cause of the departure of Athens from the simpler and less
expensive methods of olden times. Then as the women of Athens
came more and more frequently to the home of Aspasia, there was
more complaint. This overturning of social custom, along with the
practical usurpation by Pericles of the chief power, could not but help to enkindle the greatest resentment. Again, they received openly at their home Zeno, Socrates, and the rest who held heretical views of the future life and questioned the direct power of the gods. And would not thus the very religion of the nation be overthrown and some new and impious worship be established? The weight of all this public displeasure fell on Aspasia. She was tried. Pericles appeared as her advocate. He pleaded for his friend with tears. She was acquitted, but so great was the weight of public opinion against Pericles, that he voluntarily left the city. Those whom it was his dying boast that he had “never made shed a tear,” knew no gratitude. Like many another noble soul, his greatness could not be appreciated fully by his contemporaries. But though Athens in folly and ingratitude might desert her leader; though Pericles might be deprived of command and stripped of power; though Athens might afterwards contritely restore him whose absence endangered her serenity, he needed no re-instatement to that feminine devotion which he had both enjoyed and deserved.

Pericles and Aspasia! Law makers, statesmen, demagogues could not put them asunder; history has joined them inseparably; religion, philosophy, art, and affection have venerated their names. To the last day of life this pair stood together in heart and deed, two of the greatest souls, man and woman, that have ever taken each other by the hand on the public theater of the world. The crowd in anger and derision had mocked them and in insult had attached to their names the epithet, Olympian—truly a worthy and becoming title. For, if indeed Olympus be a place of radiant calm, “Where falls not hail or rain or any snow, Nor ever wind blows loudly”—may not lives so unruffled by the storms of state, so spotless amid temptations of unbounded power, be called in the truest sense Olympian and divine?

Elizabeth L. Grotemat, '08.

Impressions of Browning.

It is beyond our power to write an appreciation of Browning. The glimpses of his wonderfully versatile genius and art which have been gained during a short course of study, make us realize that none but the extensive and intensive reader is able to enter the circle of Browning’s admirers and friends. But it may be of advantage to others to record some definite impressions received, by which one may measure in how far the poems studied have accomplished the purpose of the poet.

Perhaps the virile personality of the man first stamps itself on our minds. Among the contemporaries of Robert Browning one counts Tennyson, the quiet, conservative recluse; Arnold, the doubter and “half-despairing Stoic;” and Rosetti, the morbid society-hater. One hardly expects in a poet of this time the “counterpoise” and strenuousness which pervades the best of Browning’s work. Some of the first poems read, such as “Incident of the French Camp,” “Through the Metida,” and “How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix,” in the “bound on bound full-galloping,” and vying “stride with stride” of the horse bearing his master, cannot but call up the robust eagerness of the writer. The picture of the youth David, the happy assurance of Pippa, must come from a strong optimistic nature. Landor writes of him,

“Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
No man hath walked along our roads with steps
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse.”

Browning was “a man among men.”

And since such was Browning’s nature, may we not expect that he is cosmopolitan in his sympathy? He had a fellow-feeling for men in every condition of life. The uncultured, almost animal Caliban, and the uncompromising, phlegmatic Ivan Ivanovitch, are understood and portrayed by him as clearly as are the philosopher Cleon and the physician Karshish, exponents of the highest culture and skill of the First Century A. D. The rough Cavalier and the passionate musician alike call out his art. He understands the egoistic virtues of to-day as well as “The Faultrless Painter” of long ago. picture of a Bishop of the Renaissance is just as strong
as that of the Apostle of Love. A Pomposilia and a Lucretia are handled with equal delight. And the main reason, we believe, why Browning can portray with such nicety the physician, philosopher, poet, artist, and musician, is that he himself is so pre-eminently "myriad-minded." Moreover, with the highest forms of art, he expresses greatest sympathy. Music, painting, and philosophy have received from his hand as just criticism as from the hand of any man posing as a critic. Can any but a musician interpret "Master Hughes of Saxa-Gotha," or "The Locata of Galuppis?" Do not "Pictor Ignatus," and "Fra Lippo Lippi" give one an insight into the artist soul? What deeper philosophical thought have poems ever expressed than we find in "Clown," "Rabbi Ben-Ezra," and "Bishop Blougram's Apology"?

But thus far we have mainly discussed Browning as a poet of knowledge. He has given us a much higher aspect,—he has given us a principle for life's work. He has shown us that there must be an ideal in life, and that man must attempt to realize this ideal, must "strive and agonize,"—or be lost. This principle pervades his whole work. The ideal which he believes an artist must attain is lacking in the work of Andrea del Sarto; he has not represented the soul in his paintings. The music of Aby Vogler leads him to recognize "the finger of God" because he has "dared and done." And very beautifully do "Youth and Art," and "The Statue and the Bust" place the emotional life as one province which this principle governs. It is because Browning's heart is stirred by such mighty passions and his mind kindled with such noble aspirations, that his message is so fearless. A man who never flinches, who marches "breast-forward," need make no apology for condemning inaction and contentment; such an one may rightly be vexed with those who have reached the "perfection" stage. And is not this message the needful one?

But there comes a still more helpful message from Browning's works. It is the message of the Christ, which Karshish brings us. "The All-Great is the All-Loving too," and we must love him who hath died for us. It is this message, withheld from Clun and Caliban, that alone can make man truly happy. John in the desert had more than all the world, and "now the man

Lies as he lay once, breast to breast with God."

This is Browning's message. He cannot instil it into our lives sweetly and musically. The method of learning the truth must harmonize with the character of the truth revealed. Tennyson wishes to sail slowly across the bar, but Browning expects to "light on ...there as here." This spirit demands a peculiar method of interpretation. "Soul-analysis," the most difficult of arts, Browning perfects for us; and we, in our turn, are required to coin for ourselves the golden nuggets. But we would not have it otherwise, for the value of gold is not appreciated until one must "strive and agonize" for obtaining it.

Browning has brought into my life a realization of what life means. No poet has ever before compelled my wonder, stimulated my activities, and set before me such an ideal as has Robert Browning. His poetry has opened my soul to the worth while as has none before.

Hannah G. Hoekje, '06.

Winter.

With wreathes of fern and flower,
And a crown of crystals bright,
Among us is fair Winter
In her flowing robe of white.

She sweeps along with laughter
As she dances midst the wind,
While little snow-flakes flutter
As a bridal veil behind.

And with a fairy motion
She waves her wand on high,
To cast beneath her magic spell
The earth and sea and sky.

Helen Van Regenmorter, '09.
"Sandy Hill University."

It was a bleak November afternoon when I decided to visit the old red school-house on the hill, often called "Sandy Hill University." The road leading to the old school-house was bare and unattractive, but to me it seemed fascinating, and brought back many cherished memories. The old apple orchard where the children, going to school, filled their pockets with rosy apples; the horse-stables opposite the village church, where they played hide and seek; the old grist-mill, with the millpond, where the boys skated in the winter; the busy creamery (the center of gossip for the farmers), where they loved to hear the whir of the machinery, and watch the men at their work; all these things brought with them a host of pleasant recollections.

After turning a corner the famous school-house suddenly came into sight. Imagine a high, sandy hill like one of the sand dunes of Lake Michigan. Surround this on the north and east by a dense woods, in which grow flowers, berries and other things that children think worth while tramping after. Fancy a road running north and south immediately to the west of the building, and a lovely little valley on the south, and you have an idea of the beautiful location of "Sandy Hill University," as it was, and still is, known to some of our professors. In such a conspicuous place as this former stood this school house, surrounded by groups of maple trees, with the flag floating above them all.

In its stead there was a modern two-room structure. The rambling wooden building with its coat of bright red paint, the old box stove, the long benches, the birch rod, and even the old-fashioned teachers, were gone. It seemed as if the later architectural attempts had swept away all traces of the early school-house. The interior of the present school was divided into two rooms, painted a dull blue-gray, with a brown wainscoting about three feet high, running around the walls. The rooms were attractive. On the walls were many beautiful pictures, especially of the great men of our country, smiling down at the children as they studied their lessons. Evergreens, brightened by the beautiful scarlet winter berries, strung like beads on the brown twigs, made the room look still more cheerful. In one corner of the larger room stood a small square table, covered with all kinds of stones and fossils, which were especially interesting to the pupils of the higher grades. Little wonder that the children enjoyed coming to such an attractive school as was theirs!

Upon entering the smaller room, I found a young lady in charge of thirty or forty restless youngsters, ranging from five to eleven years in age. On this particular afternoon the children, who were usually good, seemed to delight in doing everything except what the teacher desired them to do. Some were whispering and laughing; others were playing little games and puzzles on their slates; while still others did everything they could to annoy those who were trying to study.

In the larger room was a tall, young man, who also had charge of thirty or forty children. He seemed to enjoy his work very much, since he entered into it with heart and soul. But this afternoon his pupils too, were restless, because it was Friday and they were anxious to get home.

As I walked slowly homeward in the dusk, thinking of the changes that had come over "Sandy Hill University," I thought that the one that grieved me most was that the beautiful woods in which, as a child, I had loved to spend my spare hours, was so rapidly disappearing under the cruel axe of the unromantic woodman.

EVA HERMIONE FORTUNE, "B"
The Anchor

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THE GIRLS NUMBER.

As much as it has been several years since the Anchor has been edited by the "Co-eds" of Hope College, the staff have entrusted this January number to the girls for publication. Many of us make our first bow to our readers as public writers, and we ask your leniency of judgment on our maiden efforts. To edit a paper the size of the Anchor is no small matter even for such experienced journalists as compose the Anchor staff. How much more difficult it is, then, for us inexperienced "Co-eds," we leave for our kind and impartial critics to judge. With wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year to all our readers, the "Co-eds" of Hope College send forth the first issue of the Anchor for 1906.

The New Dormitory.

Only a very few years ago the bare possiblity of a girls' dormitory in the dim and distant future seemed to us nothing other than a mere "pipe dream", as Kipling would say. But our President, with his eyes always upon the stars, seems fairly to hypnotize the hand that holds the golden stores, and the impossible becomes a reality, or at least as much of a reality as the signature of the friend of the Students at Hope, Ralph Voorhees, can make it so. It seems peculiarly appropriate that the check should have been made out by the hand of a woman, for Mrs. Voorhees is ever ready with sympathy for, and good-will toward our girls. Hope has always been most happy in the many friends that have stood with shoulder to the wheel, ever ready to help her over the hard places. And now, when it has seemed almost a necessity that our girls have some place to take, in a measure, the place of their own homes, a friend steps forth with the necessary help, and no longer will the lack of congenial surroundings be the cause of anxiety to the home-people. Our President will take a jaunt through the country in order to inform himself with regard to the best and most modern of women's dormitories, and we may rest assured that, when our faithful friend takes things into his hands, we shall have nothing short of the very best. And if all goes well, many of us will be "honored" next year in a splendid thirty-five thousand dollar dormitory, to be erected on the north-west corner of the campus. Some one has said that to be the friend of the students was the greatest honor that he could ask, and if ever any man has proved to be the friend of the students at Hope, it is our own Dr. Kollen. In the name of the girls at Hope, we express our great appreciation of all that our President has done for us.
"What We Love, We Have."

"What we love, we have." It is not essential to perfect enjoyment of life to possess great art galleries or libraries or vast estates, full of beautiful scenery to delight our eyes. Often we find that the poor man who has had no means of education and owns no library, except, perhaps, two or three well-worn books, has a mind more cultured and more appreciative of good literature than he who possesses a large library of gilt-edged volumes, the leaves of which, perchance, have never been cut. The farm-hand who pauses to look at a sunrise, as he walks to the barn to milk the cows, may have more real love of beauty in his soul than the millionaire with his magnificent gallery of paintings. The mere possession of a master-piece does not make it our own. He who can see the soul in the paint and canvas, he who can grasp the artist's conception,—he is the real owner. The love of money and the greed of money-getting have blinded the people of our time to the really beautiful. The first question always is, "How much did it cost?" Of two equally good paintings, undoubtedly the one for which he paid ten thousand dollars will delight the average American just twice as much as the one he purchased for five thousand dollars. True delight is more often found in these things which cost nothing, and which all who love may have. The songs of birds, the prattle of little children, the falling of a star, a rainbow, or the glint of sunshine on the waters of a lake,—all these are the treasures of him who has learned to love them. Strange as it may seem, the most priceless treasures are those which can not be bought, for

"'Tis Heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

And in regard to these, too, what we love, we have.

The Hope College Boy.

THE Hope College boy is a creature belonging to the genus homo, but, judging from his present status, it will take many years and many hard knocks before he will be rounded out into even a faint resemblance to the full-grown, well-developed man. However, he fondly imagines that even now he is an ornament to his genus, and delights in nothing more than to be called "a man," ringing the changes upon the phrase whenever and wherever he can. He talks grandly of his experience; he passes upon the illustrations of his Professors with grave impunity, and does not hesitate to say, "Can't you give us a better illustration than that, Professor?" He does not hesitate to express his opinion with regard to the ultimate end of our great and good United States, should the President, the Senate, or the Political parties not do as he says they must inevitably do. He overrides with the calmness of half a century of worldly wisdom the dictates of his college President; he says to his fellows: "Why take Greek?", and they echo, "Yes! Why?"—and they simply discontinue, ignoring the pleadings and threatenings of their Professors. He calmly announces that he thinks the lesson or quiz for that day should be postponed, and postponed it is. Oh! he is a creature of self-assurance and self-assertion—this Hope College boy. And, yet, where will one find boys more loyal to one another? One elects, in this age of electives, to skip Bible Study, and his fellows will reply to inquiry: "I think he's sick, Professor." He quietly (?) sits behind his fellow and coaches him in his recitations. One (or a dozen) "stacks" a room, and who and where is the culprit? It
might be the Evil One himself as far as the boys are concerned. And then, last of all, in times of joy and ready money, he never forsakes his fellow—until the cash is gone, when he goes sadly roundward.

The Hope College boy is the soul of chivalry. He accidently bumps into a Co-ed and stands back in abject apology; meanwhile, the young lady is picking her "belongings" from the floor and tripping merrily away, leaving him still painfully blushing.

The Hope college fellows are divided into two classes, the "Frats" and the "Cosmos"—with all due respect to the "Preps," for they will be one or the other some day. The "Frats" wear white vests at social functions, and with the exception of two or three of them, are not afraid of girls; on the other hand, the "Cosmos" revel in debates and brains. Now, when these Hope college boys attain full maturity, they will all make splendid men. Some of them, perhaps, will be the very backbone of our nation, and we shall the while be proud of the fact that we knew the Hope College boy personally.

The Girl.

The Spectator Watches Daily Doings at Hope.

Dec. 3—Sunday.
Major Premise—There is a certain charming young lady in Grand Rapids.
Minor Premise—Prof. Mast spent today in Grand Rapids.
Conclusion—Therefore Prof. Mast saw the young lady.

Dec. 4—Monday.
In chapel Dr. Kollen said, "Prof. Dimmert has been detained in Chicago, and will not meet his classes." Thundering applause.—but I advise you to be prepared for tomorrow's recitation." Applause was so faint that it might have been an echo of the moment before.

Dec. 5—Tuesday.
Extract from readings to Sophomores, by Prof. Nykerk: "A boy is a hard thing to get a moral from." Dr. Bergen and Nauta, '09, heatedly discuss Confucianism and strange to say neither is convinced.

Dec. 6—Wednesday.
Prof. Vander Meulen—"This is so even in children, now with the Seniors this morning—" Laughter.
"Shush! Shush! Shush!"
"Keep your eyes on the stars though your soles be in the mud." A fair Junior finds her University Physics as a result of Dr. Kollen's address upon "Honesty." The Juniors throw snow-balls.

Dec. 7—Thursday.
"Small boys must not throw snow-balls" is an extract from Dr. Kollen's morning talk, and the Juniors laugh—really these "small boys" are such dead-give-aways. Vrauwink got up early. Don't let it ever happen again, Vrauwink.

Dec. 8—Friday.
Dr. Kollen objects to the new fangled sofa-pillows decorating the settee upon the chapel rostrum. Boys' hats are for one's head, not for our President and Prof. Raap to sit upon. "I cannot say that I agree with Plato in everything," Hankamp, '07.

Dec. 9—Saturday.
Surprising demonstration of moral sensibility! Every fellow worked on the skating rink (even the laziest)—because—it meant hard cash if he didn't. Why don't the Professors institute a fine-system in the class-rooms,—might get some of them to work then.
ON THE CAMPUS.

THINGS AS THEY ARE.

The Anchor

Dec. 10—Sunday.
"Colder and louder blew the north wind," and some people didn't go to church—wonder why?

Dec. 11—Monday.
Dr. Bergen left for Chicago on the noon train,—students smiled significantly at the rare co-incidence in the case, and did not prepare Bible study for Tuesday.

Dec. 12—Tuesday.
But Dr. Bergen was in his lecture-room handing out goose eggs as usual. A Junior made this remark to Prof. Nykerk: "Oh, the Sophmores can do anything with you." And Prof. Nykerk said to that class, "And if anyone could do anything with me it would be these ladies," The girls thought of their marks and shook their heads vigorously.

Dec. 13—Wednesday.
Prof. Dimmick: "The egg from which the theological chicken of the modern Dutch Reformed Church was hatched, was laid by a Greek hen." Prof. Vander Meulen's latest branch—Domestic Science. Practical demonstrations before chapel in a private kitchen on East Ninth street.

Dec. 14—Thursday.
Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ha! Ha—ah! Ho! Ho—oh!
Naughty Seven! Naughty Seven!

Dec. 15—Friday.
A visit from the renowned Music Master, A. Judson Kolyn, and his famous Orchestra of thirty pieces charmed the "aesthetic ear" of the Fraternals. A. C. Dykema had hoped that he would hear something decent. Ye gods and little fishes! What more can he want?

Dec. 16—Saturday.
Skating! Skating! Skating!
But not on the new rink. Actually, Macatawa Bay will freeze over before our little fish pond has a chance. "Just wait until next term," the boys say and the girls wait in fond hopes.
DEC. 17—SUNDAY.

Hope church choir-girls grow merry over the antics of staid and dignified Seniors. Our Seniors ought to be bright and shining examples to the lower class-men, but—oh...!!...??

DEC. 18—MONDAY.

"Ten dollars reward for the arrest of the foul fiend—" (It will take more than ten dollars to catch his Satanic majesty). Of course the Sophomores understood that Prof. Nykerk meant the fellows that stacked his lecture-room. It was a low down trick, and the application of name was none too strong.

DEC. 19—TUESDAY.

Quizzes and exams are making life miserable. They seem to be a necessary evil before the Christmas season, and students console themselves with thinking how prosaic and unexciting it would be to miss that part of the pleasures (?) of Yule-tide.

DEC. 20—WEDNESDAY.

In an institution called
By the optimistic name, "Hope,"
The students stand appalled,
And wickedly wish to give dope
To the Professors.
You ask why such stringent measures?
"Simply because the professors are clams,
And won't suit our pleasures,
And quit giving us exams,"
Say the Students.

People are still wondering why the students gave evidence, by such thundering applause, of their appreciation of Mr. Post's pupils at the Pease-Post Recital. It is a puzzle that might be good food for thought for the musical faculty.

DEC. 21—THURSDAY.

The Fraternals made the hit of the year. Not only did they bring wreaths of smiles to the face of our genial President, win the hearts of the co-eds on the spot, but even silenced the hisses of the Cosmopolitans and lower class-men. And they accomplished this three fold wonder just before chapel exercises by the singing, to the tune "Tammany," of the following stanzas:

CARNegie.

A. C. Van Raalte in 1847 came to town.
He built old Hope College, now the best that can be found,
But he chopped down trees and got his exercise, they say.
Now a Scotchman, Carnegie, has shown a better way.

CHORUS.

Carnegie, Carnegie,
He's the man who built our gym,
We will sing this song for him.
Carnegie, Carnegie, Mackay can preach and he's a peach; so's Carnegie.
Doctor Kollen is the man whom everybody loves;
He's the man we honor all the other three above.
He can get the money; he's a friend of all the boys,
He has got our gym for us, and that's why all this noise.

CHORUS.

Carnegie, Carnegie,
He's the man who built our gym,
We will sing this song for him.
Carnegie, Carnegie, Prexy we love; he got the dough of Carnegie.

DEC. 22—FRIDAY.

The air was rife with such salutations as: "Wish you Merry Christmas," "Thanks! Happy New Year!" "Yes, the 'lerrn-forty car. When you going? Noon train?" "Say, can I borrow seventy-five of von—just to carry me to Grand Rapids?" "No! I'm dollar an' a-half in the hole now." "Yes! I'll write or-er-at least I'll send you a postal." "Take care of yourself old man," and the college halls are cold and deserted while the Spectator plods slowly homeward—sorry that his month's stay at Hope has come to an end.
Quail Song.

From the German by Miss C. Krell, Instructor in English.

Hark, how so sweetly yonder it rings!
“Fear thou God! fear thou God!”
Soft to my ear the quail his song brings.
Encircle the singer green stalks of the field,
While warns be the bearer his tribute to yield;
“Love thou God! love thou God!”
He is so good in mercy to shield.
Again he instructs in quick changing song:
“Praise thou God! praise thou God!”
He can reward thee all thy life long.
Sest thou the field of beautiful grain?
Dweller on earth, behold not in vain!
“Thank thou God! thank thou God!”
He will ever uphold and sustain.
If the Ruler of Nature in storm thee affright,
“Pray to God! pray to God!”
He will preserve the field dear to thy sight.
Should thought of the future cause thee to fear,
Again may the song of the quail give thee cheer:
“Trust thou God! trust thou God!”
Teaches the singer in notes sweet and clear.

Wachtlied.

Hoch, wie schall'ts deut'en so lieblich herzen!
“Furchte Gott! furchte Gott!”
Ruft mir der Wachtel in's Ohr.
Szallt in Grasen, von Holmen umrollt,
Macht sie den Horcher am Staudenfeld;
“Lobe Gott! lobe Gott!”
Er ist so gut und mild.
Wieder bekundet ihr kunstvoller Schlag:
“Lobe Gott! lobe Gott!”
Der dir zu hören vermag
Sich die herrlichen Freude im Feld?
Sieh sie mit Bahrung, Bewohner der Welt.
“Danke Gott! danke Gott!”
Der dich erachtet und ernannt.
Scheidet dich im Wetter der Herr der Natur —
“Hatte Gott! hatte Gott!”
Und er verschenkt die Flur.
Machen die kunstigen Tage dich bing,
Trage dich wieder der Wachtelruf von;
“Trage Gott! trage Gott!”
Deutet ihr lieblicher Klang.

Jottings.

What Santa brought to some of the faculty:
Dr. Kollen—A set of patent, self-ejecting, non openable, automatic, bomb-proof locks.
Prof. Nykerk—See Doctor Kollen above. Also, one package of rusk.
Prof. Uttena—New windmill shaft.
Prof. Boers—a set of military hair brushes.
Prof. Brush—a new overcoat.
Prof. Rup—at the possibility of an increase in his Dutch classes, and quiet in the Reading room.
Prof. Mast—Three or four matrimonial possibilities.
Prof. Dinament—A vacation in Homeric Greek.
Prof. Kleinheksel—A goat-shed.
Dr. Bergen—“Grace”.
K—p says his marks have come from the Netherlands, and he has enough credits to enter the “Sem”.
Who is the latest rock of offence and stumbling block to would-be “domines”?
Oggele begs to differ with Prof. N. as to the value of Malta Vita as a brain food.
Kolyn—“Any letters?”
Postman—“Yes, six cents due though.”
Authorities say that the skating pond will be ready for commencement.
Have you seen Kanter’s foot-ball pictures?
Prof. Nykerk’s latest menu—rusks, celery, lemonade (without sugar), and green peas.
Ask Abie Van Houten about his “bargain in frames”.
The latest organization at Hope—“The Serpent’s Fangs.” Ask Kolyn or De Vries about it.
Dr. Bergen’s favorite hymn—“Saved by Grace.”
Prof. Nykerk, upon the tardy entrance of Miss T., “Books aside. Wait until this whirl wind passes.”
Nichols’ and De Krak’s marks for the past term were extraordinary, each received one hundred on the Chemistry exam.
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Miss Barnaby is about to join the ranks and become a "lay
man."

Some of the speakers of the Oratorical contest are thinking as
much of the income as the outcome of the decision.

Mr. Dykstra—"Why, they always send your mail to me first,
Miss Brusse."
The following is an extract from an essay on Whittier, expressing
Van Raalt's ideas on marriage: "Whittier was never married.
He believed in God."

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Miss Nettie De Jong's course for this term: Political Eco-


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omy, History of Philosophy, Abnormal Psychology, French, Ped-

Ray V. started from Grand Rapids on Friday, Dec. 22, on the
seven o'clock car, but never reached Holland until 12:25. What
slow time the Interurban makes! Later it was found that the car
was wrecked in Zeeland. Where was De Kruif?

Miss M. T.—"Well, my George."
Mr. G. R.—"Not 'is', but 'will be.'"
Van Vleck—2:00 A. M. Augie, entering hurriedly,—"John,
wake up—quick. Where is your skeleton key?"

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An extract from Alma's French Grammar: "Geo. DeKruif has
been engaged three times within one year." "Signed' Ray V.

Dean—"What difference does the color of the paper make, as
long as the questions are the same?"

Miss W. says Augie was rabbit hunting at Fennville during
Christmas vacation.

Rose—"Jim Dyk. always calls me Miss Brus, I think it is
about time he calls me by my first name."

"Which will you take, Jennie, tea or coffee?"

"Neither, thank you. I never drink anything but Van Hou-
ten's cocoa."

Roest received countless souvenir postsals from Detroit during
Christmas week.
Dr. Bergen—"Give the date of Christ's birth, Miss DeYoung."
Miss Alma—"Christmas Day."

Roggen is the first to accept Prof. Van der Meulen's kind invitation to his home, "for a square meal, and an introduction to my beautiful sisters-in-law."

Oh! Jennie at a party,
Oh! Jennie at the church,
Oh! Jennie wherever you may search,
Oh! Jennie at the break of day,
Oh! Jennie at the close,
Oh! wherever Jennie is,
There Jimmie surely goes.
Oh! Jimmie used to stay at home
And get his lesson there,
But she's his only lesson now
And she's his only care;
But when his great big brother John
Hands him out a flunk or two
I wonder what will Jennie think
And what will Jimmie do?

Miss Krell—(in Rhetoric class)—"George Roest, sit up in your seat."
George—"I didn't get much sleep last night."
Miss K.—"It isn't my fault if you didn't."

Who sings Annie Laurie for the sake of the line, "Like the dew on Gowans lying?"

Prof. Bergen in Bible Study—"Pleune, I'm piping to you and you're gassing.

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