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THE ANCHOR.
"Spem in Deo." Ps. xlii: 5.

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NOTES.
Again we call the attention of the alumni to their duty to The Anchor. Don’t forget us, and lest we forget you, let us hear from you. Tell us where you are and what you are doing.

We are glad to announce to our present knowledge, that there is no bummer or loafer in the institution this year. Hope College is just the place for such a fellow to come, if he desires to reform and become a decent man. The moral atmosphere of the college is exactly suited for inspiring and stimulating such aspirations. But let him who is determined only to write his benefits and capacities be advised that Hope College is not the place for him.

We note with pleasure the advancement of our college and the constant efforts of our instructors to keep abreast of the times in their methods of instruction. However, there is one thing which we think the faculty should at once take into consideration. We refer to the delivery of Junior and Senior orations. The present plan of allowing no one to be present at the delivery of an oration except the professor in charge and the members of the class is, we think, a serious fault since it fails to excite the best efforts of the orators. The size and nature of an audience have much to do with the effect of an orator. We therefore suggest the plan of having the Juniors and Seniors deliver their orations before the whole body of professors and students. This would accomplish at least three things. 1. It would do away with the present thorough and unmerita- tious custom. 2. It would arouse the orators to better effort. 3. It would furnish good object lessons for the lower classes.

The V. M. C. A. meetings are being well atten- ded this year and there is a good degree of interest manifested but it strikes us that there is not so much being done as there ought to be or might be. The first great work of a college association each year is to get the new boys
to attend the meetings. The responsibility of this work is too often thought to rest entirely upon the membership committee. He who thinks this does not properly understand his relations to the association and to the boys who do not attend. Every committee and every officer of every association has a certain degree of responsibility in this matter. Our meetings must be so interesting as to posses a gravitating influence over all the students. To accomplish this it is necessary that we keep out of the ruts into which such meetings are liable to fall. The Bible-study committee must be on the look-out for interesting subjects and new methods. The leaders must study their subjects and be able to present them in such a way as to arouse thought and inspire interest. Lastly, members of the association committee, at least, have much interest in the Y. M. C. A., as in the Fraternal, Ullfas, or Cosmopolitan.

"ALWAYS DO YOUR BEST"

Although we do not believe in laying down a code of laws for the guidance of a student's efforts, yet we deem it both proper and beneficial for us to have certain leading or guiding principles, and among these we would for one suggest the above, "always do your best."

Every student, of course, has this one common object in view in attending an institution; namely, to obtain an education, so that by means of that education he may influence and elevate his fellow-men. In his condition he naturally cherishes an ardent desire to succeed. Some have wished to obtain that success in missionary work, others in the ministry, some in teaching, others in oratory. But, whatever professional lines they draw, this one rule holds true for all—the highest success in any age is obtained by conforming to the requirements of that age. So naturally follows that if a man wishes to be successful in the 19th century, he must fulfill the demands of the 19th century.

Let us then see what its demands are, and then we have the key to the problem of success. The most prominent condition in the first place an active man, secondly, a well developed man, and in the third place, a thoroughly informed man. Towards attaining this object certain courses of study are laid down in the curricula of our institutions, in which, if any one does his best, he stands a fair chance to succeed. But here many of our young men today make a mistake, and, sad to relate, many of Hope's disciples are represented in that number.

We find, for instance, many of our young men, and particularly the Hopean "hopesfuls" looking to the future. In this they are eager to excel and to do their "level best" and for this they give them full credit; but, nevertheless, their real often leads them to serious error. They will eagerly absorb and digest anything and everything which savors of theology etc., but all studies which, to their minds, are not within the province of the minister they totally disregard and utterly neglect.

Another instance of this same error are some of those who look to business.

"What care I," says our young Denominationalists, "for all your Latin, Greek, Mathematics, or Philosophy."

And away he goes spoiling from day to day. But we must remind him that someday the dainty may run dry and then there will be nothing left to sport. It is needless, then, to say that these will not be the men of this age. It is evident that to be successful in one day and generation we must do our best not only in that particular branch of study which suits our taste and fancy or which we have chosen as our profession, but in everything which is rightly required of us— in that our hands find to do; for "that man who will not do his best in what his hands find to do, is not the man to do better anywhere else. Therefore, always do your best, boys, always do your best.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY

"Honesty is the best policy" is an old proverb whose hallowed form has been handed down through the test of ages. Whether it be in the social or the political world, whether in private or in public life, the honest man has always worn the victor's laurel. College students, as a general rule, have gained the reputation of being honest as well as honorable. We are happy to say, have ever endeavored to inculcate this spirit on the aspiring minds under their care, and that whatever faults are looked upon as dispensable as well as dangerous moralities of intellectual locomotion, and "interlacings" are as scarce as hairs on a bald man's "pate."

Occasionally, however, YES, even at Hope— some student seems to forget that it is a veritable impossibility to be an honest man in public and a cheat in the seclusion of his room. If for one or two years he gains the recreation room. Is it not more honest to employ a pair of innocent cubs as a secret reference? A suspicion of "shades and aman," in order to gain the approval of an unsuspecting teacher, than to obtain the good will of the other students by pretenses? Some students strangely do not consider it dishonour to "a-hem" through a Latin or Greek translation, "the inoffence of which is due to the too indiscernible whisperings of a well-meaning, but dishonest neighbor. If it is dishonest for the street urchin to detract the attention of a shop-keeper in order to pocket the coveted ginger cake, is it not dishonest for a student to "lead" a professor into an erroneous opinion? What are we there by which may escape "flunking" in the unprepared lesson? Too often do we students attempt to pawn off a set of "white lies" as innocent jokes, forgetting that, as far as principle goes, the "whitest" lie is as black as night.

It is true, that where, as at Hope, the small classes enable the careful teacher to observe any attempted "sookong" on the part of his scholars, such dishonest practices should be reduced to a minimum, but far more true may it be that this reduction be brought to a sald by the student's determination to be above any practice that bears the tinge of dishonesty, cherish in memory the immortal words of Scott's: bard.

"An honest man is the noblest work of God."

HOPE COLLEGE AND THE LADIES

The divers remarks and still more varied opinions produced by the unerring "reasons" for the ex-chef's change of colleges, go to show that, though our college is prospering, it should still be more anxious about works to come than jubilant over hopes realized. This is distinctly a time of co-education. "Woman's work" is becoming more clearly important her sphere.

"Taking music lessons" can not longer be substituted for the culture and discipline of a college course, nor, any more is life becomes broader and more intense, can grammar and high school courses, except in the few most active minds, qualify "with a scholarship for real companionship of the minds of those who take post graduate courses to learn what is to be learned. Clearly, then, a recognition of these facts together with the unpleasant fact that seldom more than one lady enters the college departments in any year ought to stimulate the powers that be to a search for and a removal of the causes, not of the prevalence of that ill effects, but for the paucity of those of greater length.

That there should be some change in the curriculum is evident. That it should be radical is not so clear, and, in fact, seems unnecessary. What is demanded is that the ladies be afforded more of the invaluable privileges incident to student life but obtained only in societies.

Literary and christian associations should be encouraged at once and not neglected till official dignity is offended by a secret organization of that which could not longer be allowed. The"snicker" enables that most things may be had for the asking. College faculties, like the busy world in which they live will seldom force favors worthy of acceptance.

Though modest be not whimsical. If you recognize a gentleman student or other one, do so the next. See if you cannot arouse old sleeping Enterprise by organizing a live literary society and bold the garage to hang up your stockings this year so itHit that you are represented on the Hope staff.

THOU HEAREST ME.

 عليك، السرير لأمين

Thou art the secret

"O thou who art the secret, we have acquired wisdom and knowledge."

Therefore, your Xing is not the same as that of a man.

"Thou art the secret, we have acquired wisdom and knowledge."

Therefore, your Xing is not the same as that of a man.

"O thou who art the secret, we have acquired wisdom and knowledge."

Therefore, your Xing is not the same as that of a man.
The West also remembers andister and Carter and their who were ambushed in the Little Blood Big Horn country. There seemed to be general satisfaction at the announcement of the death of Sitting Bull and especially in the fact that he was white. Later, and after a few more generations it will be as difficult to find a full blood Indian as it will be to find a full blood buffalo, while the Indian type will disappear. He will not be nearly gone: and after he is gone no one will be over anxious to trace his pedigree back to the Red skins.

S. J. H.

Lessons by the Wayside.

One of the most interesting features of modern Italy is the Appian Way lined on both sides by the tombs of those actors who have long since retired from life’s stage. This road is a thousand years old, was immortalized by the gifted pen of Horace. It has a most interesting history. homes which themselves are telling of the fact that it is worth while to do a thing well. What a flood of thoughts must come to the intelligent traveler as his eyes strike the pavement of this road which leads so far back into the early history of Rome! Every crumbling tomb speaks with the far-reaching voice of the grave. Here the watchful eye of intelligence reads the lessons of the past. Along this way leading through a country so glorious in its death.

But the Appian road is not the only way full of interest. Along this road the whole world has made a road still piled up for himself a road along the sides of which are found the monuments of past deeds. Here lie those dreams that were not realized, hopes unfulfilled—records imperishable. This road will be of interest to the individual long after the splendor of Rome shall have been lost in the mists of time. The splendor of the world’s great ones and the graves of emperors are placed side by side. Some of the lessons which we could teach them we have once been dark, but as time rolls on they become

Lo the Poor Indian.

The East has no more evitable antipathy against the whites than the West has against the “Redskins.” Out here people cannot understand how in tellingly one can bear sympathy for the “good-for-nothing” Indians.

With the Westerner it is, I suppose, a clear case where intimacy has indeed bred thorough contempt. Throughout the whole West there seems to be but one conclusion: that the Indian only makes trouble continually, and ought to be forced to become citizens and live like white men.

Let me give you a few popular reasons for this antipathy of the whites against the Indian:

1. The Red man is so treacherous. His sincerest professions of friendship are not to be trusted. Many who had been promised he had been rewarded with the most cruel murder. The West is full of awful tales where the Indian had enjoyed the hospitality of the settler and afterwards tomahawked or shot his host and benecator.

2. Indians are lazy. They never will work if they can help it. There are exceptions but they are very rare. I have seen only one who was moderately industrious and he was a half-breed. The West has no sympathy for a half-breed, horse or lazy human being.

With the average Westerner it is really “root hunting near the idea of the Indian’s lounging about in the shade of the forest and regularly drawing his rations of good things to eat and to wear from the government store, while the settler has to battle hard for an existence.

It is a lie against Uncle Sam to say that the Indian is not well fed. I assure you that not one in fifty sits before the fires is so well clothed and fed as they are.

The Indian does not appreciate the good things he gets from the government. I saw one near the Pond who had been issued with a settler two U. S. wool blankets, worth at least $5.00 each, for a run of a pig worth $250.

I suppose the Indians, and of whom I speak, have an idea that he wanted roast pig for a change.

Eight years ago I stopped with a settler near Fort Thompson who had just bought a new store from an Indian for three pounds of tobacco and a small flat bottle. The store had cost the government at least $15.00. In fact, the farmers living near the reservation have a soft spot in it trading with the Indians.

I have seen many instances where the government had built the store and the cost covered, but they kept them for store rooms and pitched their tepees a few rods from the door.

About twenty-five years ago the government made an experiment with a considerable number of Indians (I think 700) in the vicinity of Green Bay, Wis. Uncle Sam thought the Indians ought to farm it, so he gave them oxen, plows, harrows, wagons, and seed grain. The Indians first ate the oxen and threw them.

They sold the implements, wrapped their blankets about them, and with such fire arms as they had struck out for the woods. He is thoroughly lazy, and never satisfied with what is given him. The more he gets the more he wants.

3. The West remembers so distinctly the Minnesota massacre of ’61, when the white men were to the front defending the Union. It was an awful time for the comparatively helpless settlers, 1000 of whom were butchered. A strange thing about the massacre is that the Indians were led by a negro and that this black brute is still living not far from Santee Agency.

He keeps secluded and does not like to meet white folks. Eight years ago he ventured across the river and came to Springfield. Just as he was about to re-cross the river going to town, he was seized by two white police officers and brought to court. The negro was the leader in that massacre in which his brother, mother, and, as sisters were murdered, at once opened fire upon him with his six shotter. The black wretch, however, barely escaped with his life and since that has seldom left his cabin.

The West also remembers andister and Carter and their who were ambushed in the Little Blood Big Horn country. There seemed to be general satisfaction at the announcement of the death of Sitting Bull and especially in the fact that he was white. Later, and after a few more generations it will be as difficult to find a full blood Indian as it will be to find a full blood buffalo, while the Indian type will disappear. He will not be nearly gone: and after he is gone no one will be over anxious to trace his pedigree back to the Red skins.

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plainer and plainer. Let us see what some of these lessons are.

Time is intended to be taught by the history of the ancient Hebrews so plainly pointed out in the Scriptures that they need no explanatory comment. An account of such ancient countries as Babylon and Persia shows, what is shown by nearly all ancient history, that mere outward power can not last and that civilization without morality is not proof against decay.

More instructive and fuller lessons can be learned from those nations which rose after the dawn of authentic history. And one of the most striking lessons is found in the development and the diffusion of the Greek language. Here is a people possessing a fine intellect and enriched by the poems of Homer, the narratives of the historians, and the learning of the philosophers. Moreover, the Greek commerce and philosophy tend to make a language comprehensive, systematic, and accurate. The Greek language thus became a fit vehicle for conveying divine truth. After the language had thus been developed, the conquest of Alexander The Great caused it to be diffused throughout the greater part of the then known world, thus aiding the rapid spreading of Christianity by means of a universal language that Christianity was still in its infancy so that it needed a strong protector. We find such a protector in the power of Rome. The splendidly equipped Roman legions were a terror to the barbarians. Although Christianity had vitality enough which would have enabled it to overcome every obstacle, it could not be denied that the strong hand of the Roman government shielded this newly planted tree from some of its enemies and that it had time to start and to have its roots deep into the soil.

When the Roman empire, that colossal state of unrivaled strength and perseverance, had done its work by teaching the subduing savage tribes the value of law and order, it fell to pieces because of internal decay. And from its ruins have risen the modern nations of western Europe. What will the final destiny of each of these nations remain to be seen.

We are living at the time of the Reformation. Ignorance, superstition, and corruption characterized the Roman Catholic Church. The remedies of the so-called Enquiquit and the almost universal corruption of the church could no longer be endured. At about this time Luther threw off the shackles of Rome, thus becoming the most prominent leader of that religious movement which has had a powerful effect upon all the subsequent history of the world. But the Roman church was powerful and would not allow its influence to be wrested from her without a fierce struggle. Where now shall a refuge be found for the oppressed adherents of the faith? A home had been discovered, and the deep solitudes of the unbroken forests afforded a safe retreat.

It is not yet half a century ago when our country was burdened with the curse of slavery. Public opinion had to be aroused with respect to this evil before it could be removed. How was this to be done? In due time arose Mrs. Stone, the novelist; Charles Sumner, the statesman; and Wendell Phillips, the orator. And when a wise and noble abolitionist man became the leader of the 'boys in blue.'

We will not deny that grave evils are threatening national life, and it is possible that in the course of time even our country will share the fate of ancient nations. But this would not destroy civilization. The EdSSF'sonic rocks, off the south coast of England, had long been a source of danger to mariners. It was difficult to land on the treacherous rocks, but as one bouldering went down another would rise again. So it is with nations. When one nation ceases to be the world's beacon-light another is made to take its place. Like the phoenix of old, civilization will rise again from its ashes.

It is sometimes said that the world is not progressing. This may be true of a certain feature of civilization or of an individual state, but that nation or the world at large would not show that it was improving. A man on board a ship may walk in a direction contrary to the motion of the vessel, and thus be going backward. And, indeed, it is his philhellenic turn of mind that has hitherto hindered the progress of Greece.

That was exactly what they did. Safely, too; for Prof. Timothy Titus never saw through a joke. For the rest of the thing's he was investigating was "coincidences." Many an illustration did the boys give him, which were all carefully jotted down in note-books. Proud humanity may try to break loose like the impatient steed, but the reins must be kept safe and sound.

Only a few of the lessons found by the world's way-side have been mentioned, but those are enough to show that there is...

"Our road, our coat, our cleaver, and our shout!"

To which the whole creation moans,"

G. H. DIBBINS, 92.

Coincidence Explained; or, a College Joke.

Progress follows close on the heels of investigation. A nation's rise from barbarism is peculiar from first to last.

The greater use of individual terminals, the desire to seek cause for effect is the peculiar possession of civilization. It is true that when brought by common sense, leads to triumph. Its abuse, when the limitations of mortal mind are not considered, or when the effect, for which a cause is sought, is not real or not sufficiently universal to draw a scientific conclusion, leads to dissatisfaction and even doubt, or hallucination, and fantastic sophistry. Yet there is such a fascination in seeking the hidden causes of things, that many people speculate about mysteries and mere chance.

Such a man was Prof. Timothy Titus, a teacher in Deepdale Academy. We said "teacher," for his work was that of a teacher, in the truest sense.

Prof. Timothy Titus, the discoverer of . . . distance drowsed the voice.

Another time he lectured a whole morning on the meaning of the world's history. The next night the moon, with a long-suffering look, turned a shade paler at sight of several boys with ropes, a ladder, and an image of rags.

"No," said he nearer, she might have heard whispers like these: "Here's his bed-room, and the moon's gliding in.

"Good. Put up the ladder and I'll fix the ropes," then came an anxious suspense, fearful glancings over shoulders, a look of anxiety, but no word, and he felt the weight of an ascending sprite. A few more movements, and the sprite descended.

"Work accomplished." Slowly, then, "Go and tell the figure dance in the moonlight in front of the window."

"Professor Titus announced that a singular coincidence had occurred. He had himself seen an image. He hoped some day to get at the law connecting yesterday's thousand and one coincidences with the present day.

Coincidences rapidly multiplied.

A new line was decided on by Jack. When some professor went to the academy, Jack always met him at the same spot. When the professor looked up from a book, and in Jack's di-
reception, he always found Jack also looking up. This drew the professor's attention, as it was unusual.

After a few weeks the professor began to show special kindness to Jack, and never failed to smile when the eyes met. It was soon explained. One morning the professor seemed jilted.

"Young friends," said he, "I hope to have found, at last, the solution of at least one of the problems of human existence.

His gaze fell upon Jack. "The young gentleman has always stood out in the class. I have followed his progress with interest. I am pleased to see that he has not been misled by the false promises of the worldly wise. He has maintained his integrity, and his character is creditable to himself and his country."

"Better not, pro-professor," stammered Jack; "trot' work, I beg pardon, but you are mistaken. I am going to explain the whole trick, being thoroughly frightened, but Timothy Titus pushed him out of the door. Jack, with a benignant smile, Jack did not dare go home, while to go in and make a clean breast of it—"well, it's his own fault; he wouldn't give me time to explain. Besides, I might as well see what the old fellow's up to.

So he stayed and peeped through the key-hole. The professor went to a closet which shut with a spring lock, opened it, stepped in, and slammed the door. He was a prisoner.

Jack could not help smiling, as he thought how the professor, perhaps, was trying to send an "impulse" by some sort of psychological telephography to Jack.

"Guess I'll let him sit awhile; that'll cure him. But, pshaw: I must go on an errand, and it's Friday. 'Twill do to let him sit till Monday. I've got to let him out," he said; and

"Ha, boy: success! success!"

"No, sir; it is—"

"Hut, tut, tut, boy: you are modest to acknowledge soul connection with me, I know. More honor to your 'farr! Hush! No! No! No explanation. Well, well, success so far! Now I'll write this experiment down while my mind is still active with enthusiasm. Now go, boy: you may give your explanation of it to-mor-
row. Allow me to be selfish for once and write mine down now.

With this he again pushed the door out of the way, locked it and sat down to write.

"Well, I'll let him have his enjoyment one more night. I shall be expelled, of course; but who'd have thought it'd go so far!"

That night Jack's conscience troubled him a little; but he was not prevented through all the known schemes to fall asleep, and was re-
warded for his trouble, but only to be awakened by a loud cry of Jack's. Jack knew never how quickly he came to the scene. A great fear had urged him on to the scene. He carried forward the ad-

The Lady Godiva must have had exception-

ally long hair since it completely concealed her lovely person. "Let's Hair Vigo come into the picture. The lady's hair seems it is not so rare as for-
merly. It not only promotes the growth of the hair, but gives it a rich, silken texture.

The firemen responded promptly, and the long line had barely passed the casing of the second story window when Jack was spring-
ing out, two rounds at a time. He broke through the wood with an axe. Then he ran to the centre of the room, stood Prof. Titus, his eyes fixed on space. [At Jack's appearance he suddenly turned.

"Oh, I knew you would come, my boy. We are in luck, ha, ha. My dual soul even pleads for the hands of death.

Come, come, professor: no time to talk.

The professor came willingly now, and de-
scented in safety. The fire was soon ex-
luminated. That he had set fire to the acade-
my was not suspected, but Jack was certain of it.

The joke was becoming too alarming. The next day Jack made a clean breast of it all.

"All a joke, you say? Ha! I don't believe it. I'll show you. Do you promise not to write.

Good deeds need heart, my boy.

Professor, if you will promise not to place yourself in these dangerous positions again I'll show you that you have no more power over my mind than over a stone.

All right, boy; all right," said he with confi-
dence.

As the weeks went on and no coincidences occurred, the professor grew thin and pale; his nervousness increased and he sighed repeatedly.

One morning he was missing. They found him wandering along a meadow path, holding a stone and murmuring: "No! No! No! You and me have more than on a stone; no more than on a stone. It's all a mean joke. Prof. Titus."

"Yes," said the keeper of a country in-
estate, who often had to be in the woods. He was just out on a walk, who knew that the man was there, and he was as a stone. He must go out in such a manner that the teacher could write in his diary:

"We have met the en-

macy and he is sure. It would be amusing to watch some theorist, who never stepped foot into a country school, attempt to tame one of those mixtures of total depravity and foot in第二节 in satirical goodness as the pine stump in the ground—
simply by love, moral suasion, and gymnastics. We venture to assert that as screw-power and dynamite are to the stunt so are muscular power and blue-beech to such a boy. For on the one hand, it is a waste, mere mania, and passion rolls off like water from a duck, and gymnastic exercises are his opportunity for a brilliant display of his capacity for mean-ness. 

And, again, accurately the nice talk about teachers working up and holding an at-
tendance of the scholars at school applies-
where education may be compulsory by law, but never by practice, and where corn-husking and feeding cattle take precedence over edu-
cation. We are told not to ape someone else, but to be ourselves. This means to do about as our own fancy directs us. It also gives us the right to theorize on our own account.

He who would be a teacher should be a man in the fullest sense of the word. No half-way specimen that happens to be unusually bright in books but deplorably lacking in morals and principle. Let him be a faithful, industrious, honest, and upright citizen, whose pleasure it is to honor his God and serve his fellowmen.

He should not run all to books, methods, or governmental, but have a sensible proportion of each. Let his knowledge be ample sufficient, his methods exact, and his government de-
signed for the best interests of all concerned.

He should consist of two parts—one-half common sense and the other half backbone. He will then be able to make good plans and to execute them. He will also find that he is like the skillful mariner, best by tempests and squalls on a stormy sea; but, like him, also, he will be watchful and ready with a steady hand at the helm. J. J. TERRY.

B. W. C. Items.

New students are yet continually arriving.

Since the last writing, four have joined our number, the last of whom was Arthur, son of Rev. Dangrenond of Minnesota. We wish all the Messrs. Warnshuis and Neckers of the Middle class may live with us; but the fact that they have gone to Hope is somewhat comforting. We trust that they will soon have as many friends there as they have left here.

Some of our boys have threatened to leave, claiming that the lessons were too long; but they are all getting over it now, the cause being more removed.

A would be professor of elocution, who claimed to hail from Holland, College, having been appointed instructor in this academy, will be with us in about two weeks.

We were grieved to hear of the illness of Prof. Nykier, not long ago, and have not been

able to learn particulars, but hope it will prove nothing serious.

The following resolutions were adopted by the class of '93 on the departure of Messrs. Warnshuis and Neckers:

WHEREAS, Our classmates, Mr. A. Livingston Warnshuis and Mr. Albert Neckers, are pre-
th to leave the institution, intending to prosecute their studies in the preparatory de-
partment of Hope College, because of the re-
moral of their parents and guardian;

Resolved, That we hereby express our regret as a class that we are deprived of the fellow-
ship of two of our best classmates, and also of the future prospect of graduating together;

Further, That we bid them a hearty farewell and godspeed in their new surroundings, and hope they may do well in the college, as classmates, in a collegiate course.

MARGARET HEINRICH,

GEORGE J. MUISENBEEG,

JOHN W. KOTS.

Committee.

COR.

Fig.

HOPE COLLEGE, Oct. 15, 1891.

At a meeting of the Faculty of Hope col-
ge it was announced that Mr. Anderson, formerly professor of Greek in this insti-
tution from 1823 to 1888, had lost his life by the overturning of his canoe on the Iowa Bay, Oct. 9, 1891, that his body had been found on the 18th, and buried from Hope church on the 19th.

This sudden demise of a loved colleague brings sorrow to our hearts, with sincerest sym-
pathy for his stricken family, the more so since his daughter, Hattie I., is now a student in our Grammar School.

Resolved, That we hold Prof. Anderson in kindest remembrance for his marked traits of Christian character, his uniform courtesy of hearing, his goodness of heart, and culture of mind in all his intercourse with us, whether as students or professors.

Resolved, That we deeply deplore the sad loss of our gallant mark for his stricken family, the more so since his daughter, Hattie I., is now a student in our Grammar School.

Resolved, That we offer our heartfelt con-

doles to his bereaved widow and motherless children, in this their affliction, and commend them to the abundant grace of the Father in heaven.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published as may be desired, and that a copy be furnished to the family of the deceased.

By ORDER OF THE FACULTY.

C. DOEBENBER, Secretary.


Since the sad intelligence has reached us of the deaths of Mrs. D. B. DeYoung and Miss Hunhaid Nykier, both sisters of our esteemed friend and teacher, Prof. J. B. Nykier: therefore,

Resolved, That the students of Hope Col-
ge hereby extend to Prof. Nykier their heart-
"felt sympathy in these sad bereavements, and offer him their sincere condolence in this hour of unsought trial.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Prof. Nykier, and that they be pub-
lished in the Be Hope and The Anchor.

PHIL. SOULE,

S. VAN OR BEAG,

W. J. VAN KEREN.

Committee.

Still our numbers increase.

The Thanksgiving turkey is already contempt-
ing, and fittingly so.

Some enterprising members of the Junior class have organized a special class in chem-
istry.

During the week of prayer for young men, data were held in the chapel.

Mach interest was manifested.

The Sophomores at present are studying the theory of "De Amicitia." The practical part they had in their "A" year.

The Y. M. C. A. recently increased its civil service committee to meet the demands for a larger number of teachers, and to draft the proper committee to perform the duties of the one is therefore dissolved.

The primary duty of this committee is to invent

schemes for raising money.

The meeting of the South Ottawa Teachers' Association, in Lyceum hall last week, attracted a generous quantity of students. Whether the exercises or the "schoolmarm's" furnished the attractions, who shall decide?

The young people of Third church held a social on the 13th. Although it was a very rainy night the students turned out almost in full num-
num, and they report having had an "im-
""mense" time. The most eloquent of them can not be recorded, but some sufficient evidence may be said to describe the coffee and cake which the young ladies provided. Some of the fellows have been snapping their lips ever since that night.

It is cold enough nowadays to give promise of early skating this winter.

Our generous treasures has taken unto him-
self a helper. The Anchor extends its con-
gratulations.

The German literary society is floating. It has an enrollment of more or more thorough and half-blood Deutchners.

Weddings are an expensive luxury, even to the guests. Especially so if they must go in a "carry-all" and go in the plural.

A Dutch literary society has been started in the Grammar School. Prof. Deobenberg is pres-
ident, and the faculty is ex-officio.

P. J. Zwersen, '88, recently sent us two very good photographs of V. V. hall and the chapel. They are on exhibition in the office of the tor-in-chief, and anyone may see them by calling.

 Copies may be had by remitting 25 cents in stamps to Mr. Zwersen, Newbronnen, N. Y.

The Y. M. C. A. will give the business men of the town a banquet, the Wednesday even-
ning before Thanksgiving. The boys are getting ready to give these gentlemen one of the grandest feasts and entertainments that human beings ever enjoyed.

The banquet will be given at the college buildings, and the tables will be loaded with every dainty which the most fastidious palate can possibly desire on such an occasion.

The question of changing the time of Meli-
phone meeting from Monday to Friday nights, is now in discussion among the committee.

Some of the professors are using their influence to effect the change. They claim that lessons are poorly prepared for Tuesdays owing to the Meliphone meetings on Monday nights. Such a change would deprive those who go home Friday afternoons of Meliphone privileges and advantages.

Is that a wise or just thing to do?

The closing meeting of the week of prayer was held in First church Sunday evening, Nov. 18th. Prof. Putnam of Kalamaoo delivered the address. He took as his subject:

"The Christian Young Man," and spoke in a popular and instructive style of his profession and his responsibilities. Everybody liked the professor's talk, and many praised it.

The gentlemen of the Y. M. C. A. boys to him with hooks of steel. He knows just how to encourage and inspire young men, and is the right kind of a man for a college professor.
Prof. R. L. Cumnock, A. M., the famous elocutionist, gave a series of public readings, at the opera house, Tuesday evening, the 17th, and thus opened the Nykler-Heyman season of entertainments. It was a grand opening, and if what is to come shall be as good, the old opera house should be packed. Men of such eloquentian talent as Prof. Cumnock have rarely, if ever, visited Holland. He is truly a master of his art, and hence can control an audience at his will. His rendering of "The Foxes' Tails" was so comical as to be side-splitting, while that of Connor was so extremely pathetic as to moisten all eyes; and that of "The Charge," made one's blood run cold.

We give below, by classes, the number of students at present in the institution:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Number of Students</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Freshman</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sophomore</td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Junior</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Senior</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

"Big day." 

Prof. Nykler has changed his bachelor abode from Dr. De Vries's home to that of Dr. Kem. 

All who desire college paper and envelope apply to Jansen, the Fraternal's duly accredited agent.

Rain-making has passed, and Prof. De Boer's room again assumes the aspect of respectability.

Sixteen-sticks still sticks to it that "Kalamazoo girl" is but the product of Laxon's imaginative mind.

Dr. Scott has replenished the laboratory with a assortment of test tubes, hydrogen guns, chemicals, etc.

George K.—ornit mourns the privilege of accompanying the Seniors in their sad perusal of "Walking to the Tomb".

Prof. Boers reads a very interesting paper on the "2S. Literature of To-day" at the recent Sunday-school convention at Zeeland.

Boers has sent in recovering from a protracted attack of the "grippe," which has confined him to his room for the past four weeks.

Financial Agent Rev. T. Zwaermers report two gratifying additions to the endowment fund—first, a gift of $1,000; the other a bequest of $5,000.

Fannie Steffens, '91, applies the pedagogical rule upon the young roosties of Graafschap.

Senior De Boer was "out of school" last week, which necessitated his absence from school.

Rocks, '93, has recovered from a slight illness which caused his absence from the class-room for a week.

C. L. Dayton, '90, has been admitted to the tour. He is now taking up special studies in law at Ann Arbor.

Van Ruize, '89, was recently made the happy recipient of a generous purse from his young friends at Muskegon.

Prof. Gillespie has introduced the Seniors into the hazy depths of Platonics philosophy. They find Fido an exceedingly difficult dog to master.

The upper lips of Haag and Veldman are forming the scats of love; but, alas, yet the results are invisible, but we look for great things.

Hebrew Professor: "Mr. Reverts, should 'taza he long or short?" R. (absent mindedly): "Long, I think." Suppressed giggles among the class.

The important relation between "key-board and bellows" was practically illustrated at the V. M. A. services in First Church, Sunday evening, Nov. 11.

Dubbink, '92, made an address before the Christian Endeavor society of the Third Reformed church, at their recent social. Subject: "Christian Temperature." Prof. Patman of Kalamazoo College won the hearts of the boys and the good will of his large audience before he had spoken five minutes at the recent V. M. A. services.

Kollen and Oosterloof '92, have both been compelled to adorn their "proboscis" with a "spade." Whether this affection has been caused by too ardent study, or frequent efforts to distinguish objects in semi-darkened parlors, or the matter of spadework which at least deserves an investigation by several others. Senior Van der Ploeg treated his classmates to a few good things at his home, Thursday evening, Nov. 15. Twenty-seven years before, Van announced his advent among mortals with a spleen so aching only Dutch exclaimers can give. It was in honor of this happy event that the '92's joined in the celebration.

"Square circle." "Were you hoard?" Steffens, '90, and a toy and a toy man. Prof. Gillespie has moved into Mrs. Gilmore's house.

McBride of last year's Freshmen is at Olivet this year.

Albers, '91, and Kuiper, '89, are rooming together at Ann Arbor.

A sketch of Prof. Doebbs' life will appear in the December Axaomen.

Mills, '93, has taken up his abode at the Osborne house, about one mile south of town.

Wanted, immediately! One car-load of Ayer's Hair Vigor. —Veldman, Takken & Co.

Rev. Dösker has forsaken his crutches. He thinks that he will travel on foot for a change.

Whom George K. went home with from the late Third Church social is a perplexing uncertainty.

Miss Schia Van Zwalwulven, of the "A" class of '88, is engaged as typewriter at the office of Lawyer Deekun.

Louis Zoethout, brother of Willie, has just come to Hope from his home in Roseland, Ill. He will join the "D" class.

John Stecette wishes it to be known that he is marshal of the Meliphone society. He is a very faithful and energetic officer.

The Melipone Journal lately remarked that Jacob Tacken's manuscript is so dense as Egyptian darkness. We say ditto Veldman's.

Cornelius Ton, "C" class, who, not long since, had the misfortune of losing his eye, is again in our midst and attending to his daily duties.

One of our seadate and thoughtful Seniors lately declared, "There are some things a fellow would not like to have his audience before he had spoken five minutes at the recent Y. M. A. services.

One of our seadate and thoughtful Seniors lately declared, "There are some things a fellow would not like to have his audience before he had spoken five minutes at the recent Y. M. A. services.

Veldman delivered an address before the County Chamber of Commerce.

Jacob Tacken's people have taken up their abode in Holland, and at present supply four Takkens for the Grammar school. They are all bright, industrious, and good.

Rev. A. H. Huisenga, Ph. D., '00, leads off in the last number of the American Journal of Psychology with the installation of his article on "Analogical Formation."

D. J. Walvoord, formerly a member of the class of '94, has just been appointed assistant engineer with Edward E. Fox, room 1217, Ch. College of Chicago, Chicago.

At the organization of the Junior class the following officers were elected: James Stenerhagen, president; W. Mills, vice-president; A. Kuiper, secretary; J. Schaefer, treasurer.
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Lecturer of Hygiene at the above college, since 1886.

Appointed Professor of Maternal Hygiene in the Florida University, in 1892.

Post-Graduate of the Polytechnic of New York, since 1894, where he has studied the vegetable, animal and mineral sciences, been lectured to as student旭.

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