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The Anchor.

Published Monthly During the College Year by The Anchor, Decidedly the Best Paper for College Students.

VOLUME II.

HOPE COLLEGE, HOLLAND, MICH., MAY, 1880.

Number 8.

The Anchor.

Published monthly during the collegiate year by The Anchor, Decidedly the Best Paper for College Students.

Editorial Office:
L. VAN KAMEN, M.D.

Associate Editors:
Martin Taylor, M.D.; Jacob Courtsand, M.D.

Business Manager:
Harry Kremers, M.D.

Entered at the Post Office, Holland, Mich., as Second Class Matter.


Our College Library needs a neat, well arranged, printed catalogue of books, which can be distributed among the students. The present written catalogue is useless. In the first place it does not contain all the books. And secondly, there is only one catalogue. Hence, even if it contained all the books, it would be useless except to the few who have time to use it. The way things are now, is deplorable, and it is almost enough to frighten away the bush of shame it still, excites. We have to search for the particular book which we want nearly the whole hour during which the library is open. Secondly, the system is hateful in its efforts upon our tender nerves. For in our vain efforts to read the titles of books on the top shelves, our necks are strained, our eyes bulge out, and our ankles get sprained. Thirdly, We wear holes through all the library chairs by standing on them. Fourthly, Books are taken by students themselves and are replaced on wrong shelves. Fifthly, Such a printed catalogue would not burst the treasury department; or if there would be danger on that score, a small price could be charged for each catalogue. Sixthly, By having a catalogue, we would know what there is in the library, and a method would be provided to read more profitably. Serenely and lastly, By sending a catalogue to friends of the institution, in order that they may know what books we lack, a road would be paved for charity.

'Tis now that the noble product of literary endeavor and aspiring, on the part of the professors, namely the Senior, goeth forth to conquer and to be conquered. The world lies before him where to choose his lot and destiny in life. All nature animate and inanimate yields to his influence. For recreation, he goeth a fishing, but he getteth no bite, however he getteth wet. He taketh a trip on a tag to Sangatuck for a few weeks, and he cometh back the next day. He sojourneth for a few days in the land of clay and mud, and becometh musically inclined. Like an innocent lamb he skippeth from pastures green to pastures green, and still grower. He goeth to Kalamazoo and stayeth there, he maketh it his abiding place, he seeketh peace in other spherae. He also departeth for his home in the land of pine, but he pineth not away; he chooseoth his mountains. Another goeth fishing with two strings, and getteth a bite on both, he becometh perplexed; he halted between two opinions, bye and bye he loseth both. Both he live on the rolling prairies, he cutetheth the 2-40 train and goeth prairieward, he pursueth with uncensuring vengeance the bloody prairie hen. He becometh a benefactor to mankind. Another hath legal aspirations, they are just, he would perch his feet at an angle of 75 degrees, and study the lawful things of earth. Thus ye senior doeth.
OF the special needs of Hope is a chair of the Professor of English Literature. We have a large percentage of young men who expect to engage in the ministry, and yet it is a sad fact that Hope lacks what we consider the essential training for acceptably delivering an address. It is an impossibility for the Professor of English Literature to take charge of the branch since all his time should be occupied with his own branch. Our students begin to feel more and more this great need, and if Hope cannot now fully supply this great demand, something might at least be done to give those who desire it the opportunity of acquiring this desirable training.

There are various reasons why Hope needs this more than almost any other institution, and we fear that even those most intimately connected with our college are blind to this greatest need.

THE number of holidays this year has been an unusually large one, but we are rapidly approaching the last legal holiday of this school year. Decoration Day has always been looked forward to by the boys with special interest. The weather is usually favorable to the enjoyment of outdoor exercises and freedom from study is particularly welcome during this season. But we believe loitering thoughts stir in the heart of the student as he thinks of Decoration Day. That the spirit of true patriotism kindles in his heart the love for a united country that shall know no North or South.

On the 30th of March we will decorate the graves of our fallen heroes. Not all, undoubtedly, were ideal heroes, but they fell for their country, and through their fall that country lived. The rising generation feels honored to be permitted to strew flowers on their graves and keep alive the memory of their deeds. Not that they fought against their brethren, but that they gave their lives in defense of that glorious principle—Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable.

We notice there is a movement afoot to raise a subscription for the purpose of improving and enlarging the seating capacity of our chapel. This improvement is a beholding of the Senior Normal in connection with our institution. This is a movement in the right direction. The accommodations herefore have not been sufficient for the work, and we are glad that the citizens and the friends of the institution are taking such a deep interest in the welfare of the Senior Normal.

There is no doubt but the Normal is a great advantage to the students not only, but also to the citizens; and as Hope, with its facilities and fine location, presents more openings, Willing to those intending to pursue their summer studies, we would heartily encourage the interest manifested, and say, let the good work go on.

It is indeed gratifying to note that the relation between the citizens and the institution is becoming more marked by the practical interest shown by the citizens from time to time in behalf of the institution. There is reason to believe that Hope needs this more than almost any other institution, and we fear that even those most intimately connected with our college are blind to this greatest need.

THAT true merit should be rewarded is a maxim beyond the limits of dispute, but it is alike true that merit should be rewarded in proportion to its excellence. Frequently, however, the contrary is experienced in the world of practice. He who rightly deserves the greatest, is often through personal prejudice obliged to content himself with a fee; the personal favor is allowed to obtain the prize. Such unjust actions must either be ascribed to ignorance or a lack of true principle and self-respect, and therefore should certainly not exist where these deficiencies are to be removed, viz.: the halls of learning.

There is certainly a lack of true principle and self-respect, where one is allowed to suppose, in some instances, that the object of personal love, is allowed to be based, in the presence of a professorial Favor; while another, simply because he is the object of personal disfavor, should be obliged to continually pay homage to him who sits upon the throne, in order to remove this disfavor; and that even then as it were him from the throne of judgment should come upon him the thunderbolts of personal disfavor which serve only to set fire to his temper or to cast him headlong into the abyss of-'way down in the eighties.'

Should the two above named persons ask the same question, the answers proceeding from the same lips—would it be to each other, even as the ripple of the calm mirroring waters to the fierce roar of angry billows on a rocky beach. Such action, especially from persons of high position in authority, deserves censure. A man that is called upon to judge must be able to judge fairly, irrespective of race, sex, or color, or not judge at all. If his judg- ment is subjected to or directed by every little circumstance that shades in his favor, it is impossible for him to do justice, as he has no personal prejudice to complicate his judgment.

We will present a large portrait of our President in any of our rooms. Why could we not secure the picture of him who has endeared himself to all of us by his faithful labors, and, hanging it upon one of our chapel walls, leave to posterity a token of the love and esteem in which we hold all who have shown themselves true friends of Hope. Let us make an effort to secure at least one or more of these portraits before our school year closes.

He that hath knowledge spareth his words, and a man of understanding is as an excellent spirit. —Prov.

Worship is the son of citizens, the father of crimes, the mother of all abstention, the devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy.—Em.
The Anchor.

discussion we infer that there is not the slightest idea the Emperor of Japan has to any public or private load in the government. The word "consent" in the authorized English translation had been chosen after much careful discussion and was not throughout the Constitution to express similar relations. In all matters of national legislation the division of power between the Executive and the Imperial Diet seems to be this. The Emperor has the initiative and approving power; the Diet has the deliberative power. This appears not only from Art. V. just mentioned, but also from subsequent Articles. In cases of urgent necessity the Emperor can, between sittings of the Diet, issue Ordinances, but unless such Ordinances are approved by the Diet at its next session, they are to be declared invalid. That this last clause is a very strong safeguard against arbitrary power, should it ever appear at once. The Emperor also issues "the Ordinances necessary for the carrying out of the laws." This is the Monarchical expression in a positive manner, of the vetoing power of the Emperor. That is, if an Ordinance for the carrying out of a measure approved by the Diet, is not issued, the measure simply falls to the ground. There is no such thing under the Constitution of Japan, as carrying a measure "over the veto" of the Emperor. This merits the government of Japan at once as greatly different from that of America where the President's veto can be made of none effect by a two-thirds vote of Congress.

The fact is, that, under the new Constitution, the Emperor is the fountain of all law. The two main checks upon his power are: (1) that he can issue Ordinances which in no way alter any of the existing laws. These Ordinances, in the Emperor, as such, relate to the army and navy, war, peace, treaties, siege, conferring titles and ranks, and orders for amnesty, pardon, commutation of punishments and rehabilitations, are in the main similar to the powers at present held by the Sovereign of England, tho, as is well known, in the latter country these powers are virtuously in the hands of the Ministry.

The most important points in Chapter II., (Rights and Duties of Subjects), of the Japanese Constitution are: (1) Japanese subjects to have public office, the necessary qualifications being the same for all men; (2) Right of trial by judges; (3) Irreligion: The Japanese House and of private persons is Hereditary, a freedom of religious belief, "within limits not prejudicial to peace and order, and not antagonistic, to their duties as subjects"; (5) Liberty of speech, writing, publication, public meeting, and association, within the limits of law. The tolerable value of each of these founding Rights will have to be defined by practice in the future policy of the government. For instance, it is readily seen that Nos. 4. and 5. are as wide or narrower as the government pleases to make them. Already the Chos Shinsins, a Japanese newspaper, has been suspended for some time by a decision of the Constitution in terms calculated to engender discontent. Nevertheless, judging from present tendencies and attentances, the Japanese people have reason to expect a tolerably large measure of liberty in these directions.

(b to be continued.)

A Sorrowful Tale.

Chance brought them together, I say chance, for if either one had a mind to it his name never had been born. But why, dear reader, should I begin at the end of my story; why should I tell the result of long years of companionship, and pass in silence over the very companionship itself? And here I pause, the at the threshold of my tale, and drop a silent tear as I reflect on the sad duty before me. Better indeed had my heroes never been born, or since they were born, better far had the sucking babes closed their eyes in death before one sinful thought had entered their pure breasts, than that it should ever be the fate of the historian to record the sad story of their lives.

They were two boys—Tommy and Toby; and while babies, in their mamma's estimation, none ever were fairer or handsomer, had judged by the cold and impartial eye of the artist, the present Toby, or even the present Tommy, as it were. Yet you must not judge of children, Tommy, the older, was neither handsome nor homely; tho a bright boy, he was no scholar; in fact, excepting thanksgiving in coming forward, he was much like other boys. He was early noted for getting off long speeches without point or meaning, and joking at himself, but himself could laugh. When he grew somewhat older, he began to take a lively interest in periodical literature, and it was his boast that he at least could keep apace with the times. He was credulous to a fault, and in his own style of expression was easily rapped in.

But Toby was a different boy, evenhashful and shy, he was either backward in coming forward. He was jealous of all his companions, and as is generally the case with hashful children, he was especially jealous of those who played with the little girls. Tommy, Toby! later on in life this will cause you many pains. But he was a studious lad and found much comfort in his books, in fact all his comfort, knowing much he spoke but little, nor spoke that little well. Born far away where the prairies roll in ceaseless motion like the surging of the sea, and the winds that brush the cornfields to and fro, he was forced to leave his childhood home for a distant village, and there attend school. Here he first met Tommy....

For child, lay down my pen and blot forever from my memory that hour's dream, but, like the ghost of Banquo at the feast, it will not down. Time passed but palpably over these two; if Tommy did something well, Toby was jealous; if Toby received some honor, Tommy would devote whole hours in showing why he should have had it. Thus it went from bad to worse. Finally the day came upon which the boys elected officers for their little society. They were aspirants for the same positions,—never friends, now mortal enemies. Tommy was elected, Toby swore revenge.

More time passed; their four heroes would leave school; before they parted however, they were going to have a little concert. Again Tommy and Toby wanted the same honors—Tommy wanted them, for had he not danced to the tune of each professor's pipe? Toby wanted them, for in his own mind did he not deserve them? Dispute followed dispute, and a wrangle followed. Tommy knew he did not deserve them. Toby knew he could not get them. Finally they asked the other little boys of the class, who all shouted. "Neither of you will have them, we've got lots of money, and we'll have a big boy from another town to speak for us. And day after day another day for Tommy.

Curtain, and Show Made.

And now, kind reader, my story is finished. But you ask, "Did the little boys never make up?" Yes: their mammas made up for them, and each kept his piece in the contest like a little dear. But do not believe a word of what I told you, for it is all a fabrication. And neither I nor anyone else has ever heard of two such boys, or, if there were, they might be little boys.

Exposer of Wonders.

A Dutchman's Difficulties with the English Language, as experienced by Mijnheer Steven Van Brammelendam.

From "Good Words." (Conclusion.)

"I wonder you speak our language so well after such a short stay in our country," said one.

"Oh, I find that it is very difficult," Steven replied.

"And I believe that I make much errors."
all at. Distasteful seems to bring forth a strange effect in you. It drives you to be with the object which you dislike. I suppose you consequently say, I am pleased from my women and children.

"No, no!" the gentleman cried. "We are all of us pleased with our wives. No mistake about that."

"Neither was I when I was engaged, or pleased, it is all the same," Steven replied jeocously. "You must always be with them."

"We can't help it!" some answered arably.

"In this way the conversation went on till we were called to supper. A great many other propo

sitions were brought up for discussion, upon which Steven gave his opinion, much to the amusement of the party. Among others the verb to put, with its numerous significations, was source of most amusing controversy. How "to put up," for instance, could mean, "to place, to expose, to dwell, and to have fellowship with." It was quite impossible for poor Steven to understand.

Before I close this long letter, I must tell you Steven's experience in a public meeting of the Society for Training School-teachers. Sir Edward Tempelrow, with whom Steven was staying for a couple of days, was to come to Steven's chairmanship, and of course invited him to attend. As Steven took a lively interest in everything connected with school education, the invitation was cordially welcomed. He even promised to give an address, and to be able to do so, kept his room all day to write down his speech.

At last the day arrived. Sir Edward came to tell him that his gig was at the door. Steven had never heard the word "gig" before, but he guessed that it must be a conveyance. He got a place by Sir Edw.

ard's side, and after some bussiness was gone through, "the friend from Holland" was summoned to address the meeting.

"Dear friends," he said, "when I rode through the streets in the wig of your chairman—"

Poor Steven! he could not proceed. An uproar took place in the room, and Steven's voice was drowned in the noise of the crowd. Meanwhile Sir Edward, amid much chuckling, explained to him in a whis-
pered tone the cause of this unexpected but amusing disturbance. When the noise had subsided, Steven thus proceeded:

"When I rode through the streets of your giant like town (applause), and when I saw the many churches which the towers up stairs (cheers), I thought, the English are a very churchy people (loud cheers). I therefore wonder not that you are an educational people, for religion is the mother of education, and where there are many churches, there may we expect there are also many schools.

Here Steven could annex his written speech, which he read as follows:

"But schools are not the unique thing which is necessary for a good education. The great requisite is to have understanding schoolmasters, who are not principleless, but many, alas! are; but, who go out from the true beginning. A good school building with a bad schoolmaster, is equal to a fine coach with a drunken coachman (loud cheers). Some schoolmasters give the children too little. They neglect them as if our children were but monkeys, walking on their behind legs (uproarious applause). No, our children are not monkeys, but schoolmasters are donkeys. Others give them too much, and children cannot live with their little heads in the inkeepings of the whole universe. They will make famous astronomers of them, and climb up with them up-stairs far beyond sun and moon and still above. Or, they will make learned geologists of them, and valley with them down-stairs into the bowels of the earth, or still below. But this is perverted. When we have to communi-
cate knowledge to men, we must be prudent, as we are in giving them natural food. We give roast beef and entrées to great people, but we feed our ladies with pastries (uproarious laughter). Just so we must make our teaching-stuff for children so low that it falls under their childhood comprehension. Schoolmasters must not stand among the little fel­lows like Goliath among the Philistines. They must know, as it were, to squat down by their side and thus teach them as if they were their an­cient brethren. They must not feel themselves so superior to humbleness, but become the children of great beforeparts. It exhilarates me to learn that your society fosters the feeling that your school will still grow up to this weighty subject. I hope that you will find many long young men, who stick out by humility but who shall be able to say that your school will more and more be illustrious samples of order, and discipline, and solid instruction, and of many other useful prophecies and predictions, that I hope that your schools will more and more be the wet nurses of great men, so that whole Europe, looking at the English people, shall be uplifted in superstan-
cation at the bigness of this nation."

Here Steven Van Brummelamden sat down amid deafening applause. And here I must also lay down my pen, while I am engaged in the business of the day. I hope you will not be disappointed, however, with my rambling account of the experiences of our good, kind-hearted friend.

The Glory of Young Men is Their Strength.

"The glory of young men is their strength."

I saw those words inscribed around the dome of a large gymnasium, and under the Grecian temples, wrestling, boxing, and leaping. The juxtaposition of Scripture and Mythology might, at first, strike one as unconnect, but all ages and all nations have held physical strength in great es-
timation.

In Bible history we read of the wonderful strength of Samson, and that it was used as a terror to the enemies of God's chosen people. Saul was chosen as king by the acclamations of the people, because of his stature and personal appearance; and when Samuel went to anoint David he was inclined to think Eliah had chosen him, but the Lord said to him, "Saul shall not go down your countenance or the height of his stature."

In Mythology we have the wonderful exploits of Hercules. Hercules himself seems to be a delica-
tion of physical strength. Homer's heroes are mighty men of valor who by their single arm turn the title of battle—

"So ranged Tyndales, boundless in his ire, Crown and arrayed with the brazen array."

Arthur, king of Britain, who, with the knights of the Table Round, performed such prodigies of valor, is described by the poet in this manner:

"Then he drove
The heathen after slew the beast, and fell
The bridge with his sword, and made
Broad pathway for the hunter and the knight."

In the present stage of the world's history, physi-

cal strength is still highly prized, not, as of old, that its possessor may how down swords in battle; but there are forests to be leveled, there are lands to be ploughed, ships built and hullers swung, and all this requires strong active men. Those who go to the far West to make new homes and redress the wilderness are the young and hardy, not the old and "Wreve armies back, and made all "Troy retire."

Considered as a means of making a man more efficient in any occupation in which he may engage, strength is a glory.

A vigorous physical development shows the ab-
sence of debasing habits. The habitual consumer of tobacco is betrayed by his sallow complexion and nervous recklessness; the intemperate by his rubi-
cund visage and bloated form; the licentious by un-
mistakable signs. So it is not irony when the Scrip-
ture utiL "Rejoice, O young man, in thy strength."

But physical strength alone, without mental pow-
er, makes of the man a splendid animal only. If added to this physical strength in a corresponding mental strength, "more seems to corpses seem," bring the
great is the power? Mind and body act and re-act upon each other. The body is capable of sustaining protracted and exhausting effort; the mind is able to make profound and searching investigation.

We have instances throughout the learned pro-

cessions of men of giant intellects hampered by a weak and diseased body: Alexander Poppe was so deformed that he was called The Interrogation Point. Dr. Johnson was diseased from infancy. Isaac Watts was weak and sickly all his life. Cowper lived under the fear of insanity. James Carter, who had lost the use, both of arms and legs, was unable to keep the brush between his teeth. Here we find mind rising superior to the body, and we are filled with admiration at the indomitable spirit, endurance, and resolution displayed. Rather that the body should be misshapen and tortured by pain than the mind should be weak, disordered. But even in those cases where men and women have risen above bodily weakness, how much nobler might have been the result had the body corresponded with the mind. We would not have been the fretful, pyn-

ish, jealous man he was, nor Johnson the rough, un-
sympathizing one. Pope might then have produced something nobler than the "Dunciad," Johnson had broader sympathies.

Looking at the intimate connection between mind and body, we must remember that the glory of young men is their strength."

But suppose this profound mind is lodged in a casket worthy of it, is then the person, type he is, the mere body and his strength must be added. Intellect has always com-

manded respect, and frequently injustice and im-

munity are the rewards of genuine genius. We forget the injustice and corruption of Bacon in considering his splendid achievements in science. We are charmed with the imagination of Byron, and ignore his sensuousness and redness.

Only the man of firm moral purpose can with-

stand the many appeals made by business and pleasure to lure him from the right. Would he shine as a politician? Bribery and corruption are ac-

cent him, and in answer firmly oppose the current or be dragged into the whirlpool.

The merchant must resort to dishonest means if he would succeed and attract this curious and tn-
plicle in these days, and only a character grounded firmly on justice and honesty can stand against the
practice of the many. As students, there are so many things that may draw a weak man from the path. The desire of the age, the money and the ease of the things and abilities of others are resisted; in-}

dle that induces one to only half perform what is required. He fails in a certain spirit of acquiescence with a subject for a profound knowledge of it, a spirit of opposition to rightly constituted authorities and the old order of things. It is, instead, of realizing that it is only the weak nature that can not learn to obey.

Then it requires strength of purpose to give so many years of life to a college course, and not be lured from it by those occupations that promise greater gain; or by pleasures which are natural and right, but interfere with the object in view. Again, it requires strength, if one is poor, to put up with privations, to be willing not to be so well dressed as circumstances, to live on hard fare, to labor during vacations, when others are resting, to carry one through another term. It is hard discipline, young man, but it is developing moral strength. Here are things that require moral strength to meet. It was said in the late war that the camp, if not a good place to form character, was certainly a place to develop it. The student life is a place both to form and to develop character. Think you when a student has throughout his course been faithful to duty, observant of requirements, thorough in study, that he will not carry those qualities into his future life? It is such a character as this that instructors long to see. It is the reverse of it that causes disappointment and sorrow, and makes them feel that however brilliant the intellect, it will not be sufficient. Again, we re-echo the words of Solomon: "The glory of young men is their strength."

The anchor, W. A. Sheilds.

What is the "Single tax?"

A single taxer - advocates the abolition of all taxes upon industry and the products of industry, and the taking, by taxation upon land values, irrespective of improvements, of the annual rental value of all those various forms of natural opportunities embraced under the general term, land.

"We hold that to tax labor or its products is to discourage industry. We hold that to tax land values to their full amount will render it impossible for any man to extract from others the privilege of using those bounties of nature in which all living men have an equal right of use; that it will compel every individual controlling natural opportunities to either utilize them by the employment of labor, or abandon them to others; that it will thus provide opportunities of work for all men, and secure to each the full reward of his labor; and that as a result involuntary poverty will be abolished, and the greed, intemperance and vice that spring from poverty and the dread of poverty will be swept away."

The landlord says, "I have invested what little wealth I had in land. I have worked on it, and my land has become valuable. I have sold some at a large profit and I have again invested in more land. I am patiently waiting for the growth of the city which will increase its value. I am a good citizen. I am always booming the town for all it is worth, and then to whatever new industry deserves a bonus. My doing so causes businesses and others to do likewise. This is all done to develop a large city and to sup-
SIGHTS AND SOUNDS AT TWILIGHT.

How beautifully the varied play
Of lights and shadows on sea lay,
When stooping low to quench his thirst,
With one startling glorious burst
Of light, the shining runner sinks
Exhausted in the flood he drinks!
Then from the lovely, dreamy vault
Of Twilight, bending from the skies,
The dewy drops will softly flow
Upon the saddened world below.
And o'er the clamorous sea,
Borne on the intoxicating breeze,
There comes a sigh so wide and deep.
That softly doth land hardy crew,
And all along the wooded shore
So soft repeated o'er and o'er.
'Tis then I hear a voice call
Whose distant tones will rise and fall.
And far across the lonely lake
The drowse, dreamy silence break.
Lo! through the scattered mists appears
A gloomy, shadowy shape, that enters
With steady hand a light canoe
Across the depths of darkening blue.
It moves as in an ev'ning hour
With soft the shadowy boatman sings
Sweet snatches of an Indian song
As airily glides along,
His paddle dips with widening sweep
The unruffled waters dark and deep,
As swift he flies toward the strand
A long, white-gleaming band of sand,
That low and level, lies between
The wandering bay and woodland green,
And all the features of his face.
His red and tiny face, can trace—
I know it is the phantom dreed,
The wandering spirit of the dead
Bed hunters, who the days of yore
Did dwell on Mackinac's shore.
At last the shift will touch the sands,
When, lo! the phantom Indian stands
Where in the days of old
The warriors oft their councils held.
Awake his eye with ghastly gleam
Keen on the mists and twilight stream,
A while it visits in dreamy grim
The lonely pines so tall and slim—
And then assumes a wondrous glow
As from the lips begins to flow
A strain so wildly weird, so wild
That even my soul in deep delight and woe
It wakes the winds so strong and free,
They leap up from their bed, the sea,
And mean across the trembling main.

THE ANCHOR.

It makes the woods to sob with pain.
It startles th' echoes from their dream
Upon the slopes by yonder stream.
It brings a shudder of despair
To every where doth move the air.
As yea what song this boatman sings?
What wild desire his heart begets?
He sings about the long ago
Ere yet the winds did bid him blow
Across the distant, unknown main
The pale-face, whom he strove in vain
To drive back to the noisy shore.
"Alas, alas, the times of yore!
Love be the warriors once so bold!
Their hands are weak, their hearts are cold.
Alas, our woe, the white man's wrong!
Forever more in vain we long
For th' unsatisfiable sweet rest
With which the Christian's soul is blest!"

This is the burden of the lay
Which bears my listening soul away.
(Nor finds me eager to resist)
To float a season in the mist
Of sadness with the joyless souls,
Whom never a thought of hope consoles.
Till suddenly the phantom boat
Again upon the bay will float,
Bearing the boatman out of sight.
Into the fast approaching night,
Lo! swift the shadowy goller round,
And in a gloom profound,
Sings:

...PERSONALS...

Mr. Harmeling, '88, will spend his vacation taking charge of a church in Dakota.

John Van Westenbug, '88, expects to spend the summer at home, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Miss Aggie Hofman has been on the sick list.

The trouble was what is generally known as the "mumps."

M. Osewaarde, '88, will take charge of a little Holland congregation in New York City during the summer.

A. Pietros, '87, will take charge of Rev. J. Do Spelder's church in Orange City, Iowa, for the next six weeks, during which time the pastor will take his summer vacation.

Mr. P. T. Phelps expects to take charge of a church at Sharon, Schenectady Co., N. Y., for the summer.

John W. Robinson, M. D., '82, is steadily gaining health and strength. He expects soon to be able to resume work.

Mr. Van Zouten, '80, thinks that he will probably spend the summer taking charge of a church at South Bend, Indiana.

Prof. J. W. Humphrey has accepted the position to take charge of Normal instruction at Hope College, for the ensuing year.

We were sorry to hear of the loss sustained by Mr. Robinson, '89, in the death of his father. The Anchor extends its sympathies.

Kloosterman, '88, will sell nursery stock this summer.

His success in the business last year leads us to predict the same for the coming season.

Rev. N. Kolyn has been requested to give an address to the "Melophone Club," to be held in the college chapel on the evening of June 21.

Rev. A. A. Phoebister, '76, while taking a rest from his labors for a short time on account of ill health, expects to make his abode at Holland City.

S. M. Zwemer will pursue some medical studies in the city of New York during the summer, at the same time also taking charge of a small church near there.

Rev. T. J. Kommer, '81, who has been traveling in the West for his health, has received a call from a church in Ouray, Colorado, and expects to settle there.

Mr. Lommer, '88, who graduates from the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick this year, has accepted a call to a church at Sheboygan Falls, Wis.

The friends of the Rev. E. Van der Hart, '69, were surprised and grieved to hear of his sudden death, on Monday, May 23. He had been an excellent student and an exemplary young man, and being called away in the prime of life with many years of usefulness before him, was particularly sad. The Anchor extends its sympathies to the bereaved friends and relatives.
NATURE.

How fair are all the shady trees and flowers,
The distant mountains towering to the sky,
The clouds that ever beauifully soar in high
The shining birds that flirting in the sunny skies.
The billowy waves that in the soft breeze play,
And with their crashing to the rocks below.
The roses that at summer’s golden hours,
Of purple, violet, white, and crimson gay.

The clouds serene that idly soar on high,
And in the blue-tinged sky so free.
Their form so perfect, as they pass away.

The lilacs that in summer’s golden hours,
Of white, of violet, of purple gay.
And there the buzzing bees, and busy bees,
Their hum to assist and to their work.

What happy thoughts these staring beauty bring.
Of that fair realm where all life’s mystic dreams
Shall end, when sweet celestial beauty smiles,
And where angelic melodies shall ring.

H. L.

THE ANCHOR.

Rev. Daniel Van Pelt has accepted a position as Secretary of the U. S. Minister to The Hague, Hon. Samuel Thayer. They embarked for their destination May 4th.

Mr. Wm. Daiker, ’86, who graduates from the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick this year, expects to go abroad this summer. We wish him much pleasure on his trip.

Juistema, ’86, has been absent for a few weeks, being called away on account of the sudden death of his father. We wish to express our sympathy to our afflicted friend and schoolmate.

We are sorry to state that Henry Op’t Holt is beyond hope of recovery. The disease becoming constitutional has reappeared. The attending physician has given him up.

Henry Van Engelen, "A class" of ’88, has obtained a position as floor walker in a large store in St. Louis. The position is one of trust and responsibility, and speaks well for Mr. Van Engelen’s popularity.

Rev. R. Bloomehald, ’86, married to Miss Maggie LeFanm, of Holland City, on the evening of May 16. He expects soon to enter upon his labors at North Holland, Mich. The Anchor extends its congratulations.

Mr. W. Beardsdale, formerly student at Hope, is at present at his home, Holland, on his vacation of the Theological Seminary of New Brunswick. After a few weeks he expects to take charge of a church at Galloppville, Schobarie Co., N. Y., for the remainder of the summer.

THE ANCHOR.

S—COLLEGE-NEWS—S

S—Sheep heel—.

"Saw—bug—.

"Boice! shud da done—.

The Freshmen are struggling with logarithms—.

Home talent will be employed in the musical part of commencement exercises of the class of ’89.

The members of the "A" class are already making preparations for their graduating exercises.

Miss Steffens, ’91, and Miss Harwood, ’92, have been requested to act as assistant matrons. Why is this thasely?

Several new college songs and an interesting dialogue will be features of the Melphone entertainment this year.

"How is sailing? George?" "Dan is struck—.

"Where is Aggie’s hat?" "Broken mast—.

"Lost in the woods—.

The Seniors have secured J. H. Barrows, B.D., an able and talented speaker from Chicago, to deliver their commencement oration.

Among the many books recently donated to the college by Rev. Schoenemer, are a number of valuable works on theology and church history.

The last number of the "A" class Enchiridion is about completed. It will equal, if not surpass, in number of pages and contents, any previous issue.

Professor in mythology—"Homer, what can you tell us about Venus?" Innocent Freshman—"I don’t know, Professor, I haven’t got that far yet—.

The Locoita, is the name of a society recently organized among the members of the "C" class.

Its officers are: Pres., Flikkema; Vice, Brunis; Sec., Prain, Trenta; Treas., Hekker, Van der Lei.

Sweet, melodious strains of music floated over the campus green, on a beautiful Friday evening, a few weeks ago, and reaching the ears of some of the Van Ylck hall bachelors, caused many a weary sight to escape from the lips of those struggling with "suppositions contrary to fact—.

"Whence come those silvery notes?" quoth the spring poet, and the whispering breezes brought back the answer: "Old maid’s party is out bus riding—.

THE COMPETITORS FOR THE FRESHMAN PRIZE THIS TERM are: Lucra, De Reer, Steffens, Veldman, and Van der Ploeg. The judges for this prize are Rev. A. Wurmer, Grand Haven; Rev. Dockter, Holland; and Rev. J. Zwemer, Holland.

JAMES DUNHAM.

I had been Kasi gar zu germ
Und freud mich wie een Kind—
Weil ich von dem geschmack oft bene
Das sie ein freund der Kahlen sein.

The committee which is to judge on the examination in English Literature of the Sophomore Class to whom the "Birkhoff Prize" is to be awarded, consists of Dr. Beardsdale, Rev. Dockter, of Grand Rapids, and Rev. A. P. Pfanschiehl.

The Hope College Athletic Association was organized on May 16th, with Winter as Manager; Kulper, Sec.; Steffens, Trenta; and Betten and Veldman, Captains. All challenges should be sent to the manager. The Club numbers about twenty members.

The spirit of willingness to devote time and labor for the improvement of college property, which has characterized so many of Hope’s sons, is not lacking in the present "A" class. Some of its members have greatly improved the interior of the chapel recently by giving it a new coat of paper.

The little "D’s," catching the fever of club clans, have organized, and, not wishing to be surpassed by their elder brethren, have adopted the name Philosophs. One of its members is making strenuous efforts to translate the term, and the result will be given in the next copy of The Anchor.

A young man rather sharply inclined.
A maiden fair, as pearl, purest, refined.

Said he, "pray tell me which is a true lover?"
Because I know who I am.

"What does this number 213 mean?
Indeed now pray, what number do we stop.
How it’s only, ye’re fresh and never will ye—.

FROM THE COLLEGES.

One of the professors of Amberst never uses a chair. He sits down on the class.

The twenty-four editors of the four Harvard papers held a joint dinner some days ago.

President Robinson, of Brown University, has resigned after a service of seventeen years.

Cornell intends to send a delegation of sixty students to Mr. Moody’s summer school at Northfield, next July.

In 1789 there were less than 1,000 students in American colleges and universities. In 1889 there are over 79,000.

"Boys will be boys—.
Is one of Wlad's ideas—
Mehinks it would much stronger be—
If boys would be girls—.

A test is to be made of the cases at the Ohio State University, where students are expelled for not attending chapel exercises. It is held under the bill of rights that no State institutions can compel attendance on any religious exercises. The Legislature appointed a committee to investigate the matter.

The University of Berlin has at present more students than any other school in the world, the total attendance for the current year being 7,000. Of them, 6,790 are matriculated students, while the rest have been permitted to attend lectures without matriculation. Of this number 213 are from countries outside of Europe, 39 from Asia, 2 from Australia, and 1 from Africa.

Die Seps, spielen voll glück wohl.
Die Freshen properly jedes game.
Die Juniors sorgen nichts ball all, all.
Aber sie bekommen ja der same—.

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AN ESSAY ON WEARING APPAREL!

STUDENTS should always be of an inquiring turn of mind. Boys, investigate! and our word for it, you will profit in the end. Don't confine your research to classic fields; Get at the practical betimes! It is an old saying, in which there is much truth that: FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS. W do not entirely agree with those who declare, that—CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN; but we do believe that a person sloven of dress, no matter how brilliant his other attainments, ever will fail to command the respect that another lesser light will through neatness in dress and appearance.

Our name does not appear in this month's list of contributors to The Anchor; if it did we would select some such subjects as these for our essay:—'How to dress in style.' 'Economy in dress.' 'Where can I best replenish my wardrobe, (with two ends in view, style and economy?)'

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In what respect does the Tower differ from other Grand Rapids clothiers? Oh! says the other clothier, I dare not carry extra fine ready-made. I make to order, and high-priced ready-made would interfere with my custom.

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