The Anchor

APRIL, 1903

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The Anchor

Spera in Sea

Volume XVI

April, 1888

Number 7

J. M. Sobieski

ABRAHAM J. MUSEL.

I am to speak of an obscure hero. No Caesar, whose prowess kings would emulate; no Lincoln, whose name is on a mighty people's lips. Desolation broods over this man's fatherland; scorn points her finger at his people; oblivion claims him for her own. You have never heard his name, for unrighteous conquest and oppression have swept his country from the earth; his people you know only as the inhabitants of slums. Yet, for glory of achievement and for sublimity of motive, mankind has produced no truer hero than this unknown Pole, John Sobieski.

In every one of humanity's heroes, we find a noble character, inspired by an important mission. In himself, a great man possesses large capacities for thought, for speech, or for action. In his mission, lies an incentive, and an inspiration that calls forth the abundant energies of his being. When some mighty truth lays hold upon his soul, convicts him of a special duty, and sends him forth to conquer and to die in humanity's behalf, then his thoughts, his words, his deeds become great, his name puts on immortality. Thus, John Sobieski, finding for himself a divine duty in the struggle between Christianity and Mohammedanism, enshrined himself in the Pantheon of mankind by the performance of that duty.

When Sobieski became King of Poland, European politics presented a problem for the keenest statesmanship. For many years, causes had been at work to strengthen the forces of evil and retrogression; while intestine quarrels weakened the champions of progress. A revival of ancient enthusiasm, and the rise
of able statesmen and warriors made Turkey a formidable enemy to the Christian nations of Europe. Louis XIV, preferring gain to justice, threatened the onward march of civilization. He was determined to obtain for his son the crown of the Holy Roman Empire, then held by the Emperor of Austria. To gain his end, to humble Austria, he was prepared to ally himself with the Turk. Would France join hands with the Infidel? Would she introduce into Europe the curse that had once wrought havoc and destruction in the sunny fields of Gaul? The times cried loudly for the wisdom and heroism that they found in Sobieski.

Behind the impending conflict of nations was the weightier conflict of religions. A struggle was at hand, not between Turkey and Austria, but between Mohammedanism and Christianity. Mohammedanism had grown from small beginnings into a world religion. In Asia, the missionaries of the False Prophet were preaching the Koran beyond the Himalayas. In Africa, the call of the muezzin was heard over the borders of the Sahara. In Europe, the blighting influence of the Crescent fell upon the land. Whence Greek learning and culture had once gone forth for the enlightenment of the Gentiles. Mohammedanism was no longer a mere bond of union between some half barbaric tribes, but the religion of the Ottoman Empire, a state which exercised an important influence on the politics of Europe and Asia. Mohammed’s followers were bound together not only by the spiritual interest of a religion that gave impulse to their fanaticism and courage, but also by the material interest of a government whose protection awakened their patriotism, and whose guidance made their strength effective.

Such was the strength of the religion that was urging Turkey to the conquest of Europe. The difficulty of Sobieski’s work lay not so much in the strength of his enemies as in the weakness of his allies. Christian Europe was not prepared for a struggle. Only a few decades had passed since the bitter enmities of the fiercest religious war of all history had literally torn her asunder. Now the brothers who had fought against the brothers, and the sons who had fought against the fathers, lay in mangled heaps on the battle fields of Madgeburg and Lutzen. Catholic and Protestant had fought to the death over a creed. By a cruel

shame, Catholic and Protestant alike were unprepared to defend their common Cross and their common Christ.

But revenge is swift, and the avenger tarry not. It is sixteen hundred and eighty-three. In splendid array, the Turkish troops set out from Constantinople. They advance—they pilage—they burn—they slaughter. A few days, and they are before Vienna, the capital of Austria, the key to Europe. The siege begins—the defenders fall—the horrors of famine set in. Vienna can hold out but a few days longer and then—then what? Civilization stands arrayed against barbarism, Europe against Turkey, Christianity against Mohammedanism. In the past, crises have ever given birth to heroes. Providence has never yet failed, in the extreme peril of the race, to send forth a man. Where, then, is civilization’s champion? Where, now, is Europe’s savior? Where, now, are those vicars of God who have taken delight in proclaiming “the divine right of kings”? If you would find the hero of Vienna, seek him not among the great of Europe. Louis XIV has never helped another for another’s good. Peter of Russia sits on a tottering throne, which he holds by a disputed title. Charles of England is a weakening. Francis of Austria is a coward. If you would find the “man of destiny,” seek him in lowly Poland.

Twenty years before the Turk came to Austria, he came to Poland—poor Poland, torn by internal dissensions, worried by the perpetual attacks of Russians and Tartars, ruled by a worthless sovereign. Turkey has come to complete the work of destruction and to appropriate the spoil. But no! The time for Poland’s destined dissolution has not yet come. In the army is a young man of noble birth and high courage. He has learned the art of war from Conde. He has learned the secrets of statesmanship from Louis XIV’s ministers. He counsels resistance. The nobles take his advice and make him commander of the handful of troops in the field. In a day he is the darling of the army. The star of hope glitters once more on Poland’s horizon. Sobieski defeats the Turks, and by the battle of Chocim writes his name in bright letters of gold on the roll of national heroes. He became the Lincoln of Poland, whose memory sustained his countrymen in that last, sad struggle for liberty, that was soon to end in centuries of bondage and oppression.
In the situation before Vienna he read a higher duty. Thirty
years of war with Turkey had taught him the import of the
struggle. That knowledge marked him as the man that must
champion Christianity. He had been faithful in a little thing:
the shot and shell that struck Vienna's walls shrieked out to him
the call to a greater thing. With thirty thousand men he set out
for the Austrian capital. On his arrival there, he went upon a
hill to inspect the Turkish camp. Kara Mustapha's tents glit-
tered with gold, and swarmed with concubines. Within the walls
was Christianity, hunger, despair; without, Mohammedanism,
luxury, exultation. The contrast filled this soldier's heart with
indignation.

A charge is ordered. The men form in battle array. On the
right of Sobieski stands his rival, Charles of Lorraine, but today
he fights for his King, and enmities are forgotten. The signal is
given. With a mighty shout, they fall upon the Turks. Louder
still shout the Turks; fiercer yet they fight. For carnage they
have come, and for blood they thirst. The cry of victory, the
groan of death, the mad attack, the swift retreat—this is the bat-
tle that shall decide the fate of Mohammed's temporal power.

That night, Kara Mustapha greeted his master with a sigh;
and in many a city of Turkey there was mourning for the dead.
Vienna was relieved. Louis XIV's plans were defeated. The
Infidel was repulsed. John Sobieski had decided that Christ, not
Mohammed, should rule in the councils of the nations.

Now, how shall we estimate heroism? By what standard shall
we determine a man's greatness? First, we must ask, What work
has he done for humanity? What battles has he fought? What
principles has he established? What mission has he performed?
But this is not enough. The answer to these questions might
show what a man has accomplished, not what he is. No man is
great, unless his motive be exalted. You have heard how Sobi-
ieski performed his duty. What then, shall we say of his work,
and what of his motive?

He was a soldier, but no mere adventurer. He had been sent
of God to free Europe from the dread of Turkish power. In-
spired by such a mission, in obedience to the call of this duty, he
fought and conquered. He was a soldier, therefore, of prin-
iple, not of fortune. He was a hero of the Cross, not of the
sword. But the statesman is greater than the soldier. And So-
bieski was a statesman. In his treaties with Turkey, he exer-
cised the acuteness of a modern diplomat. For thirty years, he
matched Russia and France against each other, so that neither
could accomplish his country's harm. With a seer's vision, he
saw the baneftul influence of the "liberum veto" upon his coun-
ty's future. With a prophet's courage, he sacrificed his popu-
ularity, that he might counteract this evil. When he became
king, the "Powers" had almost accomplished the disruption of
Poland. By warding off external enemies and by reforming in-
ternal corruption, he added a hundred years to her existence.
During that century, Poland, by raising the siege of Vienna, per-
formed her highest service for the development of the race. That
act vindicated right against wrong. It proved that the onward
march of a great movement cannot be stayed by the ambitious
ends of man. If it be the crowning glory of a statesman and a
patriot to defer his country's ruin until she has accomplished her
mission in the advancement of civilization, then Sobieski is pat-
riotism incarnate.

His claim to immortality rests on his unselfishness. Alexan-
der the Great fought for self aggrandizement, and his name has
been remembered through the centuries. William of Orange
laid his life on the altar of his country, and his memory is en-
shrined in every patriot's heart. Lafayette left his native land,
that he might bear succour to his struggling friends, and a grate-
ful people bears undying tribute to his memory. John Sobieski
fought for his enemies, and mankind has not yet learned his
name. Fought for his enemies, do I say? Were not Austria's
princes the rivals to his throne? Did not Austria's emperor
scheme his destruction? Blind to all self interest, he did good
to them which hated him. If we must judge a man by his mo-
tive, and if the Golden Rule of the Master embodies the noblest
motive for a noble deed, then crown Sobieski as the king of her-
oes, the incarnation of unselfishness.

Posterity, they say, recognizes greatness. Out of the com-
plex riddle of a life, it reads the great man's service to humanity,
his devotion to truth. Then let Poland weep forever more over
John Sobieski, whose patriotism availed not to save his country,
whose genius was laid at the feet of enemies, whose name man-
kind does not adore.
WE ARE accustomed to credit the Indian with a nature that is only coarse and crude and brutal. From the pedestal of what we are pleased to label our superior culture, we scornfully look down upon him and despise him. But the beginnings of the gentle arts were not entirely beyond his ken. He could enjoy a song or a story with as pure a pleasure as we, though it may be that the stories that pleased him best would sound very strangely to us. Perhaps an Indian village would be just as little pleased with Macbeth or the Marble Faun.

We make a great mistake when we suppose that their rude and simple life consisted only in gathering daily food from forest and stream, or that it expended all its surplus energy in the horrors of savage warfare. They had the beginnings of literature, too. Bungling attempts they were, it is true, but just as we must recognize the bit of chipped stone which served as a point for the Indian's wooden arrow as the progenitor of the terrible steel chad missile which is hurled from the turret of a modern battle ship, so must the pedigree of Saul or Evangeline be traced back to the primitive story which once thrilled the savage bosom with delight.

A group of friends were gathered around a blazing pile of logs on some forest lined river bank, or on the broad sand beach of one of the Great Lakes, or upon some flat rock that never ceased to hear the roar of the ocean, one of their number would recount some tale, mayhap a tale of marvelous adventures of some fellow tribeman, and the big trees that loomed out before them, so much larger in the jet blackness that surrounded the little circle of the red light of their camp fire, would lend an air of reality to any extraordinary recital of fabulous power and valor. As the red disk of the rising moon began to glare to glint through the dark branches of the trees, and grew paler and paler as the rose higher in the sky, while the stars vanished at her approach, and her light gave to every object an appearance so different from that which it bore by day, it would strengthen the probability of any strange transformation of man or animal that the narrator chose to describe, and the moon and the sun became mighty powers who could effect changes that man could not bring about, though if he could secure their help he might accomplish much. Or on the long winter evenings when the furious storm blast beats upon the slender structure of their wigwams, and the snow lay piled high all around, again the story teller would while away the time with tales of the storm king and all the terrible monsters that once devastated the earth, and he would tell of the conflicts between these malicious demons and the good beings who loved the Indian and drove from the sand all that would injure him.

THE ANCHOR

Some Indian Myths.

Nar was a sense of honor and loyalty even to the coarse and unloving character of the Indian. His humor partook of the crinkles and coarseness of his nature, it is true, but it was there. Often would there be a tale of some practical joke which had been perpetrated either by some Indian or by some one of the many supernatural beings with which he believed all nature to be filled.

Among these supernatural beings is the Mignopin Lox, the merry maker, a powerful spirit who passed most of his time amusing himself with the mischievous pranks by which he annoyed mankind. It is said that on one of his tours of mischief-making, Lox came running into a village at the top of his speed, in the disguise of an Indian runner, shouting at the top of his lungs, "Ooh weh, Ooh weh," which is the sound Indians make when a courier bears important news. So all the people of the village crowded around him, crying out "What news, what news?"

"There is a terrible pestilence in the next town. The people are dying in crowds. The medicine man tried all his skill, but could do nothing. Neither he nor anyone else could find any remedy. But I know the remedy, and you had better get ready, for this pestilence flies like the wind, and it will soon be here."

Then the people cried out, "What is the remedy? Tell us your remedy quickly.""Let every man kiss the woman who is next him at this instant." They all took the preventive immediately, including Lox, who had meanwhile edged up to the side of one of the village beauties. But, alas, there was one poor middle aged bachelor who had not been able to get any girl before they had all been kissed. So he anxiously implored of Lox whether he intended to repeat his cure at the next village. "Oh yes," said Lox, "about the middle of tomorrow forenoon." The beleaguered bachelor rises early next morning, in order to reach the neighboring village in time. In his eagerness he arrived an hour early. He sees two very beautiful girls pounding out corn, and immediately goes toward them and seats himself. They seemed so charming that he could hardly take his eyes off them. They thought that he was acting strangely, but if he had come to partake of their hospitality, it could not be denied him. At last the runner comes and goes through his story, as before. The bachelor keeps very near his selected, so as to be ready, while all the villagers are excited with the news of the pestilence, and cry out, "What shall we do, what shall we do?" Then Lox said,

"The only remedy is for every woman to knock down the man who stands next her." They all did so, of course, and the first to fall was the too familiar old bachelor. Lox himself laughed so hard at his friend's discomfort and the tooth and nail conflict in which the whole village was immediately plunged, that he soon
died. But that seems to have disturbed Fox but little, for he soon appears again in his old role of the teaser.

All the animals were at the service of the Indian story teller. These animals were endowed, not only with their own natural faculties and those of man as well, but also with that mysterious, supernatural influence which the Indian called medicine and that influence which men could obtain only by the use of charms or incantations. The Iroquois of Canada tell of a fisherman carrying in a basket his day's catch. Now, Mr. Fox was very desirous of obtaining some fish, and not being himself skilled in the use of hook and line, was compelled to resort to more deviant methods. He ran a little way ahead of the fisherman and lay down in the pathway, pretending to be dead. The fisherman came along, saw the fox apparently dead, praised its good luck in having so easily obtained a good-sized fish, and threw the animal into the basket on his back. When he was well on his way, Mr. Fox slowly threw out three or four of the fish, and last of all jumped out himself, ran back to pick up his fish and started homeward. On his way he met Mr. Bear, who also wanted fish. "Well," said Mr. Fox, "down at the river you will find an air hole in the ice. Just put your tail down into it as I did, and you can draw out the fish as fast as you please." Mr. Bear followed the directions perfectly, but the weather was very cold, and instead of catching a fish, his tail was frozen off.

Of course tales of adventure were very common among the Indians, who were so often themselves in imminent danger, and whose very life was so precarious. In these stories possible and impossible are mingled with the most naive unconsciousness. An Iroquois boy lives with his grandmother. As he goes out to hunt the game which is to be their food, his grandmother warns him again and again that he should not go towards the west of their wigwam, because there lived there an enemy of their family who would certainly kill the boy if he could catch him. Now this boy was extremely curious, and, withal, a little eager to match his strength with this huge giant. So one day he left his grandmother's wigwam, going, as he always did, towards the west. But on this day, as soon as he was out of sight, he circled around and struck out westward. Soon he came to a lake, and from that direction there came a voice, though he could see none, which said, "Ah, my little fellow, now I see you. Then, while the boy was trying to think of something to do, the voice went on, "What would you think if I sent a hurricane to tear your grandmother's wigwam all up?" "Oh, I should like that." the boy replied. "We have hard work to get wood." To this the voice answered, "You had better go home and see." So he went, and an awful storm arose. As he reached the wigwam, he heard his grandmother calling, "Come in, come in. You have disobeyed me. Now we shall both be destroyed. The hurricane is upon us." But the boy only laughed and said, "We will throw the house into a rock." And he turned it into a rock, and when the hurricane was over they were unharmed, and found plenty of wood to burn. Now the boy was more anxious than ever to destroy this enemy. Although his grandmother made every effort to dissuade him, averring that next time the giant would surely destroy them both, the boy started off, with a stone thrown around his neck as a charm. When he reached the lake, he kept his eyes steadily fixed in the direction from which he had heard the voice, and all at once he saw in the middle of the lake a great head, with a face on every side of it. But he was not afraid, for he had his charm this time, so he cried out, "Ha, ha! Uncle, I have you now. How should you like it if your lake should dry up?" "That will never do," said the voice. "You had better go home and see," mocked the lad. And he threw his stone at the lake, and as it whirled through the air it became very large, and when it fell into the lake, at once the water began to boil. Then the boy went home again. In the morning he returned. The water had all boiled away. All the animals and fish that lived in it were dead, except one large frog, into which the evil working giant had turned himself. This frog the boy killed, and his grandmother and he lived ever after in peace.

It would be wrong to suppose, however, that all Indian tales were of this kind—mere narrations of marvelous exploits or animal lore. They had their sacred tales too; tales which explained to their satisfaction the origin of the world and man, and the story of their race when people were weaker and less intelligent than now. Here is the story of the origin of one of the Iroquois clans. In early times there were a great many tortoises of the kind familiarly known as mud turtles, inhabiting a certain pond. One hot summer the pool dried up. The turtles were therupon constrained to set out across country and search for a new dwelling. One turtle was very fat and suffered greatly from the unaccustomed exercise. After a time his shoulders became blistered under his shell from the continued walking, and finally, by an extraordinary effort, he threw off his shell altogether. The process of transformation thus begun, continued until in a short time, this fat and lazy turtle became a man. This man was the ancestor of the turtle clan. Although the Iroquois philosopher did not carry his evolution backward far enough to satisfy a Darwin, it is not a very long step from the mud turtle to jellyfish.

Among the most developed myths of this kind are those of the Pueblo Indians of Arizona. The first being of whom they
had any knowledge was the spider. The spider made the men, but nobody knows out of what they were made. They were first put into a world which was without this present inhabited earth. There all was darkness and gloom. They were continually in dread of venous monsters, although the spider caused them to be taught many things that would be useful to them hereafter. Finally the time came that men and animals were to be led out from the darkness into the light of the world above. The journey was made at night, that the light of the sun might not strike with blindness the bat-like eyes of beings who had always lived in the darkness. The spider placed a tail red upon the lower earth upon which they had hitherto lived, up which they were to climb to the earth’s crust. First the snail made a tiny hole through this crust, and ascended to the present surface of the earth; then the otter, the deer, and the buffalo each in turn enlarged the hole and passed through. Finally men came through the hole the animals had made.

From here on the story is in the literal translation of Mr. Cushing:

Men and the creatures were nearer alike than now; black were our fathers, the late born of creation, like the caves from which they came forth; cold and scaly their skins like those of old creatures. goggled their eyes like those of an owl, membraneous their ears like those of cave-bats, webbed their feet like those of the birds of the marshes. They crawled when they walked, often, indeed, crawling along the ground like lizards like infants who fear to walk straight, they crawled, as before time they had in their cave worlds that they might not stumble and fall. And when the morning star rose they blinked excessively as they behold its brightness and cried out with many moanings of grief that sure now the Father was coming, but it was only the elder of the bright ones heralding from afar the approach of the Sun Father. When low down in the East, the Sun Father himself appeared, what though shrouded in the mist of the great world waters, they were so blinded and heated by his light and glory that they cried out to one another in anguish and fell down wallowing and covering their eyes with their bare hands and arms. Yet ever anew they looked afresh to the light and anew struggled towards the sun; as moths and other night creatures seek the light of a camp fire, yea, and even though burned, seek ever anew that light.

In such stately phrases could the Pueblo prophets describe the gradual, toilsome progress of their people from savagery to barbarism.

John W. Boatswain, Jr.
the paper is being overlooked. We invite and urge every member of the association to read the exchanges from other colleges and ascertain the rank our own paper holds in comparison with them.

Those of our students who are not subscribers we cannot urge too strongly to consider the value of supporting a college paper. You say that you can read it in the reading room. Is that enough? Were our finances adequate to meet expenses, and our treasury full, we would agree with you. But now, in our present condition, we need your financial support more than ever before. Will you be loyal and respond to The Anchor's demand?

It was with great pleasure that we received the announcement that on March 5th the trustees of Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J., conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon our Professor, John Talmage Hergen. It was given him "because of recognized scholarly attainments and because of distinguished success in the ministry." He is professor of the kindred subjects—Bible study, Ethics, Evidence of Christianity, and also of Logic and Oratory.

His teaching of evidences of Christianity led him to feel the need of a text-book that would meet the demands of the students. The result was a wholesome production, which presents the subject in a purely argumentative form and style. Although the book is small, it gives a complete line of argument, showing every possible cause. All that is superfluous for the end in view is deliberately omitted. Consequently, the text book is not so dull in minor details as other text books on the same subject, yet it is more than a bare outline. The author's aim seems to have been to strike an apt medium between the two, and in this he has, as it appears to us, been successful in a great measure. Whether or not the degree was conferred because of this treatise on the "Evidences of Christianity" we have been unable to ascertain.

The State Oratorical Contest held at Olivet, Mich., on March 26, was decidedly a success for Hope.

For five years we have striven for the gold medal, and the best we could do at any time was to take third place. It was not because we had no competent orators, but rather because there had not been sufficient time spent in preparation. We have seen that it is an impossibility to have an undergraduate make a good record, when he is unexpectedly chosen to enter a contest without the least sus-

picion that he is better fitted for the undertaking than any other of his classmates. Many times in the history of our local contests students have been called upon shortly before the contest, then they were compelled to find a suitable subject, write their oration hurriedly, and deliver it after one or two rehearsals.

Thus we have been unable to secure the best that our best men could do. This has been an egregious mistake: we have witnessed its folly, and this year we are fully convinced that the only way to be successful is to have our students work along this line for at least one year, if not more, and then have them chosen to compete in the contest,—the choice being based upon the faithful work done.

But let us not weep over spilled milk when now we have the cream.

We would like to give our readers a critical account of every orator representing the eight colleges in the Michigan Oratorical League, but this will be of little use when we give the grades and ranks as follows:

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<td>Robert Upton, &quot;Our Neighbors,&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;A Study in Destiny,&quot;</td>
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<td>Frank J. Phillips, &quot;The Phoenix,&quot;</td>
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<td>Guy Bates, &quot;State Notice,&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Fort Wagner,&quot;</td>
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How our orator, Abraham J. Muse, won is indicated in the report above, mainly on delivery. It is still left for us to state why he won as he did. While it is true that a college may not meet its own standard one year and greatly surpass it the next, we cannot believe that in competing along side of Mr. Bently and Mr. Phillips we were not meeting about as hard a proposi-
tion as ever any orator has met in these oratorical contests. That first place was unanimously conferred upon Mr. Muste, not a result of the orators, sent by the other colleges, being so far below the standard set by these colleges at former contests. Every college sent a good man; it not so strong in delivery, stronger in thought and composition. Then, why? Because of natural ability coupled with due preparation on his own part, and special training under competent men. Prof. N. L. Clark, who laid stress upon his pronunciation, and William Hawthorn Cooper, who brought out an effective facial expression and developed a graceful appearance. With that boyish huskiness of voice and angularity of body removed, there was a remarkable improvement over his efforts in the local contest, as was seen when at the state contest he was determined to win a glorious victory or receive an honorable defeat. And victory it was.

But the end is not yet. Our orator now represents the Michigan Oratorical League directly and Hope College indirectly. This is the first year the league sends its orator to the Interstate Oratorical Contest, which takes place this year at Cleveland, Ohio, on May 1st. It is an honor to be the first college to send an orator to the Interstate Contest, but we must not forget that now it is a state, and not so much a college affair. The honor of the state as well as the honor of our college is at stake, and we believe that no time should be lost, no efforts delayed, by the men who have in hand the supervision of our orator, to have him fully prepared for the final contest. And we urge the other colleges in the league, through the medium of this exchange, to remember that Abraham J. Muste is representing them as well as Hope.

For several years a class for the purpose of studying missions has existed in the college. Its members have now been in the field, and although almost unknown to the rest of the school. Undoubtedly, however, a great part of the missionary enthusiasm that burns in so many breasts here at Hope College is to be ascribed to the influence of the Mission Class. Herefore Prof. Dimmott has ably conducted the class. This year the Missionary committee of the Y. M. C. A. of which G. J. Pennings is chairman, has had the entire charge. Two sets of missionary biographies have been studied during the year. Besides, the members have aimed to keep well posted on current events in missions.

The purpose of the public meeting held on March 19 was to acquaint the members and townspeople with the work done by the class. We assure its members that they left a very favorable impression upon their audience. Mr. Pennings was the presid-

ing officer. Music was furnished by a quartet under the leadership of L. Breeze. Besides a recitation by Miss Alice Kollen, and a highly interesting missionary story by Miss Hoekje, addresses on missionary subjects were given by A. J. Muste and D. Dylstra. At the conclusion of the program our missionary from Japan, Dr. L. Oltman, made a few enthusiastic, practical remarks on the missionary outlook.

We hope that this program may bear fruit in a large increase of membership for the class, and a heightened missionary enthusiasm in the college.

Leland F. Powers enchanted a large audience in Winants Chapel. March 27, by his reading of David Copperfield, a four act dramatization of Dickens' masterpiece. The selection was complete in itself, centering around the dramatic episodes of Uriah Heep's villainy and exposure, and Emily's flight and return. Mr. Powers showed wonderful skill in his interpretation, gesture, facial expression and inflection: all alike seem above criticism. Micawber and Peggotty were the favorites of the audience. The grandiloquent style and pompous manner of the dilapidated, yet honest, clerk were brought out to a nicety. Not even in the most intensely dramatic situations did Peggotty forget to hitch up his trousers in true sailor fashion: this shows Mr. Powers' wonderful self-command, and his painstaking, studied endeavors to make his characters entirely natural. To change the impression at the end of the program Mr. Powers read a humorous selection from Mark Twain's "Rounding It," and a short poem entitled, "My Ship of Love." Mr. Powers is most certainly a master of historic art. The lecture committee would do well to secure him again for next year, as a large audience would surely come a third time to hear him.

The Inspiration Institute.

Perhaps none are in so great a need of inspiration as those who are always inspiring and encouraging others. Surely, then, the teachers in our public schools need encouragement. For perhaps no other class does so much to give right ambitions and desires to the children. Whence is the teacher to receive his enthusiasm? This question was in part answered for the teachers of Ottawa County by the Inspiration Institute held in Holland, March 12 to 14. The day sessions, held in the High School building, gave the teachers a glimpse of new plans to interest the scholars, new methods, for teaching, and fields for study hitherto unexplored, as well as the pleasure of associating with their fel-
low-workers. The evening sessions, held in Winants Chapel, well fulfilled their purpose of bringing teachers and people nearer together. The addresses delivered were no less interesting and of no less interest to one part of the audience than to another. Indeed, teachers are but men and women; and no man, or class of men, can live unto themselves alone. The inspiration Institute would not have been complete without these public meetings. There is inspiration in number and in sympathy as well as in achievement. The public and the teachers need to be in full sympathy with one another. Nor can the student lose by attending such meetings. Vigorous, living enthusiasm is contagious; and every student will gain by coming into contact with it.

**Athletics.**

As we go to press this morning, later in the month than was expected, vacation has had its interrupting period, and students, faculty and junior are taking hold anew for the spring term. Although there is a tendency to take a little more ease and comfort in lounging around in the shade on the campus, there are fields of activity that will do every student an unanswerable amount of good to enter. Of course, there are many that will have to become inured to hard work, when they come out to practice on the Base Ball team; and that contagious lethargy which has taken possession of a great number of students who took no part in the Basket Ball games, will have to be worked off by energetic, willful endeavor, backed by a true, college-athletic spirit, to make this year's Base Ball team stronger than last year's. The only way to have a team is to come out and show your metal, every student that can see a ball and hit a bat. There will be no time to delay in preparation for a series of games the manager is scheduling. He has received the assistance of Neal Ball to coach the team in the beginning of the season, and every thing ought to be done to create enthusiasm, so that all may learn to get into the spirit of the game and keep it up.

All those who are counted in the "number of twenty" should now wise step back in preference to another whom he may think would make a better player, in a certain position, than himself. Those who are chosen are selected because the committee sees something in their make up and manner of freezing on to the ball that, in all probability, with the required amount of practice, will make them competent to help us win the laurels of honor in victory on the field as well as on the rostrum. The task of having the best team possible is, by no means, an easy one. There must be a cordial cooperation of every student on the campus, whether he plays or not, and also of the faculty. We believe that all should be members of the association, and give athletics a boom this season, such it has never had before. The Holland Independent Team will give us a practice game about the middle of this month. On May 2d, everything will have to be up and doing to defeat Grand Rapids High School upon our grounds, and on the 19th McLoughlin Bros. College.

Hope's Athletic Association has an opportunity this year of entering into the Michigan Intercollegiate Athletic Association. As this offer is not made every year, we think it very advisable that some action be taken at once. When we remember what a wonderful feeling of college brotherhood the entering into the Michigan Oratorical League has created for Hope, when we remember how much better we are known through this means, is it radical to stand for Intercollegiate Athletics, if there is much to gain and nothing to lose? We do not think it wise to enter anything without considering it from every side possible, but we can not believe that, although we are located to one side and are not in the state colleges, we should continually be living an ascetic college life away from the pleasures of victory and the pains of defeat, which are the making of men for the activities of hard labor; when the college course is finished and when severer and more trying battles must be won. Think this over, students, and faculty, and look upon the subject with deliberation and not through the mystic lense of prejudice.

**Alumni Notes.**

93. Rev. James Sternberg has accepted a position as Professor of Greek in the University of Nebraska.

94. Rev. H. P. Schumman has accepted the call to Leota, Minn.

99. Mr. C. Span is at present working among the Indians at Arapahoe, Okl.

99. Of the two calls received, the one to Lalaville, Indiana, the other to Waupan, Wis., Mr. A. De Young has accepted the latter. The church consists of about fifty families. Two services are held each Sunday, one in English and one in Dutch. For the last ten years it has been under the care of Rev. Josias Menard.

93. A. Brook has a call to the church at Newburgh, Class of Orange.

99. John J. De Poe has received a call from the Dutch Reformed Church at Central Bridge, N. Y.
Exchanges.

With this number, The Anchor resumes its exchange column in view of the criticism it has received for not paying any special attention to this department. Although there is no exchange editor on our staff, we shall endeavor to pay as close attention as possible to our exchanges, knowing that thereby greater interest will be taken in our college paper by other colleges and high schools. The purpose of exchanges and of an exchange column, as it appears to us, is to know what kind of literary work each college is doing, and to ascertain the merits or demerits of any department of our own paper in the light of favorable or unfavorable criticisms made by the various editors.

We cordially welcome Comment to our list, and are much impressed by its smart sayings in the "Personal and Otherwise" department, and by its clever remarks in the editorials. The editor, imbued with the spirit of reform, says in reference to stringent rules and regulations imposed by the faculty: "We could establish a legislative body to decide upon a few simple rules to govern school conduct; a chief executive could be elected and courts of justice established to try cases and impose penalties. Juniors and seniors alone should be eligible to a share in the government."

The Alumni number of Shuttle College Review contains a strong article on Otto Von Bismarck. The Symposium on the Life and Character of Dr. Stiller is something unique in the way of college journalism.

In the M. H. Anchor, there is an article on "How the Caps Came," which is full of humor underlined with truth and good sense. It is a novel and well-written production. Die Skizze betitelt "Ein Sturm" hat nicht die vollständigkeit der Beschreibung welche der Gegenstand verlangt. Der Brief von Alexeim an seinen onden Frei Felix eene groppige opsomming van de voorrechten die studenten der houtenplaatsen genoten boven degenen vier studenten in de groote steden geweest zijn. Het doet ons goed om te verneemen dat in onze Amerikaansche scholen er ook mag andere zijn buiten Holland, Mich., de Neerlands taal worden gebouden en er zich niet meer schamen.

Il est bon d'avoir trois cordes à sa rose.

One of the newest and most tasty exchanges is The Norfolk. It's "Flash Lights" and "Snap Shots" are very fitting, and the paper on the whole is well devised. The Alumni number of February presents its articles in a style that is well worth taking note of. "The English novel" is well treated, and thoughtfully written. The author's view of the novel's province and permanence is well taken, and well worth developing in a revised, longer article. As to the ideal novel, Gertrude Beans says: "The novels that have increased our perception of life, that have helped us to understand its personal delights, that have made clear and beautiful the duties of patience and courage and fortitude, that have appealed to ideas that are universal and permanent, and have subordinated all these to the story itself, which must, of course, give pleasure, these are the ideal novels and these are preeminently the English novels." The author of "Miss Mary's Social Service" must certainly have an extensive knowledge of "settlement" work, and a clear insight into the nature and character of childlife, since the story seems so much like a narration of what really might have occurred. Let us hear from your Alumni again!

An excellent article by J. Wallace has appeared lately in Queen's University Journal (Nos. 8-9). On the Greek and Eastern Orthodox Church. The writer gives us a very clear and comprehensive view of the rise and development of this church. He first points out the successive steps in the development of the church that lead to the complete separation between the East and the West. He points out the difference between the Eastern mind (The East metaphysical, the West practical). Then he outlines the following great controversies: The controversy on the subject of monophysitism, the monophysite controversy, that on the filioque clause, and that on the use of leavened bread in the Eucharist. The writer shows how these controversies caused a complete schism between the East and the West, which, though repeated efforts were made, was never healed. The writer then shows how the Russians were converted by force and brought into the Greek church; how in 1589 they became independent from Constantinople, and Moscow practically became the head of the entire Eastern church. Further, the writer shows clearly the doctrinal differences as they exist today between the East and the West. He points out some features of worship that are peculiar to the East, and in conclusion reminds us that, though the clergy of the Greek church, as a rule, stand very low in the social scale, and are often ignorant, and even immoral, there are some noble exceptions to this rule. The whole article is one of interest and value to the student of ecclesiastical history.
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THE ANCHOR

Mr. Muste.

(With Apologies to "Mr. Dooley.")

There is a lad bekown to all, a lad of Hope renown, Whose name we call synonymous for doing things up brown: Just read the daily papers; why, they're telling of it yet, Who won the medall speechifying down in Olivet.

'Twas Mr. Muste, 'twas Mr. Muste,
Who certainly can do a thing or two,
A Michiganer and full of dander
Is Mr. Muste with a "spontin' job" in view.

Now Olivet did muster up a hundred thousand strong, To march them up to fame and then toboggan down again, Old Celery and M. A. C. and Yipsi took a roll, For at the top they ran vs. a long and lusty pole.

'Twas Mr. Muste, 'twas Mr. Muste,
And a Pole, the greatest Poland ever knew:
A combination and meditation
Of Mr. Muste's with a "spontin' job" in view.

Prof. Nykerk had his banner took but didn't give a rip. He grinned a grin because the lady matron lost her grip; The delegation lost its head because it longed to win, In all these things, who was the lad to bring them back again?

'Twas Mr. Muste, 'twas Mr. Muste,
Mrs. K — just calls him darling, ducky true;
Put up your money — a tip, a tad honey —
For young Muste has the Cleveland dough in view.

Prof. St PLAYER to Wolterink — "What was the forum Aurelian?"
Walterink — "I dunno.
"
Prof. S — "Well, I'll tell you. It was the name of a horse that won a race down there in Greece."

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In answer to your query, Mr. De Zoete, we would suggest that you twist your mustache up, me boy, even as an upside down circumflex accent would look. "Just for a change, you know."

Kelly to Duffy—"But my dear Kitten, what shall we do for something to eat?"
Kitten, nestling closer, farther away—"We could live on spoon victuals."

Andrea translating—"And they tried to smuggle women of beauty."
Prof.—"Oh no. They'd have their hands full trying to
smuggle the woman."

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Dr. Sperry—Olivet: "Hope first in thought and style."
Dr. Edwards—M. A. C.: "Your oration strong in thought
and style."

Miss George, Prof. of Mod. Lang. prophesied 'would be
between Olivet and Hope College.

Prof. Nykerk—Hope: "Next strong was 'Damien' of M. A.
C."

Consensus of opinion—Olivet's entertainment 'swell."

Hurrah for Mary!
Hurrah for the lambs,
Hurrah for the 'free day'
Which crowded out exams.

Leave your orders for college pennants and souvenir postal
cards with the members of the Y. W. C. A.

Music, Music! You bet, you bet!
You've surely won at Olivet.

Miss Walters—"No, Esther, that whistle was not for you.
That's Niesink."

Who forgot a pair of No. 7 rubbers at the last M. S. meeting?
Dr. Van Der Laan, president '05.

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Excitement must, certainly, have run high at Olivet for Miss Veneklasen was sent to Kalamazoo.

Mr. Bronner of the Junior class has been obliged to discontinue his studies for the Spring term on account of ill health.

A little boy's poetry:
"Little grains of powder,
Little drops of paint,
Make a lady's freckles
Look as if they aint."

Miss Hoyt says there are doctors galore springing up in her family.

The studentry experienced so great an outflow of spirits after
the Intercollegiate Contest that it is doubtful that any 'spirits,
will remain to resume next term's work.

Mr. Van Westenbrugge confessed to the Meliphonians, that
Miss Yates and Miss Veneklasen were the only nice girls in the
M. S.

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