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VOLUME III.

HOPE COLLEGE, HOLLAND, MICH., NOVEMBER, 1889.

NUMBER 2

The Anchor.

Published monthly during the college year by THE ANCHOR ASSOCIATION, at HOPE COLLEGE.

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Entered at the Post Office, Holland, Mich., on Half Rate of the Second Class.

Price of GRAND RAPIDS PRINTING COMPANY, Printers and Engravers, 73 Canaal Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

DESCRIPTION: One Copy, One cent; Four Copies, Four Cents. The name of the person to whom this number is sent should be addressed on the back of paper only.

No communication should be addressed to THE ANCHOR, Hope College, Holland, Mich.

HORRIGNESS, in the course of preparation, determines, to a great extent, the success in the duties of active life. This is a fact that is, perhaps, too often overlooked in our colleges. The busy and turmoils of this present progressive age hurries the intellectual movements, and often renders them superficial and imperfect, so that many of our youth are hurried into their professions at a time when they should still be in the grammar school. There are also many, advanced in years, but whose mental capacity have not been developed in proportion to their years, who are often too anxious to enter upon those fields, which, to their minds, are in such urgent demand for their labors. They hurry through their course, ignoring those branches of preparation which are so essential to polishing and sharpening their intellects. Thus they reach the close of their course at a time when they should still be in its beginning.

And the results are apparent when we consider the numerous quacks among the doctors, the many pet-tillogers in the profession of law, the stammering pulpits oratory and the many decaying churches round about us. —Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well;" is a maxim that should especially be observed by those who are preparing themselves for life's work.

Our student is a peculiar being. He belongs to the genus homo and possesses traits and idiosyncrasies, and for that matter a great many other things peculiar to himself. He can outrival any trump as an object of commendation, and more milk of human kindness can be wasted upon him than would be necessary to start a crematory. And no wonder, since he is so early deprived of the watchful care of anxious parents, and resigned to the tender mercies of his landlady, professors, lameness, et cetera. And, while so early removed from the daily inspection of paternal friends, it is wonderful with what tenacity he retains the impressions of home-life, and especially those that the aforementioned pet lacerated and earnestly in the back woodshed, to fix indelibly upon the mind of his wayward hopeful.

The average student is a caution to his landlady, and when she endeavors to palm off for some nice June butter an article entirely innocent of any pretention to grace and virtue, except the appellation, "Ye are the salt of the earth," then it is that his righteous soul is filled with indignation. He always casts an evil eye upon any inclination on the part of his landlady to adulterate good pure H. O., and asserting that the ingredients thereof came direct from Japan, while the weak condition of the above-named beverage smites the tender heart of the student with pity.

His blandness and he represents the antipodes of
human nature, he mildly asserting that his word-robe is in a sad state of decline under his administra-
tion, while, mildly vicious, "guessed that may be by his fellow students may have pre-
sented a claim on his property and accordingly en-
tered upon possession of the same. Thus he is fre-
gentlycompelledtoscootthetownfromthe
room of one student to another, in the vain at-
tempt to recover enough of his property to enable
him to go to church on Sunday.

His letters home are model representations of
filial love and duty, the first few paragraphs of
which are very gratifying to his immediate ances-
tors, but the end is reached there is a general
strike on the part of hopeful for another ten dollars.

He keeps in touch with other notices of high
literary merit and sentiment and for which a great
part of his ten dollars is spent in postage. Thus ye student doth.

One has ever succeeded, since the
foundation of the world, to unite
theory and practice. From baby-
hood to old age life is a continual
product of impulse, thought, or the-
ory. Can we then wonder that the
"C" class aspirants should attempt to
practice a theory not yet learned? Nay, when it
takes place at the ("Geometrical") corner, when it
consists in proving that the hypothesis is less than
the sum of the two sides of a triangle; when said
problem is executed by means of two
footpaths, including in their angle a beautiful but
"keep off the grass" sort of lawn, when we keep in
mind that the very air is sometimes filled with arith-
metical influences, and that it is possible that cer-
tain triangular germs of knowledge lodged suddenly
in the otherwise innocent minds of said "C" class
may we then justify ourselves. And yet it would
be well to be on our guard. But, since you have
fallen in aforesaid error, allow an elder brother to
counsel you. The first transgression is, it? Don't
be ashamed of it. Glory in it. Boost of your in-
dependence. Remember it and transfer it to the
following generations for edification—that is what
great men do, especially at Alumni meetings, and
you must of course follow good examples. Yet,
although you have gained an enviable reputation,
by no means act as though you owned the world.
The greatest men are always modest in speaking of
their own attainments. We will honor you all the
more for receiving our compliments in quite dig-
ity. "How must I act while one of the professors
is investigating my misconduct?" Glad to hear it,you.
Firstly—Take all things in a matter-of-
way. Your indolence will taint the investi-
gator, because he is spun out sooner than his wrath
desires. Nothing like keeping up the fires, you
know, and your passiveness is most effective. Friedly.
Secondly—At this point begin to look a little sol-
comenottoolly. Alternate it with an oc-
casional merry smile. "Will show that you are
really terribly afraid—hence it will, in most cases,
awaken pity, because the investigator can afford it,
since he thinks he has conquered you, and flatters
himself that his reasoning has broken down your
indolence. The punishment will then be light.

IT is noticeable that our students
failed not in paying all honor
to the lost remains of Henry
Op't Halt, at the funeral ser-
vice. But, in the busy hum of
life, we all too soon forget the
dead. One word, then, in mem-
ory of him who is with us no
more.

It is always sad to see a young man die; for we
bury so many noble spirits who is yet un-
deo to see a young student die; for then these pos-
sibilities are so much greater. All who knew Mr.
Op't Halt must have thought that a life of great
usefulness lay before him, and many a bright
mind showed this. So also his character. And never
was his nobility of soul more manifest than upon
his sickness. We mourn Henry Op't Halt, both
for what he already was for, and for what
he, humanly speaking, would have done in the
world. It was said, at the funeral services, by one of
our professors, that the shortest life is long enough
if it fulfills God's plan for it in the world. Henry
Op't Halt himself explained the day before he
died, "How good to be under God!" Believing
both these statements, we say that in some way or
other, we know not how, Henry Op't Halt's short
life and early death were more than a long life for
him would have been. For some reason, we know
not what now, his death was best for himself and
best for us.

"But we shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friends,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest balm his love can send.
Science and Religion.

In these days when many are so prone to affirm that science and religion are in conflict, we should examine what we mean by science and religion. We ought not to be in haste to get rid of our religion because told that science conflicts with it. Likewise we ought not to reject everything which seems the garb of science for fear it will spoil our religion. First, be sure of our religion; second, in studying science, strive to arrive at the truth. We should investigate for ourselves as much as possible. For there is false science as well as false religion, and we can not accept as science that which many so firmly believe, and that which is only a sham.

In the first place, God is immutable; 'from everlasting to everlasting,' unchangeable. All things material are mutable. Hence, therefore he is the only one that can appreciate a future existence as an intelligent being. If not God, and all that he is, is the only one that can appreciate a future existence as an intelligent being. Otherwise Nature has made an utter failure, so great, as to overbalance all she has done alright.

Again, man is the only creature on earth capable of comprehending himself and the things that are about him, and, hence, the only one that can appreciate a future existence as an intelligent being.

Second, there is a spirit in man. First, by a universal property—ineffable—matter cannot move without it. Hence, man must be the union of at least two things real to produce motion in the material world.

Let's introduce a little. But first let us notice that we can not use Bible arguments to answer these men. They will not accept them. Then let us go immediately into the camp of the enemy, take some of the admitted truths of science, and fight on his own ground.

To the all-inclusive universe, His greatness does proclaim whatever it is that man has gained ground. And, if so, we prove religion false, then that science which conflicts with it is false.

Man, in so doing, we prove religion true, that science which conflicts with it is false.

First, then, as to the existence of God. We know that many, both those who oppose and those who advocate religion, hold that man is foolish who attempts to prove the existence of the intelligent entity, the fact that there is a God. Perhaps, but it certainly is not wisdom to be in ignorance of the proofs. And how shall we learn them unless we are taught? But to proceed.

(1) From nothing nothing comes. (2) Something now exists. (3) Therefore something has always existed, else that which now exists came from nothing. Again: (1) 'In every beginning there is that which began.' We can not conceive of something begun without something to begin it—an effect without a cause, was it as a intelligent entity had a beginning is dependent. It depends upon that which began it. (3) 'There can not be an endless succession of dependent things.' For if we can conceive of such a case, then we can conceive of something coming from nothing. Hence, there was a first dependent thing. And, (4) 'It follows,' therefore, that that thing, whatever it was, upon which the first dependent thing depended, and could not therefore be independent, had not a beginning and, hence it must be eternal.' Now, that which is independent, and therefore eternal, must be God. All things dependent are mutable, perishable; God is immutable; 'from everlasting to everlasting,' unchangeable. All things material are mutable.

Therefore, therefore he is the only one that can appreciate a future existence as an intelligent being.

So as to overbalance all she has done alright.

Third, is there a future life? Or does death end all? We have shown that there is a spirit in man, and that it is just as real as his body, though invisible and intangible. Now another scientific truth is, that all things which exist can never be destroyed.

Therefore the spirit cannot be destroyed. The only question then is, will it exist as an intelligent entity after the death of the body? In the first place, let us grant there is not God but Nature—-the god of the materialists. They (materialists) teach that Nature has done a perfect work. Well, let us see what she has done to help us out in our argument. She has created man and made it a part of his very being to look forward to a future existence as an intelligent being. Then, if she has done a perfect work, man is to have a future life as an intelligent being. Otherwise Nature has made an utter failure, so great, as to overbalance all the life she has done alright.

Again, man is the only creature on earth capable of comprehending himself and the things that are about him, and, hence, the only one that can appreciate a future existence as an intelligent being.

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Thus, as often happens, when the darkness was most intense the light breaks suddenly upon you. He saw it now—existence was misery, existence was a curse, change which was inseparable from exist­ence was the only hope. The changing, mo­tionless rest was the highest and only good—the nearer he could come to peaceful, restless non­existence the better he was. Working hard at this, his next business was to discover the surest means of obtaining this rest. He must be much alone, as much alone as possible—intercourse with men is annoying and disturbing; he must bide for food since work is troublesome, labor is exhausting; he must eat enough to keep the body in restful health—not more. Marriage must be eschewed, for family life is full of care, besides, can a human being who wishes freedom see to the means of bringing into existence other helpless centres of suffering—to cause other wretched beings to run this race of life and death? Again, thoughts of a future life must be avoided. The reli­gion with which he was acquainted was synony­mous with ceaseless wrangling. Dismiss all thoughts of gods and heaven and priests and worship—this is vanity and vexation of spirit, said he. And what can we know of a soul or a self? Dismiss such thoughts, they are folly, they can only afford you endless subjects for profitless and disturbing specu­lation. Then he said, Gautama, twenty times the god Sakkho, forty­three times a tree­god, five times a slave, once a devilish 

The next discovery the young man makes is, that he is expected to follow the example of his employer in denouncing his customers as to the quality and value of his goods and wares, in order to obtain their money. Long and hard is the struggle he undergoes, on the one hand, certain dismissal from his situation; on the other, the disgrace of such dismissal, the suffering it must entail upon those dependent upon him, and the probability that he could not secure another position without recommendation from his employer, which, under the circumstances he could not obtain and would not ask or accept. On the other hand is the loss of self respect, honesty he. He hesitates and then looks around among business men to learn if other men do the same kind of work. In going over the various branches of trade, with which he has come in contact, he finds that a large proportion of men practice the same deceptions, that each day, and many times a day, they wrong their unsuspecting customers. He be­gins to doubt the correctness of the teachings of his parents, and he wonders if there has been some great mistake in his education. For why are all these men called honest men, and permitted to prac­tice with impunity that which he individually knew was wrong and dishonest? But there comes to his mind those dear ones at home, a widowed mother perhaps, who, in the days before the point of starvation. Or, if he be a man with wife and family, can he return home to those he loves on the march and tell them he has no bread for them, when by doing as other men he could provide for them luxuriously? All other arg­ументs may fail, but he cannot endure the suffer­ings of his family; he lays down his honor and he comes the slave of his employer. He learns to de­ceive and lie, and shall not be said, it virtually to steal, in behalf of his employer. If he becomes imper­fect and successful in the art, he is praised and pro­mounced brilliant and sharp, and thus he goes on nestling at no powerful man is seeking that man, a master's interest or his own, so long as it does not come within the statutes as a crime. One which guards the path of truth and rectitude, and the successive steps are easily taken. He has seen how his employers grow rich and he drives upon the same acquisitive and brutish path; they are honored and lauded as honest and successful business men.

On a wild and dreary night in early spring, in the year 1819, the human family was made larger by the arrival of a little stranger. It is said that a serenade sung by two members of the police force and the delightful howlings of a neighborhood dog an­nounced the glad tidings of his coming. Roa this as it may, we do not suggest any widespread censure. We do believe, however, that the subject of this sketch actually was born.

Toby.
The wisdom of a witch, and the present inhabitants ascribe the general prosperity of their village to the championships of the town in this respect. Indeed, the belief of their early ancestors is still cherished by them, and a repetition of all the ghost stories which are still current among them would cause the reader's hair to stand on end. But enough has been said about the village and its inhabitants. We shall, therefore, proceed with our work as a biographer.

The annals of history furnish but scanty information about the early ancestors and the parents of Uncle Toby. All that can be positively said about them is that they were a peaceable and industrious people, gaining a livelihood by working for the wealthy admiralty farther inland. It is said that his father was a firm believer in the theory of Prof. Malthus, consequently he did not marry until he was thirty years of age. Two children blessed their union; the older a daughter, and the younger the venerable subject of this sketch. While still young, the daughter wowed her tendencies of love about a sturdy young farmer who provided for, and who served as a prop of support in the fecundity of her old age. Uncle Toby, therefore, was left to grow without the genial love or the privilege of a loving and the younger the venerable subject of this sketch. While still young, the daughter wowed her tendencies of love about a sturdy young farmer who provided for, and who served as a prop of support in the fecundity of her old age. Uncle Toby, therefore, was left to grow without the genial love or the privilege of a loving

Toby. In the prosperous town of H—not a thousand miles from Grasheep, the booming metropolis of Western Michigan,—the subject of this tale pretended to attend college.

Some twenty odd years or more previous to the present time of chronology, our young hero was cherished into existence with all the zest coincident upon such an occasion. However, the event was marred by no falling of stars, nor did any comet home sweeping along with unmetk tresses to announce the advent of a genius. Nor did any earthquake herald his coming. There is no record of a statement, that a young ambitious earthquake once undertook to stir up things a little in H—and the first individual it struck was a fossilized piece of mechanism which claimed to uphold the destinies of Germany in the college; but soon becoming discouraged, the young earthquake—an old one would have known better—hid its head in shame and confusion, and retired disgusted from the field of action. And none of the rest has been bold enough since to repeat the experiment.

In due time, our hero who had been christened Toby, entered college. It was not of a practical form of mind, but what he lacked in that direction, he supplied up in imagination. In fact he was at times extremely dreamy and poetical, and much given to the use of figurative language, and alto not an arch deceiver, he was a little reckless at times with the truth, and had besides a weakness for apparent contradiction.

One day, just before Thanksgiving, Toby had set down to the solemn duty of competing the President of the college, with but one ambition, to eat up all the splendid spread of a good man at heart. It is not necessary for us to sketch his good qualities. Let us remember that while he used to relate of having known a man who was blind and one eye and to see with the other.

But enough has been said about this simple and himself in his native county. We remember that he used to relate of having known a man who was blind and one eye and to see with the other. But enough has been said about this simple and himself in his native county. We remember that he used to relate of having known a man who was blind and one eye and to see with the other. But enough has been said about this simple and himself in his native county. We remember that he used to relate of having known a man who was blind and one eye and to see with the other. But enough has been said about this simple and himself in his native county. We remember that he used to relate of having known a man who was blind and one eye and to see with the other. But enough has been said about this simple and himself in his native county. We remember that he used to relate of having known a man who was blind and one eye and to see with the other. But enough has been said about this simple and himself in his native county. We rememb
The Anchor.

After this the worthies retired to partake of the Thanksgiving dinner, which was served for the occa-
sion. Toby was likewise invited. Being entirely
innocent of bashfulness, he did ample justice to
everything within him, nor did he stop his
ravages and general devastation, until Nature,
already weakened under the strain of the day,
gave way, and weary and exhausted, he fell into the arms
of Morpheus, who declaring the meeting adjourned
ain die, carried him to bed.

Horrible were the dreams of Toby that night
under the inspiration of turkey and mince pie. He
dreamt that he had fallen asleep, and that twenty
years after, like old Rip, he awoke, Old and feeble,
and full of rheumatism. However, the first thing
that strikes terror to his mind, is, the long line of
blacks, white and against him for twenty years
omitted lessons. He hastens to the factory of
German and French and the first words that greet
his affliliated ears are, "You shoo in the water
I let you drown." He flies from this abaixoe of
darkness, and having secured the services of a dray,
presents a load of excuses for twenty years at the
office of the president, where, after being carefully
examined and questioned, he again receives them.
He bines himself to the Indies of Greek, where under
the magic name of a somnambulist, he is about to
devote the rest of his natural life to the recuperation
of twenty years of Greek, when with a sudden lunge
he awakes and finds that the whole thing has been
a dream, and that he isn't sorry for not having left
his room at all.

Gross.

---The usual Thanksgiving recus at Yale will be
omitted this year, and in its place the Christmas
vacation will extend from Dec. 15th, to Jan. 7th.
---Ex.

---Lost!

As the suddenning of the sea above the cloud
would fall on our ears, so this word strikes
our souls. It fills us with thoughts of the doom of
one who, having chosen to do evil, and having be-
become hopelessly powerless against its influence,
must soon lay down to rest, graying head wreathed
with laurels of earthly fame, but laden with the
guilt of one who has murdered a thousand souls
like his. A sudden vision comes like the echo of
a condemned man's departing footsteps—weighted
with thoughts of death.

At last the brilliant head has become weary and
the eloquent tongue silent. They were not to
be taken unawares. The world laughs and wonders, and for
get that there was a God. Sharp and fine were the witty
sayings, excellent the reasonings. They were in-
tended to deceive men, and the deceiver succeeded.
He was fascinating when he ridiculed, he seemed
noble when he reasoned. He possessed a power
against which there is an entire army of princes and the
applause of their subjects, he hurled the fire-bands of satiery faster, thicker, into the
hearts of men, who should be temples; and
destroyed innocence, virtue, and reverence for what
was holy.

Ah! for the doomed one! He has moments of
horror unpeakable. Then the thin hands are up
in a moment, and every muscle of the white, wrinkled
face is in an ecstasy of terror; the conscience, a
dread plea for pity. And when that horror leaves
him, he is like one who is emerging from a flood of
many waters. For awful is the majesty that surges
like a sea around the Almighty. He has felt its
glorious presence, and it has brought to him a dread
so great that he would rather have died than en-
dured it. But memory never leaves him. It will
drive him hot and eager, like an Arab lone, far over
the desert of the past, seeking waters of comfort in the
recollection. He will drink the re-
breath that brings no odors from spicy spots.—How
maddening the thirst to recall instances when for
the sake of goodness it was practiced—Oh, for
such a fountain! Again, haemostasty from those
drearly wastes of years gone by, he seeks the busy
present. But above the plains of the street, during
hours of labor, through the stillness of the night, he
hears the bells of memory tolling, tolling the
dead church the words he has ruined. — "Mox celpus,
mea celpus!" he cries, but, as yet, will have
no priest.

The soul from which God has departed is lonely
indeed. It is a palace whose walls are over-romanced
with music, and were decorated with glory. A long
night with chills and shadows has come, and the
music is hushed and the glory gone. And rest-
less thoughts, drapped in sorrow, wander about in
the fitful gloom of its halls, shivering in the
winds, thin and restless, driven about by the
Louthsome creature chatter and buzz about. From
afar come the cries of approaching beasts which
strike strange terror to the soul. He gazes at the
Melancholy vista and sighs for many dismayed,
woeful hours. The spirit of life and light will never
come back from slumbering into white-winged
Hope lies still and silent within its walls. She
will not lift her voice again and sing. She is
dead. And not until the fire of wrath flashes down
from heaven and frights away the weird gloom,
shall there be light in that palace. But such a
light! 'Twil be a blinding glare that consumes to
ashes the structure once so splendid, while from
the towering tops of Despair sends forth such cries
as never yet were heard.

When the lost one contemplates his approaching
dissolution, he shakes with fear. One moment he
would hide himself, and the next ridicules his folly.
It cannot be long before that hour will arrive, for
he is old and sick. Herewith, the dagger which af-
forded infinite amusement, drops blunted, forgotten.
What does he see?—Lo, out of mighty darkness,
on flaming wings, it approaches. He tries to laugh
away a vision, yet beholds it in mortal terror.
Every fiber in his body vibrates with the intensity and
earnestness with which he gazes. It comes! it
comes! Now see him pale and covering hear with
waves of horror—Is it his future?—He feels the
burning wings close over him, drop fire on him, suffocate him.
He sinks to the earth.

The great Voltaire on his knees?
Yes, like a despairing criminal—his hands lifted,
but not in prayer,—his voice crying, but not in
penitence.

And this is what he cries, "Lost." These
were the latter days of the greatest scroffer
at Christianity.

J. De R., '92.

Ann Arbor Notes.

Mr. Geo. D. Ebert, pharmacir,'90, has successfully
passed his examination before the State Board of
Pharmacy at Lansing, last week, and is now a reg-
istered pharmacist.
The great annual football rush between the Freshmen
and Sophomore Sets came off Saturday, Nov. 9 and 16, the
Freshmen coming out a few points ahead. Only four men
were seriously hurt during the contest.

After July 1st, 1890, the medical course will be
extended to four years instead of three. Teachers'
certificates are no more accepted as showing a suffi-
cient literary education to enter upon the study of
medicine.

We are sorry to state that Dr. Karsten has been
compelled to relinquish his studies and return home
on account of continued illness. Conrad Karsten
from the Rapids made his brother a visit before he
left Ann Arbor.

Mr. Hugh Brown, Medico, '91, well known to sev-
eral people in Holland, having canvassed Rolpah's
make has been elected Secretary of the Junior class.
He is just as popular in his class as he was
successful as a canvasser.

On Monday morning, Nov. 4, at 3 o'clock, a large
frame house on the corner of Williams and
street, was destroyed by fire. This building is of
some interest as having at one time been the
rooming place of Guilems, the assassin.

Dr. Caron, the Prof. of Diseases of the Eye and
Ear, has already successfully performed nearly
twenty operations for extracting cataracts and
a large number of other operations. He is one of the
most popular men of the Medical faculty.

The new hospital will be built on a hill near the
main Medical Building. Building will commence in
spring, and it is expected to be completed by January 14th, 1901. After that time the Senior class
will receive instructions exclusively in the hospital,
and the present hospital will then be utilized as a
Dental Laboratory.

"Germs."

"Pears and poetry."

"How d' you like the lecture?"

"What's the matter with a flag?"

Jansen now declares that he prefers his tur-
key cooked.

—There are now eight "Irish" students in our
college. Thanks to Allegany County.

—The Junior wants a new wheelbarrow. Can't
some one furnish him with a pay too?

—Mrs. J. Elmendorf, of Scehesctudy, N., Y.,
in her will, has left $2,500 to Hope College.

—No. 2 Collegiate Department is marked absent.
Please muster, and report at headquarters.

—The lecture of Rev. K. Tupper was postponed,
Mr. Tupper being unable to come on account of
sickness.

—Hope was pretty well represented at the enter-
tainment given by the Schubert Quartet from Chi-
cago, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 29.
A Sophomore thinks that considerable interest will be manifested, on Thanksgiving, in European political circles, in regard to the attitude of Turkey.

Preparations are already beginning to be made for the summer Normal of 1890. We understand the same professors, as formerly, will engage in the work.

In 1866 the daughters of Rev. Dr. Gossman, of Kingston, N. Y., gave a part of their library to Hope College. They have now decided to donate the balance this year.

A new species of inquisition has been discovered in Hope. The boys call it an orchestra; however, no one has got hurt as yet, except our spring poet, and he has got it bad.

Van Vleck Hall has received a valuable acquisition in the shape of Mr. Tepasuck, who has condescended to set in the capacity of a roofer, and to adorn the halls with his bright smiles.

The week of prayer for young men was duly observed at Hope. Meetings were held in the chapel for half an hour each day, closing with a union service of the several churches at Hope Church, on Sunday evening, November 17th.

Rev. Dr. Verbeck, of Japan, gave the students a very interesting talk last Monday evening, Nov. 11, on the different features of the church, and the school system in Japan. It was highly interesting and likewise duly appreciated by the students and others present.

Since one case of diphtheria has presented itself among the students, you can now daily see a great number standing before mirrors, and pulling all sorts of contortions in the vain attempt to discover symptoms of something they don’t like to have. Sore throats are all the style just now among the boys.

We sat upon the topmost step and talked of this and that; she asked me if I’d been away, and how I liked her hat.

We chatted about various things. Of novels, and the weather. For hours on almost every theme we then conversed for hours together.

I asked her what paper she preferred; she blushed and smiled, while the days went around our heads.

The gay mosquito’s hum.

She moved a little closer then. And answered, “Can’t you guess?”

Why, the one of all that tails me most Is the Daily Evening Post.—Ex.

—The Anchors.

Mr. Prins, last year studying at Hope, is clerking in Grand Rapids.

Messrs. Soulen, ’92, and Tynee, ’94, have joined Hope Church choir.

Mr. Van Engelen, formerly a student at Hope, is clerking at Eagle Rock, Idaho.

Knoothienen, ’89, attended the Sunday School Convention, held in Grand Rapids lately.

Miss K. Herald, one of Hope’s daughters, is at present staying at her home in this city (?)

Mr. Ralph, one of our new students, is Treasurer of the St. Junior Prohibition League. Good for G. R.

Jantzen, ’90, and Luxen, ’92, have joined the Christian Endeavor Society of the Third Reformed Church of this city?

Our poet, Mr. Leidusen, ’92, has taken music, and has joined the Hope College Orchestra. He has bought a base viol.

Rev. H. Utterwiek has been obliged to take his daughter Jennie to North Carolina for the winter, for the benefit of her health.

Rev. D. Van Pelt arrived in New York from The Hague on the 13th inst. He has resigned his position as Secretary to the U. S. Minister.

Miss Ella Hunt, formerly studying at Hope, was married to Mr. R. Stickette, of this city, Nov. 12th. 

The Anchor extends its congratulations.

M. Van Duine, formerly a student at Hope, and ex-proprietor of the Topia, has lately been sick, and has recovered from the scene of action as well as.

Zwemer, ’89, and Stegeman, ’89, report themselves on the same plane with Hertzig Hall, and well satisfied that they have the degree A. R. from the school.

From Rev. Dr. Verbeck we learn that Rev. Mr. Oghiimi, ’79, and Rev. K. Kinns, ’79, have both been installed as pastors of native churches in Japan. Also, that Rev. Ottmann, ’83, and Mr. Pecke, ’87, are doing a good work at Nagasaki in the Steeple Academy.

Coster, ’77, recently spelled down the State Teachers Institute at Allegan, being the only one of some 125 teachers that spelled correctly everyone of the fifty words each wrote.

Mr. Soulen, ’92, has been quite ill for a couple of weeks with diphtheria, but is recovering nicely.

A COMICAL DUEL.—We received from a correspondent the following somewhat incoherent account of a duel which was fought in his neighborhood. Some way or other, we are half in the dark as to the result of the duel in question, but we shall leave the decision to our readers:

A duel was lately fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot, and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be shot than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, and Shott knew that he shot Nott, which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot, or that Nott was shot notwithstanding. Circumstantial evidence is not always good. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements, and Shott would be shot and Nott would be not. We think, however, that the shot Shott shot shot Nott, but Nott; anyway, it is hard to tell who was shot.”

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ing matter, among which is a good supply of the
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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. We 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?)'

We invite you to come to the

Tower Clothing Co.

and investigate the truth or falsity of our statement, that we can supply you with ready-made Clothing, surpassingly stylish in cut, better trimmed, and superior in make to any custom tailoring work that can be procured in Western Michigan.

You shrug your shoulders at the mere sound of the words "ready-made," and well you may to that class of trash that has been palmed off upon the public many years, by so-called clothiers.

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.

Yes, there's where we are not handicapped. The Tower however soliloquizes as follows:

For 20 years we have manufactured and wholesaled fine ready-made clothing to the leading dealers in all the large cities in the country. We are enabled thru our immense consumption of cloths and cassimeres, to buy direct from the mill and thus save 30 percent. over our less fortunate competitors. The magnitude of our sales enables us to employ artist designers at large salaries that the ordinary retailer cannot afford. The so-called tailor in small cities or towns makes an overcoat one day, a Prince Albert the second, then a single-breasted, then a blouse;—thus he jumps from one style of garment to the other in order to keep employed; and is proficient in nothing. Our factory-help work at their specialties for years. An overcoat hand becomes a perfect overcoat maker. He, by constant practice upon one single style of garment, becomes an expert, and thus produces a perfect garment. But how can we fit you? We carry 44 sizes of coats, embracing every known shape in man's anatomy. Come to us for your clothes. We rip our garments and conform them to fit you perfectly—a little off here, a shoulder raised there, and go thro the same routine that does your tailor, and we give you more style at less than half the money charged by that individual.

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