THE ANCHOR

CONTEST NUMBER

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The Anchor
"Opera in Ve"
The colonists were exasperated and puzzled. Their commerce and prosperity was ruined by the rigorous trade laws; their rights of property infringed by the Writs of Assistance; their personal liberty trampled under foot by the presence of the insolent "redcoats"; and now the much dreaded Stamp Acts were meant to fleece them of their hard-earned gain. It was a burden grievous to bear! But what could be done? To refuse obedience to the laws of the mother country was the height of disloyalty; to submit blindly to the arbitrary acts of an autocratic government meant the surrender of their natural liberty. To bear it was impossible! To resist was treason! A deep gloom settled like a pall over the colonies. Everywhere hung heavy the same oppressive feeling of expectancy—wait, wait.

While America was thus silent with the consciousness of impending danger, our hero enters upon the scene. In the capital of Williamsburg the Virginia legislature is discussing the question how to deal with the newly passed Stamp Act. The session is drawing to a close and nothing has yet been said or done in any way to clear up the difficulty. Now it is that Patrick Henry comes forward. It is the first time he appears before that venerable body. A child of nature who has roamed the woods where his whims or fancy led him, his mind is untrammeled by those cobwebs of conscience which blinded the eyes of the American people. With the strong instincts of his nature unsullied by the trumpery and flummery of civilized life he feels immediately the proper attitude for America to take toward a domineering mother country. From the fly-leaf of an old law-book he reads, one by one, the articles which have since become known as the famous Virginia Resolves, in which he sets forth the rights of the colonies to refuse obedience to the Stamp Acts. The old political leaders grow pale with rage as they see this unknown novice assume the leadership of the house by dictating the policy of the government; and as Patrick Henry winds up with an eloquent speech, cries of "Treason, Treason" burst from their angry lips. They heap upon his head all manner of abuse and calumny. They try to intimidate him with their threats and reproaches. But Patrick Henry is not to be daunted. Young though he is, inexperienced and unacquainted with the forms of parlia-

dation, he is determined to advocate the right as he sees it, with ever-increasing eloquence. But the right was heard, and finally the eloquence of Patrick Henry won the day, and the Virginia Resolves became history.

The news of the passage of these resolutions spread like wild-fire. Everywhere the news was received with the wildest enthusiasm. The spell was broken. The inviolable sanctity which the popular mind had attached to all laws of the mother country was dispelled as by magic. Grief gave way to indignation. The fearful silence was followed by loud cries of resistance. Henceforward the people were ready to resist every infringement of their natural liberty, to oppose every form of arbitrary government, and to maintain their inalienable right that "taxation without representation is tyranny."

The first act in the drama of Patrick Henry's national career was ended. For nine years after this lightning stroke of his genius had started the conflagration of the opposition, the star of his greatness shone on in comparative obscurity, until once more a great crisis calls him into prominence.

It is the twenty-third day of March, 1775. The second revolutionary convention of Virginia is in session in the old St. John's Church in Richmond to consider what steps it shall be necessary to take to resist successfully the arbitrary execution of unjust laws. All the other colonies have already taken the necessary precautions. Virginia has as yet done nothing, and now the proposed measure for putting the colony in a state of armed defence meets with violent opposition. Shall the proposed measures fail? Shall Virginia refuse to join hands with her sister colonies in the common cause of humanity and justice? Shall American independence be crushed in the bud by the iron grasp of the British oppressor?

Patrick Henry once more comes forward as the champion of freedom. He points out to the convention the futility of all past attempts at a peaceful reconciliation. Shall America still trust the insidious smile of her arch-enemy? Shall she stand idle till she feel the clutch of the assassin's hand at her throat? Then, then would she realize the critical nature of her situation. Then, then would she attempt to strike. But then it would be too late. Let her strike now, while still the shackles of slavery are clanking at the distant forge! Let her beat back the enemy now, before the countless hordes of mercenaries swoop down upon the land!
The effect of that inimitable speech was tremendous. The audience was entranced as he wound up with those immortal words which still ring through the centuries. "Is life so dear, or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

The debate was ended. The resolutions were passed. Up from the halls of the old church a glad cry of rejoicing rose upon the air, the winds carried the news along, until the air of two continents re-echoed with the sound. When four weeks later the clash of resounding arms upon the plains of Lexington and Concord announced the beginning of the war, every colony from New Hampshire to Georgia stood ready to fight for the common cause of freedom.

One scene more and our picture of Patrick Henry's life is complete. It is the year 1799. After many years of faithful service to his country, Patrick Henry, now an old man, is passing the few remaining years of his life in peaceful retirement with his family at Red Hill, Virginia. The united government, on the other hand, which had been formed out of the thirteen independent colonies, is come to a crisis. The big black clouds of political discord, which had long been looming up above the distant horizon, have suddenly darkened the whole sky; and, uniting thick and fast, threaten to burst with overwhelming torrents of destruction upon the land, and sweep this young republic forever from off the face of the globe. Since the adoption of the constitution, party feeling had been running high. Genet, the fanatical minister of the French Revolutionists, stirred up a still stronger feeling of animosity against the party in power. Secret political societies, hostile to the government, sprang into existence all over the country. Finally, the ill-endeavored Alien and Sedition Laws of the federal administration of John Adams brought matters to a climax. The excited populace and the insulted press exclaimed loudly against the tyrannical policy of the government. In Virginia and Kentucky the issue crystallized in the form of two sets of resolutions before the legislature of the two states maintaining the supremacy of the states against the authority of the national government. Virginia was stocking her arsenals with munitions of war to uphold her claims by force of arms. At the coming election the question would be voted upon by the people. If the revolutionists shall win out at the polls, civil war is inevitable, and with Great Britain ready to aid the rebels, and a war with France demanding all the resources of the country, this young republic must inevitably go down in ruins, and government of the people, by the people, and for the people, perish forever from the earth.

At the personal appeal of George Washington, Patrick Henry decides to go forth once more to address the people. Imagine yourselves at the county court-house on election day. Bowed with age and sick with disease, Patrick Henry rises to address the thousands who are there gathered together to hear him. At first he speaks with difficulty; but soon, as he warms up to the subject of his country's welfare, a wonderful transformation comes over him. The features of his careworn face beam with the glow of enthusiasm; his eyes sparkle as with a supernatural light; his cracked and tremulous voice rings out clear and strong as in the days of his youth. He pleads with his fellow-citizens not so rashly to overthrow the government which it has cost the life-blood of their fathers and brothers to establish. The speech accomplished the desired end; the election resulted in favor of the federalists. The government was safe.

Is it necessary still further to plead the merits of our hero? On thrice different occasions were you witness of his far-sighted statesmanship, his matchless eloquence, and his self-sacrificing patriotism. You saw him in the Virginia legislature denouncing the policy of the British government. While the colonial press was content to render the odious Stamp Act as palatable as possible, while the leading men of America were silent, and even Benjamin Franklin could offer no other course than temporary submission, Patrick Henry alone stood forth to advocate resistance. The day-star of liberty, he rose over the thirteen million colonists oppressed with the Egyptian darkness of a moral and political plague, and illumined their benighted minds with a clearer vision, and gave to their trembling hearts a steadfast purpose. Again, you saw him in the second revolutionary convention of Virginia pleading for the armed defence of the colony. There by one master stroke of his wonderful genius he united the scattered forces of the colonies for combined resistance to British oppression. Finally you saw him
in the last speech of his life soothe the excited passions of the people and thus save the government from certain destruction. Out of the throes of deliverance Patrick Henry brought to life the idea of independence; in its struggle for recognition he caused it to realize itself as a political fact, at the crucial moment of its political existence he saved it for a lasting blessing to mankind. The glorious civilization of this great nation, sending its roots down deep into the truth that all men are created equal, shedding its mellow fruits of peace and happiness upon even the most distant parts of the earth, rises an ever grander monument to the memory of Patrick Henry, the father of American independence.

J. W. Douma, '06.

Joan Of Arc.

HEROISM is an individual characteristic. No one can tell whence it comes or where it may spring forth. No man of high degree is born an heir to heroism. There is no man of low estate, who may not at the opportune time, be found possessed of the courage which responds to the call of duty, regardless of personal safety, animated by no hope of reward, and inspired only by the righteousness of the cause.

The shepherd David, when he went to meet Goliath, did not seek renown, but with devotion to his God and country, brave-hearted, valiant and courageous, took away the "reproach" from the people of Israel, and delivered them from the hands of the Philistines.

In the fifteenth century, Joan of Arc, the savior of France, appears. She, a peasant girl, the keeper of her father's sheep, ignorant of the world, but of a devoutly religious nature, implicitly believed in her God, and was inspired by the teaching of the word. By her courage and bravery, she taught the people of France that the God of Israel still lives, and that with his aid she would deliver them from their enemies.

Previous to the year one thousand, France was composed of a number of semi-independent states, each ruled by a baron or landowner whose principal occupation was to make war upon his neighbor. The Crusades to the Holy Land, undertaken at enormous cost of lives and treasure, gradually abolished this serfdom, broke up this feudal system, and substituted a common law for the arbitrary will of chiefs. It also awakened and stimulated in the people an interest in learning, trade and manufacture, until France became in time one of the powers of Europe.

But France was being devastated by the English, who had made serious invasions in the northern and central portions of the kingdom and plunged France into a hundred year's war. Struggling for its national existence, torn by foes from without, rent asunder by dissensions and civil wars, France is in political decay, powerless to resist its enemies, weak and helpless. The time is opportune for England. Edward the Third, with renewed energy, and gathering courage from former victories, now tries to seize the throne itself. Weary of the struggle, whole provinces flock to his standard. Year after year the war drags on, yet neither side can claim the final triumph. Seventy years pass by. The strife is still on. The northern provinces acknowledge Henry the Fifth of England, the south is loyal to Charles the Seventh of France.

Shall the country be subjugated by its foes? Shall France be ruled as a vanquished country by a foreign power, or shall she remain an independent and powerful monarchy, united under one banner and one king? Who now can restore the confidence of the people and snatch victory from defeat? The king is weak and helpless, the leading generals are alienated from their sovereign, or embroiled in petty jealousies; the army is discouraged by repeated failure. Clouds of despair hang over all the land. Orleans is crying out for help. When lo, a voice is heard.—"I am Joan, the Maid, sent by God to save France." Thus she announces her mission.

Ask you what so animated this youthful maid? She claimed, at an early age, to have seen visions and heard voices which were meaningless to her at first, and filled her with wonder and awe. But the voices and visions became plainer and clearer, and when she learned the condition of her country, and heard the prophecy that France would "be made desolate by a woman, and redeemed by a virgin," she realized that the supernatural voices were not a dream, but were inspired, and that she was to be the instrument in God's hand for the salvation of France.
Fearlessly she stands before the king, claiming nothing for herself, but acknowledging that God will give her victory. The dignitaries of the church, the advisors of the king, all look upon her as mad, and deride her claim. Can she, an ignorant peasant girl, unskilled in the art of war, can she save France?

But the crisis is at hand. In Orleans the great battle is to be fought. Around this little city is woven the destiny of the nation. Feudal armies had failed to save it. The fortifications about Orleans are in the hands of the English; nothing remains but for the defenders upon its walls to capitulate. The common people are not loyal to their king, and in the hour of gloom it will require more than human power to awaken in them the spirit of patriotism. Some force unseen, unknown, must succor them, and turn defeat to victory.

The celestial voices which commanded Joan, and impelled her to action were not without effect upon the people of that superstitious age. Her serene confidence in these mysterious messages woke the credulity of king, courtier and peasant.

In times of stress and peril, when ordinary agencies have failed to afford relief so devoutly longed and striven for, when hearts despair and almost cease their functions, when hope for the future is all but blotted from the mind, how quickly we are attracted even by a faint distant glimmer,—a light, which promises but little, yet with its spreading rays, pierces the darkness which envelops the soul. We grasp for the succor but dimly seen, not questioning how or whence it comes, if but with it comes hope.

So here, despondency and gloom give way to enthusiasm, and a small but mighty host, mighty because imbued with the idea that supernatural forces are marshalled with them for battle, rally to her standard. Shielded by her who was divinely called and upon whom was placed the responsibility of saving France, they set out for the deliverance of the besieged city. The feats of valor performed at the siege of Orleans are not deeds of a disheartened army, but, encouraged by Joan, their inspired heroine, the French are successful. City after city is taken, victory follows victory. Though wounded she leads on; undaunted, her armies follow. Despair turns to hope, jealousy and civil strife are crowded out by patriotism. The English are driven back, the south country is free from its enemies, and there is nothing to prevent the speedy coronation of the dauphin, except the possibility of resistance by the city of Rheims. Rheims however, offers no resistance, and the entry into the sacred town, where all the Kings of France were crowned, becomes a triumphal march.

Joan's mission is now completed; as the handmaiden of God she has done her work. For the services performed to her country, the king in his gratitude would have bestowed upon her royal honors; but it was not praise or honor that she had labored and suffered for. The nobles looked upon her with kindness and admiration, not with the admiration of chivalry, but as a servant who had accomplished a difficult commission. The common people prostrated themselves in reverence and gratitude at her feet. Is she now to enter into the glory of her reward? Will the voices that led her to success continue to counsel and sustain her? No. Her glorious career will now soon end.

There are some heroes whose career is not dimmed by adversity. We do not begrudge them their reward, yet we do not follow them in prosperity with that intense interest felt for them in their struggles. We are satisfied that they should live and die happy, but our hearts go out in love and sympathy to those who tread the paths of sorrow, for whom life is but pain.

Gladly would Joan now have returned to her humble home, but her eyes will not again be brightened by the scenes of her childhood days. The leaders of France would not part with one whom the people adored and would blindly follow. Persuaded to put on her armor, and rid her beloved France forever from the English, she again leads her army to battle. But now no victory crowns her banner. No new city does she present to her king. Wounded, but undaunted, betrayed, can it be by the treachery of her own people, she is taken as a prisoner, chained to her captors, guarded by soldiers, and sold to her foes, the English. No blush of shame, no thought of disgrace comes to her in her dungeon, but the feeling of a duty well done cheers her in her solitude. Will the king offer for her release a ransom? Will the army which she so courageously led attempt her deliverance? Is there not one gallant knight in this age of chivalry who will come to her rescue?
After months of imprisonment, chained in her dungeon, day and night under the scrutiny of brutal soldiers, who try to wring from her some admission to be used against her, emaciated by sickness, denied the consolation of the sacred rites of the church, which at all times had been her stay and comfort, she is summoned before the bishop and ecclesiastical court of the leading churchmen to answer to the charge of heresy and sorcery,—heresy and sorcery!—this maiden, whose life had been devoted to Christian deeds, who had zealously obeyed the teachings and precepts of the church! The questions put to her cover a range limited only by the ability of the inquisitors. Whatever her answers may be, her final conviction and doom are inevitable. The English must obtain their revenge. The French nobles would rejoice in the removal of this peasant girl, the idol of her people, who had accomplished what they failed to do. After weeks of public and private examination, deprived of counsel, Joan is declared to be a heretic and is condemned to death.

The scaffold is prepared. The executioners are ready. Clothed in robes of sacrifice, the maiden is bound to the stake. Alone upon that fiery funeral pyre, erected high above the surrounding multitude, she calmly awaits the fatal flames with a courage almost divine. “Sustained and soothed by an unaltering trust” in God, with eyes looking up into the great beyond, we feel that the windows of her heroic soul have opened to her view things celestial, and in this supreme hour of trial she sees whence came those voices which in childhood spurred her on. And now that this frail body is given to the flames, her soul leaves its earthly temple, and mounts to that mysterious realm which mortals cannot fathom.

Thus a noble life, devoted to a nation’s cause, was ended by a martyr’s death. But however the end, her life was not a failure. Such sacrifice for lofty principles cannot be dimmed by death. The smoke of her funeral pyre, rolling up in a thick column, may hide her from our sight, and may for a time obscure her, but succeeding time, dispelling the smoke which surrounded her, reveals to view a pure, unselfish, noble womanhood. And though a blackened and charred heap is her mortal end, the memory of her pure, self-sacrificing life and triumphant death has deeply engraved on the hearts of her countrymen the name of their heroine, the “Deliverer of France”—JOAN OF ARC.

Mae L. BRUSSE, '07.
THE ANCHOR.

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The annual oratorical contest at Hope was held in Winants Chapel on the evening of February the second. It was in every way a successful contest. The large audience bespoke the interest of Holland's people in the efforts of their college. The yells were quite humane, and the agreement to give each class the time to have its say made the yells prove pleasing and intelligible. And it can be truly said that all the speakers did well, while it was the decision of the audience as well as of the judges that the first place belonged to A. J. Kolyn of the Senior class, who will represent Hope at the coming state contest to be held at Alma. The orators and their subjects follow:

Joan of Arc ........................................ Mae L. Brusse
Dawn in the Dark Continent .......................... J. A. Roggen
The Evils of Unrestricted Immigration .............. J. Plasman
Patrick Henry, the Father of American Independence, J. W. Douma
Christianity and the Individual ...................... B. Rottschaefer
The Great Peacemaker .............................. A. J. Kolyn
Shall we Retain the Philippines? ...................... Wm. Walvoord

In Joan of Arc Miss Brusse found a character that she could understand thoroughly and whose actions she could interpret with
satisfactory success. The speaker did not ask pity for the hapless maid of Orleans, but unpredisposed consideration and intelligent sympathy. The style of her oration and the manner of her delivery were simple, natural, and free from all artificiality, while the latter inclined somewhat toward pathos. The execution scene was only suggested, and that with great simplicity and tact. Miss Brosse took high rank in the final standings, and is to be congratulated on her successful effort.

Mr. Roggen, with some of the other speakers, ventured to steer free of the conventional biographical or battle-field oration and to discuss a live question. While it may not be expedient for an undergraduate to attempt a philosophical oration, it is a welcome change to have a general topic discussed. Although the past few years have shown that any person attempting it may count on defeat, since the philosophical or argumentative discussion of a subject is much more difficult than the interpretation of a life or the depicting of a battle, still we may hope that this form of oration will also soon be mastered and so perfected as to secure success to him who uses it. Mr. Roggen discussed the negro as he is found in his native land, and showed that, if only left to himself, the negro will do a great deal in healing this "open sore of the world." The speaker was successful in bringing his audience face to face with a present day problem.

"The Evils of Unrestricted Immigration" is an oration well put together, and the speaker presented the facts in a direct and simple way. His style showed a grasp of the principles of true rhetoric, and his delivery was as pleasing as it was sincere. Mr. Plasman did credit to himself as a Sophomore, and by the time he is a Senior he may be able to make it un-comfortable for others.

Mr. Donuma was, from the beginning to the end of his oration, a man with a message. With zeal and conviction he brought out the heroic and patriotic qualities of Patrick Henry, and justified the latter's title to "The Father of American Independence." Mr. Donuma was abrupt but forceful in delivery, and came in for the honor of second place.

Mr. Rotscheafer had chosen for his subject, "Christianity and the Individual." The oration showed a careful study of the problem of individual liberty, its rise, history and value. The want of indi-

vidual liberty before the age of Christianity, its struggle during the Christian era, and its beneficent effect on humanity wherever it gained a foothold were brought out with good effect not only by abstract reasoning but also by concrete examples. It was the most abstract subject treated during the evening, and Mr. Rotscheafer displayed, both in composition and delivery, the seriousness and earnestness that the subject required.

"The Great Peacemaker" was the winning oration, both in thought and style and in delivery. Roosevelt is a character that is well suited to an oration, for great movements and events can and must be considered to appreciate the greatness of his life. In this oration Roosevelt is pictured as a world-hero, guided by American principles and backed by American patriotism. The style of the oration is well calculated to combine clearness of thought with ease of delivery. Mr. Kolyn is in possession of a good stage presence, an excellent voice, and gracefulness of movement and gesture.

Mr. Walvoord was the last to speak, and succeeded in compelling a tired audience to listen with interest to a discussion of the Philippine question. The oration was largely argumentative, and the style was very simple and direct. Unity and coherence were marked characteristics in this production, and the force of the various arguments was gathered up from time to time in pointed questions. Mr. Walvoord's delivery was calm and natural, in harmony with his style, and his appearance betrayed an abundant supply of reserve force.

What are Hope's chances at Alma? The future will tell. The college is confident that its representative will carry off high, if not the highest, honors at the coming state contest. With a strong oration and excellent qualifications to start off on, and with still some time to brush up on points in delivery, Mr. Kolyn ought to be hard to beat in the colleges of Michigan.

On to Alma and victory!

On the morning of the second of February the student body presented President Kollen with a gold medal as a token of their appreciation of his work in behalf of the college. The past year has been marked by many improvements on the college campus, due
largely to the untiring zeal and activity of Dr. Kollen. The Carnegie Gymnasium, now being built at a cost of $30,000, the promise of a $35,000 Ladies’ Dormitory, and a large increase in the endowment fund of the college were all very largely the results of the President’s efforts. Present activities along this line reminded the students of the many past advantages Dr. Kollen has secured for the college. Besides these, the students feel that they owe much to him on account of the high standard of scholarship and the firm government that have all these years been maintained at Hope. But the medal was given not only as an appreciation of past services, but also as an expression of the good feeling existing between the President and his boys and girls. The medal is of dull gold, set with a handsome diamond. On the face of the medal the seal of Hope College is engraved, and on the reverse side are the words, “To President G. J. Kollen, by his students, 1906.”

De Alumnis.

Rev. P. J. Marsilje, ’93, of Cement, Oklahoma, is having a new church erected. The old building proved to be too small to accommodate the people who wish to attend services.

Mrs. G. Korteling, ’03, of Clinton, Oklahoma, writes: “The new year has seen some advances in our work. We have started a mid-week prayer meeting, which we feel is going to do a great deal of good. And the church is going to raise one hundred dollars this year toward Mr. Korteling’s salary.”


Miss Minnie Riksen, ’04, left in January for McKee, Kentucky, where she will teach in the school in which Miss Sena Kooker is already working.

The presenting of a gold medal to Dr. Kollen, by the students of Hope as a token of appreciation of all that our president has done for us, brought to the minds of some of our alumni an incident which occurred in 1883. Dr. Scott was then president of Hope College. He had his lecture room and office in the building now commonly known as the “Coop.” One morning the doctor was called from his office by Rev. P. Ihrman, ’82, and Prof. J. B. Nykirk, ’85, and advised that the students were awaiting his coming in the chapel (our old gymnasium) in order to consult him on a very serious matter. The kind-hearted old president ascended the platform amid the silence of the gathered students. The two men mentioned above, approached him, and, after a few introductory remarks on behalf of the students by Mr. Ihrman, presented Dr. Scott with a beautiful gold watch. Dr. Scott dearly loved his students and, with tears in his eyes, thanked those gathered for what they had done.

Not only to the president did the students show their appreciation of work done for them. The janitor, Mr. L. DeWitt, who served for about twenty years, was also remembered. The “nice-well-running-time-keeping-family-clock” presented to him by the students is now in the possession of Mr. DeWitt’s descendants.

The tenth anniversary of the pastorate of Rev. J. G. Fagg, D. D., ’81, over the Middle Collegiate Church, of New York City, was celebrated on January 25. Fitting services were held and, during the course of the evening, Dr. Fagg was presented with a handsome silver loving cup, on which was inscribed:

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1896 1906
The Rev. and Mrs. John Gerardus Fagg
From
THE CONGREGATION
of
THE MIDDLE DUTCH CHURCH
Pastor Bonus et Amicus.
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The cup was filled with gold pieces contributed by those who, during Dr. Fagg’s decade of work among them, have learned to love their pastor. The hope was expressed that Dr. Fagg might be allowed to continue his work in this church many more years.
Mr. H. Van Den Ploeg, '93, has come into closer touch with the students. He now controls the "Co-operative Book Association," which was formerly managed by students.

Mayor Geerlings, '88, of Holland delivered an address at the convention of the Michigan League of Municipalities held in Grand Rapids, February 20, 21, and 22.

The Society Festival.

On the evening of February nine, under the auspices of the Athletic Association, an event took place that promises to become one of the great annual occasions at Hope College. The purpose of the association was to raise money for athletic purposes, but the affair itself was so attractive that neither the Athletic Association nor the raising of money was thought of during the performances. It was styled "The Society Festival." The various literary societies each had their own way of contributing to the festivities of the evening. On the third floor of Van Raalte Hall, in among the four hundred people that made up the audience, were booths of all descriptions, at which could be bought articles ranging from a beautiful college pennant to a roaring good laugh.

One feature that created a great deal of amusement was advertised by the continual cry, "Every time you hit the faculty you get a revenge." The likenesses of the various faculty numbers, painted on revolving boards, gave the students excellent opportunities for settling some old scores.

The members of the Melophone Society, under the leadership of the great chief, Gimme-chawterbaace, contributed to the noise and fun of the evening by their impersonation of the ugly-looking, feather-bedeked Indian, and made the night hideous with their war whoops and battle songs.

"The House that Jack Built" won prolonged applause from the audience. The dog, the cat, the cow, and the rat were vividly represented, and the maid, the priest, and the farmer appeared at their best. Dr. Perusa Pinkham Roast, Fritz and Squitz, Zolland Police Court, were other features that attracted a great deal of attention. The Apollo Orchestra furnished the music.

This is undoubtedly one of the happiest entertainments given at Hope for several years, and the Athletic Association is to be congratulated on the success of the venture. Besides netting a considerable amount of money, they provided hundreds of people with an evening brim full of pure, unadulterated fun.

Exchanges.

The Helios is to be congratulated on its many spicy jokes and the opening story of the January number. For a high school paper the Helios is a winner.

A brewer in rare old Berlin,
Fell into a vat to his chin;
He cried, "Haf no fear,
I'll hop out of de beer,
By using the hops vat are in."—Ex.

The December Purple and Blue has a very appropriate cover design for the football number.

He (in street car)—Have my seat, lady.
She—Oh, no, I've just been skating, and am tired of sitting down.—Ex.
The Walla Walla Pedestal contains a very naive story, entitled, "Christmas at Dusty Hollow."

Teacher—Johnnie, can you tell me how iron was discovered?
Johnnie—I heard father say they smelt it.—Ex.

The January number of the Occident of Albuquerque, N. M., contains some thoughtful orations. Judging by results the oratorical contest is just as stirring there as at Hope.

A boy sat on a hornet's nest,
He thought it was a pillow;
His family laid him down to rest
Beneath the weeping willow.—Ex.

The Tennessee University Magazine has some good stories and poems in the January number. Its cut of the track team makes it look attractive.

He started out one pleasant eve
To call upon a Miss,
And when he reached her residence,
like stairs up went
He
Her papa met him at the door.
He did not see the Miss.
He'll not go there again, tho, for
He

The Arms Student of Shelburne Falls, Mass., would be improved by giving more space to literary matter.

Harry—That was a horrible affair—the murder of Dean and sealing his remains in a tin box.
Girls (excited)—What Dean?
Harry—Sar-Dine.—Ex.

"Getting a Girl" in the February Sentiment of Parsons, Kan., is an interesting story, rich in local color. The author certainly was inspired by sympathies gained through experience.

Stern Father—What time is that you are getting in?
Son—About one o'clock. (clock striking three).
Father (sarcastically)—My, how the clock stutters!

Jottings.

Don't you skate? If you don't, you are not in it these days.

Sizoo, while translating Latin, came across the expression "proposui." "Er... I have proposed," with a guilty look. "Come now," said Prof. Sutphen, "you need not confess to me."

Mollemia, in Greek—"I don't see how they can agree, one is feminine and the other masculine."

Dimnent—"You are rather young to have so much experience."

Some of the boys skated down to Macatawa Park the other day. Heusinkveld was one of them. He was aching for a ride on the electric cars. So he thought he would ride back, and forego the pleasure of skating back with the crowd.

Have you heard the latest? Wynia is a "dyed-in-the-wool" and "blown-in-the-bottle" poet.

Van der Schaaf, to himself—"I really can't afford any more rings, or the old man will soon be busted."

Some of these preps act like fresh men. Take DeMots for instance. In spite of the fact that he is only a D. he goes to see her twice a day regularly.

Van Dyk would have skated faster to the park, if he hadn't intended to come back like Heusinkveld.

Too bad that not at least a dozen or so could present that fob-charm to Dr. Kollen.

At the oratorical contest the Juniors preserved their honor and their "rag on a stick."
Herman and August Veenker were called home to Clara City, Minn., on account of the serious illness of their father, Rev. G. Veenker.

Bush thinks that the Albion man will win the contest this year. Why? Didn't he beat Bush last year?

Is it of no account that the words Howell and Lowell rhyme so beautifully?

The Oliver.

Some students and professional people fall in love with the typewriter; when they do, it is to their advantage to see to it that it is an

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The following was recently composed in honor of one of the students:

Oh! The deep liquid depths of those eyes!
One wakes with a start of surprise,
And thinks as he wakes
Of those fathomless lakes
And the girl with the brownest of eyes.

"Every time you hit a baby, you get some revenge."

It is with the greatest regret that we must announce the sudden and unaccountable departure of our friend Mr. Krop. Like Lucy in Wordsworth's poem, he has left us

"The memory of what has been,
And never more will be."

His stay among us has been all too brief. Think of how much he might still have taught us in regard to skipping classes, inventing excuses, and, best of all, theology. Krop! Krop! You are gone but not forgotten.

Thus far only two of the Seniors are slated for the Seminary. Who is next?

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of a poem entitled "Jenny Kissed Me," which for obvious reasons we have been compelled to refuse. The sentiment, however, we consider to be very fine.

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The following are the titles of some of the post chapel talks delivered yearly:

"Boys don't smoke."
"Throwing snowballs."
"When I used to teach astronomy."
"Don't write on the walls."
"Look out for the fences." (This is especially intended for the younger students).

Dr. Kollen is bound to get the better of burglars. A formidable watch dog now struts about the campus, and in his off hours practices up on the Hope College yell.
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