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The Anchor
"Spera in Deo"
VOLUME XXI
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NUMBER 3

A SURPRISE.

The month of March was almost past, and a few warm days had melted all the snow. All the joyful signs of spring were again returning. All nature was once more aglow with life, and, as usual, she had imparted her invigorating spirit to her children. Everything was alive, and everyone was busy.

George Button, real estate dealer in the town of Newburg, had been kept busy all day long renting farms to the more unfortunate farmers, who were not yet the happy owners of a quarter of this coveted dirt. Button had just returned home. A small but cozy-looking parlor, together with a small bedroom, were the only apartments which he could call home. Yet this was all one who had just started in business could wish for, and George was fully satisfied with himself and the world at large.

He lighted a cigar, tipped back his chair against the wall, and sat reflecting on the labors of the day. He had almost dozed off to sleep in his quiet meditations, when a sharp ring of the door-bell awoke him from his dreams. He arose slowly and opened the door. A young man, apparently of about his own age, entered.

"Well! is that you, George?" Button exclaimed in surprise. "What on earth brings you here at this time of day?"

The man addressed was George Bolton from the town of Fairview, seventy miles from Newburg. George Button and George Bolton had first become interested in one another when in high-school, by reason of the similarity of their names, and had ever after been the best of friends.

"Well," answered Bolton, after this blunt but friendly
greeting, "business called me here, and I wanted to take a
look at you before leaving. And," he continued somewhat
hesitatingly, "I want—well it's just this way, old chap. I
wrote to Cora if I might come out for a short visit, and I
expect an answer tomorrow."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Button, "head over heels in love, eh?
But no wonder. Such a girl!"

"Judge as you will about that," resumed Bolton, "but to
come to the point, I have a favor to ask of you. I don't like
to go back home for just one day. Tomorrow I'll have an
answer and then I can take the train right from here. But I
have some business at home which must be attended to, so
I'll ask you to go down for me. You can forward my mail to
your office here."

"Agreed," cried Button, laughing. "I'm always glad to
help a fellow whose love affairs are at stake."

The next morning found Button on his way to Fairview,
while Bolton was anxiously awaiting the morning's mail. At
last it came, but there was no letter from Cora. He waited
patiently for the evening mail, but again no letter. There was
nothing to be done but wait for the next morning's mail. He
was somewhat worried. Why didn't she answer? He had
asked her to answer immediately.

The next morning, bright and early, found him again in
his friend's office. The mail was again brought in. He glanced
rapidly through the pile of letters. There were several for Button, as well as some for himself forwarded by
Button. Ah! here was one in Cora's handwriting. He tore
it open quickly and read:

Dear Friend George—

I received your letter a few days ago. All the arrange-
ments have been made, and I now only await your coming.
Be very careful that Mr. Bolton does not find us out. It will
be such a surprise for him. I had a letter from him, asking
me if he might come today, but I will delay him a few days
so everything will be finished when he comes. Hoping then
to see you soon, in person, I am,

Yours sincerely,

CORA HASTINGS.

Bolton's face became deathly pale. What was this?
Whose was it? He glanced at the address on the envelope.

It read, "Mr. George Button." Ah! he understood. He had
opened Button's letter. And was it possible that Button,
whom he had always thought to be his best and truest friend,
had deceived him? And his own Cora, the woman whom he
had believed the truest of women, had she deceived him? Yes,
here was the letter which plainly told the truth. Here it read,
"Be very careful that Bolton does not find us out," and here,
"So everything will be finished when he comes." Yes, he had
been deceived, basely deceived.

With a cry of despair he threw himself on the floor. He
tried to think. Could it be true? No! he would not believe
it. He would go immediately to ask her for an explanation.
But no! the letter revealed the truth too plainly. His self-
respect would not allow him to do this. How could he have
been so deceived! What a blind fool he had been! Shall he
leave this cursed spot! Shall he take revenge! Yes, he
would kill him! No! God help him, he could not do that. He
would not become a murderer.

Thoughts like these swept through his mind.

"Yes, I will do it," he said at last, as he rose to his feet.
I cannot trust a human being again. I would kill him if I
should happen to meet him."

As he spoke he paced up and down the floor, his face the
picture of despair.

"It's the only way," he said in a decisive tone, as he sat
down at Button's desk and wrote:

George Button:—

As you will see, I have opened your letter, yet, believe
me, wholly by mistake. Thank God! however, that I did. I
see now how basely you have deceived me, you whom I im-
gined to be my friend. Tonight I leave to spend the rest
of my weary days, I care not where. I go to the far west, and
may we never meet again until that inexorable day when
death shall once more bring us face to face.

GEORGE BOLTON.

* * * *

Ten years had passed since that fatal night when George
Bolton had disappeared. George Button was sitting in that
very room where ten years before he had found the note left
there by Bolton. His thoughts went back to the events of
these years. How short and full of sorrows this life was!
How he had longed to see his friend! And would he never find him? All his efforts had thus far been in vain. But he would not despair. He would yet find him.

This would be his last evening at home. He had enlisted under General Custer, and in the morning they would leave for the Dakotas to quell what seemed to them but a slight uprising of the Sioux. Alas, their mistake! Nine days later that bloody battle was raging which has rendered immortal the names of Custer and his brave followers.

Apart from the heat of the fight, Button was engaged in a desperate struggle with an Indian brave. Now the Indian, mortally wounded, fell from his horse. Just then another man rushed up. Button saw his face. Those were the features of a white man, however dark and red his complexion. Yes, he knew that face. A sharp report of a pistol, and Button, with a cry of "George! George!" fell to the earth. A shudder of surprise ran through his assailant. Who could know him here? Yet there was something in the face and voice which he had seen and heard before. In a moment he was at his side.

"George," gasped the wounded man, "at last, George. I have found you," and his head sank slowly in Bolton's arm. Bolton's face grew ghastly pale. His teeth were clinched. It was George Button, his former friend, but now his hated enemy. The mighty struggle going on within his breast was but too plainly written on his face.

But what was this which he clutched in his hand? It was a small locket fastened to a chain. Bolton opened it carefully. A tightly folded piece of paper fell into his hand. With trembling hand he unfolded it. What could this be? It was a letter addressed to "Mr. George Bolton" in Cora's hand-writing. Eagerly he tore it open and read:

Dear George:

You will, no doubt, wonder why I have not answered you sooner, but Button and I have planned a pleasant surprise for you, and we wished to have everything finished when you came. I can hardly keep the secret from you. Still I won't spoil all of Button's plans by giving you some hint. But tomorrow you may know all. I'm sure you will enjoy it so.

The Anchor

Hoping to see you, then, on the morning train, I am,

Ever yours,

CORA.

The letter dropped from his nerveless fingers. Memories of the almost forgotten past were stirred within him. His mind was confused by the sudden revelation before him. Again he read the letter. Alas! it had all been a mistake. Here was Cora's letter, written ten years ago, which explained it all. What a fool he had been! What a base fool, that he had had so little faith in her! And here lay the man, who had brought him this precious revelation, wounded by his own hands, perhaps, fatally wounded. But thank God! it was not yet too late.

Bolton dressed the wound of his friend as best he could, and hastened to the camp. The wound, although a serious one, did not prove fatal, and two weeks later found our friends on their way to their home—and to Cora.

And here we must leave our friends. Suffice it to say, that there were explanations and assurances of forgiveness, tears of joy, and all the happiness attending the reunion of two lovers, if we may not say, of three, for Button's was a true, unselfish love.

Three weeks later there was a quiet but happy wedding. All agreed that the surprise which Button and Cora had planned ten years before should still be carried out, and their honeymoon was spent in a pleasant two-week's outing, as the guests of their mutual friend Button at his summer cottage on the lake.

"KITTRIDGE," 'to.

ESSENTIAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MODERN YANKEE.

I do not write of the by-gone Yankee—the story-book Yankee, if you please—not of his characteristics. He lived, loved, fought and died; he put up a valiant fight, he lived a noble life and he died a heroic death. His praises have been sung by bards of note, and he has been described in story and essay by those of both ability and reputation. He served his time well, built reputation and character, laid the foundation of a mighty nation, and died. Dying, he left all he had, together with a great ability to obtain more, to his only son and
heir, the modern Yankee, who is keeping the whole estate intact. Perhaps his son is losing the name by which his noble father was addressed, and allowing the new name of American to be applied to him to the exclusion of the title made memorable and honorable by his ancestor.

The modern Yankee is progressive. He is not content to sit down and enjoy life in ease, as perhaps was the dream of his father that he might. His father’s broad acres are not only improved, but broadened. Every Yankee is an emperor, and dreams as fantastic dreams and works as hard for their realization as did Napoleon in his most ambitious days. Is there a bit of labor being done by hand, or slowly by machinery, our Yankee sets about to improve. Is there a method of study, he has some suggestion of change whether it be an improvement or no. To the Yankee nothing is so sacred but that if he thinks he sees a chance for improving it he will change it. Progress and Yankee are becoming synonymous terms.

Shrewd is a Yankee. It matters little which term is used as subject; the words are interchangeable. Our modern product is the compound resulting from the union of all the known elements without destroying or weakening any of the elements. He is acquainted with the tricks of all, for he is all. His vision, knowledge and power are world-wide, and the petty schemes of a narrower race which seem to them diplomacy or wisdom, are brushed aside by him as too airy for consideration. The Yankee shrewdness consists in the ability to see through the littleness of others and call things by their true names. He gets to the bottom of things and says what he thinks. This makes and keeps him bright and keen, and the outside world calls him shrewd.

The path trodden by our hero, if not strewn with roses, rarely fails to end in the charming bower of success. He has determination, grit and patience, and when once started on the high road of attainment, the action of Lot’s wife is a mystery to him. The end is ever kept in view; the road between is simply space to be covered. He does not die for his principles or objects. He lives and fights for them. The Yankee is essentially a successful man.

Time is the greatest obstacle in the way of our traveler—the lion by the roadside. He has time for nothing unless it will pay and pay quickly. He reads the newspaper at breakfast, gulps down his victuals, rushes to and from meals, reads, eats, sleeps, loves, lives and dies in a hurry; ever on the go. If he does a thing today in ten minutes, he hopes to do the same tomorrow in half the time. When the name Yankee is spoken a picture of Mercury rises before the vision. The word meditate is not a part of his vocabulary.

What a Yankee promises to do he will do. While he is too shrewd to promise a thing he does not wish to do, yet when he says, “I will,” the word of the true Yankee is as good as gold. He is the best business man in the world, for there is no mistaking his intention. He is essentially a man of policy and he has found that honesty is the best policy. He does not live for today but for a lifetime, and is too shrewd to look only at temporary success. No true Yankee is satisfied with a bauble.

But try as we may to see it so, our hero is not without his blemish. Perhaps a small portion failed of the immortality both, as was the case with Achilles heel. For all of his directness our Yankee is a plunger. He aims high and seeks greatness in the avenues of wealth, learning and position. Little attention he pays to the details of health, and he has become a nervous being. More stress is put on success in the outward than on life inside. No Yankee is a true American who has reached the age of forty and still has a good stomach. Nervous pains rack his body and make their appearance most markedly in the more sensitive Yankee lady. He lives at too high a tension. America is the nerve nostrum and dyspepsia tablet quack’s paradise.

Reverence and piety are qualities that we will not accuse our Yankee of. He has torn away from the forms and ceremonies of his father’s, and in doing so he has “poured out the lily with the bath water” and lost his reverence and solemnity with his forms. Reason has taken the place of blind faith with him, and he has found that reason does not completely fill the space previously occupied by the faith he has ruthlessly shut out. It don’t reach so far. Every Yankee is a little religious, while no Yankee has much religion, because reason leaves off too soon.

Our Yankee is the product of the ages. Each civilization as it has risen successively to a height that has not been
attained by any former, has bequeathed something to the
great nation that came after. Our Yankee has come after them all
and has gleaned the best of each. To date, he is the biggest
thing ever grown on our planet.

"JEROME."

EULOGY—MILTON, THE BLIND POET.

As civilization lights its myriad torches the high and the
great appear to us in the annals of history. Some there are
whose renown stains its records with reproach and shame;
while others adorn them with memories of benign service to
their fellow-men. These latter remain as an unceasing benefaction
to future ages and delight posterity to study and emulate their deeds. You may read about the expeditions of
armies, the exploits of heroes or the songs of warriors; you
may enter the realms of sculpture and linger in the picture
galleries of Florence or Rome, where thoughts of the noble
and the ideal inspire you; or you may ponder over the obscure
and the unknown in the universe till the mystery of all science
be revealed, but is there among these a study that is more truly
beautiful than the study of England's blind poet, John Milton?

In the study of his life we are transported back to an age
of great ideas. His nativity was cast in the midst of one of
those transition eras when great and positive minds were
enabled through the crumbling of old ideas and principles, to
shape anew their own generation and mold the future to a
grander destiny. In the byways of time law broadcast the
seeds whose growth was designed to spread abroad, like the
rays of a new dawn, radiating with a noble and advancing
import, to the farthest ends of the earth. Time had been
when sttical and monastic training held in bondage those
profound truths that captivate the imagination, elevate the
mind and inspire the heart. Classic literature and art of the
ancients had long lain dormant in the oblivion of centuries,
but now every breeze was again laden with the golden pollen
from Greece and Rome. Nature's rude speech became intel-
ligible; blundering minds became skilful in the interpretation
of its beauties; dull spirits were aglow with light, and the
ignorant beheld their powers in the mirrors of literature.
Slowly the dim and misty outlines of the bigot age grew
clear; the old life with its limitations was thrust aside while

the new revealed itself with an enlivening impulse in the
greatest intellect. Shakespeare and Spencer were alive in
the lines of their immortal verse. They saw the depth of
meaning inherent in all things visible. To such a stage of
intellectual development had the world advanced when we
see rising on the horizon of letters the magnificent genius who
was eventually to sheet the whole literary heavens with un-
wonted splendor.

A whole century frequently witnesses but a single soul
such as Milton, but when one does appear he is like an indi-
vidual star that stands aloof from his time, emitting, as it were,
beams of light, of love and of beauty. He lived in an
enlightened age and therefore we might expect to find him
early in youth absorbing those principles his predecessors had
sustained. So it was, for this bud of genius was fondly
noticed, wisely encouraged and matured by his parents and in-
structors until it bloomed into the marvelous glories of riper
manhood. It was down in the heart of busy London, the
activity of which so little attracted him, that this soul which
in future years was to be the admiration of nations, grew. We
need not extend our search beyond his own heartstone for
the influences which molded his life and anchored his soul to
truth. He was of noble descent. Deep in the lines of his
ancestry lay those qualities of earnestness and devotion which
in his own mind kindled those lofty emotions that are un-
paralleled in literature. With that fervent love of liberty, which
always burns brightest in the most expanded and ex-
alted bosoms; with those dreams of the ideal, which occupied
the minds of the sturdy Puritans; and with those elements of
chastity that elevate and purify, he was established upon a
throne from which no Parliament or combination of Parlia-
mants could unseat him.

Milton is best known through his poetry. Having stored
in his mind the rich traditions of the past, he was now pre-
pared to impart to the world something original and profound.
He had sworn an unwavering fealty to the principles that
were to unveil to him visions of the true and the sublime.
Instead of choosing for his theme the things about him he
rose on the wings of imagination and lingered in that far off
country, called "The Star-land," in the precincts of light to
learn the ways of God with men. Beauties in nature and
allurements of fame were not strong enough to stay his mind, but with his powerful imagination he penetrated into the empyreal confines, and there he beheld the princes, the potentates, the warriors, the celestial equipages that follow in the train of the Omnimonent. Temporal things was a scene too narrow for his mind. His delight was to soar in the wide bounds of the spiritual: to send his faculties out upon discovery into worlds where only imagination can travel, there to form stately modes of existence; to furnish sentiment and action for superior beings; to trace the councils of hell or follow the choir of heaven.

At an early age he had already resolved upon the composition of a great poem as his life's work. Someone has said, "He who writes an heroic poem must make his whole life an heroic poem." Up to this time his career had indeed been a noble poem, commingled as it was with the trials and inconsistencies of life as well as lit up by the sun-beams of hope, and he was now prepared to select for the theme of that poem the name of "Paradise Lost." Banishing so far as possible all care and anxiety from his mind, Milton forgot the instability of fortune, the treachery of parties, the incongruities of unthinking multitudes, and sequester in his study, gave himself up to the full pleasure of that poetic composition which had ever been his passion to complete. In "Paradise Lost" he treats of the origin and destiny of the human soul, the beginning of evil and the fall of Adam; in "Paradise Regained," the sequel to "Paradise Lost," he speaks of man's redemption by the second Adam. By the matchless grandeur and dignity of its verse; by its majestic movement and exquisite harmony, and by its exact involution of the slowly unfolding sentences we are raised by the sweep of his imagination from the trivial and the ordinary into those spiritual realms in which the poet delighted to wander. "Heaven, the deep track of hell, and that vast chaotic void which lies between, make up the gigantic Miltonic background where legions of rebellious angels strive with God and wherein is enacted the mysterious drama, not of men, but of the race of man." Every one who opens the book finds mirrored there in its infinite and eternal nature his very soul; and the mystery of its source and destiny is there set forth with a definiteness of vision as nowhere else. The story is depicted with unexampled grandeur, whether in the gloom of hell, in the abyss of chaos, in the freshly created universe of light, or upon the battle plains of heaven. The characters are embold to the height of what is possible in faculty, in prowess and in form; they are eloquent in speech, and majestic in action.

Yet this same Milton who had done so much for his people, who, as it were, had seen the very depths of hell and the infinitudes of heaven and had explained their mysteries, was not understood. His time and age were not ready for him. Instead of meeting out to him the due tribute of reward for his labors, the sovereigns made him an object of derision; instead of crowning him with diadems of glory they deemed him worthy of scorn. When he should have been hailed as the greatest voice England had as yet heard, his utterance was stilled by the thunders of revolutions. Places of honor and distinction were no more for him, but in silence he must conceal his face and feel the imposition of a mightier hand. Ah, Milton, Milton, thou whom Providence has stricken with blindness, whose vision of all things natural and beautiful has been sacrificed in pursuit of the ideal and the divine, thou, before whose eyes hangs the deep veil of darkness that excludes the sight of all that is good and noble, why listest thou so low? Not only hast thou fallen from a height but sunken into a depth. Why hast thou been deposed from thy throne? Why have thy home and friends disowned thee? Why has thy country been so ungrateful? Thy great name has become the scorn and the byword even on the lips of vagrants. Truly canst thou with Shakespeare say, "I hold the world but as a stage where every one must play a part, and mine a sad one."

But Milton was too great a man to remain long in so forlorn a condition, but once more he must lend his hand to amend the wrongs of his people, for then was inaugurated that age which Maccabey paints with a pen of fire. "Then came those days never to be recalled without a blush, the days of servitude without loyalty and sensuality without remorse, of dwarfish talents and gigantic vices, the paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds, the golden age of the bigot and the slave. The government had just enough ability to deceive and just religion enough to persecute. The principles of liberty were the scoff of every grinning courtier and the
anathema of every fawning dean." But notwithstanding the ingratitude of his countrymen, notwithstanding the sadly changed times and his own disrowned and disdained condition, once more Milton rose, like the blind Samson, groping in the darkness for the pillars of the Philistine temple; and with those mighty strokes of genius that be in his soul, he overthrew the structure of English tyranny. His life's work was done and the bright and beneficent spirit of John Milton deserted its earthly tabernacle and winged its glad flight to that "Paradise Regained!" whose beautitudes he had so loved to chant; that there amid Cherubim and Seraphim he might sit and more transcendently sing and build the lofty rhyme.

Milton shines as a pure star in the firmament to whom the high and the great of all ages will bow in humble adoration and in whom they will kindle themselves to loftier emotions as long as time endures. As long as the question is one of talent or mental power, the world has not its equal to show. Even his faults were such as belong only to grand temperaments. In poetry there are no loftier strains, no sunnier symphonies than those he has sounded. He has mounted the highest height and fathomed the lowest depths. Milton is not dead; he lives and reigns in the hearts and minds of a mighty people by the songs and the immortal accents that flowed from his lips. He lives as a great and lonely figure, as one of the chosen of Israel, as a blind old man who has seen heaven and its angels, the Creation and the Fall. Had I the hand of a Michael Angelo, I would carve his name on the rocks of the ages that they might extend it beyond the barriers of time. In years, in ages, yes in eons, we shall not have learned to speak his full encomium. As the world ever advances toward the goal of human perfection and toward the standards and ideals, which he ever strove to bring about we shall learn to love and understand him better and then shall we join our eulogy with that of all mankind and in one united response we shall say, "Thou servant to that which is noble and true—though thy service have been for long time unappreciated—we now see their value and would say, "Thou hast done well, for the world has distilled from thy world-wide reputation a nobler and better fame."

"ADDISON," '14.

The Anchor
account as I can from what I have remembered from reading
them. I will give it as Bill wrote it, but leaving out the parts
which have escaped my memory. He wrote after this manner:

I, William Bradley, have proved by a series of experi-
ments, the most remarkable the world has ever seen, that
the Planet Mars is inhabited and that its inhabitants, though
differing greatly in size, etc., from the people on the earth,
nevertheless are enlightened to an equal degree and are aware
of the existence of the earth.

Having been influenced by the talk that Mars was in-
habited, I meditated on the subject and finally determined
that the only way to find out was to get there in some way or
other. So after careful thought I ordered a well known manu-
ufacturer of firearms and military equipment to make for me
a cannon—yes, I thought that a cannon would get me there—
capable of firing to the end of the universe a shell large
enough to contain a room and the necessary outfit for a man
on such an expedition as I had in mind.

All things having been prepared, I made up my mind to
leave on the next night. I bade my few friends good-by and
with a trembling and anxious heart got into the shell, and
was loaded into the cannon. The enormous charge of powder
which had been put in was fired off and away I went soaring
up through space. I lost all consciousness and must have
been in this condition for nearly twenty hours, when sud-
ddenly with a crash which nearly shivered the solid steel of
which the cannon ball was made, it was brought to a stop,
nearly buried in the ground.

Frightened and dazed I gazed out of the little door which
had been provided for me. What was this which I saw?
Was it the garden of Eden? Or was it the land of enchant-
ment and magic? In front of me at a rod's distance I saw a
plant of some indescribable genus growing with an astonish-
ing rapidity. It grew and grew to an enormous height and
all the while on every side were similar plants, likewise grow-
ing to enormous heights in a moment's time, but decaying
and falling to the earth in less time than it took them to grow.

I was overcome by a peculiar sense of the impossible and
in great haste slammed the little door and sat down in amaze-
ment and fright. Were all these strange phenomena the
works of a magical hand? Or was I in a dream? Was my

mind in the whirl of a hallucination? Afterwards on further
acquaintance with the conditions existing there I came to the
conclusion that these phenomenal growths were the result of
an exceedingly small amount of air pressure on account of
which there was so much less resistance, and a plant in its
rapid growth would use up at one time all the nourishment
that the ground in the immediate vicinity afforded and so for
lack of nutrition would wilt and fade away.

Having recovered from my momentary fear, I ventured
to look out again and even to crawl out and walk around.
Already it was growing dark, and with a strange feeling of
homesickness I gazed aloft for the distant earth and said to
myself as I gazed. Can that little point of light be the earth?
And with the sight a conception of the awful force necessary
to hurl me over there came to my mind. And how was I to
take back? My only hope rested on the inhabitants of that
wonderful land, if there were any, and on how civilized they
were.

With great trepidation I bent my course—in what direc-
tion I know not—but anywhere for curiosity's sake. Noticing
a tree which bore a kind of fruit similar to an apple, I plucked
some of the fruit and tasted. Surely this was a land fit for
the gods! The apple was sweeter than nectar and acted as a
stimulant to my frightened and depressed spirits. In the
meantime the tree had fallen and decayed. Again I proceeded
and at last saw coming towards me what at first seemed to
be two trees, but on drawing nearer I saw that they were
human beings like myself, except for their great stature. They
were two veritable mountains, with hair like a wheat field
and noses like volcanoes. As Gulliver was received by the
men sixty feet tall, so was I received by these giants. I was
taken to their houses and considered as a wonderful curiosity.

I think that the men as well as the plants are affected
by the small amount of air pressure. Their bodies as a result
grow to the heights described and with very little resistance
to overcome have, I might say, almost unlimited growth.

I lived with these people for nearly a month and had also
grown till I was nearly as tall as the tallest of them, before I
bethought myself that I had come there with a purpose and,
now that my purpose was fulfilled, it was time that I should
return and give to the world the benefit of my experience. So
as the people of Mars are also acquainted with gun powder
and its use, they built me a cannon similar to my former one
in shape but, I should judge, three or four hundred times
as large. In I got and by a discharge which shook Mars from
its orbit I was again hurled into space towards the earth.

Now my great height was of great advantage to me, for
instead of striking dry ground, the shell plunged into the
Pacific ocean not far from land. Great was my joy as I arose
and saw that I was head and shoulders above the waves, and
with mighty strides I approached the land. Now another
amazing thing happened, for, as I drew nearer to the shore, I
decided in size until when I had reached the shore I was
again a man of normal size. This I account for by the fact
that the air pressure was so greatly increased that as I had
increased in stature when I was on Mars, now that I was on
the earth I again grew smaller.

With all possible haste I journeyed towards my home and
on my arrival I immediately set to writing a true account of
my adventures, which I have given to you just as I saw and
experienced them, in the hope that the name of William Brad-
ley might soon be classed among the names of earth's fore-
most men.

My memory no longer serves me. Bill Bradley is dead,
his writings are burned, and I a poor substitute have tried
to give you, as best I could, the account as he wrote it.

For my part, I heartily believe in the truth of all his state-
ments and am convinced that Bill Bradley met and saw these
gigantic human beings. And I also believe that at his arrivals
at the two planets he underwent that physical change which I
have described.

"BROTHER JONATHAN," to

THE SANTA CLAUS MYSTERY SOLVED.

'Twas on a frosty Christmas eve
Some fifteen years ago,
When I, a tot of tender years,
Was always made to go
To bed at eight—the proper time
All children should retire,
Who cannot yet stay up so late
As their more wakeful sire.

'Twas on that well remembered night
My thoughts began to creep
O'er every lobe of my young brain,
So that I could not sleep.
And it was on this evening, too,
That I a problem solved,
Which for some time had haunted me—
A mystery it involved.

Such mystic tales of Santa Claus,
Though not so very deep,
Are just enough to stir young brains
And drive away all sleep.

E'en so it was in this, my case,
When for three weeks or more
The older folks had stuffed my mind
That "Nicholas," who before
Had come to call on little folks,
Would that night come once more.

They told me how that Santa Claus
With snow white reindeer teams
Would glide through all the frosty night
When children had their dreams;
And how with beard as white as wool
And with his cap drawn down
He'd clamber on the glistening roofs
Of every country town;

And how right down the chimney's throat
With bundles full of toys
He'd glide and—wonderful to say—
Without the slightest noise;
And how he'd pause a little while
To watch the children sleep,
And, if there were some naughty boys,
Their presents he would keep.

Now this one thought did worry me
That very Christmas eve;
For my own conscience told me then
That naught for me he'd leave,
And as I lay and tossed about
For two or three long hours,
No few strange thoughts engaged my brains
And stirred my mental powers.

At length a new thought struck my mind
And I began to doubt
If really such a man there was
As folks had told about.
So I arose and peered right through
The key-hole of the door,
Amazing sights now met my eyes,
Perplexing me still more.
But then I took another look
And sure enough 'twas he,
My brother Jack, who played the part
Of Santa Claus on me.

My socks, which I had hung with care
Close by the chimney's side,
He eagerly was filling up
With whips of strong rawhide.
And while in this he was engaged,
I opened wide the door;
The would-be Santa with sock and all
Jumped clear across the floor.
And after stumbling o'er some chairs,
Which tumbled o'er and o'er,
He swiftly made his way
Up to my chamber door.

And as I gazed with ecstacy
Upon his sullen glare,
He roughly grasped my gown
And kept me firmly there.
For one short moment there arose
Oh, such an awful squall—
But, ere another minute passed,
Again great quiet reigned;
For Jack had put me back to bed
Where I in peace remained,
Until the rising Christmas sun
Did shed its golden ray
Upon the pillow of my couch.

The morn of Christmas day, "ACHATES." '10.

A FAKE PROPHET AND HIS PROPHECY.

One day during the summer a band of gypsies passed by my home. Since this is no very unusual occurrence in our neighborhood, no one paid special attention to them except to prevent them from carrying off any scattered articles of property. They traveled, as usual, in canvas covered wagons, and several of the women were hurrying from house to house to beg and to `tell fortunes.'

Just as the gypsy caravan was almost gone by, I heard a rap at the door. "Oh, you heathen, you parasite you," I muttered, supposing that the caller was a gypsy woman coming to beg for "five or ten cent" or for "sugar for de baby." But I instantly changed my opinion, mindful of the fact that a gypsy usually omits the ceremony of knocking.

"Mister, let me tell your fortune," was the ejaculation that struck me as I opened the door. It was uttered by a man of travel-stained yet fairly respectable appearance. He was of medium height, wore a light-brown mustache, and was apparently about twenty-eight or thirty years old.

"Who are you?" I demanded.
"I travel with these gypsies."

"You a gypsy?" I exclaimed. "You don't look it. And you speak English too well. And besides, you're too clean. If you're a gypsy, you must have taken your biennial bath very recently."

" Beg your pardon, mister," replied the stranger, "I did not say that I was a gypsy. I said that I was traveling with them. Don't you want your fortune told?"

"Oh, yes," I remarked, "you learned the trick from the old women, didn't you? And why are you so anxious to tell my fortune?"

"It's only a quarter," was the answer, "and I'm a poor man. You'll know your future for just a quarter. Let me see your left hand."

I happened to be home alone that day and, being tired of
reading all morning, I decided to humor this interruption for a while. I reached out my hand. He turned it palm upward, scrutinized it closely for a few moments, and then solemnly begun to utter his prophecy. “You will live to a very old age. You will devote your whole life to a great cause. You will die without honor, but ten years after your death they will dig up your bones and call you blessed.”

After this very gratifying but indefinite prophecy, I asked the stranger whether he could divine the fortunes of persons in their absence.

“Yes,” he replied, “provided you tell me their chief characteristics. Describe your sweetheart to me if you will, and I will tell you her fortune.”

“If you were a prophet at all,” I retorted, “you would know that I have none.”

“Beg your pardon,” replied the stranger, “I was not in communication with the spirit just at this moment. But mention the name and the chief characteristics of any of your friends, and by the help of the spirit I will foretell their future.”

I agreed, and the first person I mentioned was Haverkamp. “Haverkamp,” I said, “is very quick-tempered. At college his favorite study is biology.”

The fortune-teller now explained to me that, in order to have uninterrupted communion with the spirit of divination, it was necessary that there should be nothing present to distract his attention. I accordingly admitted him into an adjoining room and drew down all the curtains. After weirdly muttering an array of strange syllables, the fortune-teller began his predictions. “Haverkamp will be appointed assistant director of the biological laboratory at Hope University. He will have charge of some of the lower classes in biology and shall assist Dr. Mast in collecting frogs, puppies, pussycats and all manner of biological specimens.”

I next mentioned Flökkema and described him as a good-natured, sweet-tempered little boy whom everybody loves. “Flökkema,” responded the prophet, “will be the successor of C. Muller and H. Mollema as joint janitor and commissary of the Voorhees dormitory.”

I then inquired of the stranger how he could know anything about the gentlemen, Muller and Mollema.

“The spirit tells me,” was the answer, and I actually began to have faith in his claims of prophetic power.

“What about Van der Schaaf?” I asked. “John Van der Schaaf. He is known at college as a ‘plugger.’ He is also very active in Sunday School work.”

“The spirit declares,” answered the prophet, “that Van der Schaaf shall all his life remain single; and further, that he shall be the founder of an orphan asylum in Orange City.”

I then gave the name of Wm. Duven. “Duven,” I added, “is physically very stout and strong. Perhaps his most peculiar characteristic is that he is always debating with himself what course he shall take.”

“Then his occupation will be very appropriate,” said the fortune-teller, “for in that there is but one course, to get people dressed up and bring them to the cemetery. Duven will be an undertaker.”

In order to test more carefully the stranger’s knowledge of the future, I determined to mention the names of one or two men whose future seemed to me to be already clearly indicated. First I named Mr. D. Dykstra, and the response was that he should be a missionary to Arabia. Then I named George Hankamp and described him as being bald and as having a wonderfully luminous forehead. And Hankamp, as was the prediction, should become a philosopher and a theologian. He should also by a remarkable accident in the manipulation of certain chemical substances discover a new and infallible hair restorer. These answers were so satisfactory that I wished to continue the interview. “Tell me,” I said, “what shall become of Frank Wynia. All he is noted for is ‘hot air.’”

“Therefore,” replied the fortune-teller, “he shall be either a street-car conductor or a politician.”

“Which of the two?” I demanded. “Tell me definitely.” This seemed to be a difficult problem, for the prophet, instead of answering directly as in the other cases, began to chant mysteriously, using the name I had just announced and varying the accent and pronunciation. Then he answered:

“It shall be his purpose to be a politician, but it shall be necessary for him, in order to support his large family, to continue to serve as street-car conductor.”

For the sake of brevity, I shall now simply give in sub-
stance the responses of the fortune-teller and omit the preliminary descriptions which I gave.

“Renskers shall be an Arctic explorer and shall find his grave within 2 degrees of the North Pole.”

“Rottschaefer shall become a famous socialist orator and political candidate.”

“Anker shall be the chief assistant of Renskers in the polar expedition. After a narrow escape from being frozen to death he shall spend the remainder of his life in writing Rensker’s biography.”

“Heemstra is destined to become a great pulpit orator, but will leave his profession to take the office of chief of police in Chicago.”

“Huibregtse shall become a famous athlete and shall succeed Mr. George De Kruij as physical director at Hope University.”

“Ten years hence Te Paske shall be known as Rev. Te Paske of Springfield, South Dakota. He shall marry a minister’s daughter, who shall later secure a divorce from him on the plea of non-support.”

“Wynveen shall become the proprietor of the old Van Drezer’s restaurant.”

Of Abel Renkes I said that he was frequently addressed as “Dominic.” And the stranger responded that Renkes should become the “redacteur” of a Dutch newspaper called “De Zuivere Oude Waarheid,” and that he should be the champion of a sect called the “Anti-Evolutionists.”

Finally I mentioned Frank Hoppers and spoke of him as a story writer and a dramatic speaker.

“Frank Hoppers,” said the fortune-teller, “shall join a circus crew as a snake charmer, but after a few years he shall leave this occupation and turn to fortune-telling.”

This answer aroused my suspicions and I moved closer to the stranger and looked him square in the face. He seemed to dislike this close scrutiny and stepped backward.

“Let me pull that mustache of yours,” said I; “if that’s genuine, then my aunt’s false teeth are too. Come on, Frank Hoppers, you can’t fool me any longer. Shake hands, old boy. How are you?”

Then we talked about all the rest of the Cosmopolitans, but our words no longer had the charm or authority of prophecy.

“TECUMSEH,” ’08.
ATHLETICS.

Are we discouraged? No:——— why should we be? Ought we not, rather to be proud of our school? And aren’t we? I should say we are. Hope’s work, along the foot-ball line, surely has been exceptional. Under the excellent coaching of Prof. Helmers the team has been able to defeat such teams as the Grand Haven and the Grand Rapids High School team, also the Allegan team, although she has suffered serious defeats in one or two instances.

The game which was considered most important, and also the hardest by rooter and player alike, was that with the Grand Rapids High School team. They came expecting a walk-away, but were disagreeably surprised when they found out that they had run up against a stone wall. The principal features of the game were the runs by Dalenberg, one of which scored a touchdown, and the exceptional work of Otman in blocking and making gains on the forward passes of the Rapids. A whole lot of football lore was indulged in as also were several other kinds of lore. The final score was 50 in favor of Hope and then how every true Hopeite’s heart swelled with relief while his head swelled with pride! Prof. Helmers, coming upon the field during the interval after the first half, was greeted with cheers, and having been told that Hope was five points in the lead, walked up to the gym to give the team a few words of encouragement. In recognition of his work Prof. Helmers has received two season tickets to the basket-ball games.

The game between the Hope second team and the Holland High School was bitterly fought but neither side succeeded in making a score. On the whole the High School showed superior playing and more knowledge of the game.

Basket-ball has again been taken up in earnest. Our team is in fairly good condition, and De Kruif, last year’s star forward, acts as coach. The team has been coming out for practice at nine p. m., five nights in a week and has been putting in some good hard signal and basket-throwing practice. Veenker, Otman and Rottschaefer are this year’s forwards, the Vruwinks and Ver Burg guards, while Pleume is at his old position at center. Hope has started in the season fairly successfully, but has been shown that there are others and that although she is fast, there are others who are faster.

MacLachlan’s University and South Haven were both completely defeated on our floor, the latter by a score of 79-18. But the tables have been turned on Hope in the game with Muscatine. The Muscatine team has held the championship of Iowa for three years and is now out for national honors. A faster aggregation has never been seen on our floor and, although our fellows put up a fairly stiff game, nevertheless they were entirely outclassed. Baskets were thrown from every conceivable position on the floor in spite of our best efforts and their passing was almost phenomenal. But cheer up, Hope, and remember that, although you were beaten by a score of 70-28, nevertheless you have yourself run up higher scores than that and can do so again.

The new system in the gymnasium is working as well as was expected. A great number of the students are taking advantage of this excellent method of getting exercise under an efficient instructor and are becoming experts on the bars and horses. The gymnasium answers a deeply felt need in our college, and so let everybody come out and limber up his muscles by some good calisthenics and apparatus work.

THE SCORE WAS 5 TO 0.

(By Charles R. Angell.)

Just a week ago the joy bells
Sounded loud on every street,
Ringing joy to high school rooters;
Ringing Battle Creek’s defeat;
But the joy has turned to sadness
And the bells toll sadder tones
And the bells that once rang daily
Now are changed to mournful groans.

“How’d it happen?” That’s the puzzle,
But it happened just the same.
Seems as though a Holland college
Is the thing that’s most to blame.
Somehow that squad of players
That we hailed a week ago
Met its Waterloo in foot-ball.
And the joy is turned to woe.
Poor old Job had boils in plenty;
Jonah had his troubles, too;
Caesar felt a score of knife wounds
Ere he passed from mortal view,
But the troubles of the ancients
Were mere trifles, so they say,
To the troubles of the team that
Met Hope college yesterday.

"Faith we've tackled," said the players,
Ere they left for that last game,
"Charity we've all engaged in—
Poverty is such a shame—
There two things seemed such small matters
That we thought we had the 'dope'
When we said we'd pulverize 'em—
But we didn't count on 'Hope.'"

—Grand Rapids Press.

EXCHANGES.

We gratefully acknowledge all the exchanges that have been received during the past month. Our hope is that they will continue to come to us in as good a form as we have them now.

The literary department of the High School Recorder is good. We have enjoyed reading the different articles. The stories are well written and hold the attention of the reader to the end. However, in the article, "Willie Waterboy's Winged Wonder," the writer has stretched his imagination rather much.

Normal Advance, how about your exchange column? We have failed to find one. Certainly this department is important enough to be at least recognized.

A hug—energy gone to waist.—Ex.

The Decaturian has fallen into the unfortunate habit of scattering its advertisements throughout its paper. We would advise this exchange to refrain from repeating this fault. It spoils the appearance of your paper and makes the reader feel provoked when a glaring advertisement is first, last and all the time staring him in the face.

Old Lady—"What is that odor?"

Farmer—"That's fertilizer.
Old Lady—"For the land's sake.
Farmer—"Yes, ma'am."—Ex.

The Stator is good throughout.
The exchange editor rubs his chin,
And ponders till he is all "in."
At last of jokes he's got a few
To him all bright and fresh and new.
But, no, they're greeted with a sneer,
"That's old and stale! Wake up! You lop-ear!"

CAMPUS GOSSIP.

Ruho is still unfortunate, and unable to write for us. When last we heard of him he was badly hurt while trying to climb an ice covered mountain in Greenland. The report also stated that he had an Esquimaux nurse, who was very fond of him.

Prof. Kleinhekel to the D's—"Don't rattle your heads so.
Ike in the "Dorm" to the Dean—"Aren't those eggs too ripe?"

Prof. Brush—"Why is it that in German "kiss" is neuter?"
Miss Keppel—"I don't see why; I should think it would be masculine."

Prof. Nykerk—"Yes, I've been out last year while at Oxford many a night till 2 o'clock trying to get near a nightingale."

Roest—"Prof., who was she?"
Prof. Raap, in Dutch—"Wat een ledenkant (bed)?"
Van Streen—"All the world to me."
Wyveen (in chapel)—"I believe I saw that girl here last year, too."

Van Arendonk (Sunday night)—"Why not tonight?"
J. Dykstra—"I guess I'll go out for a walk."
J. Vis (in English Lit.)—"Professor, what is the essence of the quintessence of this superereglation of the involuta structure in the romantic movement?"

Dr. McLaren (to the Dean)—"There, I have eaten so
many eggs this morning that I’m ashamed to look a chicken in the face.”

Walvoord (in the “Dorm.”)—“Look, see the hair in this honey.”
Schut—“It must have been caught in the comb.”
“Here, waiter, there is a button in my salad.”
Muste—“Oh, that’s alright; that’s part of the dressing.”
The other day J. Vis drew a hen so true to life that when Pasma threw it in the wastebasket it laid there.
Prof. Nykerk—“I hope you will have a pleasant vacation and come back to do better work.”
Students—“Same to you.”
Van Houten—“Where the Muscatines come from, every kid that can walk can play basket-ball.
De Kraker (in a discussion with Prof. Raap)—“That is what the devil says.”
Prof. Raap—“I don’t know; I am not so well acquainted with him.”
Prof. Sutphen (to Ten Pas)—“Go on, go on.”
Ten Pas (translating)—“To pray—”
Sutphen—“Yes, go ahead.”
The Anchor

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May Christmas love be like the Christmas Tree—evergreen.
May every heart beat time to the Music of the Christmas Bells.
May the old be young again—though you're fifty, sixty, seventy or more, may you feel once more as you did when you crept down stairs at the break of day to see if Santa Claus had been down the chimney.
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