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NOVEMBER, 1899.

The Anchor

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THE ANCHOR.
“Spera in Aen.” Ps. XLII. 5.
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NUMBER 2.

Through the West on Wheels.
(CONTINUED.)
THE sun had not reached a very
great height on a Friday morning
when we were again ready to push on.
The heavy rains of the preceding days
had not failed to leave their traces.
The roads were exceedingly rough
and in a few places muddy. Riding
was well nigh impossible. Moreover
we were laboring under other serious
difficulties. Old troubles which, like
Macbeth's ghost, "will not down"
caused a great deal of anxiety. My
companion's wheel was crippled
again, in spite of the careful fixeding
of the previous day. It became evident
that his wheel was not as good as it
was cracked up to be by its ex-owner.
We tried to go on under the circum-
stances and after having gone through
all the possible moods and tenses
which such difficult riding implies we
at last arrived at Oregon. It did not
take very long to decide what to do
next. First of all judgment was pro-
nounced upon the crippled wheel, the
result of which was that it was de-
clared "no good for country use" and
hence put out of service. Mr. Ny-
wening was to take a better means of
conveyance to Fulton. Thus I went
on alone, and a weary trip it was, be-
cause I had to go through the woods
for a long time. At last I arrived in
Fulton but to my great surprise did
not find Mr. Nywening. It was a
consolation, however, to know that
he could help himself. About eleven
o'clock next morning he came. He
had been delayed at Savanna where a
vigorous debate had taken place be-
tween himself and a certain Baptist
minister's wife, about baptism, of
course. They could not agree as to
whether a person had to be baptized
in the water, on the water, or the wa-
ter on top of him. The problem was
not settled.
We visited many friends and ac-
quaintances during our short stop at
Fulton and made several excursions
in the neighboring towns. Often too
we went along the beautiful Missouri
and
"We dared and dreamt beside the stream on verdant,
velvet shores."

With a feeling of sorrow we left
these places of leisure and enjoyment
and the only thing that consoled us
somewhat was the fact that we would
soon pass over into Iowa and have all
"level roads." But what a sad dis-
appointment when we reached them.
They were rough and full of holes, so
that it was impossible to tell whether
one would be on the saddle the next
moment or not. Twice I had the
misfortune of getting my center of
gravity out of position, with the na-
tural result. No damage done. We
struggled on without any extraordinary
experiences except that my companion was awfully frightened once on meeting a Pennsylvania Dutch woman who was smoking a pipe. According to his description it must have been awe-inspiring. Finding, however, that she was perfectly harmless, Nywening began to pick up courage and carried on a conversation with her for about half an hour. It was with great difficulty that Nywening could make her understand the difference between a professional and an amateur tramp. And when he succeeded it was only to fall into other arguments which are too numerous to be recorded here. They are, however, all on file and can be read by those interested.

At Mt. Vernon, the great college town, we switched off the direct road, going ten miles out of the way in order to strike a six mile bicycle path from Marion to Cedar Rapids. In the latter town we were delayed by rain for an hour. The next morning was also gloomy and rainy, nevertheless we went on walking on the railroad track most of the time until we reached a German colony called Amana. The people here did not seem to Americanize very much. We did not meet a single one who could talk English fluently and machinery, either on the field or in the factories, was unknown. At the town square we were the center of attraction. Evidently, we were very scarce in that neighborhood. We stopped at a large house for a drink. It seemed to be a boarding place run by old maids (as is usually the case) of all shapes and forms, but very kind. Germans, as a rule, are very hospitable to strangers, more so than those of other nationalities. The country round about was very hilly, and we doubted whether those students from Sioux Co. had ever been farther into Iowa than along the tracks to Chicago and up to the limits of their native town. There were hills without number and they were steeper than we had ever seen them before. Up the heights we climbed and down we went with a terrific speed, so that at one time we could not make the turn at the foot of a hill and were carried a quarter of a mile before we could stop.

It was nearing supper time when we reached Williamsburg. Here for the first time we found a man who could tell us whenabouts Pella was situated. We had a thrilling experience on the road. Being thirsty, Mr. Nywening decided to try a well near the road. All at once I heard a rustling noise. I looked around, thinking it to be a cyclone, and then I saw Nywening running over the yard at full speed pursued by a dozen pigs. Evidently they were very hungry and did not like to see such a fine supper escape. But the pigs got left. Nywening quickly tumbled over the fence, head over heels, and was safe but all out of breath. It was my turn next. However, I was not chased by pigs but came near getting roped in by a few dozen men from an insane asylum where I had gone to ask about the road. It did not take me long to make my exit. A little further the valve of the front tire of my wheel broke and I had to ride for ten miles on a flat tire. At last we came within six miles of Pella and it was nearly seven o'clock. A big shower overtook us. We stopped at a farm-house with Dutch people until the rain was over. But it was dark then and the roads impassible. The farmer had no room for us either, so, leaving our wheels behind, we walked through the woods to the next farm house. The mud was four or five inches deep so that we had difficulty to keep on our feet. It was a great relief when we reached the house and were kindly received by the people. Next morning we continued our journey on foot and reached Mr. Van Zante's residence at 12 o'clock. After dinner we trotted about the farm and made ourselves at home. For nearly three weeks we roamed about the country and visited the neighboring towns, one day going as far as Knoxville, twenty miles distant, where we visited the industrial home for the blind. We went out hunting one day, having been informed by a younger Van that there was much "small game" around. But we saw none, the cause of which was that we did not have the right conception of what constituted "small game." The younger Van included in this class rats, mice, frogs, potato bugs, etc., for which, of course, we did not hunt at all. At another time Nywening took a ride on the pony to go fishing. He came back without fish, full of dirt and looking rather gloomy and told me, when no one was near, that he was never going to ride the pony again. We also made ourselves useful in the hayfield for a few days. Thus we spent the time in a very pleasant and profitable way. The country is one of the most picturesque parts of Iowa. A rich soil and a good crop. Oats and wheat were plentiful. Potatoes grew to the enormous weight of four and a half pounds; cabbage heads forty-two pounds; watermelons seventy-five pounds, and the farmer is compelled to use a derrick to pull his turnips. How beautiful to see miles upon miles of waving grain! We became so used to and attracted by country life that we never took much want to go on town. We have always carried sweet memories of those pleasant days we spent with our kind friends, and often we repeat:

"Oh, the Summer time in Pella! 'Tis a season for sweet dreams. When a whisper fills the forests, and a summer sweeps the streams."

After repeated "good-byes" etc. we took leave of our friends whom we cannot praise too highly for their kindess toward us. We had a very unhappy start. But eight miles on the way I had a "smash up" coming down a steep hill. The throw numbed me like a nightmare, but what was worse a rim was broken. I took the train to Des Moines, had it fixed and then waited there for Mr. Nywening. Together we went through the city and visited the magnificent capitol. It was not until seven o'clock before we left. Darkness had fallen when we reached Clive, where there was but one house. We went over and found an odd specimen of humanity who claimed to be a genius because he had a bump on his head. We did not exactly see the philosophy of that but asked no questions. He kindly invited us to come in and stay and for the next two hours he did not do anything but talk about the new corn cultivator he had invented, and the perpetual motion machine he had made, of which we were not in the least interested. He took account of the power it could produce, about his strength and swiftness, etc., and he always ended up by saying: "I
am a genius." We slept very soundly and both not as safe as might be desired.

Next day we rode on under great difficulties and were rained in at Jef-
fris on, yet we manage to reach Farlin. We stopped at Rev. Huntley's of the
Christian church who entertained us splendidly and as we had to stay over
Sunday invited us to speak to his people. It is one of the perplexing prob-
lems in this part of the country how to secure the necessary help to har-
vest and thresh, and no sooner did the farmers know that there were strangers
in town than they came an I asked us to help them. And since we were
not in a hurry on account of bad roads we decided to accommodate them. I
think they were queer people. The far-
mer always shouted so loud that he
could be heard half a mile away. His
wife had a great deal to say but never
accomplished very much. She pre-
tended to know and be able to do ev-
everything. She also thought that it
was the duty of the hired men to do
the housework and was very much
displeased with the fact that ministers
took up a collection on Sunday and
did not allow farmers to work. She
objected to cooking dinner on hot
days, saying that such was too hard
for her, but in reality we were the suf-
erers. The farmer claimed to be an
expert stacker. We put up four
stacks and every one of them was
leaning more than the tower of Pisa
ever did. Of course he had his rea-
sons for that. Either the straw, the
wind or the boys were to blame, but
I made up my mind that Mr. Farmer
could not stack at all. The weather
was very favorable during our stay
there, for

"Never fairer showers of rain fell upon fair Nova Scotia, And the sun swept like a chariot through the golden
Gates of God."

After I had fulfilled my contract I
left for Orange City, my companion
having left the preceding day. I was
impressed with the beautiful scenery,
especially around Cherokee where the
road ran through a valley full of foli-
age between which glimpses of the
river parallel were now and then trai-
neyed by natural vistas. I rested up-
on the long bridge that spans the riv-
er. The water flowed swiftly on and,
leaning over the railing, I watched
the rippled surface. Finally I started
up the steep hill from the top of which
a beautiful landscape lay before my
view. I could look over a great forest
and behind that in the peaceful valley
lay the beautiful city of churches.

At Orange City I was welcomed by
my classmate, John Straks. Half of
our journey was now accomplished and
also it had not always been sun-
shine we nevertheless had a pleasant
trip.

I shall not attempt to write all that
might be said about Sioux county, or
our experiences there, but we mention
one incidence. One day I came into
a community whose people spoke
nothing but Dutch, nor allowed any
other language in the church. They
were like those Germans we met at
Amana. Now, the Holland language
is very beautiful and I have respect
for it. But as Americans we must
know English too. Dr. Kniper used a
good illustration when he talked about
this. He took it from the tulip. There
are three kinds of tulips in the
Netherlands, the Dutch, the English
and the Mixed. The first two cost 10
cents a piece, but the latter $1.00.
The same hok's true with those

people who can speak nothing but
Dutch or nothing but English. They
are worth 10 cents; they are very
cheap. But when they can speak
both they are worth dollars. It would
be well to put this practice into

We have nothing but words of
praise for the people of Sioux county.
They have entertained us royally.
We have shared with them their pic-
nics, socials and parties, and never
did fail to enjoy ourselves. I need not
pronounce a eulogy because their so-
ciability is so far famed that it reaches
beyond where the Anchor circulates.
The West is alright. We should like
to have stayed longer, but

"A thought disturbed our dreaming and brought us
from the solitude" Where Pleasure sails her vessel while fair Fancy holds
the helm;

We must hasten back tomorrow to Holland's tired turn-

- Back to College scenes and struggles, back to trouble
and to toil."

S. F. RIEFA, '00.

Plagrism.

Let him retract from faltering ways;
To whom this bitter cup may fall.

Man reflects his environments as an
adage which must meet universal ap-

Man is then a mirror. But

incidence. For man should absorb,

Suppose that one incident of such

intensity, should be concealed. Is this because

a drop of pure truth, like an acid, may

corrode the polish or the foil and ex-

pose the false metal? Should truth
allow falsehood to be sold on the same

market? Then truth is a mockery.

No; we believe that every student,
when a shadow offers, has a right and
is in duty bound to search out and
bring to light the real and original ob-

ject. It is but justice to the just
and injustice to the unjust. Who can
not stand the piercing eye of truth, let

him retract to darkness.

JOHN ROGERS.
England and the Transvaal

Holland had been a maritime power long before England assumed control of the seas. But there were two reasons why Holland had to succumb to the rising supremacy of England. Holland had only a small population, whereas England had many millions. Secondly, Holland was extremely conservative, almost criminally so far as it included obstinacy and stubbornness. For this reason she could not increase the prosperity of her own colonists by wise legislation. England was, however, in this respect just as stupid as Holland, but the latter in her history could never afford to make such a frightful political blunder as England did in regard to America. It was also on account of her conservatism that she could not assimilate the many different races of people in her dominions. Her own colonists often turned against her, and became either independent states or dependencies of another power.

Cape Colony: up to the year 1806 belonged to Holland. Her merchants as early as 1652 had seen the great value of a station on the southern extremity of Africa where ships could stop on their long journeys to the far East. These early Dutch settlers had many bitter struggles with the barbarians before a regular government was established.

But the mother country made many arbitrary laws which kept the colony in a perpetual state of turmoil. After many rebellions and internal disensions the colony was finally ceded to Great Britain. In 1832 the, slaves of Cape Colony were emancipated, and many other means of reform were introduced. The Boers were enraged and determined to proceed farther in the interior. This migration is called the "Great Trek.

They proceeded to Natal where they had almost the same experience, with the barbarians. Many bloody battles were fought on that soil. The Boers were finally ready to establish a government of their own, when they were told that the British had already "occupied" the country.

They preferred to move on and fight more battles with the barbarians than to be under British dominion. Part of the company went to a district now called the Orange Free State. The other part went across the Vaal into the Transvaal.

The Boers were soon to learn that England can claim a country as fast as any people can civilize it. After many struggles with the natives and English, they were declared absolutely independent in 1852. But only a quarter of a century later the country was annexed to Great Britain. This was, of course, unsatisfactory to the Boers. They had fought for independence many times. They could not move any farther inland, as England had established her "spheres of influence" in all the surrounding region. They had to submit or fight. Can we blame them for choosing the latter? The world knows the result.

How on Majuba Hill the English fell before the deadly fire of the Dutch sharpshooters. But the actual result of this war found the Boers in a worse plight than before. In the convention of Pretoria in 1881, Mr. Gladstone gave them an autonomous government with many restrictions both in regard to internal and external politics. Naturally, the Boers were not long satisfied with such a shameful settlement.

When the pastoral Boers understood the arrangements which had been made, they rose to a point of open rebellion. Another convention was held at London in 1884. In this convention suzerainty was apparently ignored. The Boers were allowed to control their domestic and foreign policy. Supervision, however, was insisted upon in respect to the ratifying of treaties made with any country except the Orange Free State.

The Boers accepted it, because they did not see the hated word "suzerainty" in it. Then, too, they had very little to do with the outside world. They desired to pursue their pastoral pursuits and live in peace with all the world as a free people. They were proud of their little Republic for which they had sacrificed so much.

It seemed as if the Golden Age of their Republic had at last appeared on its horizon. But peace was only a phantasm of which they only now and then imagined to catch a glimpse. Rich gold mines were soon discovered in their very midst. Thousands of foreigners hastened to the Republic, spurred on by the wildest dreams of phantasy. They soon outnumbered the Boers, and wildly clamored for their rights. They did not exert themselves in the least toward increasing the fertility of the soil. Their tails soon found a willing listener in the English Cabinet.

Mr. Chamberlain is the best representative today of the typical imperialistic Englishman. He is no great baron, no orator, no statesman, only an experienced merchant. His actions in this crisis are in exact harmony with his character, and probably also with the spirit of the nation. Lord Beaconsfield called him "The floor walker of politics." Gladstone dubbed him "The devil's advocate." His enemies nicknamed him "Tattered Joe"; while since Jameson's raid he has been called "Joe the Sisher."

How did this "Judas" intend to bring relief to the oppressed Uitlanders? He demanded that the English language be on an equal footing with the Dutch in the schools, courts and legislative halls. A franchise should be given to all foreigners after a residence of five years without renouncing allegiance to their own government.

To adopt such measures would virtually be to surrender the Republic to the greedy, avaricious, gold-seekers. Was ever such an absurd demand placed before a liberty-loving people? If the Uitlanders were dissatisfied with the political conditions of the Transvaal, why didn't they go home? They even object to pay three per cent taxes on a gold mine which pays a dividend of fifty per cent. The Boers have given all classes civil liberty; and if the foreigners would only take the oath of allegiance and at the same time renounce their allegiance to their former government, they would gladly be given also political liberty. But nine-tenths of the Uitlanders will return to their homes when they have enough gold or when the mines are exhausted. Thus gold is threatening the very existence of the Republic. The Boers deserve their independence.
on the ground of priority of settlement and of almost having fought for it.

Mr. Chamberlain, the Boer government an "oligarchy." But it certainly must be a tedious one to defy the Imperial armies. The fact is that England is today ruled by an oligarchy which in reality is the Imperial despot, Mr. Chamberlain. He has an able and energetic lieutenant in the multi-millionaire, Mr. Cecil Rhodes. That gentleman will doubtless remain in Kimberley near the diamond mine until the butcher is completed and then divide the spoils among his compatriots. If America had been enticed into the snare of an alliance with Great Britain, it might in the meantime be finding profitable employment in our country to see whether America were filling her contingent of soldiers. Heaven forbid that America should ever sell the birthright of her freedom to England for a golden mess of temporary gain and glory.

It is a pity that war could not be averted. President Kruger had waited three days longer until Parliament met and then had appealed to it. Mr. Chamberlain might have been defeated. At all events it would have given the Liberal's a living issue and thrust the responsibility on the nation. We cannot believe that England would have supported Mr. Chamberlain.

But such reasoning is quite unnecessary. The last scene of the controversy must be acted on the field of battle. It is no longer a question of franchise, but it is a racial question, which race is to be supreme in South Africa, the Dutch or the English? Mr. Chamberlain said, "Great Britain must remain the paramount power in South Africa. I do not mean in the German and Portuguese possessions, but in the two Republics and the British colonies." There he strikes the keynote of the whole controversy. It will be a war of extermination. The slaughter will continue until the Boer has laid his life on the sacred altar of liberty.

But will the European Powers quietly look on while Mr. Chamberlain slaughters the Boers and annexes their beloved Republics to the possessions of Great Britain? In all history we fail to find a war parallel to this one in greed, avarice and cruelty. The good seeking and imperialists hold in Mr. Chamberlain the incarnation of devilish cruelty, rapacity and barbarity. We can only hope that he will be no conflict between the Empire and an "oligarchy." England must give him that salutary peace when there is no peace. The sky is already growing dark in the North. The growing as of a heavy resting wind may be heard. Methinks I already hear the rumbling of the distant thunder. The vaulted heavens are rent by the flashes of lightning. For a moment the force of light breaks the intense darkness, and we read the words written as in blood: "THE TIME FOR VENGEANCE IS COMING."

The British lion so proud in all his strength is pierced by the unerring darts of the Northmen. He growls; he jumps; he grasps his teeth fiercely; he falls; he is trampled upon, is cast out as a prey to the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air.

Such is the fitting end of a nation that crushes truth and justice. Thank Heaven! there are yet Christians in England, but they appear to be in the minority. By England we understand a nation devoted to selfish gain and glory. But may Heaven smile upon the Boers, and confound the armies of the despot; and put all them to shame who dare interfere with the liberties of a quiet and peace loving people.

J. STEENENBERG, '01.
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standing with the agents of Mr. Chamberlain? This question we cannot solve. But this administration is lamentably weak in executive ability. Its huge mass must fairly be forced into action by crystallized public opinion, otherwise, encumbered by numerous parasites, it is prone for fear of straining diplomatic etiquette to let the lion feed on its carcass.

The Editor has decided to send additional copies of this number of The Anchor to South Africa, to assure Oom Paul of our heartfelt sympathy in their glorious struggle for maintaining their independence.

The present lecture committee is to be congratulated on having made the seats in the Y. M. C. A. room almost as good as the first class ones in the chapel. No one who has a second-class ticket need be afraid of being unable to see or hear the speakers. They have also been successful in partially solving the problem in regard to the method in reserving seats. Every committee had to face this question. But the method has now almost reached perfection. By making the requisite a survival of the fittest it has equity if not convenience in its favor.

The Editor takes pleasure in announcing to the readers that the next number of The Anchor will be issued under the auspices of the Ladies' Literary League. The young ladies will have the matter entirely in their own hands. The December number will, therefore, be awaited with interest both by students and alumni. Extra copies will be printed so that students and their friends may all be supplied.

It is not every one who can judiciously bestow praise. And yet it is sometimes highly beneficial. Every individual at some time or other needs encouragement to spur him on to greater effort. Some people seem to think that criticism means only finding fault. The highest praise many literary persons get is silence. Jealousy may be the cause, but it ought not to be. If there is literary excellence in the efforts of the student, express your judgment.

But it should not be too lavishly bestowed. Many might become vain and proud. One should especially not give praise for an effort which he would not have the individual repeat. Some young men in college become class buffoons, because they are encouraged by the plaudits of their fellow classmates. If the reason for applauding is a keen enjoyment of the "fun", it may readily be understood. But such praise may be an encouragement for one to start in the wrong direction. Viewing the subject as a whole, it requires much wisdom rightly to bestow praise. It is, probably, not so deplorable after all that most men maintain a dignified silence as to expressing their opinion on any performance well executed.

"Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise", was the reply of Luther to a hostile world. The position taken, meant at once nothing less than the condemnation of a millennium of intellectual slavery: and the establishment of the principle of individual judgment, independent of human authority. In proportion that this principle has been observed, to that extent has life been true and thus progressive.

What did this principle imply? For Luther it meant that in all matters of judgment, every individual should decide what was truth, regardless of what church or state, pope or priest might assert. Instead of being the slave of others, this giant would determine for himself what was true—determine it by an honest study of all the resources obtainable, and therefore fearlessly to proclaim it. He could not and would not be enslaved by others. "Give me liberty or give me death", was true here also, even then in a different sense.

Now freedom, moral, intellectual and physical, is an inherent principle of human life. Not the product of his circumstances; not a rational animal chained down by necessity; but a free being—free as the air of heaven: this is man. Take this principle from him, and we destroy a vital element of his life. We put a bird of the forest behind prison bars: the song ceases; the wing droops, and what have we left? The form of a bird, nothing more. Of human nature it is not less true. Enslave it and we destroy it. Freedom is life; slavery is death.

Nor does it matter much how one is enslaved, whether voluntarily or against one's will. Under the latter, life may be longest continued because resistance may be offered; but unless relieved of the shackles, it means inevitable ruin. And yet, voluntary slavery is worse, because an act of one's own choice. To be forced may in some cases be the lot of man; to be a slave voluntarily need never be, and can never be justified. Is it right, for example, that a man should yield up his conviction, obtained after long and honest study, after perhaps a tragedy has been acted out within the soul—is it right, we ask, that such a man should surrender his conviction and be the slave of a creed, a philosophical system, a constitution or any other product of human device; and let this be his idol before which he shall bow? Again, is it right for an honest man to accept any human product without understanding it, and which he fears to investigate lest by the force of reason he should be compelled to break from what had been taught him? Is not this idolatry, worshiping what is human? Is it not voluntary slavery? For after all is not man the slave of a thing, as long as he is not master of it? And can such a position be true? We fear not. This is voluntarily doing what
Luther condemned, seeing what the sequence was. The effects will not be less so now. History has proven since, that the maintenance of this principle has produced real progress because it was true life.

Luther realized this, hence his fearless conduct. No honest man can do otherwise. No man can live truly, convicted of the truth of one thing, and being forced to do the other. Such a life would be a complete lie. Nor can he be more true and success-

Alumni Notes.

Rev. J. Luxen, '92, of Kalamazoo, has been called to the pastorate of the Ninth Reformed church at Grand Rapids.

Rev. H. V. S. Peeke, '87, Professor in the college at Nagasaki, Japan, has been obliged to return to this country for his health.

Rev. A. M. Van Duine, '89, of Holland, Neb., has been called to the Reformed church at Hospers, la.

Rev. Henry Hauzena, '93, missionary in India, has withdrawn from the Reformed church and has joined the Baptist denomination.

We are very sorry that by some mistake two of the members of the class of '99 were not mentioned in our last number. Messrs. J. Ter Avest and C. Mulder have both entered the university at Ann Arbor, the former in the literary, and the latter in the medical department.

Rev. I. Van Kampen, '90, has resigned as pastor of the Reformed church at Saddle River, N. J., in order that he may complete a course in Sociology in the university at Bloomington, Ill.

Rev. James Ossewaarde, '90, of Grand Rapids, recently delivered a very interesting address in that city on "The History of the Holland Race in South Africa", giving a complete review of the present situation in the Transvaal.

Rev. J. W. TeWinkel, 66, has taken charge of the Reformed church at Muscatine, la.

Rev. D. J. DeBey, '79, will remain at Grand Rapids; last week his church, the Second Reformed, celebrated its semi-centennial with appropriate exercises extending through three days.

Rev. E. J. Bleckink, '83, has been called to the Second Reformed church of Kalamazoo.

Rev. A. H. Strabbing, '80, expects to arrive in his new field at North Holland the first of November.

The church at Marion, N. Y., has extended a call to the Rev. G. H. Hospers, '84, of Cleveland, O.

A Pleasant Surprise.

A pleasant variation of the somewhat monotonous trend of student life befell the members of the Scott boarding club on October 30, '89. Their former fellow student, Mr. G. N. Heeren, and their quondam genial cook, Miss Anna De Wit were introduced as Mr. and Mrs. Heeren. In honor of the event of the wedlock the tables were decked with select products of garden and bakery; and after all had freely tested their capacities, the historic puff of Indian weed was not forgotten. From the young and modest "D" to the grave expounder of Calvinistic theology—all wore that characteristic from ear-to-to ear smile, as their mind reflected on the mysteriously bewitching charms of married life. In appreciation of their kindness, and as a token of esteem, the club presented Mr. and Mrs. Heeren with a silver fruit dish, to which the hearty congratulations and best wishes of each member of the club were added. After a few selections of music had been rendered, and some of the members had responded to toasts, they all returned to their respective rooms, feeling that, after all, student life was something more than Greek and Latin.

J. W.


1. In what meter is Dryden's Pallas and Arcite written?
3. In what respects do the De Coverly Papers differ from most of the light literature of the present day?
4. What are the weak points in the plot of the Vicar of Wakefield?
5. How does the Flight of the Tartar Tribe open?
6. What is the best drawn character of the Last of the Mohicans, and why do you think so?
7. Describe the garden of the Old Pension House.
8. What passages of the play of Macbeth show Macbeth's quick sensibility and imaginative faculty?
9. In putting the banquet scene upon the stage is anything gained by making Banquo's ghost visible to the guests as well as to Macbeth?
10. Explain italicized words in the following, "Be thou Jocund. "Ere the bat hath flown his clustered flight. "Ere two black Hector's summons the shard borne battle etc.
11. Describe the personal appearance of Satan as depicted in Book 1 of Paradise Lost.
12. What were Burke's objections to Lord North's plan of dealing with the colonies?
13. What are the characteristics of Carlyle's essay on Burns that give it such a high rank among literary essays?

These questions are printed at the request of Prof. Nykerk. They are directly for the benefit of the students. Much may be learned from them, and
they can be a source of inspiration to all, satisfaction probably only to few. These questions are interesting especially to those students of English who come under the new regime.

Comparisons are sometimes odious, but we believe that we can venture to make them with our new course of English.

Among the Societies

The Ladies’ Literary League has begun the new college year under auspicious circumstances. The new room is artistically furnished so as to give it a cozy appearance. The meetings are well attended and the programs faithfully carried out.

The young ladies are going to undertake something which to our knowledge has never before been attempted here. They will assume entire control of The Anchor for December. It is often assumed in discussions that woman is inferior to man. But that heresy has never found fertile soil along the banks of Lake Michigan in literature and theology, her hobby—she is in some respects man’s superior. At all events, they will show their ability with credit to themselves and honor to their friends and institution. The following are the officers:

Editor-in-Chief, Henrietta Zwemer. Assistants, Amy Yates, Bertha Venecklassen.

Department, Society—Minnie De Feyter. Alumni—Minnie Van der Ploeg, Lottie Hoyt, Anna Riemen.

Among the Societies

The Cosmopolitan Society.

At the old task again. This may be said of the Cosmopolitans. Not a time of play, not simply a social gathering, not pantheonism; but work; obeying the immutable law of life: preparing for the cosmos—this is the task of the Cosmopolitan. Accordingly a good solid programme is being carried out every Friday evening consisting of a wide range of subjects—political, historical, ethical, philosophic, economic, social and literary. The latter, we fear, has been neglected in the past. In the future, however, more attention will be given to this line of work. For this reason the programme for Nov. 10 will be exclusively upon Hawthorne.

Materially there is also improvement. Their hall has been completely renovated, realizing that pleasant surroundings are also an aid to education.

Moreover, a new impulse: has been given to the society by the addition of a goodly number of new and ambitious recruits.

Cosmopolitans.

Born a good many years ago—we know not how many—died on June 19, immediately at the close of ‘het jaarfeest’; buried simultaneously—this is the epitaph that ought to be written over the Ultas Hall, for such is apparently the fact. What the cause of her death may have been, we are incapable of determining exactly, since we were never aware of any malady. Three causes are probable. First—heart-disease—the verdict of physicians, anyway, upon all mysterious deaths. Secondly—old age—the limit had not yet reached the age limit. Thirdly—lack of food, or better expressed, starvation. Whether there is a possibility of resurrection in this case, we are not able to say. What we do say, is that it ought to be. It may require considerable energy on the part of some, the more so as its honored supporter, Prof. Doesburg, can now no longer support it. But nevertheless we believe it ought to be done. It ought to be done because many are going to use the language of the “Ultas” lifelong. Shall we expect people to listen to our jumble and conglomeration of words? We may be able to rattle off the ‘de, der, het’, etc., etc., but it does not necessarily give one facility in speaking the language. It ought to be done also because with the increase of the Dutch course according to the new schedule there is more opportunity for making it of living interest. Formerly, the excuse for not supporting the “Ultas” was that the little Dutch acquired in the course was of no value to any one. This has been removed. Hence we repeat, “Let an attempt be made to resurrect this society.” H. W. H.

Football Notes.

M ore enthusiasm perhaps than ever before has been shown this Fall in football. The two teams, First and “Juniors”, have been out every evening for about thirty minutes for signal practice, after which the teams line up against each other for a short practice game. This plan of procedure has worked so far and as a result we have at present two good teams at Hope.

The students ought certainly to be commended for the loyal support they give by coming out and encouraging the boys.

Juniors, 7: H. H. School, 10.

The first game of the season occurred on Oct. 13 between the Juniors and the Holland High school team. The teams were about evenly matched as far as weight was concerned. The strong points of the High school boys lay in their long end-runs and “guards back” formation. The Juniors must be given credit for the deliberation with which they played the last half. Although they had thus far played an uphill game, in this half they forced the High school to a safety and a few minutes afterwards scored their only touch down, making the score 10 to 7.

Hope, 07, Holland, 0.

On Oct. 19th the first game occurred between Hope and Holland teams. Notwithstanding the disagreeable weather a very snappy game was witnessed by quite a crowd of people. The strong points of the game were the end-runs by Holland
and the line smashing by Hope. The
defense that Hope put up, especially
when Holland was held down on
Hope’s 3-yard line cannot but elicit
warmest praise. On the whole the
contest was a very sharp one as the
score indicates.
LINE UP.
Holland.
Kleinheeselink,........Green
Hessienius,............Olsen
Stanton,.................Pfanstiehl
Giebel,.................E. E. Davidson, Capt
Hoffman,..............R. E. Damson
Van Zoeren............R. E. Van Houte
Naberhaus,............R. E. Crispell
B. Hyink................R. D. Peew
H. Hyink,Capt H. E. Van der Veen
De Kleine..............R. E. P. Steketee
De Young................R. E. J. Peew
Holland, 3.
A very pretty exhibition of football
was given on the Hope College grid-
iron Wednesday, Oct. 25th, by the
Hope College and Holland teams.
The Hope team clearly outclassed its
opponents at every stage of the game
and had the referee not given the
Holland boys a touch down on a
questionable decision the result would
have been 15-0 instead of 10-3. As
it was, however, the Holland boys
were “not in it” for one moment.
Mass plays by the College were the
chief features of the game.
Juniors, 16: H. H. School, 0.
The Juniors took sweet revenge on
the High school boys Oct. 28th when
they walloped the High school boys
by a score of 10-0. The Juniors
played a snappy game and the
“Laces sharp on the
lode put up,
the President assumed the
responsibility of the
students, Van Zee and the faculty
were seen to laugh.
College Jottings.
EDITED BY ALONZO T. GOODNOW, W., AND HENRY DE FREE, W.,
Pres. Kollen and family, after an
absence of five weeks in the East, have
returned. The President attended as
a delegate the Pan-Presbyterian Alli-
ance which was held at Washington.
In regard to the work for the college,
the Doctor reported progress. But
this in the past has always meant
success.
Mrs. Horton and Mrs. Gowen were
welcome visitors in our midst October
30. They addressed the students
briefly in chapel. Mrs. Horton was
introduced by the President as the
“main spring of domestic missions of
our Church”, Mrs. Gowen as Mrs.
“Go On” of the board of foreign mis-
sions. The young ladies were prom-
ised a dormitory by the speaker, which
was loudly applauded both by the
young men and the young women.
Mrs. Gowen also stated that she had
been the honored guest at the home
of Prof. Bergen; and that she had
found the Professor a perfect angel.’
Many of the boys still have doubts as
Professor’s genuine angelic
pedigree.
Henry Steketee was suddenly sum-
momed home by the sad news of his
father’s death. The ANCHOR sympa-
thizes with him in his sore bereave-
ment.
Van Zante succeeded in getting to
the Bruce lecture in spite of the
broken trolley.
There appears to be some doubt
among the members of the Junior
class as to whether Mrs. Horton said
that Latin is the basis or bastest of all
languages.
The tutor in morals and manners is
giving lectures on hereditary punctu-
ality.
The following conversation was
overheard in the hall:
“Don’t you know me?”
“No, I don’t remember you.”
“Why yes you do, my name is Mr.
Brink: I didn’t know that my mous-
tache had changed my looks so
very much.”
“Time rolls on, and where are we?”
Don’t show Prof. Kleinheesel your
hocks.
1. Fies and F. C. Warnshius called
on old classmates and friends Oct. 6.
Time reveals many secrets. It has
now become quite clear why Stanton
worked at a brickyard last summer.
Van Zo—, in arguing with one of
the professors on football, used as
an argument the attitude of the student
boys in the position of the graduates of
eastern colleges.
In well meant enthusiasm, he ex-
claimed, “When we have children—
Laughter.
Ardor immissio excessatio est.
An unusual sight occurred on the
morning that Wallace Bruce addressed
the students, Van Zee and the faculty
were seen to laugh.
H ave You Tried That
Famous Single Binder 5c Cigar, sold at Con. De
Pree’s Drug Store.
They taste very much like 10c Cigars.

Van Dam would do well to play
football for policy’s sake.
Van der Mel is pondering over the
words of the Quaker poet:
“Of all said words of tongue or pen,
The boldest are these: it might have been.”

Interest in football is certainly as
good this year as it has been for sev-
eral years. Two teams are practicing
regularly. All that is lacking is the
opportunity of showing what we can
do with other teams.
Kleinheeselink might avoid much
trouble if, when writing home for
“bocksen”, he should omit the “r.”
Sayad, “A’99, made a good show-
ing in trying for the U. of M. football
team. He is now doing excellent
work on the scrub team. Let this be
an encouragement to others.
VerBurg has assumed the task of
keeping Miss F—d informed on
football. Newspaper clippings solic-
ted.
What’s the matter with Peter Ver-
Burg? Brink is becoming famous as an or-
ator. However, the latest comments
on his delivery by the professors are
worthy of universal attention. “He
do begin like a torrent and he do end
like a trickle.”
Van Dam, at last, agrees with the
general opinion that the Saugatuck
railroad is of inestimable value to the
citizens of Holland, especially to the
students. We expect, in the near fu-
ture, to hear of him making frequent

THE ANCHOR.
THE ANCHOR.
trip in that direction," as the lake breeze is delightful for one's health.

Miss Bianca Haake, of Buffalo, and Miss Rose Davidson, of this city, were the guests of the Senior class, Oct. 6.

Mute is becoming famous. He is now preparing missionary reviews for public distribution.

The Co-operative Book Association elected Mr. Wayer as President and H. Pelgrim as Secretary. The directors of the college department are: L. L. Legters, '00; G. H. Korteling, '01; H. Stickete, '02; E. Strick, '03. The Grammar school is represented on the board by Messrs. E. Kruisenga and D. S. Bekius. This board of directors has elected J. Y. Broek as business manager for the year.

Mr. Wesselink, '01, has been elected by The Anchor staff as assistant editor.

Van der Mel says, "Man, like a creeping vine, withers and dies if he has nothing to embrace." "Melle", you have our sympathy in your hours of bereavement.

"We pardon as long as we love"???

What does that mean, J. H.??

The Saturday Evening Post issued Oct. 26 an extremely interesting and valuable "College Man's Number." It contains short stories, an article on college life during the early part of the century, especially at Harvard. It also has an able article on athletics, together with an editorial on the same subject and an interesting one on the war against the classics. Besides many more subjects, there are superb illustrations accompanying them.

"Bram" De Young's mind is in a sad state of confusion. He no longer knows to which political party he belongs.

The Juniors nearly blew up the Chapel with opinions on expansion.

The students of the college as a whole and the members of our football team in particular have good reason to feel that by reason of the treatment they have received at the hands of the Holland City Football team and the Daily Sentinel. The editor of that paper has placed himself in a very undesirable position with the students because he published a statement from a couple of sore heads on the local team, which statement was denied by all the other members of the team and has caused these two to be released from further opportunities of digging up dirt to throw at the fellows with whom they are formerly associated. We should very much like to see our team refuse to have any further games with such a team. If, however, the players do not have enough respect for themselves, they no longer deserve the support of the students. Playing with such a team seriously injures our prospects for inter-collegiate sports in the near future.

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