THE ANCHOR

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This issue closes the first volume of THE
ANCHOR. Considering the difficulties atten-
dant upon beginning a paper of this
kind, the past year has been successful. How-
ever, to place THE ANCHOR upon a safe footing, a larger
subscription list is absolutely necessary. The sub-
scription price is so low that alumni could easily pay
for four or five subscriptions and have them sent to
friends, thereby advertising the College and increas-
ing our subscription list. We hope that many will
avail themselves of these suggestions.

As we followed the course of mother Hope du-
der the last two or three years, we were
pleased to find that there was, as there should
be, a gradual improvement in the various branches
of learning pursued. We hope to experience in our
Institution, however, an awakening of a still stronger
interest in a more extensive course in literature and
music. To occasion this, much could be done by the
students themselves. In some of our colleges there
are musical clubs; we do not understand why we can-
not have something of that nature at Hope.

Our literary societies might give public entertain-
ments two or three times a year, which in connection
with a good musical club could be made very inter-
esting indeed. Some appropriate Shakspearean play
might be acted, and debates or essays on literary
topics would be a pleasant pastime during the long
winter evenings. We would be glad to hear the
opinion of others on this question.

The chronicles which we publish in this is-
sue treat of a period in the history of our
institution of which very little is generally
known. We therefore print them entire as all the facts
deserve to be recorded for the benefit of the future
historian of Hope College and the Dutch colony.

There should be a flag-pole somewhere on
the campus, so that we could show our ap-
preciation of national and college holidays
by flying the national colors. The stars and stripes
are now so seldom seen on our campus that fault-
finding persons might think they had good reasons
to doubt the patriotism of our boys.

Advancement is a characteristic of the world.
Humanity, impelled by the resistless impulse
of an enquiring spirit, is ever driven forward,
either in the search of truth or in that of self-gratifi-
cation. Far back in the morning of history the germ
of intellectual activity began to take root in the minds
of men; the demands of life increasing men began to
cast about them for their gratification and satisfac-
tion; new wants and desires brought about an addi-
tional incentive for increasing activity, and thus men
ever mindful of their desires were impelled on to ad-
vancement, and indirectly added a stimulus to the mind. As the material world advanced to contribute
to the welfare of men, so too the minds of men were awakened and developed to a greater power of action. The intellectual world soon reducing all material things to its sway, now asserted its supremacy, thought became the lever of the world, and henceforth conformed to its dictates all brute force. Thus the mind of man in the advancement of time enriched and adorned itself from the vast fields of research and experience of the past. Nations have come and passed away, but their deeds and thoughts live in the characters left behind to be read and pondered upon by succeeding generations. The intellectual accumulation of ages is a storehouse for the ever restless mind of today. The mind needs no longer be drowned in the superstitions of the past, the intellectual horizon is brightening and the mist of folly and narrow prejudice is rolling away. And thus in this present age of active thought forward and in advance the intellectual world keeps pace with the material.

A WONDER OF LOGIC.

Young Brown returned from college.
His head so filled with knowledge
(The freshman year, of course, you understand,
His fond and doting mother
Could scarcely believe another
So wise and bright existed in the land.

He quoted logic daily
And used to prate quite gaily
Of major premise, minor, and the rest,
His father oft perplexing,
With syllogisms vexing.
This logic is the strangest thing I've

Young Brown returned from college.
His father answered blandly:
"My boy, you've reasoned grandly,
But now, amid the strife
With head very wide
Of a noisy, carping life,
He grew a pipeful of ancient perique ,
And heaved a sigh, amid the smile
Of a merry life of the past.

His father answered blandly:
"My boy, you've reasoned grandly,
But now, amid the strife
With head very wide
Of a noisy, carping life,

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINS gives the following hints on speech-making, in "Harper's Magazine":
1. Have something that you desire very much to say. Always speak in a natural key, and in a conversational way.
3. Never carry a scrap of paper before an audience. Plan out a series of a few points, as simple and orderly as possible.
5. Plan beforehand for one good fact and one good illustration under each head of your speech.
6. Do not torment yourself up to the last moment about your speech, but give your mind a rest before it.

The Anchor.

ALUMNI SONG, 1887.

Old Hope! Thy sons around thee standing,
Now raise thy banner high above.
To thee a song they sing,
To thee their tribute bring.
A tribute of praise and of love.

Chorus:
Shoot a shout, sons of Hope, like a bugle-blast:
"Alma Mater semper suscitans si "
Sing, in jolly college-days
Of our golden college-days
And the merry life of the past.
Ye hosts of ancient, classic worthies. Whose love we cherished with a will;
Your love is half forgot,
But your memory is not.
For your ghosts are hasting us still.

A FRESHMAN.

"That's one!" The père assented.
"That's two!" He smiled, contented.
But two and one will evermore make three.

Chapter 7.

On the tide of Time come floating, Pleasant thoughts on days of yore.

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6. Do not torment yourself up to the last moment about your speech, but give your mind a rest before it.

2. College life, how bright! how cheery! Sweet the fragrance from your bower, Sense where nimbly loves to revel Bring their joys this tranquil hour.}

3. Friends, though parted, not forgotten, How your faces all I see! May the memory of our friendships Ever green and hallowed be. cho.

Words by A. OLEMAN, '85.

REVERY.

Music by H. V. S. KERK, '85.

As the evening twilight gathers, When the hours of toil are o'er,
On the tide of Time come floating, Pleasant thoughts on days of yore.

ThOUGHTS OF

thoughts of friends who now are scattered Through this quiet evening time,

And I hear their ringing voices As through mem'ry's door they chime.

CHO.

As the evening twilight gathers, When the hours of toil are o'er,
On the tide of Time come floating, Pleasant thoughts on days of yore.

Thoughts of friends who now are scattered Through this quiet evening time,

And I hear their ringing voices As through mem'ry's door they chime.

CHO.
The Anchor, No. 119

Our poems—Half a century of Flemish poetry

Many like Van Duyk (1858), Van Bijlert (1811-1849) and Lodewijk (1953-1947) belong to

These later we find Kessman Hiel, and especially Pe Mougeot. The poet even the Frenchman Jan Van Beers. Whoever has read his “Livrard” knows how powerfully he can touch the heart, how rich he is in thoughts, and how much melody there is in his poetry.

Our poem—An out-of-the-way corner of Holland.

REV. D. VAN PELT

There were very few sections of the kingdom of Holland which we had not visited during our visit of two years ago. One of these parts, however, that strip of country which lies south of the river Rhine, and which is surrounded by Zeeland Flanders. During our visit of this summer, therefore, we made a point of seeing this rather out-of-the-way corner, which is quite off the usual route of travel.

We first went to Eindhoven, or Vlissingen, and here took up our abode at a hotel. The next day we took the little steamer that performs a regular ferry-traffic across the Schelde. It took us half an hour of straight and fairly fast sailing to cross this broad river, which is really no river at this point, as it is only a part of the sea. Our place of land was the village of Breukelen. A “steen-tram,” as they call it in Holland, or “dummy-road, as we do it in America, with the lowest height of all the roads that enter into this country from Breukelen, touching several villages in its irregular course along the highways. We would have liked to visit BierVellet, celebrated as the birthplace of Benelux, the inventor of a method of preserving herring, which laid the foundation of one of Holland’s greatest and most lucrative industries; interesting also to us in being the birthplace of two of Hope’s alumni, Rev. William and Peter Moren-.

Dyke. But the “steen-tram” did not take in this noted village.

AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY CORNER OF HOLLAND.

We made a tour of that peculiar kind of cars which are a quaint and picturesque element in the rural scenery. It would be a pity to miss the old and picturesque houses with the quaint and picturesque archways, and the quaint and picturesque thatched roofs of the old houses. The old houses were once the homes of the farmers, and are now the homes of the peasants.

The next day we made our way to the town of Huls, and accordingly took the railroad that goes to the east. It is a pleasant journey, with the exception of the last part, which is a slow and rather monotonous one.

We arrived at the small town of Huls, and found that the hotel had a name for peculiar hospitality. With this also arose their language and their literature. Soon appeared the publication of a “Willems” Reinsert, and again the works of Maestl in whose honor a monument was erected in 1806 at Damme. During the last 200 years the language had been entirely neglected, and Composition in the novel, in his first works, wrote nothing but empty

Conscience is regarded as the founder of the present Flemish literature. There is not so much as the tradition that he was a student of the lawyer Peter, and his name Loevinger, and also Rosalie Loevinger who lived a few years ago, 1845. It was the most important, in 1848 its 400th anniversary. To the time of the reformation. We see the Frenchman Jan Van Beers. Whoever has read his “Livrard” knows how powerfully he can touch the heart, how rich he is in thoughts, and how much melody there is in his poetry.

MARTIN OON, 95

In the 15th and 16th centuries the country was in a very flourishing state; not so the poetry. The first poet we meet with is Jacob Van Maerlant, who is the only poet of the 15th century who wrote in the Dutch language. We do not know who he was, but we do know that he was a poet, and that he was a poet of considerable talent. His poetry is instructive, and full of life, and full of humor, and full of wit.

The Flemish drama was written by many others in the presentation of civil life, and in the comedy. “Van Poeoe,” says Jonckheere, “gave the Flemish drama a new form and a new spirit. It was a new form, and it was, above all, a new spirit. It was a new form, and it was, above all, a new spirit.

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there were some notable features never seen before in his life, and never seen in the numerous albums illustrating the various costumes of the kingdom. The shirts stood out in regular bee-like shape, as if covered with little pictures and stiff kind of "crinoline," such as our grandmothers wore. And from either shoulder there rose high into the air above the level of the head, and at an angle away from it, a fan-like or wing-like affair made out of a pantry-colored material, either stiffened by starch, or else supported by a hidden framework.

In due time we reached Hulst. It is within a brief distance of the Belgian frontier, and figures in history as the scene of one of Prince Maurice's master-strokes. He took the place after a siege of five days, in 1591, while the Spaniards thought he was still in front of Symgen, in Gelderland. We went there more particularly because Hulst was the scene of a martyrdom. On February 27, 1651, one John de Zwart was strangled and burned upon the market-place, for having boldly professed his belief in the doctrines of the Reformation.

Hulst, now a small town of but about twenty-five hundred inhabitants, possesses a magnificent and imposing cathedral, built entirely of stone, and in perfect Gothic style. But alone perhaps in all Christendom does it present the phenomenon of sheltering both Protestant and Roman Catholic worship beneath its lofty roof. A brick wall in the interior separates the nave completely from the transept and choir. The nave, severely plain and bare, is occupied by the Protestants; the transept and choir are redolent with the incense of Catholic adoration, and filled with the pictures and altar adornments upon which the faithful love to look and to spend their hard-earned pennies. We left Hulst we wrote a postal card to the Rev. George D. Hulst, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a neighbor to us in our own charge in that city, and one of the ministers of our Church. We thought he would like to hear from his namesake.

Mr President, members of the Alumni Association of Colgate and Gentlemen,

I am here tonight, only to fill a gap left open, as I am informed, by a son of "Hope" and a native citizen of the Empire of the Rising Sun.

That I should come here tonight to plodge upon the altar of this literary feast, offerings, in the form of "Chronicles," called at the very last hour, seems to me quite strange. I same here desirous of being served; after all, the meals are so turned that I have to serve.

I feel that any body else but myself, ought to have the honor and pleasure of filling this gap, because I really feel myself to be as one born out of due time and therefore am not meant to be called a "cherencher.

I was informed the other day, that this Association saw fit to make me an honorary member of their body. For this permit me, on this occasion, to express my sincere thanks. What stepmothers are, I know, at least I ought to know, having been favored with my adopted mothers, that is, I don't know. Never had any before. However I think my prospect is not the most gloomy that might be.

I feel this to be the case. I am not expecting to see him. I feel that he sees this In stitution, time be going, and that my old dear instructor, with whom it had been my privilege to taste of the bitter and the sweet, which an infant institution, like the "Holland Academy," poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith and hope, puts to the lips of teacher and taught.

Oh! thought I, now for a graphic pencil and the "pen of a ready writer" to step upon paper, in an indelible way, the thoughts and the emotions, which alternately rush thru my mind and heart.

Twenty six years have passed and gone, since the day on which, with tear beclouded eyes and emotions too deep for utterance, we stepped upon the shores of this field of endeavor, expecting to see him again on this side of the "silver cord," of the fountain of his earthly life. Our fears we realized—most of us never saw him again.

As I stood there by that honored grave, thinking much and feeling not less, my thoughts flashed over the great lands of distance to Holland, Michigan. I remarked to my newly made acquaintance at my side, oh! could the dome just for a moment come down and look at the "Holland Academy," the scene of his former labors and struggles, what a change he would see, and how he would rejoice. There is now not only one teacher, as he taught all alone, but there are many. He would find as appropriate words with which to express his feelings—certainly not what God wrought. How too would find fulfilled that divine promise so full of

TRANSLATION TO HORACE, Ode IV., Book I.

Fierce Winter has now been dispelled by the icy and spring's soft returning.

And sellers goes down to the sea the dried up old shipping.

In the dishes now strolls their delight, nor farmers in fires bright burning.

Nor meadow all glitin in white with frost's hoary nipping.

Cytherean Venus now leads in the dance, with the moon overhanging.

And hand in hand with the Nymphs, the Graces, unit.

On alternate feet shake the earth, while Vulcan, with implementings clanging.

The glowing laborious forge of the Cyclops is lighting

But now 'tis beginning to cross the anointed young boy

With the myrtle.

Or flowers which spring from the Earth, which the frost now radiant.

And also to Faunus is due an offering in groves green and fertile.

If either feats he demand or kids better pleasure.

Pale Death knocks alike at the bats of the paupers of lowliest stations.

And also at cves of kings. O friend of high merits!

The short span of life now forbids us to cherish remote expectatations.

Even Death you now overcomes, and fabulous spirits, and barren Pastoni home's into which you must some time be going.

And not any longer by lot, rule o'er the carnal,

Nor delicate Lydias love, for whom all the youths are now glowing.

And maidens ere long will grow warm with hopes of espoused

D. L. Perkins, in University.

Miss paella lexicographer says:

This means, as you know, that my girl is the best,

Temera, amans et contiunus in
tackles her teacher and loving, she's constant and true.

---Author's Review---

There was a young fellow no so riche

That he thought he could raise a mustache.

How his poor heart must ache

When he sees his mistake,

And all his fond hopes gone to smoke.

---WILLIAM WARKY---

NOTICE.—Subscriptions to THE ANCHOR for next year should be sent in as early as possible. Always address,

THE ANCHOR,

Hope College, Holland, Mich.
How very strange and mingled are the scenes which the cycles of years have brought up here before my face tonight. Here I see again many of the friends of my youth, many of the associates of my boyhood days, and many of the scenes and the doings, so much like those in which we in boyhood days went by used to engage, in the exuberance of our youth, with hearts full of gladness and with spirits running merrily.

When I say that there is this week reviled to me some memory spots, the greenest and the sweetest, which I discover by the wayside of life, so I take a retrospective view, I do not indulge either in extravagance or sentimentalism. So green are these spots and still so fresh are those flowers which in those merry days of youth covered them, that since the days of youth may ever, have not wilted the green or faded the blossoms.

Twenty-seven years have moved along and have been engulfed into that irredeemable past, since I waifed my last lean, as student to the old—Holland Academy." After the lapse of those years I have returned, and to the scenes and people familiar to those families, as if I could hardly say, oh! how different are the scenes from what they used to be, many year old friends I find no more, many of the doings of school are very different from those of former days. Even the "Holland Academy" itself is no more. It has gone, and will come back no more.

I am looking back at yesterday? Yes and no. I would like to see it again for a moment simply for the sake of "old times." But I am on the other hand glad it is not. Its absence means improvement and progress, for which I am very thankful. This day I feel 27 years younger, and I am proud of this. I am not to be permitted to feel that I am an Institution so useful and so excellent, old times have been renewed and strengthened. From the matter I have presented already it doubtless is clear to my hearers, that I can not appear here as a chronicler such as this Association usually provides. I will be obliged to dwell to-night in the far past and revive some memories of antero-collegiate days.

Chronologically, with reference to our educational institutions, institutions of the little church I am sure such as the Church of the United States, Education, the days of the old Baptist. At the period where I stood in '61, the old was passing away, the new was being to make its way in. I was there in the Institution period. But before I speak about that past educational period, permit me first a word or so about Holland itself.

In your beautiful town, which, with magic and phrenit-like, has arisen out of the ashes of her desolation, I am a veritable Rip Van Winkle. A man dropped from the moon into the midst of your improvement and progress, could hardly feel more strange than I do. The old Holland prior to twenty-seven years ago had only two streets and a half running east and west, and one whole one and two half ones running north and south. The north one is E., the east one N., and North and Tenth terminated on the north-east corner of the public square. The whole street running north and south was River Street. The street immediately east of River Street, whatever you call it now, terminated at the same corner, whilst the other commenced in Eighth at the corner of the old "Postma house" and terminated in the woods about a block south of Dr. Van Raalte's church. I have got that right, I am on the old community church now? I believe I call it nowadays by a different name—any way, the church then was Dr. Van Raalte's.

Holland counted up to '61 but one church; hither all the tribes repaired "to keep the solemn day," and to be swayed waving grains by like persons. It is strange to me to see how different are the scenes from what they used to be, many year old friends I find no more, many of the doings of school are very different from those of former days. Even the "Holland Academy" itself is no more. It has gone, and will come back no more.

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At times you might actually have seen him like that master builder in Israel, with the trowel in one hand and the other grasping the sword. Some laughed, some mocked, others shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders.

Well, how the academic year began, we don't know. We do know that time to time until the wild embers bloomed as the sharpened, polished and seen the historic house, which to the Holland Church went.

Domine We studied together we tried some errands or had in each others room causing some of the laborers in ing (?) but erring brethren.

"Mr. Van Vleck, in one hand to Providence frowns?"

Te DM.1.1n, "Seceders, " calls, togethe...
Married, Mr. W. Bruese, of this city, to Miss C. Cappon, '87. The Anchor extends its congratulations.


Miss M. Thompson, "A" class '87, has secured a position as salesclerk in the dry goods department of B. Ricketee.

Prof. John H. Gillespie who will occupy the Greek chair has arrived and will board this winter with Mr. King.

Married, Mr. Joe Yisserch, '77, to Miss Dinah Bolka, "A" class, '88. The Anchor extends its congratulations.

Roy. G. J. Diekema has been reominated to represent the first district in Ottawa county, in the State Legislature.

Married, Sept. 19th, Rev. P. Weyenberg, '83, to Miss Allie Smith of this city. The Anchor extends its congratulations.

H. Veldhuis, "A" class '87, will be at the University at Ann Arbor this year. He will enter the Dental department.

A. Van Zwaluwenberg, a graduate of the Grammar department has accepted a position as chemist in St. Louis, Mo.

I. Cappon, treasurer of Hope College, has been nominated as elector at large by the Republican party. Ex-Gov. Rassell A. Alger is the other nominee.

Rev. James Zwemer has accepted the appointment as financial agent of Hope College, the Seminary, and the Western Academy. He will make his home in this city.

Of the class of '88 Messrs. Hurmeling, Lumar, and Klooster will remain here in attendance at the Western Theological Seminary; Messrs. Osswaarde and Van Westenburg will go to New Brunswick; Mr. H. Geelings will attend the Presbyterian Seminary in Chicago, and P. Zwemer will continue his work as colporteur.

Rev. H. E. Doeker has returned from his European trip. He has declined a call from the Ref. Church of North Holland.

Miss Emma Kollen, '87, has left for Orange City where she has been again engaged to teach Latin in the North Western Academy.

Mr. Jacob J. Van Zuilen, '86, has entered the middle class in the Western Theological Seminary. He had already spent one year in Chicago.

FROM-THE-COLLEGES.

Dr. Ann Gray bequeathed to Harvard College the copyrights of his works.

—German universities are well attended by Americans. Berlin has had 600, Leipzig over 200.

—The oldest college periodical and the oldest monthly of any kind in America is the Yale Literary Magazine.

—Last June, at Hillsdale, a father of fifty-three and a son of twenty-two graduated and were rivals for class honors.

—One of the Cornell professors went to the circus to see what students to excuse the next day on account of sickness.

—Prof. Pooboy, of Harvard, says that the general tone of the college has been improved by the growth of athletics.

—About sixteen colleges in the United States are without presidents and are looking for suitable men to fill the positions.

—Johns Hopkins will probably be removed to Clifton, just outside of Baltimore, in accordance with the will of its founders.

—It has been decided by the Supreme Court of Indiana that college students of legal age have the right to vote in college town.

—Professor Patton, recently elected President of Princeton, is a British subject who has never sought naturalization in this country.

—Three Presidents, two Vice Presidents, eighteen Cabinet officers, three Speakers of the House, and four Supreme Court Judges have graduated from Harvard.

Students of Ann Arbor have petitioned the Legislature to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors within five miles of the University.

President Cleveland is not a college man, but Mrs. Cleveland is a college woman, and Dan Lamont is a graduate of Union. Acting Vice President Ingalls is a Williams man. Secretary Bayard had a business education. Secretaries Fairchild and Knollcott are Harvard men. Secretary Whitney hails from Yale, Dickinson from Michigan University, Vikes from St. Mary's College, Ky.

THE STUDY OF LANGUAGE.

"Greek's a heap we love to hear; Latin is a trumpet clear; Spanish like an organ swell; Italian rings its silver bells; France, with many a frolic min, Tunes her spirited Melody. Load the German rolls in his drum When Russia's clashing symbols come; But Britain's sons may well rejoice For English is the human voice."

There is not a more useful or delightful occupation for the leisure hours of young ladies than the study of foreign languages. It is the bridge spanning the deep waters which divide our own from the rich and varied literature of other lands. When once we have passed over it, a new world of enjoyment is open to us, and we are quickly brought in contact with the brilliant intellects that have illustrated the grand and glorious in prose and poetry.

The best translation is but a shadow of the original. We may transplant a tropical flower to our climate, and cherish it with infinite care; still its blossoms will never possess the beauty and fragrance of its own sunny clime. Thus it is with foreign literature. To enjoy perfectly the noble utterances of great minds, we must read them in the language with which Genius first draped them. The subtle charm of originality,—the delicate shades of thought, radiant and evanescent as the lustre of the rainbow,—vanish away before the realities of a translation.

Madame Compan did not consider the education of a young girl completed because she had left school. In one of her admirable letters of advice to a friend, she writes: "Continue still to devote daily hours of study, that you may speak fluently in German, sing sweetly in Italian, and write charmingly in French."

Altho the fashionable world may be very exacting and absorbs much of the attention of our young ladies, still, even in its whirl of gaiety there are many weary and listless hours, which might be pleasantly occupied in learning a foreign language.

Among the happy visions which float in the mind of nearly every American girl is that of a visit to France; therefore, to her, a knowledge of foreign languages would be especially agreeable. Many persons travel through classic lands with no more enjoyment than the deaf and dumb, whose only pleasure is derived from sight. How charmingly might a young lady utilize her accomplishment as a linguist by contributing to the information, the happiness, and the comfort of those of her family who accompany her, and who, perhaps, have been too much occupied with the hard actualities of life to acquire there languages.

It is always a joy to a woman to know she increases the happiness of the loved ones. Thus many amusing incidents and sparkling conversations are constantly occurring as we travel thru "lands beyond the seas," which might be translated for their enjoyment also. Pleasure and usefulness are combined in the knowledge of foreign languages. It is an admirable training for the memory, and genial exercise for the mind; and the acquisition of every new language is another delight added to existence.—Sel.
The Tower Clothing Co.

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