# The Anchor

MARCH.

HOLLAND, MICHIGAN

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THE ANCHOR.

"Spent in Dea."

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Patrick Henry.

Great men often come to light under a rough exterior. Outward appearance is many times deceiving. The babe born in a cradle and dandled in the lap of luxury is often the man of energy and earnest efforts. Great minds reveal themselves not through external conduct, but through the sincerity of their words and actions. The man who stands highest in the estimation of mankind is he who has the power of inspiring others with his example. Such men are honored and revered. They have shown that justice can prevail over oppression, that love of liberty goes hand in hand with love of light. A soul that has contemplated the universe, that has studied the relation of man to man, can never, humble nor willing, submit to the injustice and darkness of cruel oppression. Time has proven this again and again. One of the most striking examples and happiest illustrations is a mere child of nature, Patrick Henry, who came as a herald from heaven to proclaim to the people their lawful rights. Who was this man? What cause brought him before his countrymen? What example did he set for posterity?

About forty years before the Declaration of Independence in the small village of Studebuck, Virginia, Patrick Henry was born. In his veins flowed the blood of a valiant and noble Scott. Colonel Henry, who was related to the celebrated and
character and stamp? Virginia placed him for three successive terms in her gubernatorial chair. They found him, like a true pilot in a stormy sea, brave in heart and cool in mind. During the whole war he was the same zealous and vigilant patriot, working for the end of the revolution which his genius had aided to set in motion. "To see America take her stand among the nations of the earth, was his highest ambition.

How well his labors were rewarded to his country's welfare how nobly he aided in guarding his country, which the ravages of war had left in a deplorable condition, against the machinations of its enemies; how skilfully he used his knowledge to heal disorders that had flowed from the war; and to nurse the new-born nation to strength,—thus giving it security to its rights and liberties; and how eloquently he plead for the return of the British refugees, thus heaping coals of fire on the heads of those that acted against him, but sacrificing all personal resentment, all private wrongs, on the altar of his country's good. —these achievements are emblazoned on the scrolls of history.

Such was the work and life of nature's nurtured nobleman, who labored for a just cause,—for liberty and immortality—not for fame and honor; for he built his pillars not on a sandy foundation, but on the rock of eternal truth. A worthy heritage has he left to mankind. If it is the part of a true patriot to set a noble example to posterity; if it is the part of a true statesman to know when the time has come for a country to meet an inevitable struggle, and to be among the first to point the proper method to set and exalt a nation in all its glory and strength; and if it is the part of a patriotic orator to rise from the fields of nature, without considering the graces taught in schools, flowery language, and studied artifice, but to come forth fresh like a fountain from the earth with free, spontaneous, native force, speaking to the hearts of men and urging them on to action, noble and lawful action, then he stands on the pinnacle of fame, unenlighted and unsurpassed. So long as we follow his example liberty will find in us its true defenders, despotism its just enemies, our union will be safe and those that plead for liberty will find in us their strong supporters; but let this spirit of patriotism be banished from our nation and our temple of liberty will fall into ruins.

N. HESSENIUS, '03.

Night.

Calm is the night, and from the wilderness
Every sunbeam long has fled;
Softly sleeps the busy city.
With the quiet skies o'erhead.

All is wrapped in peaceful slumber,
Hushed are all the sounds of day,
Nought is heard in the evening stillness
Save the breezes' gentle play.

Far above the sleeping city
Heaven with shining stars is bright,
That in numerous constellations
Bathe the sky with a tremulous light.

Nature with her dewy eyelids
Lies unconscious, is at rest;
And the crescent moon is shedding
Silvery rays in a cloudless west.

This is night, O heartaous night!
Would thy peace might ever stay,
And thy blessed benediction,
Fill with its calm the restless day.

NETTIE R. DE JONG.

Exchange No Robbery.

"Young ladies," continued Miss Grey, "there is no day in all the school year so filled with evil influences and temptations as the so-called St. Valentine's day which comes, I believe, day after to-morrow. Of all the foolish, non sensical, extravagant and pernicious customs, this practice of sending valentines is the worst. Valentines! gaudy, showy, worthless baubles with silly sentimental verses not suitable for any young lady to read and certainly beneath the dignity of any young gentleman to send. I cannot comprehend why people of education can find any enjoyment in celebrating such a day, and least of all do I think it should be countenanced here at Halcondale Seminary.

Young ladies, I have given this matter most deep and earnest consideration and have finally decided that we will engage in no festivities to honor the occasion. Therefore I cannot permit you to have the party that I believe you have been planning. All the mail received that day will be taken to the study for in-
spection, for your minds must not be disturbed by reading such unwholesome matter. That will do this morning young ladies, you may return to your rooms."

Twenty-eight girls flushed and fairly bursting with excitement and indignation, left the matron's august presence to gather in each others rooms where safe from intrusion they could give full vent to their pent-up feelings.

"Girls," said pretty Marion Inglis to a little crowd of "intimates" assembled in the room occupied by Edith Burton and Alice Kendall. "Girls, it's a perfect shame. I never heard of anything half so mean in all my life. What do you suppose ailed her tyrannical highness?" "Had a bad attack of indigestion I guess or perhaps she's seen Prof. Bronson lately," said Alice. "It's bad enough to shut down on our party, but not to allow us our valentines that's what I call downright cruel. I believe we'd be allowed more privileges in a prison." "What can we do? Here we've invited the Phi Kappa Psi's over as Miss Halsted gave us permission to, and now Madam serenely sits down on the whole affair," said Lillian Grey.

"Send them a box of fudge I suppose and a note explaining matters. There's nothing else todo. Sh! Sh! there comes Miss Bacon," as footsteps were heard on the stairs, "better get back to your rooms before another thunder-storm descends on our heads," and Edith rose from her somewhat undignified position and sauntered out while the other girls scurried to their rooms.

"Come Alice, we must finish this French. There's a page and a half yet."

"No Edith, I can't study now, I'm too angry. Oh! to think that we can't have those precious, lovely valentines! It's awful! I know! At least four, Lillian Grey is sure to get a beauty from George Ireland, that new fellow at Howard, and you are always well supplied. I don't believe Madam ever got a valentine herself, so she don't know how lovely they are."

"Do you know, Alice, I've heard that Prof. Bronson used to be sweet on her, but they had sort of a squabble and have been sour as vinegar toward each other ever since."

"Hm! A man must be pretty hard up for a girl, to take up such an old cross patch."

"Say Alice, are you aware that it is my turn to distribute mail this week and..."

"Oh Edith will you? You're an angel, a perfect jewel!" and Alice pounced upon her friend and nearly smothered her with caresses.

"Your Uncle Stalky is a great man," my child," said Edith as she straightened her tie and rescued her eye-glasses from their perilous position near Alice's foot. "I think probably I can manage to save half of them, besides, she only asked for Friday's mail so whatever comes in on Thursday is O. K. Oh dear! there goes the bell. Come on. Here's your book. Yes your hair's alright" and they hurried down stairs.

The girls were deeply hurt and indignant at the matron's action concerning their Valentine party which they had taken so much pleasure in planning. They had resolved to make it the best party they had ever had and had spent much time and thought on the arrangements. Above all the Phi Kappa Psi's were very anxious to come and had made this party the chief topic of conversation at the Frat House for over a week. Everything pointed to a most successful and delightful affair, when Crash! Bang! down came the arm of the Matron completely shattering their bright hopes.

On Thursday while Edith Burton was looking over the mail as usual she came upon a large square package addressed to Miss Grey.

Halcondale Seminary.

Now she knew perfectly well that this was none other than the elegant valentine that George Ireland had bought for Lillian Grey. Suddenly a bold idea popped into her head, and without a moment's hesitation she placed the package with the Matron's mail and carried it to her private parlor, then went on with her work.

Miss Grey had been sitting by the window looking aimlessly out over the grounds, but she rose at Edith's gentle tap and took her mail with a pleasant "Thank you." Miss Grey belonged to that class of human beings which the world has cruelly dubbed "Old Maids." She was a handsome woman with a very stately manner and was apt to be what the girls called 'cranky' aloth she really had a warm and sympathetic heart. Sorrow, trouble and disappointment had broken her spirits and made her outwardly bitter. She picked up her mail and examined the letters then listlessly cut the strings of the package and opened it, but when she discovered what it was she turned ghastly pale, uttered a quick exclamation and began to examine it more closely. It was a beautiful thing, all cupids and lace and handpainting. Inside was a short verse and a loose sheet of paper on which was printed, Freilgrath's beautiful poem, "O lieb, so lang du lieben kannst!" below which, was written simply the name "George." Miss Grey read it, then fell back weakly in her chair, and the valentine dropped from her nerveless hand. Two great tears started from under her closed lids and ran unheeded over her pale cheeks. Poor Miss Grey!

Three years ago she had taken the position of matron at Halcondale, upon the death of Miss Sarah Murray, its former matron. Necessity had compelled her to go or she would not have done so; for she knew that in this way she would bring her-
self into more or less frequent contact with George Bronson, Professor of the German language and literature at Howard College located in the next block, and this was something that she thought she could not endure.

Agatha Grey and George Bronson were classmates at the State University. Thus they were thrown a great deal into each other's society there; and no one was surprised when shortly after Commencement their engagement was announced. Agatha was a brilliant girl, handsome and high-spirited and many a young man deeply envied Bronson. He was almost immediately appointed to the Professorship at Howard and Agatha went abroad with her Aunt for a year. There are many thoughtless people in this world always ready to make trouble for others, so no sooner were Bronson and Miss Grey separated for a season, than the gossip's tongues began to wag, and so things went from bad to worse until a terrible misunderstanding took place that broke Agatha's proud spirits and prematurely sprinkled Bronson's hair with gray.

It cost Agatha Grey no little pain to meet him now and then. She had endured it bravely for two years, but now her courage was leaving her as St. Valentine's day drew near, and the thought of what it used to mean to her, came upon her it seemed as if her heart must break and the more she tried to fight against it, just so much more did the old love come surging over her. No one guessed her struggles, no one knew of the sleepless nights and the weary hours of study in which she sought to drown her sorrow. The girls only remarked that she was growing more peevish every day. And Oh! her sensations as she opened that package and discovered, not so much the valentine, but that poem. Her heart beat almost to suffocation. Nearly two hours she sat there seeing nothing but his face, hearing nothing but his voice repeating "O lieb, so lang du lieben kannst" as of old.

That evening Prof. Bronson called in answer to a certain note received in the afternoon. Never mind what happened. No one ever found out for a certainty, but on Friday morning Miss Grey, with the light of a new joy in her eyes, announced to the astonished girls that they were to go right on with their party and she hoped they would have a lovely time.

All the girls received their valentines—except Lillian Grey.

"How did you like your valentine?" asked George Ireland as he sat fanning her at the party.

"My Valentine? Why I didn't get any—from you at least."

"What? Why I sent you a beauty and enclosed a copy of that poem that I was telling you about. That "O lieb, so lang du lieben kannst"
EDITORIALS

The present staff of The Anchor has served its term, and consigns the duties and responsibilities of the publication to other hands. We will dispense with the usual apologies for what has been done or what might have been. Our work has passed before the public and doubtless has received what it has deserved, be that favorable or otherwise. We shall merely state what has been attempted, and leave to our readers to judge how far our efforts have been successful. We have tried to register the pulse-beat of the institution as it thrilled under the various conditions of a year's activity. We have tried to represent everything fairly, and strive to uphold the dignity and standard of The Anchor.

THE LOCAL CONTEST. Aside from the speakers and their orations the local oratorical contest, Feb. 21, was a disappointment in several ways. It engendered an ill feeling between student and faculty which is to be deplored. It has damped the enthusiasm for oratory and oratorical contests for this year at least, unless a better spirit arise. While we would not say a single unfriendly word against the speakers and the able part they played on the program, it must be admitted that in several instances the speakers who represented the different classes were not the first choice of their class or of the students at large. And it is a fact admitted by members of the faculty, impartial students and friends that Hope's best trained speakers were not on the program. Reasons can be found for this unsatisfactory state of things, but the fact remains that Hope College has not yet solved the problem of managing the home contest to her best interests. If prejudice and personal spite on the part of the students against arbitrary prerogatives of the faculty are to be resorted to with no regard for Hope's showing at the state contest provided only personal and political ends can be attained—our connection with the state league becomes a farce and should not be continued.

We believe there is pride enough and love enough for our alma mater on the part of all parties concerned to get together and solve the unanswered problem of conducting a successful, helpful and harmonious contest. Indifference, ill feeling and the reckless let-it-go, don't care spirit will not do it. Misunderstandings should be cleared up. Anonymity should cease. A genuine espirit de corps should prevail. The welfare of our college should come foremost, then strong, clean class spirit. Every student should be ambitious to be our standard bearers.

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All should be eager to compete for it and manly enough to own defeat when another honestly excels. This will form a healthy, loyal student body which it is reasonable to expect our superiors will trust. The heartiest co-operation will be secured and we shall be in a position to face the question and solve it. Distrust and insubordination, active or suppressed, always go together. We have had too much of both.

The contest is over. The judges have given their decision and Hope's representative orator is chosen. The next thing to do is to give him our loyal support. He contested fairly and won honestly. It devolves upon us to encourage him and to let the true college spirit rise above personal likes and dislikes. We may discuss methods and appointments and judges and decisions and regulations for the home contests of the past but that will not help us win at Ypsilanti. The question now is, help the orator. The program was as follows:

Address of Welcome—Prof. Bergen.
Music, Old Folks at Home—Ladies Quartet.
Oration, The End to be attained—S. Roetman, '05.
Oration, The Disenfranchisement of the Negro—Caroline Judd, '05.
Oration, The Student and Music—J. E. Winter, '02.
Solo, The Lass with a Delicate Air—Amy Dosker.
Oration, John Brown—J. Van der Beek, '02.
Oration, Patrick Henry—N. Hessenius, '03.
Oration, Daniel Webster—P. Grooters, '03.
Reading of the judges' decision.
Mr. Grooter's oration, Daniel Webster, won the verdict of the judges. It is strong in thought and forceful and finished in style. With proper support and more drill Mr. Grooter will not disappoint us at Ypsilanti. All the orations were praiseworthy and the speakers did credit to themselves and their respective classes. The oration of Mr. Hessenius on Patrick Henry appears in this number of The Anchor.

BOOKS AND CULTURE

"Books are the best of things, well used, abused, among the worst." In these days books are cheap, literature has been demonetized. All can have a fair degree of culture if only a right use is made of books. But are they generally well used? We all know the quotation, "beware of the man of one book." Such a man may not have a very broad knowledge, what he does know he knows thoroughly. But in these days of many books, the reader gets usually only a superficial knowledge of what he reads and little thought is given to the subject. Too often the new knowledge is merely absorbed, not ruminated upon. Too often we read of authors rather than the works they wrote. We
are apt to believe the criticisms and comments made upon them instead of arriving at our own conclusions by the deep, intense study of the book itself. This does not render the mind active and gives only superficial culture.

Serious study of a piece of literature is in the highest sense a delight. The book becomes a friend in whom we constantly find unexpected depth, new beauties which a first reading did not even hint at. The thoughts of the book become our own: but not only this, new thoughts are born in us. True culture is a constant growth, a search for truth. And it is deep, earnest study not superficiality by which we can attain it.

The proposed Van Raalte Memorial Hall is no longer an air castle. Plans have recently developed to such a degree that before another school year passes by, the pile of brick that has so long waited for the mason's trowel, will be removed to be constructed into a new building. Architect Price has finished the plans and specification and these will now be submitted to contractors for bids.

The new building will be quite an imposing one. Its dimensions will be 125 by 65 feet. It will be three stories high, and will contain a large basement for furnace, fuel and storage. The first and second floors will be used for recitation rooms. The science departments will be located here, and will receive special considerations. The Biological and chemical laboratories will be fitted up with modern, improved conveniences. The third floor will be used for museum purposes and for the development of the historic features that are connected with the immigration to these parts during the year 1847.

This new building has been looked forward to with great anticipation alike by students and professors. The old, dingy rooms in some of the pioneer buildings will be abandoned, and only the ghosts of classic lore will be left to haunt them.

Simultaneous with the announcement of a new building for recitation purposes, came the news that the lecture course has been seriously hindered. This is the work of the Y. M. C. A. has been seriously hindered by other meetings taking up our regular evenings. An occasional interruption might not seriously interfere, but all things considered we feel justified in making the statement that not more than half our regular Thursday evening meetings have been a possibility this school year. The college lecture course has taken up a great many of our evenings. We do most earnestly request the lecture committee for the coming year to arrange their dates so as to leave us Tuesday and Thursday evenings for our work. While to all outward appearance our association is as flourishing as ever, the more enthusiastic and faithful workers know how hard and discouraging it has been to keep up the

This is a nice nucleus to begin with, and it is expected that the work will not be deferred much longer.

Plans are made to construct this new building in such a way that it can be converted into a large auditorium, with a seating capacity sufficiently large to accommodate from 1200 to 1500 people. Need of a new and large auditorium has long been felt, in which the larger meetings of the college could be held. During commencement week we have always been compelled to turn away patrons of the college for want of room. It is to be hoped that this will, in the future, be no longer necessary.

Basket Ball continues to be the favorite amusement. The college team is making a good record having won four out of five games with a score of 248 to 79, on points. The only real game our boys lost was that played with the strong Y. M. C. A. team of Grand Rapids, Feb. 24, which resulted in a score of 39 to 20. Grand Rapids getting the buttered half of the biscuit. Our lads need more team practice and skill and adroitness in tossing the ball. Constant practice and a few more brushes with other strong teams will bring this about. A squad of Holland's redoubtable heroes of the gridiron conceived the notion that basket ball requires the same tactics and brawn display as foot ball. With great reliance on their strength and aggressiveness they visited our gymnasium, seeking more worlds to conquer. They conquered and now sit weeping because there are no more worlds to win, none for them neither here nor elsewhere. With more enthusiasm and support there is no reason why basket ball should not take a prominent place in our winter sports.

The work of the Y. M. C. A. has been seriously hindered by other meetings taking up our regular evenings. An occasional interruption might not seriously interfere, but all things considered we feel justified in making the statement that not more than half our regular Thursday evening meetings have been a possibility this school year. The college lecture course has taken up a great many of our evenings. We do most earnestly request the lecture committee for the coming year to arrange their dates so as to leave us Tuesday and Thursday evenings for our work. While to all outward appearance our association is as flourishing as ever, the more enthusiastic and faithful workers know how hard and discouraging it has been to keep up the
usual interest under these circumstances. The lack of interest at the meetings is sadly evident. Our membership list is larger than for some years back; but we need more consecration, service and enthusiasm. As it is, most of the work falls upon a few faithful ones, while the great majority hold aloof. Can’t we enlist the service of every Christian student to the work of the Master. There certainly is need of work right here at Hope. Give us your aid and your presence.

Y. W. C. A.

The annual election of the Y. W. C. A. was held Feb. 14. Miss Grace Hoekje and Miss Alice Kollen were again chosen as President and vice president. Miss Riksen was chosen as Secretary and May Veneklaassen as Treasurer.

On Feb. 18 Miss Simms, the State Secretary met all the girls at Mrs. Gilmore’s where they had been asked to take tea. A very pleasant evening was spent and one of the results of this meeting was the sending of three delegates to the conference at Toronto.

During the past year our association has grown from thirteen to twenty six members and the average attendance has been eighteen. We have great reason for thankfulness, and remembering that we have now had a year’s experience and are better acquainted with the needs of our association, we believe the coming year holds for us untold blessings if we but persevere in our earnest prayers to God for guidance and strength.

THE MELIPHONE.

During the past month the members of the Meliphone have done some very faithful society work. The new members show an increasing interest in the work and the older members have set a most excellent example of faithfulness and diligence. The program committee is to be commended for introducing so much variety as they have done which greatly increases the interest in the meetings. The members both old and new feel convinced that society work increases their ability in expressing themselves and especially in composition and in parliamentary rules.

THE COSMOPOLITANS.

The zeal for society work among the Cosmopolitans, which was so manifest at the opening of this term, has been maintained; and it is hoped that it shall be continued to the close of this term and year. Its programs have been very interesting and instructive; and it is due almost wholly to the earnest, conscientious efforts of each individual to do his part as thoroughly and faithfully as he is able to do. The members begin to feel more and more, not only the importance of society work in a college curriculum, but also that it is only thorough and conscientious society work that makes these Friday evening meetings to be anticipated with delight and ever afterwards remembered as time well spent.

FRATERNAL.

Some strong programs have been rendered in the past month. Original work seems to meet with greater favor than readings and impersonation. It might be well though, to introduce a little more of the dramatic. The present tendency is toward writing and criticisms. The Fraternal society is often considered by the more thoughtful of our students, as laying too much stress on entertainment and superficial culture. This is by no means the case. The F. S. is serious and solid.

THE LADIES LITERARY LEAGUE.

Looking over the work of the past term, the L. L. L. finds that, while there is much room for improvement, the meetings on a whole have been of a helpful character. Talent certainly is not lacking, either in musical or literary lines. The original work done by some of the members in the line of original stories, kaleidoscopes and poems has added much to the interest of the meetings. Shakespeare and several of the American authors have been studied this term, while debates, essays and readings have also received due attention.

XXX

COLLEGE JOTTINGS.

"Hurrah!"
"What for?"
"For the new gymnasium."
"Oh!"
"Hope College Spirit lies mouldering in the grave."
"Webster’s Reply to Hayne."
The Senior reunion and banquet.
"We’re on a lark."
Basket Ball vs Foot Ball.
Burglars in the chemical laboratory.
"No ‘yelling’ at the contest."
"No more basket ball at night. What next?"
Barrman—"I don’t know whether I have the right woman"
Vander Naald keeps humming by himself, "When the harvest days are over, Jessie dear."
The inmates intend to use their newly-issued keys in medal struck in appreciation of Vleck's service. The reason is that he now wears one like history.

Miss Roest will have it that the gentlemen students have the big head.

Infantile observation—"Brother Cooper likes the girls like everything."

The professors wondered why lessons were so poorly last Friday. Well the reason is simple. The electric lights gave out at 10.

Miss Weston's red tie is so much admired by Mr. DeKleine that he now wears one like it.

Hot frog stew at all hours of the day in Prof. Mast's laboratory.

Found by Muyskens, a lady's side-comb. He refuses to give it up unless the owner can give the most positive evidence of ownership.

Mr. Vander Beek said that he had a lovely time at that party in the country.

"Take off thy shoes from off thy feet otherwise we will have to teach thee manners." ? ?

Ask Alice how "he" is getting along, when she comes back from the convention.

News has reached us of the death of Dr. John J. Heeren at Orange City, Iowa, Sunday afternoon. Dr. Heeren was a graduate of Hope College. He studied medicine in Chicago and first practiced his profession in Marionette, Mich. He went to Colorado some time ago for his health and was in Orange City but a short time. Dr. Heeren was born in India while his parents were missionaries in that country.

Grace thinks that it has been proved that she needs no "watch" especially at a sleighing party, by losing hers the other evening.

Amy Dosker does not care to come to a lecture in a cutter or hack, she thinks that it is much nicer to come with a "bob."

The conclusions to which the local editors have come—"Never ask anyone if they have any jokes for you, they will either tell you that they know of none, or that they know of a great many, but that they are all on themselves."

Lilla has come to the conclusion that a bet in which neither party wins anything is a rather mixed up affair.

Prof. S——n's incubator will soon produce Latin chicks. Yesterday the thermometer registered so high that the mercury begged to get out. The Sophs are a "warm set" and can endure the heat.

Strick is at the secret of the matter. The girls are up with Marconi and employ wireless telegraphy.

When the wind blows, when it's twelve o'clock, when ye just get home, when ye want to take a wash before sounding the depths of land unknown, when ye find the pitcher empty, when the light goes out, then ye feel fine!—Melly.

Esther doubtless enjoyed the L. L. L sleigh ride very much although she said she thought it "more fun to ride with a mixed set."

Morning visitors to Van Vleck are advised by some young ladies to keep quiet and not let their names be known.

Prof. Bergen to Mr. DeKleine who created quite a sensation by falling out of his seat in the class room, "Go way back and sit down."

Lena says that she went to the contest with Duvan "to keep him out of mischief."

Mr. Dykema, it was very considerate of you to be sure, but be sure you know what you are doing the next time you lend a young lady your rubbers.

**Purest Norwegian Cod Liver Oil**

in bulk in any quantity. It builds up and makes fat while you sleep.

**Con. De Pree's Drug Store,**

**Cork, Eighth St. and Central Ave.,**

**Holland, Mich.**

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The name of the author must accompany all communications.

For advertising rates apply to Business Manager.
Exchanges.

The Rose.
If all my smiles united were
In one continuous smile,
I am sure that I have grinned about
A happy half a-mile.

* * *
I sent a white rose and a red
To her I loved, and wrote: "If I
May hope, I pray you wear tonight
The rose that's pure and sweet and white,
Or if you wish my love to die,
And if you love another, wear
The red rose that I send, and let
Me know my sorrow and forget,
And try to love again somewhere."
That night she smiled: I hoped to see
The white rose I had called my own,
And looked as she was passing me—
She wore a yellow rose alone.

* * *
Speak it Out.
If you've anything to offer that will aid the cause of right,
Speak it out.
If you've any truth within you that will lend the world a light,
Speak it out.
If the fire is in your spirit and the passion to create,
You will feel it, you will know it. Then to labor. Do not wait.
Go about it with a purpose that will conquer Time and Fate.
Speak it out.

A Student is After a Student.

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"I fear" said the postage stamp on the students letter to
his father, I fear, I am not sticking to facts."

* * *
A good tonic for those who are back in their studies—
Ketchup.

* * *
A Freshman once to Hades went,
Something he wished to learn;
They sent him back to earth again,
He was too green to burn.

* * *
Latin Prof.—"Have you been thro De Bello Gallico?
Freshman—"Yes, but it was at night and I did not see
much of the country."

* * *
Dont's

Don't worship the Ego; respect it.
Don't howl or roar; gentlemen laugh when they are amused.
Don't groan over the wickedness of this world, but mend
your own.
Don't tell too much, and be careful to whom you tell any-
thing at all.
Don't confound hauteur with dignity. One wins dislike,
the other respect.
Don't make eyes at men or sniff or giggle if you wish to be
facinating. Men detest all of them.
Don't be too bashful to Prince Fortunatus when he comes
a-wooing. Be self-respecting, but not daringly repressive.
Don't wear clothes that shriek, and then resent it when per-
sions stare in amazement.

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