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OCTOBER, 1899.

The Anchor

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The Tale of a Scroll

It was one of those balmy days of Indian summer when Nature smiles her benediction upon the fruit of her efforts that Jason Page stepped from a Park View Avenue car and walked leisurely up the broad walk leading to the mansion of Two Pines. It was evident that he was not an inmate of the house, although it was the home of his childhood. How as a boy he had loved that old homestead. When an exile from it his thoughts were there even in his dreams.

Two Pines had been the pride of the Page family for three generations. Each successive owner had added to its attractions until now it stood peerless among the many fine residences on the avenue. Its terraced lawns were dotted with shrubbery and native trees; but the glory of Two Pines was the great forked pine tree. It stood on the highest part of the grounds, sentinel-like, watchful and grand. Beneath its whispering boughs, the Red men had smoked the pipe of peace with the pale-faced pioners of the Genesee valley. Jason Page had a deep veneration for that historic old tree. He walked up to it and examined the hieroglyphic characters cut there by his ancestors. A strong desire to cut his own name beneath theirs seized him. He was not master of Two Pines as were those whose names it bore; but he cut them, notwithstanding. As he turned away, his memory recalled the lulling melodies that floated on the evening air when all else was quiet, save the gentle zephyrs kissing the lispcones. He seemed to hear again those moaning wintry winds shrike as they encountered its tossing arms. To his boyish fancy it was the cry of the fairies distressed by the tempest spirits. Then thoughts of youth, college, Eloise, came thronging thro his mind. Those were happy days. But here the pleasant reverie ended as it always did when thoughts of the bitter recent past clouded over those early bygones. The future could never hold to his lips such a chalice of unmixed joys as had the kind and cherished past. True his father during his last illness had written, granting pardon, redress and a welcome home; but the longed-for news had come too late. The miles of ocean lay between, meanwhile Judge Page had passed away, bitterly repenting his harsh treatment of his only son. Keen and deep had been the remorse over those words so hastily spoken. When Judge Page, proud of his position and wealth, learned that his son was about to marry Eloise Clayton, a talented opera singer, he was blind to all reason and remonstrance. The son retorted that his second marriage had been with a woman his inferior
in every way, a fortune seeker and a schemer deep as a de Medici. The father became furious. He declared that if Jason persisted in the union he should never darken his father's door other than as a beggar. Smarting under this thrust Jason Page left, vowing never to return unless summoned to his father's residence, in his father's own handwriting.

These fearful utterances were now strikingly fulfilled, for the disinherited son, now well nigh penniless, rang the door bell in answer to those long-expected summons. At the reading of his father's last will, no mention was found of Jason. The woman whom he despised had become the possessor of his birthright.

In answer to his ring, a servant opened, and, requesting an interview with Mrs. Page, he was ushered into the library. The mistress of Two Pines, exultant in her triumph, smiled archly as she greeted him with "glad to see you, Master Jason, quite a stranger." "Yes and a beggar too", he answered with a tinge of bitterness.

"Madam, my father wrote that he had made redress for the wrong done me, granting a full pardon and a welcome home. This must be known to you" he said searchingly.

"Your father's will has been made public and has received the sanction of the law", she replied guardedly, rightly discerning the object of his call.

"I can never be persuaded that the will, as I read it, expresses the last wishes of my father. This letter in his own handwriting convinces me to the contrary. I would like to search his apartments with your permission", he said rising.

"That I must deny you. This house is lawfully mine and with the law I will thwart you if you make the attempt", she said excitedly.

"Madam you need fear nothing from me. It is not in my power to oppose you. That which you assert lawful I deem unjust, but know that Heaven's day of justice will bring my hour of vengeance. Achin till then", whereupon he took his departure.

"There, Supple, pet, that will be the last brushing I shall give you. You have passed into other hands as you will soon find out. But it can't be helped, pet, it can't be helped. Time brings changes and changes are but the beginning of troubles", and old Jethro the coachman and guardian of Two Pines heaved a sigh as he tapped his curry comb against the wall. The sleek, shining bay neighed knowingly at the old man's remarks. "Yes, Sterling, you'll soon miss the care and kindness of Jethro too." This to another splendid animal that thrust his dainty nose over the partition of the stalls.

"I'll drape them in mourning when you are gone as a token of their regard for you. Come old grizzle, make room for new century people and things improved", said Roach, the new man in charge, mockingly.

Jethro stared mutely at the all important followed closely by Spider, the ugliest bull pup that ever graced an equestrian establishment. Spider had incurred the ill-will of Jethro from the first. Roach had sided indiscriminately with his canine friend and there was little hope of a compromise not to mention a treaty of peace. Then turning away with great disgust Jethro replied, "I'll give you a wide berth, wide as the boundaries of the State. Make room for new century people and things improved! Indeed when roaches, spiders and other vermin bring them!"

Great and sudden changes had come over Two Pines after the death of Judge Page. His widow needed but a brief season of mourning for her lorned sorrow. When she found herself sole mistress of the old mansion, she began extensive preparations for elaborate improvements. Conservatories, vehicles and liveried servants became an unusual feature at the otherwise sombre old homestead.

These innovations were very trying to the old servants who had grown old in the Judge's household. To none was this more so than to Jethro Dunning. He had groomed and driven the Judge's horses for thirty years and in all matters pertaining to the same he had been the trusted adviser. Upon the substitution of an experienced coachman, 'toggled in livery lugs', as Jethro expressed it, his influence ceased from that hour. Small wonder that his honest pride could not bear this even to the cutting asunder of old ties.

The winter season was but just opened and with it came the announcement of a grand ball at Two Pines. Mrs. Page had won the reputation of a lavish entertainer and also the reproach of the righteous and the envy of those unable to keep apace with her. The affair was looked forward to as the event of the season and the dailies so reported it afterwards.

Among the guests was a certain Monsieur Duquette, a music teacher of repute and an intimate friend of an old acquaintance. He spoke with a French accent and wore his facial adornments after the fashion of Paris. This gave him the appearance of a much older man than he really was. Among strangers he was reserved yet when the occasion required it he was courteous to a nicety and even entertaining. It was when left to himself that he assumed an air of thoughtfulness bordering on absent-mindedness. When addressed he would brighten up, apologize for his fit of meditation as he called it and become unusually gay. His fit of melancholy would return when he picked up the violin. He would begin with a melancholy longing air which seemed the burden of his soul. The careless ease with which he handled the instrument showed him master of his art, an art he no longer loved and practiced for its own sake. Music had lost all its inspiration and to him it was but a rehearsal of his life, always ending in sharp notes of bitterness and despair. A lean man with long wavy hair and a journalistic aspect generally remarked that here was a man with a history, if his knowledge of human nature failed him not.

Laying aside his violin, Monsieur Duquette was seen to leave the room. Had you followed him out upon the terrace and toward the shadows under the great pine you would have observed him as he leaned against its massive trunk, suddenly draw back his uplifted hand and start. Leaning forward cautiously, he drew forth from
The mystery of the long lost will is briefly told. Mrs. Page chanced upon it while rummaging in the Judge's apartments for a pamphlet he requested her to bring him. She determined on its destruction, for it left her dependent on the son and heir for whom she had an inborn hatred. While reading the will by herself she was suddenly interrupted by one of the servants. Hastily thrusting it between the leaves of some sheet music which was lying upon the table, she left the room for an instant with the servant. When she returned it had disappeared with the pile of papers. In her absence a niece staying at Two Pines at the time came and carried them to the piano to find a suitable selection for an afternoon's entertainment at a friend's. When up the driveway the young lady spied a company of friends wheeling towards the house, she tossed her music roll upon a sheltered seat and ran to meet them. The roll was forgotten and never missed. Kiss, the pug, was in a frolicsome mood at that moment. He seized the scroll and after shaking and tossing it about for some time left it in the bushes where Jethro was at work. He picked it up and placed it in the fork of the old pine tree where it remained till Jason accidentally discovered it. Its mysterious disappearance was the cause of no small concern to Mrs. Page. Her anxiety was somewhat lessened when the servant, upon being questioned about the pile of papers,—said she had burned them thinking them useless. Mrs. Page could not entirely shake off the apprehension that some time it might testify against her. Her grave fears had suddenly become the dreadful reality.

The Anchor.

Through the West on Wheels.

There is "nothing new under the sun" when we speak of a bicycle trip through the West. Many such tours have been made by certain individuals and not alone through the West, but throughout the length and breadth of the United States. Therefore we do not at all talk of such an undertaking as a great feat of skill or courage. Such might have been said twenty years ago. But times have changed and a 2,000 miles' ride now does very likely not mean as much as a 25 miles' ride in previous times when the roads were not travelled very much. Each trip, however, has its peculiar incidents and experiences, and these may be interesting to some of us.

We had heard a great deal about the West but had never seen that country. We had been told by some of our fellow-students from Sioux County and vicinity of the richness and vastness of that territory. They had put it before our eyes in the most flying colors as a picture of beauty and grace.

"With its forests, its rivers, its mountains so grand, And its people so lank-drawn and good." Our expectation had reached its height. Anxiously we awaited the day upon which we should behold with our own eyes that grand picture in reality. Nearly a whole week I waited in Chicago while my fellow-companion, Mr. Nywening, went to his home about sixty miles south of Chicago to see his parents and bid them good-bye. It being a nice day he thought best to go on wheel. His trip was seemingly a very difficult one, but it gave him at the same time a taste of what was to be. From a postal received after his arrival, I quote the following: "Arrived home yesterday. Very bad roads, clay all the way. Heavy rain. Rode a railroad track. Four punctures in hind tire. Cone worn out again. Carried wheel for a long distance" etc. That was a hard ride. How little we deemed that such was nothing more than a sample of what we should meet with-

Finally the longed for day arrived. Our wheels were in good shape and our baggage had been packed in the diamond which we bought for that purpose. The morning of June 30 promised a beautiful but hot day. We were astir at an early hour and after partaking of a good breakfast we mounted our horses and paddled down the boulevards. Fine riding that, although a great deal of care must be exercised so as not to collide with any of the thousands of wheels that frequent the boulevards at that time. Slowly we slid along Jackson boulevard, the Park and along Washington boulevard. The hum of the busy city and the rattling of wagons upon the rough pavement grew fainter and finally ceased. We were out of Chicago and on the "Century course." A better road could not be desired, hard as a rock and yet smooth. Mile after mile wore away during which our attention was now and then attracted by a shout of some farmer along the road or the scurrying of chickens seeking a place of refuge in the thickets. All at once two sharp rings from my companion's bell told me that something was wrong. Dismounting, I learned that his tire had sprung a leak, very likely on account of striking a stone. We
quickly substituted a new inner tube and in ten minutes were again ready for the start.

The steeplechases and chimneys of Elgin came to view, lifted proudly along toward the high dome of heaven. And gladly we greeted them because Mr. Hunger was slowly coming upon us. Before we reached them, however, my companion had another accident. Noticing that he did not follow as closely as usual, I stopped to see what was the matter. And then he came telling me of a collision he had. Running down a very steep hill at the foot of which was a sharp turn, he had met three wheelmen going in an opposite direction. With his tremendous momentum in which his weight, according to the law in physics, must have played an important part, he ran among the three men. What happened during the next few moments, nobody was able to tell; but when the dust had settled somewhat my companion noticed that two men were lying in the dust and had evidently come in no soft contact with the stony road. Investigation showed that no limbs or ribs were broken, nor tires burst, which was indeed very fortunate. Mr. N. was very much surprised that he could run down two men without receiving the slightest injury himself.

Half an hour more brought us upon the streets of Elgin, the great watch-manufacturing town. On account of some misunderstanding we lost sight of each other, and it was not till after half an hour's search that we united again.

Our next stop was Burlington and being a little weary we rested in the shade of a large oak along the road. A little lunch, consisting of crackers, cheese, lemons and the necessary amount of water, was partaken of. Not very attractive to be sure, but at that time very welcome to us.

We reached Sycamore at 4:30 and began to feel the effects of the ride more or less. But we were determined to stop at Mr. Reever's at Stillman Valley, if the way was not too long. They had told us before we reached Sycamore that it was more than twelve miles farther. That by far the greatest number of people have no idea of distances was demonstrated here. We asked for the distance five times. The first answer was 12 miles; the second, 24; the third, 25; the fourth, (and that after very careful calculation), 29 1/4; being five miles on the way, the fifth answer came, 32 miles from that place. So Nywening said to me, "You had better not ask any more, because the roads get longer all the time."

Finally we decided to stop for the night and went to a farm house near by to ask for lodging. The farmer, an Irishman, looked somewhat suspicious at us and said "No", but he soon repented and called us in for supper. A good supper it was and we waded into it with the appetite of rescued whalers. From potatoes to cake we were right there and ate like piano movers.

Our host was very talkative. There is no subject that was not touched that night. We talked about Michigan sand and Illinois potato crops; about Chicago's busy streets and Holland's empty sidewalks; about the beautiful lakes of Ireland and the ice mountains of the North Pole; and finally narrowed down to cyclones. And then our host was right in it. He told us of his experiences with a cyclone once. He was riding on horseback and leading two other horses when a cyclone came on. The horses twisted around and would not go on. He himself saw the cyclone and it was a "square one," but from the strength of the wind he judged that it was a "young one," and that was "chronic," he said. The noise of ducks when eating he also explained, telling us that then the ducks were speaking to each other, saying, "I take this, you take that," etc. It was a pity that we did not have a gramophone.

Next morning we took leave of our host, who invited us to come again, and rode on. They had had a heavy rain in Illinois which had swollen the creeks and taken a few bridges away. We came to such a creek where there was no bridge, and the only way to go across was to carry our wheels and wade through. The water was not very deep, neither very cold, but we would rather cross on a bridge.

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Opening of the New Year.

The students of Hope have again resumed their regular routine work; once more they have returned to the struggle for self culture.—the higher development of mind and soul. Our institution opened its doors on Wednesday, September 20, and the hearty cheers and applause that greeted the entrance of the president and the faculty showed that the old boys were as eager to renew their intellectual struggles as the new boys were eager to begin them. The old students had returned with prospects of a brighter year before them, resolved, if possible, to avoid the little mistakes of former years. The new students were anxiously anticipating the beginning of their future struggles. The hearty reception tendered them by the members of the fall campaign committee of the Y. M. C. A., and the cordial welcome of the older students had made them feel at home and their few days of student life consisted, as yet, of only pleasant exper-
ences, which many of us still recall, with gratitude to those who were then called upon to make us feel at home.

The exercises were opened by singing, after which the president read a short scripture lesson, which was followed by prayer by Dr. Beardslee of the seminary.

Dr. Kollen's address was most encouraging and inspiring to all of us, and we all appreciate the way in which he always attempts to show us the brighter side of things, and some of the more striking parts of the address can well bear repetition here:

Adieus and greetings form a large and important experience in our lives. And time passes so quickly that the good-by and the welcome, though separated by a vacation of three months, seem almost expressed in one and the same breath.

As now open this new college year we extend a cordial welcome to the old students who are about to put on the harness again, and although it may chafe a little at first, are nevertheless looking forward to a faithful pull of another period of nine months.

And we welcome equally heartily those who for the first time are casting in their lot with us. We promise you a kind treatment on the part of your older and more experienced brethren, and a helpful and sympathizing spirit on the part of the instructors, so that you cannot long remain strangers among us.

This is an occasion for congratulation to old students and new, alike, but it is also a day for serious reflection. We are to be congratulated that you are here enjoying the advantage of securing a liberal education, but you are not to forget that privi-


you cannot climb without effort and purpose. Bishop Lawrence has well said, "The college is beyond all other places the valley of decision. And the movement upward or downward begins early. Behold now is literally the day of each college man's salvation."

Student life is quite gregarious, and we commend most heartily the college spirit resulting therefrom. And yet we sometimes think that in the development of their spirit there is often a loss of a sense of individual responsibility. Character building is not done in masses, but is an individual matter. To be under the absolute control of a society, or a number of men, is no more desirable than to be under the whip lash of an inconsiderate slave driver. Stand boldly out for what you in your conscience consider right, without being stubborn.

We trust that there is a laudable ambition found in the heart of each of you, to become a power among men and a light to the world. To this you cannot attain in the highest and best sense without coming in vital relation with Him to whom all power is given in heaven and in earth and who is the light of the world.

An education relating only to this life is sadly incomplete. Infinitely more important than all book learning is it to heed the admonition of the inspired writer: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." I would impress upon your minds the importance of the eternal now. It is not wise to dream of Elysium gardens far away in the unknown future. Live so that you shall realize that the condition of future happiness has its roots and origin in the present. The future reaping depends upon the present sowing.

After this address, Dr. Kollen introduced to the student body and to the citizens present interested in our institution our two new professors, S. O. Mast, who is to fill the new chair of natural sciences, and the Rev. P. Siegers, who takes the professorship of Dutch Language and Literature, and who is assistant in Latin and Greek studies. Prof. Mast is a graduate of the State Normal school at Ypsilanti, and a graduate of the scientific department of the University of Michigan. He comes highly recommended by the authorities of both these institutions as an accurate scholar and an original investigator in his scientific work. Prof. Siegers is a graduate of the University of Utrecht in the Netherlands and after his collegiate work he spent several years in legal studies in the best schools of his country. When he discontinued this line of work he came to this country and immediately took up the study of theology in the Western Theological Seminary, from which he graduated in 1893. Since that time he has been in the ministry of the R. C. A. and was at the time of his appointment to the professorship here, engaged as pastor of the Third Reformed church of Kalamazoo.

The addition of these two new professors makes possible the further branching out into the full courses,—Classical, Philosophical and Normal. Already the new permanent schedules for the next year have been issued and the comprehensiveness and variety offered are eliciting hearty approval of the students and patrons of Hope.
Notes and Comments.

It is probably not improper at this time to ask what are the means necessary to insure a profitable year. Undoubtedly every student does expect to make it a success. Very likely plans have already been laid, resolutions formed, the future has been studied with pearls of expectations for improvement, physical, intellectual, spiritual. To the thoughtful mind, however, the question at once presents itself, how shall it be attained, how shall the laurels of victory crown the close of this year, in other words, what path will lead to success? We speak of intellectual success.

The path to this goal will depend largely on what we make our standard. If, for example, by success is meant no more than getting through one's lessons or recitations in any way possible, then the road will be found comparatively easy, and thorns of discouragement ought not to mar the progress of the wayfarer—then careful plans and firm determinations need not be made. If, however, our criterion is intellectual conquest, a shaking off the shackles of ignorance in new and as yet unexplored realms of thought, if, in short, by success we mean an increased knowledge of the truth that shall make us free, then it will not be sufficient to drift through the year; but a firm grip of the oar will be necessary, which will send the bark up the stream of difficulty—to put it in one word, it means work, hard, energetic, persistent, honest work.

This is the inevitable law of life. The man who attempts to escape it, attempts to avoid the natural and unchangeable order of life. He violates universal law and as a natural sequence reaps the results of forbidden fruit—failure. We reap what we sow. We care not where or to what it is applied. To slight work is unworthy of man. We know some insects cast out their lazy fellows. We are aware the squirrel provides his burrow for the winter blasts, lest springtime find him cold and lifeless. Let man profit by the example. He who will not work shall not eat—not his body, no more his mind. We repeat work is the inevitable law of life, the neglecting or violating of which cannot but result in failure.

And yet shall we affirm that no human being can escape it? That this is a law of iron which crushes all in its path? that if a man is a weak, struggling, almost helpless child of nature, he must bow before the storm? that in this world life is a struggle for existence with a survival of the fittest—for inevitably we come to this—then we answer no—never. Shall we be absolute slaves, the puppets who are tossed hither and thither by irresistible and immutable law while knowing a higher law exists—a law that commands the strong to aid the weak: a law serving as a teacher to humanity to make it free from the actual slavery of life—a law which says, "They also serve who only stand and wait"—the law of love? This law implies that the strong shall work. Shall a man give when he has not? Shall love offer a stone when it is asked for bread? Hence, work, hard, strenuous work is the only way to success.

We may formulate definite plans, we may construct vast and efficient machinery, but the power of work will only produce result. A man is weak, what else shall he do to become strong but exercise his muscles? So in intellectual life if victory shall be the goal. A lazy man must always be a dishonest man—dishonest because he breaks universal law—dishonest because he uses not what has been entrusted to him—dishonest because he shrinks his duty by providing for himself—dishonest because he helps not his weaker brother. Work is the road to life, to neglect it is death.

Another college year has opened with all its privileges and possibilities.

The old student has returned with new vigor, desire, and strength for his mental labors. The systematic student should have some definite plans for the new year, aside from his class-room studies. But the new student has probably come here with fear and trembling. He has left home for the first time. Those whom he meets are strangers to him, so he above all others is deserving of our sympathy and advice. It is very easy to give advice but very difficult to put it in practice. If it were not so, we could learn, free of charge, as much in half an hour as most people, to their sorrow, learn by bitter experience in fifty years. Yet there are a few hints which may profitably be picked up by the wayside.

Sunday will be the longest and the most lonesome day in the week for the religious new student. Since his text books are then laid aside, and sports cease for the day, his mind for the first time gets an opportunity to wander back to the old homestead. What a vivid picture there comes before him of those he left behind! He wonders whether they are thinking or talking about him in the family circle. As he goes to church, only strange eyes stare at him. The minister does not seem to have anything special for him. Even the grand organ sends forth its majestic peals to his ear in a harsh, unsympathetic strain. He leaves the rented pew without the usual warm shaking of the hand, and returns once more to his apartment to fall in a reverie of "home, sweet home."

If he has come to the college-town with a strong determination to reach his goal, these trivialities will soon dwindle away. If he takes an active part in the religious work of the college, these tender emotions and delicate sensibilities will be satisfied without being hardened or obliterated.

It is not advisable to form many friendships in a college town outside.
of the student body. They can be maintained only at the expense of innumerable social "calls." The student must not be afraid of isolation, although it does require much experience, training and moral stamina properly to live alone.

Physical exercise also plays an important part in the daily routine of the student. The new student especially needs it. But he should not worry, if his muscles grow a little feeble. It is perfectly natural that they should flag. If the student takes physical exercise simply to excel in muscular power, he is wasting energy in producing strength for which he can have no use. A change of books is often as good as an hour's violent exercise. It is possible that his physical strength is far greater than his mental. Then let him be willing to sacrifice a little muscular power that he may give his brains a chance. He who needs more physical than mental training does not belong in college. The harmonious development of both body and soul is the ideal.

He should be systematic. He should have a certain time for his work. Outside reading will then also be possible. Not one student in ten spends all his time on his lessons if he uses his time economically. There is a way to waste an afternoon without being idle. But the work of the day should receive the largest share of the time. Then there will be time for reading magazines and books.

The new student should affiliate himself with one of the literary societies. Nothing can take the place they fill in student life. They put him in contact with his associates, show him his true position, and to some extent fill the social vacancy in his life.

Finally, he should support The Anchor. This is preeminently his paper. He should take an interest in it and feel proud of it. Then there will be esprit de corps among the students, which cannot fail to have its beneficial effects.

Alumni Notes.

Rev. D. J. DeBey, '79, of Grand Rapids, has received the call from his former charge at Gibsiville, Wis.

The church of New Holland has called the Rev. A. H. Strabbing, '80, of Marion, New York, as their pastor.

Rev. R. A. Joldersama, '81, has accepted the appointment of the state of Maryland, to work for the Holland settlement of that state.

Colonel Cornelius Gardner, a former student of Hope, left last month via San Francisco, for the Philippines with his regiment, the 30th U. S. Volunteers.

Rev. Henry Hoppers, '89, is pastor of the Reformed church at Englewood, Ill.

On the first of September, the Rev. J. M. Van der Menien, '91, was installed as pastor of the First Reformed church of Grand Rapids.

Rev. Harry Wiersum, '96, left New York Sept. 20th, for his new field of labor in Arabia.

John B. Steketee, '95, will continue his studies by taking up theology at Princeton, and Robert P. DeBruyn, William Prakken and Robert E. Kemmers will enter the State University at Ann Arbor.

Some B. DePree and Andrew Ganzevoort, of the class of '99, will continue the work at Rush Medical college.

Of the class of '99 the following entered the W. T. S., Messrs. Braak, Kuizenga, Mansens, Marsijle, Reev.

Among the Societies.

FRATERNAL SOCIETY.

On the first Friday of the term most of the old "Fraters" had again assembled in the F. S. hall. It was evident that from the start the new year was to be made as successful at least as the last, and that conscientious effort would be made by every member to excel the record of the most profitable year that had passed into the pages of its history. The second meeting was an inspiring one and showed that the members did not have to get down to hard work gradually. To keep the fire of enthusiasm burning new fuel was abundantly added. Eight new members have already joined our ranks.

The officers elected for the fall term are:

President - A. B. Van Zute
Vice-President - G. Homanjik
Keeper of Archives - J. Steenbergen
Secretary and Treasurer - M. A. Stormand.

COSMOPOLITAN SOCIETY.

Society work has long received much attention at Hope College. It is allowed that the class-room alone cannot equip a student completely for his public career. It is altogether true that his mental training is given due attention by his instructors, and that the curriculum is a great factor in his development into the scholar; but society work is an unquestionable factor in his development into the leader. You say, the leader is born. No doubt. But if he is not capable of development, he is a prodigy either of excellence or of wretchedness. It is, therefore, with the idea of development that the Cosmopolitan society has again entered upon the work of another year—the year that will finish the first decade of its existence. Strong thro trials, inspired by its past achievements, filled with grander hopes, with loftier aspirations, our society spreads again its sails to every breeze, and heads its prow for all the knotty questions of our day.
At the closing meeting of June, '99, the following officers were elected:
President—J. Wayer.
Vice President—O. Nottign.
Secretary and Treasurer—A. Weesink.
L. L. L.

The L. L. L. is still prospering; it has done very creditable work in the past and hopes to improve upon all former efforts this year.

The following officers have been elected by the society for the fall term:
President—Amy Tate.
Vice-President—Bertha Vemkeham.
Secretary—Minna De Puyter.
Treasurer—Anna Bowers.
 Sergeant-at-Arms—Lilla Thalberg.
Keeper of Archives—Lottie Hoyt.

MELIPHONE
Alpha Section.

Encouraged by the results of last year's efforts the Alpha section has again entered upon this term's work with unabated zeal and energy. Although some of our ablest and most faithful members have left us, the true spirit of Meliphonia has not lessened. We will not be content in doing what others have done, we must surpass.

At present, we are in a prosperous condition and we are confident of a most prosperous future. Each member feels the importance of doing his utmost, both for his own advancement and that of others. Thus, by hearty co-operation and earnest efforts we hope to obtain that success which is the reward of diligent labor.

At our first meeting the following officers were elected:
President—E. B. Kruenings.
Vice-President—Simon Blocker.
Secretary—Jacob Pelgrim.
Treasurer—A. Buthuis.
Sergeant-at-Arms—M. Roesward.
Marshal—A. H. Goovert.
Member of Ex. Com.—A. C. Dyken.
V. M. C. A.

After a brief period of intermittence our Y. M. C. A. is again resuming its work. Our membership is depleted by the absence of last year's graduating class; but, as many new recruits have enrolled in the institution, we trust that a goodly number of them will identify their interests with the association.

The first meeting, on Thursday, Sept. 21st, was a reception to the young men of the college. It consisted of a few remarks of welcome to the new students by the president, prayer, testimony, and the customary social "chandshakes" to gain each other's acquaintance. The outlook for the work of the year is good; and the various departments are organized for aggressive endeavors to realize the association's aim and purpose.

The Bible study department proposes to change very materially the nature of the subjects of the Thurs-day evening lectures. To the minds of not a few the former courses were too excessively doctrihal; and were oftentimes uninteresting to, if not in advance of, the preparatory men. In order to remedy this defect, the Bible study committee has secured a course of lectures that are practical and that can be attended with pleasure and profit by every student in the college.

The new course, as outlined by the committee, follows:

Sext. 21—W. Jones.
Oct. 5—Annual reception.

"Way down yonder in de corn-fiel'."

"Nellie was a lady", says Leg, "Last night she died."
Oh, give us a rest!

Take notice that the partnership heretofore existing between Vischer and Kremers, college electricians, is hereby dissolved; and take notice further that all bills for which the partnership is liable will be paid by Vischer, the other party in like manner receiving all moneys which may be due. Cause of dissolution is the utter inabilitv of partners to agree.

"There won't be any more sports in Hope when I'm gone", says Fatty, but just watch Pete Ver Burg.

College Jottings.

Just a little ray of Sunshine.
Streaming through the open door,
Made our hearts outflow with goodness,
We grew happy more and more.
Now these days of joy are over
Since Binks has flown away
And our hours of fun are shadowed
By the remembrance of his day.

The College will be relieved to learn that Kremers will take his skeleton along with him to the Arbor.

A matter of immediate interest to the readers of The Anchor is the resignation of both the editors of this department, taking effect with this issue. They purpose leaving the institution, for, we trust, wider "spheres of usefulness." We also hope that the next "brace" bagged for the job will be a pair of steady old stagers of extreme
Especial notice ought to be taken of the improvements our call go carpen-
ter has wrought this summer. May we hope to borrow him from the
Theologs once in a while?

We have a suggestion of avail in giving the boys exercise. Skin the
whole campus and set the students to work planting sand-hurts, so they
may be assured of a good crop next year.

Neil Van is going to be sure to take
in the "Rose Maiden."

We sincerely advise the incoming students to remain out of the societies.
An injury for life might easily result from those brutal initiations. We
ever knew a boy so badly frightened in this manner, that his hair, which
naturally was of a deep, glossy black, turned gray every time you put flour
on it!

That look of awed reverence on the
faces of the "D" class will soon wear
off.

"Who are you, Fresh?"

"None of your gas, now."

"All right, I'm a Sophomore!"

Now this is serious. It certainly is
a great shame to so mislead the Stein-
way Concert Grand Piano as to allow

any old fool to play upon it. A dele-
gation of the glee club have sworn to
it that Kremer shall no more touch
it. A good thing!

Dedicated to the Class of '90.

606: The memories deal of the Fall of the year,
607: Why's no one the same as before?
608: We're sorry to report that our club's keep,
609: And Pop Von Weingard!
610: The roasted hams in summer's honors,
611: Addressing with Jason's singles,
612: How they went to each heart, and left but a smart,
613: Like Getz and Cro's brass knuckles.
614: The Latest Alumni Addition!

ALUMNI NOTICE.

Several years ago one of the Alumni borrowed from the Hope College Library

"EXCELSIORA."
Volume 15. of the Class of '85.

The librarian wishes that the volume may be returned as soon as convenient

THE ANCHOR.

Say, that clock for ringing the bells
will be a wonderful invention as soon
as the electrician "gets it under con-
trol."

Farmer in the West — "Our Boys Goin' Back to th' College for another Year."

College Jottings.

Edited by Almond T. Godfrey, '03, and Henry DeFoe, '02.

Seine DePree and Ganzevoort have matriculated as students of Rush Med-
ical College.

John A. DeHollander, '03, writing
under the nom de plume, "Orin Ott-
way", wins first prize in the Anchor's
prize story competition. The story
appears as the leading article in this
number and it well sustains the reput-
tion which "Orin" has won in the past as a writer of good short stories.

The honorable representative of the
Senior class from New York had the
sad misfortune of being sick during
the summer months, but as fortune
would have it, he spent his convales-
cent stage in Three Oaks, Mich.,
where he was best with the delight-
ful company of one of the fairer sex
of that city.

Martin Hyink and Lou Van den
Berg were among the numerous visi-

THE ANCHOR.
The Anchor.

We understand that John Tanish has gone into business with Drs. Baker and Betts, and is now fully prepared to promptly respond to all calls received day or night. Special attention is promised to cases of heart failure.

Our colored full-faced photographs are now advertised free of charge at the new photograph gallery to those applying between the hours of 7 and 9 a.m.

“Cash Paid for Chickens” was the sign that recently decorated the win-
dow of the ladies’ waiting room. It is very sad that the college girls are unable to secure enough of those landish long feathers for their hats without advertising for chickens. Undoubtedly an advertisement for geese will be the next thing in order.

All students desiring second hand collars at greatly reduced prices, apply to W. H. Cooper.

William Hawthorne Cooper will henceforth pose as Benveni’s hound. Ask him why.

“Moses and the other fellow.”

Lecture Course.

The marked success of last year’s lecture course has led the manage-
ment to increase the number of entertainments from four to six and to offer a course ticket for two dollars. Confidently expecting the hearty co-
operation of students and citizens to make the course a success, the man-
ge ment has taken this forward step.

The first entertainment is to be a lecture on Robert Ingers, man and nature’s poet, by Wallace Bruce, the Brooklyn orator, scholar, and poet, who has a brilliant name in every state in the Union. Mr. Bruce was at one time U. S. Consul to Scotland and while there won for himself a place in the hearts of that nation. Patriotic, poetic, dramatic, humorous, and eloquent, he never fails to fire the hearts of his audiences. Mr. Bruce has a record of patriotism as an orator and poet on fifteen notable occasions.

The second number of the course will be the rendition of Cowen’s fam-
oun Cantata, “The Rose Maiden.” The cantata will be rendered by some fifty home voices, assisted by the very best solo talent in Western Michigan.

The next number will be the cele-
trated Max Bendix Concert Co., consist-
ing of Mr. Max Bendix, violinist, Miss Elaine DeSellem, contralto, Mr. Frederick Carberry, tenor, and Miss Emily Parsons, pianist. Max Ben-
dix is a musician, violinist, concert-
meister, and conductor, well-known to the music loving public of America. Today he is acknowledged by musicians everywhere to stand at the head of our American violinists. His execution has been described as “mar-
velous and skillful” and as performed with “mainly grace and ease”, and as

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post six years Mr. Chapin has visited thirty eight states of the Union and given universal satisfaction. Among those who have spoken highly of Mr.
Chapin is Mr. Hall, the Brooklyn divine, who styled him as "brilliant, instructive, and inspiring." Mr. Chapin pronounced the equal of Mr. Parkes, who last year interpreted
David Garrick for us with eminent satisfaction.

Mrs. Thomas C. Trumbull of the U. of M. will give a review of George Eliot’s "S villains Mariner." Possessed of high literary and eloquent powers, she will give her audience a most in
structive and interesting entertain
ment.

The course will close with a lecture by Will Carleton, the Michigan poet, whose verses "vibrate their way around the world." Endowed with a peculiar
magnetism and charm of manner that holds his audiences spell bound, he stands forth as one of the most im
pressive and entertaining platform
personalities of our land. He is known in the prime of his life and doing his
grandest work. Nothing better can be conceived of than an evening in the presence of this pleasant lecturer, reader, and poet.

The foregoing is a brief presenta

tion of the lecture course for ’99. It must commend itself to all. The management sought to get the best and the best is now offered. The hearty cooperation of students and citizens is desired to make the course a success. None should miss this enter
enting and instructive course.

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