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The Anchor

THE JEWS.
By D. H. MUYSKENS '95

Shall I speak to you of a nation upon whose cross-emblazoned banner the shades of twilight never gather, whose life is an uninterrupted song of gladness on the shores of "Merry England?" Or of a nation whose prosperity the world envies, whose poets sing of a "star spangled glory" forever enwrapping fields of plenty and happy homes? Rather let me speak to you of a people without a country, whose songs the ages stifled along the streams of ancient Babylon, in the tears of many persecutions, in the reproaches of humanity. Their feet have grown weary with wandering over fields they do not till. Their eyes have grown dim with beholding splendors never their own. Their hearts are bleeding with longing for the fulfillment of a promise that has been fulfilled. If there is a nation for whom life holds but sorrow, and death but gloom, that nation is the ancient Jewish race.

There is nothing else in American literature so pathetic as that picture of a "man without a country." History gives us one other such picture, whose realistic coloring stirs our hearts to infinitely greater depths; it is that of a nation without a country. And gazing on that sad old picture, the heart oft rebelling asks: Why that homelessness? Why those haunting, clinging sorrows? Why those persecutions, that ill-will, those tears? Has Zion proven herself superfluous in the unfolding of the world ideal? And then striking other chords, will day break never come? Let Zion answer as she, speaks to us from a few pages of her history, recording her religion, her literature, and her government.

Religion generally is an expression of the mind's conception of

* This oration was awarded first place in style at recent oratorical contest.
the noblest and greatest. Yet it may be used as an index to morality and progress, for the very reason that it manifests ideals rather than realities. No ideal, be it revealed to a people or evolved by them, can maintain its sovereignty without a sympathetic hold and transforming influence upon its possessors. Viewed in this light Zion stands out among the nations of antiquity, a beacon light of progress.

If you find in the annals of Greece, marking the very summit of Greek ascendancy, a period known as "The Age of Pericles," you may also read how men of Greece began to teach and believe in one supreme good ruling over all. Likewise, when Rome's prestige bore the name of Augustus, monotheistic thought shone from every page of her literature. The Alexandrian Age in Egypt illustrates the same principle. The last word of philosophy, after centuries of progress, is an expression of belief in monotheism. We care not whether a belief in monotheism was the cause of the "Age of Pericles," the "Age of Augustus," or the reign of Alexandria, for it evidently was not; but we certainly do find the literatures of those periods monotheistic, as a result of years of progress. What then of the Jews? From the day, when Abraham first saw the glories of the invisible in the star-studded skies of Chaldea, to our own day, when the Jew of sorrows weeping in the "Place of Wailing" beholds through his tears as through a mist, the crescent of infidelity floating over the erstwhile courts of his own Jehovah, the Jews have hymned the praises of the One Immutable, Eternal. "To the Jewish race we owe the preservation of monotheistic thought."

In our day men have learned to scoff at the morality and progress of time-scarred Zion. They point to her transgressions, her gross revolting, the immorality of her greatest men. We know her light did not shine forth like the noon-day sun to bid the shadows of antiquity retreat, and bathe the works of time in the fervent glow of wisdom and truth. Let us not however chide them because their flickering lamp gave no greater promise of a world illumination than do the early dawn's gray streaks of a new morning. While all else was was wrapt in frigid darkness, they kept alive the vestal fires of true worship and preserved the oracles of God.

Religion however is not a constant quantity. The Jupiter of Homer is the clown of Aeschylus. To judge a people we must, in some measure, be acquainted with her literature. Thrones may crumble in the dust and rust eat away the swords of kings; but the literature of a people, as expressive of life, lives on as long as the heart perceives truth, the eye beauty, and the ear harmony. Israel has left us no sculptured busts of womanly beauty and manly strength; she thought man too insignificant and God too great. She has left us no pictured canvas, robbing the imagination of its dreams and death of its oblivion. She has bequeathed to us something greater than a mere expression of time spirit. She has painted us a picture of the human soul, its background ever shifting with the advance of time, its colors ever the same. Shepherds, prophets, lawgivers, and kings, united to produce the master work of the ages. Literature tells us its songs are still the sweetest, its truths still the plainest, its ideals still the loftiest to which time has given birth. Hebrew are its authors, Hebrew for the more part its tongue, and the God of the Hebrews its inspiration. Men call it the Bible.

Israel's literature is intimately connected with her religion. In all her authors we may hear the loving persuasions, the fatherly exhortations of their Jehovah. To this is due its purity and grandeur, which cannot help distinguishing it from all other literatures. The excellence of ancient Hebrew literature is a matter of difference in ideals—a Father All-Glorious, or a band of deceitful, man-like passionate deities. This applies not only to the Bible. It can be said of all her literature. Or do you think Israel has no literature beyond the Bible? Witness the library at Alexandria, which owed its extensiveness materially to the spoliation of learned Jews. Witness what is known in history as the period of Judeo-Hellenic philosophy, which claims not a few Hebrew writers of note. Extensiveness is a desirability in literature, if loftiness of aim is an essential, and if age is a test of merit, there is no literature which can cope with that of the despised Jew.

Standards of religion and literature are however mere theories. A Seneca may be the tutor of a Nero. To find practical results we must look to a people's government. The government of the He-
brews is commonly divided into three kinds: the patriarchal, the theocratic, and the monarchial. No doubt, of these three, the theocratic is the highest form and as such it was enjoyed only once during the world's history, and that by the Hebrews. To be just, however, we must judge Israel by the average standard employed in all of these forms. If then we proceed to find some common principle underlying these three, what strikes us most emphatically is the fact that they are not distinct but overlap. In the monarchial we find both the theocratic and the patriarchal. In the patriarchal we find both the theocratic and the monarchial. The government of the elders and the government of God have always played an important part in the national life of the Jews, even after the establishment of a monarchy.

It is a matter of common observation that the Hebrew conception of God and religion brings with it a respect for the rights of man. If any one doubt it, let him study the history of the Jews even prior to the day of Christ the Great Emancipator. The Jews never submitted to a tyrannical government. In fact "they are the most democratic race in history." A race that lives in equal compact with "The God of Hosts" is not likely to become a race of slaves or even slave-holders. Nowhere is this better exemplified than in their public assemblies and their trials by jury. The Jews are the earliest race in history in which the people was resorted to as a final court of appeal in matters of public moment. Likewise ages before the time when our own European Christian ancestors were still trying their accused by physical tests, the accused Jew enjoyed a better defense before a more enlightened jury than even our own day affords. But let results pass judgment upon the merits of their political system. The purpose of a government is primarily the unity of the governed for their own advantage. In turn government, for efficiency, depends upon the unity which it strives to bring about. If this be true, the Jews are still a nation par excellence. Without a government, they still have the spirit of the governed. Without a country, without a flag, scattered and almost isolated in groups, they of all nations in a paradox, have demonstrated to humanity that "in unity there is strength."

The benefits any race bestows upon the world are generally summed up in a history of their religion, their literature, and their government. Judging by the same standard we owe our deepest gratitude to Israel of the past. But the history of the Jewish race is not yet a history of the past. A Mendelsohn has sung the songs of a David. A Disraeli has again wielded the sceptre of a Moses. A Spinoza has astounded the world with the subtility of a Paul. Although a score of centuries have elapsed since their land was made a desolation and their name has become a by word on the lips of mankind, the Jewish race still lives in all the strength and vigor of the days of its youth.

Backed by history replete with benefits to the human race we would expect to find Israel the esteemed of nations. Instead for centuries we find her a hissing and a reproach. Oppression upon oppression, persecution upon persecution, have rolled their crimson tides over the head of this ancient race; and in darkest Russia Rachel still weeps for her children that are not. And why? Was the Jew persecuted because he was servile and degraded? If the Jew is servile and degraded, he is so because he was persecuted. Can his superior strength of body and mind have elicited the jealousy of nations? It were too pessimistic a view of humanity to suppose it, there is no reason for the suffering of the Jews. Only, we have read that long ago a man of sorrows came to that people to teach them the ways of repentance and prayer. They took that man so mild, so just, so sorrowful and nailed him to a cross; and they mocked him, and derided him, saying: "Others he has saved but himself he cannot save." From that day onward across the pages of the history of the Jews, nay, on their very features, everyone may read, written in characters of gloom and despair, these same words: Others they have saved but themselves they cannot save. And ever afterward weeping and wailing, and groaning, and bleeding, and cursing, a nation of sorrows, they wend their mazy, tortuous way through the midst of humanity, as in a daze, as if the blood of a God had come upon them and their children.

Frederick the Great once asked his court-chaplain for the most concise argument in support of the existence of something beyond the material, and received the answer: "The Jews, Sire, the Jews." The chaplain was right. The history of the Jews defies the logic of natural cause and effect. All natural remedies proposed to alleviate
their sufferings have as yet failed. Amalgamation with other races might be a cure, but the Jew will not amalgamate. Perhaps the sight of the home of his fathers might once more cheer his aching heart to song, but the Jew will not return. Not even a Dr. Herzl could elicit more than a half-hearted response. Is there then no hope for gloom o'ercast Zion? Shall this wail of Jewish mourning forever keep ringing in our ears?

Zebulon Baird Vance tells us that the Jews have but one lesson to learn before they shall take their harps from the willows and once more sing the songs of Judah. It is contained in that one sentence of the Lord's prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." When their prejudices shall have been broken down, when the veil shall have fallen away, "He who scattered Israel will gather him, and keep him, as a shepherd doth his flock. And they shall come and sing in the height of Zion. For he will turn their mourning into joy, and comfort them, and make them rejoice from their sorrow:—they shall not sorrow anymore at all.”

MILTON, The Blind Statesman
by ARNOLD MULDER ’07

The charm of his song led us to study the life of the singer. His name the world reveres, but his life-work is almost forgotten. The centuries have not dimmed his fame, yet not even his own countrymen remember the triumphs of his life. Mankind still lauds the glory of his genius, and yet he is himself a "mute, inglorious Milton." The poet is idolized; his poetry excites admiration and awe. But who thinks of his courage and self-sacrifice, who admires his life of service when he laid aside his "singing robes," and assumed the stern duties toward his country and his God? The sublimity of his poetry outshines the grandeur of his life. But if his work and his works are blended in the light of truth, we see one of the world's noblest characters, one of its greatest souls.

Lovers of Milton's poetry have bewailed the fact that the poet lost twenty years of his life in the service of his country. But a sublime epic cannot be written merely thru intellect and genius. It seems that it requires the fire of adversity, as well as the light of inspiration. For was not Homer blind and forsaken, and Dante an exile? Thus, too, Milton had to learn the true meaning of life. He had to know humanity, in order to sing man's fall and redemption. His soul was purified by service to soar up into its own unapproachable sphere. During the prime of his life he was the champion of his country's liberties, but when the shadows of age gathered around him, and the deeper gloom of blindness shut out the kindly light,—then it was that he sang England's most glorious song; and that his soul was resonant with symphony sublime.

In Milton we see what heights the human intellect can reach and what a power it may become in shaping the destiny of nations. He was one of the greatest intellects of his time. He had caught a glimpse of the infinite, and his desire was to raise his countrymen to a higher sphere. But he knew that the thraldom of the mind is a check to human advancement; and therefore, his voice was heard in the courts of princes and his rhetoric made tyrants tremble. The sword of Cromwell and the intellect of Milton! Behold the two forces wielded for the same great purposes! The one, to avenge a people's wrongs, swept down Cavalier and Papist before its mighty sway, and made the island kingdom tremble with the awfulness of its power. The other made itself the defender of man's inborn freedom, and became the support of Cromwell's power. It made all Europe marvel that the forces of thousands may be exerted by a single mind, when that mind is animated by a passionate love for freedom, and a noble hatred for intolerance and oppression.

The tragedy of the Civil War was ended. Charles had fallen! Charles had fallen, but he was stronger in death than in life. When the closing scene was enacted, and when the people realized the awful power of the sword, a shudder passed through the heart of the nation, and those that came to curse remained to weep. Charles had fallen, but England no longer thought of his weakness, his tyranny and deceit. He was called the "Royal Martyr" and the people was haunted by the fear of divine retribution for the murder of a God-appointed king. The king's friends published a book entitled, "His Majesty's Prayers in the Hour of Death," and this so stirred the sympathies of the people that all their wrongs were forgotten and Cromwell and his supporters were called criminals and
assassins. In that moment of peril, Milton came forward in defense of his country. Then first his mighty intellect was wielded for England's endangered freedom. He wrote a defense of the regicides. His arguments were irrefutable. He tried to raise his countrymen to his own level; to make them see the danger as he saw it; to make them hate the tyrant as he hated him; but, more than all, to make them love their country as he loved it. And he tried to do all this by argument. But a single pleading voice is more powerful to sway the minds of the people than an eternity of argument. The king's book was a plea; Milton's an argument. The people went over the former, but remained cold to the wisdom of the latter.

But it was not without effect. It showed the noble courage of its author, who remained silent when his cause was prosperous, but who entered the arena when his country's freedom was endangered. The moral grandeur of this fearless patriot became a living example for the whole nation, and an ideal for his friends. The silent force of his personality gradually stole over the hearts of the people; and what his arguments had been meant to do. Undaunted by the apparent failure of his first attempt, Milton continued the struggle. There was a voice in his breast that demanded utterance, and he would have spoken, albeit it had been only to "tills and stones." By his untiring effort public opinion gradually changed, and England was saved from a dreadful reign of anarchy.

But a greater danger threatens. Ever since the death of the king, the younger Charles has worked for the restoration of monarchy: Intrigue and deceit are his weapons, revenge is his ambition, and a life for indolence and pleasure his ideal. But all in vain. He turns to other methods. The learning of Europe is called to his aid. Salmasius enters the lists. Salmasius, the exponent of learning, known thro all Christendom. Salmasius pleads for monarchy. Tremble now, O Cromwell! who never feared before, tremble now for the power of the mind! When Salmasius shall have aroused the sympathies of Europe, the fate of Charles shall fall upon you, and the gloom of death shall settle over your country's freedom. Shall the wrong triumph? Shall Salmasius go unanswered? Shall freedom be crushed in the bud? Come to the rescue, O Cromwell! hero of a hundred battle fields, come to the rescue in your country's supreme peril. The warrior sees the danger, but now the terror of his sword is of no avail. Come, then, Pye and Hampden, departed the you are into the silence of the grave, let the remembrance of your deeds and your patriotism stir the hearts of your countrymen. But, on the wings of fancy, come their laud and mournful voices, inspired by the love that was faithful until death, "We cannot." The crisis has come. The princes of Europe are aroused. The waves of hatred and envy are surging. Soon the back of freedom will go down. Soon chaos will rule, and the war cry of human fiends will drown the prayer of the oppressed. But above all this seething mass of envy and revenge appears Milton, clothed in the beauty of unselfish devotion girded with the grandeur of his intellect, animated by the courage of love. And above the storm of public opinion is heard the voice of the master pilot, as he bids the waves "Be still." Milton has answered Salmasius. The enemies are beaten and England is saved. The turmoil of the storm is calmed, and Milton's fame is re-echoed over the Continent.

Milton's "Defensio Populi" marks the climax of his political fame, but it was not the climax of his moral courage. When Cromwell died, the commonwealth fell asunder. In spite of all Milton's efforts, in spite of all his pleading, his countrymen returned to monarchy. The negotiations with Charles were nearly complete. Then Milton showed his greatest courage. Then, when other champions were silenced by the fear of revenge, he made the last great effort of his mighty soul. He wrote a passionate plea for freedom, but in vain. Yet he struggled on to the last moment and retired from the arena only when he saw that the tragedy had been ended and that all was lost.

Milton's life was a tragedy, but, oh, what a noble tragedy! We have seen him in the climax of his fame, but behold him also in defeat, behold him in his state of poverty, when his hopes had been destroyed, when his country had turned against its own interests, behold the man. He uttered not a word of complaint for the neglect at the hands of an ungrateful country, save that which was veiled in the noblest poetry that ever thrilled the hearts of men.Tho his years of toil seemed fruitless, the his countrymen and even his own family turned against him, hampered by blindness and disease, he
explained not, but continued his poetic tasks with the energy of youth and put into song his striving after the infinite, his longing for the ideal.

O Milton! Then heroic poet-sou! the advancing ages cast their backward look upon thee, who so faithfully fulfilled man's noblest mission. "Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart." It dwelt apart not only in the loneliness of genius, but also in the beauty of devotion and love. Thy dearest possessions were sacrificed upon the altar of thy country, not even the light of thine eyes was grudged her that the light of truth might shine more clearly into the gloom of evil.

We often measure a man's greatness by his success. No matter how Titanic the effort, no matter how noble the struggle. Victory must crown his toil or the hero goes unrewarded. Milton's noble efforts are forgotten because he could not save the Commonwealth. But was his life a failure? Milton himself did not think so. He looked beyond the passing shadow and saw the "sunlight on the mountain tops." Who prepared the country for the English Revolution? Who touched with his mystic wand the hearts of the people that they could rise to the glory of constitutional liberty? Who raised their ideals to strive after perfect freedom? History sends forth the answer and truth and sympathy add resonance to the sound. Milton was the master spirit during England's trouble, but also the fountain light of his country's peace. Neglected by his countrymen, he became enshrined in the hearts of posterity. For the noble ideals in every lowly heart were but shadows of his faithfulness and devotion.

His work was not in vain. But Providence, as tho in envy of his poetic genius, has obscured the grandeur of his life. But, perhaps, it was more in kindness than in envy. For otherwise his character would be to great for our understanding. Then it would shine with the intense brightness of the meridian sun, and we would be unable to behold it. But now it appears in the calm beauty of a guiding star and shines from beyond the grave, with its brightness unsullied with its lustre undimmed.
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opinion, nor his prejudice, but something more reasonable, more fundamental than any of these. Conviction from the intellectual standpoint is the knowledge of things one has tried and experienced for himself. Paul could say "I know and am persuaded" because his experience had confirmed and proven his theories and added certainty to his ideas. From the moral standpoint conviction is best expressed as conscience informing duty. Conscience makes duty light and easy; on the other hand, it makes duty much more impressive and real. With the Christian conscience stands for his religion, and it is religion that must inform duty. Right here Dr. Mackay spoke a word of vital importance to Hope's present student-body. He said he did not give a snap of his finger for the student who did not study better and more faithfully because he was a Christian, for the man, in other words, whose religion made no difference in his daily life. In a college such as ours where so many profess to be Christians one is apt to lose sight of the serious, strenuous side of Christianity, because there is not the incessant conflict with sin that is forced upon one when in the presence of the positive evil in the world of active life. Consequently, we become careless, easy-going Christians. We permit our religion to make very little difference in our lives. It is no secret that many a one has fallen prey to this temptation here in Hope College. Dr. Mackay's words were an earnest—let us hope, effective—protest against such conditions.

In conclusion, he said that conviction in the spiritual sense was belief centered in a person. And with all the magnificent power of his oratory and earnestness he painted for us a picture of the Christ—the center of our faith, the firm foundation of our conviction. After a short prayer service, the meeting closed.

The Annual

The "Anchor" wishes hereby to voice its first public endorsement of what the men on the campus talk about as the "Annual." A committee of students, with the approval of the faculty, has entered upon the project of issuing toward the close of this school year a publication that is to contain cuts and descriptions of the college buildings, of the various literary societies, the athletic teams, the Senior class, the faculty and other things and persons of interest on the Campus. The "Annual" will contain besides literary and artistic work of various kinds gotten up by the students. From a business point of view it is a purely private enterprise. The Alumni and friends of the college will readily see, however, of what general benefit and interest this publication will be. It is in no way interferes with any work now issued by the college and will not doubt prove most helpful in awakening interest of a new kind in the college and everything connected with it.

It is very gratifying to notice the good will of the students as manifested in their readiness to cooperate with the "Annual" Staff in various ways. The Anchor sincerely hopes that this first "Annual" may be entirely successful and may meet with the cooperation of the friends, alumni and students of Hope.

Athletics

Basket ball continues to monopolize things in the athletic line. The team has played four games since the last reported in the "Anchor."*

The first game played this term was with the "Crescent Five" of Evanston, Ill. Beyond a doubt this is the strongest team the college has yet met. Dogged playing won the game for us. Score: Crescent Five 29; Hope 35.

The next night the Kalamazoo Y. M. C. A. defeated us. The team had not yet recovered from the violent work of the day before; they were greatly disadvantaged too by the strange and exceedingly peculiar floor of the Kalamazoo Y. M. C. A. Score: Kalamazoo 33; Hope 18.

The third game of the month was with the Battle Creek Independents. They were the most gentlemanly set of men, outside of college teams, that we have ever met. Fast, clean work characterized the game with them. Score: Battle Creek 17; Hope 44.

Our greatest triumph came in the game with Michigan Agricultural College. M. A. C. has held the championship of the state colleges for years. They had no intention of relinquishing it to Hope. But they did. We regret exceedingly that we cannot play M. A. C. a return game on their own floor, just to confirm our title to the championship. Score: M. A. C. 30; Hope 44.
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The Oratorical Contest

This year the great event occurred on Feb. 7. In many respects there was nothing new about this year's contest. There was just as large an audience as usual; there was as much yelling as usual, and there were as few orators as usual; and there is as much "kicking" as usual. Normal conditions prevailed. Still there was much of interest, too. None surely failed to observe the verdant green banner, embroidered with much gold, which the Sophomores waved so bravely for the encouragement of the forlorn hopes on the platform, and which none of the Preps even tried to steal, out of sheer pity for the valiant knights of the green and gold. And no doubt some people in the audience heard the combined Freshman and Junior yells—we hope they did. And surely everyone was deeply stirred by the pathetic spectacle of seven solemn and aged Seniors raising an earnest but vain protest against the tide of defeat that was at last to sweep over them.

Well, the Contest passed off smoothly at all events. Mr. Jacob Pelgrim '05 acted as presiding officer. In his introductory remarks he stated briefly the object of the contest and the methods used in obtaining the decision. The musical numbers of the evening were furnished by the Misses Browning and Wing and Mr. Jas Dykema.

The first speaker was Mr. D. H. Muyskens of the Senior class. Mr. Muyskens had written a strong speech on the Jews—"A Nation Without a Country." His style however is apt to be bombastic and involved. The oration is printed in full in this issue. Mr. Muyskens was awarded first place in thought and style. In delivery he was not as fortunate. Although his voice is pleasant and powerful, it is not effective because not under control. It was high pitched. The speakers' enthusiasm also gets the better of his legs and arms. In the final ranking Mr. Muyskens received second place.

The winning oration on "Simon Bolivar," a South American patriot, was then delivered by B. J. Bush '06. The oration is strong in originality of presentation and in pleasantness of style. On ranks it tied for second place in thought and style. Mr. Bush was given first place in delivery. His presence and action on the stage are graceful. His speech is earnest and incisive. He has a light voice, but controlled it so perfectly that it impressed one as strong and pleasant.

Mr. Mulder '06 spoke on "Milton, the Blind Statesman." His oration is also printed in this issue. Mr. Mulder has a pleasant voice, but it is by no means strong. His entire delivery, in fact, is characterized by grace and ease rather than by effectiveness.

The last speaker was M. Stegeman of the Sophomore class. He presented a speech on Christopher Columbus, the work of the great navigator in a somewhat new and interesting light. Mr. Stegeman's delivery is direct and forceful, but is greatly hampered by mannerisms and an ill-controlled voice.

Judges on thought and style: Mrs. J. G. Sutphen, Prof. C. Dregman, Rev. J. E. Kuizenga. Judges on delivery: Geo. E. Kollen, C. M. McLean, Rev. J. W. Ball.<br>

And now that the Contest is over it is our duty to give Mr. Bush all the support and encouragement we can for the State Contest. Probably there are some who were disappointed and vexed at the decision, and no one denies them the right to express their opinion. But there is a limit of good sense to all these things, and we can show more true college spirit by occasionally forgetting society and class divisions and genuinely supporting the man who represents us, than by always siding in with the great army of the critical and airing our prejudices and opinions. So on to Albion and Victory.

Lectures

On January 18, Katherine Eggleston appeared for the second time on our platform. Last year she gave us a masterful interpretation of Mary Tudor in "When Knighthood was in Flower," this year her program was "in lighter vein." She presented a large variety of short selections of her own choosing—some of her own composition. Naturally the program lacked that unity of total impression which one receives from hearing the reading of some masterpiece. Miss Eggleston's versatility and charm were, however, displayed to great advantage. Her audience was interested throughout. She appeared at her best in the rendering of tales of Southern love and in Uncle Remus Stories. Her personality, as much as anything else, the contrast between her and most of the women we know, is sufficient to make her visits mean much to the students of Hope College.

If Miss Eggleston is a charming versatile, effective interprete
of literature. Mendallas Flowers is a great masterly progressive
interpreter of literature. Here is a man who in an ambient
interpretation of truth makes of himself a great
fictional character as Jean Valjean portrays and presentations who
has made some effort himself at the effort to make amazing creations of the necessities which are getting old. His expression
seem to combine almost perfectly how the rest came, transmuting
his interpretations to the audience.

On the first night of his stay he presented Lisette, "Christmas
Carol." The most simplest and best known of Christmas life
was transformed by the visions, revolting scenes by the chaos
of Christmas Past and Christmas Present and Christmas of the Future
completely charmed the audience. Mr. Flowers seemed especially
happy in depicting the untamed, untutored, untamed old man after he had accepted the least of the audience.

The second night Mr. Flowers rendered Victor Hugo's "Les
Miserables." From this immense work he had chosen for his
special theme the drama of the same name illustrated by the life
of Jean Valjean. His selections were so marvelously and artfully
made that they combined to form a concert party and gave quite
a clear conception of the plight of the whole. As the reading itself, one very strong point was the fact that Mr. Flowers
succeeded in preserving the unity of the characters. M. Motelike was
not a different man from Jean Valjean. One could not raise the
moral from the convict. At the same time the change produced
in Valjean by years of honest living was to say the least, strikingly
brought out.

During his two days' stay in Holland, Mr. Flowers made himself
useful to the English Department. Friday morning he lectured
on Education etc. to the Seniors and Sophomores. He told something
of life on the platform from his own experience, which was interesting enough. One thing Mr. Flowers said, however, that was
new to the Seniors and Sophomores, which is saving a good deal, and
which may be new to some of our readers. He advanced the theory
that men ought not to enter the ministry until they are forty
years of age. Let them spend the first twenty years of active life in some
business or profession. Let them make money, so that they will
not have to scramble for it after they get into the pulpit. Let them
get acquainted with men and affairs, so that they may know to
what they are preaching. Let them enter the race of life as men
among men—not preachers among men—so that they may learn
whether they are real men. In practice such a course would
undoubtedly have its disadvantages. The idea, however, is worth
consideration.

Cosopolitan Society.

The outlook for the Cosopolitan Society at present is brighter
and better than ever before. The old members in taking hold of
their work have shown more zeal and greater determination than
heretofore. The new members by this time have become accustomed
to the ways and method of procedure of the society and have thrown
themselves nobly into the work of supporting and strengthening
the society.

The society now in a very prosperous and flourishing condition
is looking ahead into the future, eager to grasp the opportunities
offered her to accomplish greater and nobler deeds. Her hopes
already high, have been raised by her new members who make it
possible to carry out excellent literary programs and from week to
week give the society some new cause of rejoicing in her so called
"raw material."

Along with the literary side of the members the social side is
rapidly developing. On beautiful moonlight nights when the
sketching is fine the members believe in giving free rein to their
young spirits and occasionally enjoy a sleighride with their friends.

On the whole the society bids fair to break her own record
and prove herself a worthy rival of any other literary society of the
college.

Van Raalte Literary Society

The Van Raalte Literary Society is easily keeping its place
among the societies of the Preparatory Department and has again
centered upon a promising year's work. Its growth in numbers this
year has exceeded all expectations. The development of a purer
literary appreciation of the Dutch language among its members is
evident from the successful rendering of the programs.
These programs consist of discussions, readings, essays, original stories, debates, journals and occasional lectures. Ample opportunity is also given for extemporaneous speaking, which is an excellent practice for those interested in the Dutch language.

The deep felt interest on the part of the members is plainly evident from their regular attendance. As a sympathizer and co-worker we have our Dutch Professor, who contributes not a little towards inspiring and helping the members with his instructive readings and apt observations. His occasional visits have at each time inspired us with new zeal for a wider development and culture in our mother tongue, a language in which we take pride.

The VanRaalte Society though still in its infancy has given firm assurance of lasting qualities and the hopes for its permanency are now confidently realized.

Melophae Society

A growing interest has been shown toward more work in the society. The aim of our society is sociability as well as mental work but the latter always remains dominant. Toward this end our program committee has adopted a new method in distributing the duties to the members, so that a sociocultural program is presented at every meeting.

Our aim is nothing more than to be able to present ourselves in a suitable manner before an audience and toward that we strive with determination.

Alumni Notes

"Whenever our graduates undertake to do a thing, they do it." — G. J. Kollen, LL. D., '88.

'03. Sidney Zandstra, now at Princeton, N. J., has successfully taken part in a contest for the "Newberry" scholarship of $1500, open to 18 colleges of the East. Congratulations.

'02. J. VanPernsen of the Senior class, W. T. S., has received a call from the Reformed church at Coopersville.

'88. Rev. M. Ossewaards of Clymer, N. Y., has come to the west and is now pastor of the church at Summit, Ill.

90. Rev. I. VanKampen Ph. D., of Saddle River, N. J., is making a prolonged visit to Michigan, and led our chapel exercises on Feb. 16.

Rev. J. M. Vander Meulen is spending a week lecturing, preaching and giving Bible readings at the Southern Chautauqua in Florida.

85. Prof. J. B. Nykirk was in attendance at the "Big Meeting" at Hesperia, Mich. on Feb. 3, and gave a musical recital in the afternoon.

87. Rev. A. Pieters of our South Japan Mission has been transferred from Kumamoto to Nagasaki, where he will take charge of Steele College.

80. Rev. Dr. A. B. Huizinga of Fishkill, N. Y., spent a short vacation at his father's home in Holland, and visited his Alma Mater and led our chapel exercises.

83. Dr. Henry Hulst of Grand Rapids, lectured before the students and friends on Feb. 3, on "Hypnotism and Suggestion." Dr. Hulst has gained world-wide fame in his specialty.

77. We are always glad to record the celebrations which especially affect our Alumni. Rev. H. E. Nies has just completed 25 years of service in the parsonate of Union Reformed church of Paterson, N. J. The occasion was fittingly commemorated by his people and his brother ministers. The Anchor wishes to add a note of congratulation to the general rejoicing.

83. Roesland has invited the pastor of her neighbor to be come her pastor, Rev. Henry Hesper of Englewood, Ill.

If You Knew the Actual Good

One 25c bottle of our Pine Tree and Cherry Expectorant would do when you have a Cough or Cold you would not wait a moment before having a bottle. You run no risk. You must be satisfied with the benefit derived from each and every bottle or we will cheerfully refund your money.

Con De Pree's Drug Store
These programs consist of recitations, readings, essays, original stories, debates, journals and occasional orations. Ample opportunity is also given for extemporaneous speaking, which is an excellent practice for those ill-versed in the Dutch language.

The deep felt interest in the work on the part of the members is plainly evident from their regular attendance. As a sympathizer and co-worker we have our Dutch Professor, who contributes not a little towards inspiring and helping the members with his instructive readings and apt suggestions along various lines. His occasional visits have at each time inspired us with new zeal for a wider development and culture in our mother tongue, a language in which we take pride.

The VanRaalte Society though still in its infancy has given firm assurance of lasting qualities and the hopes for its permanency are now confidently realized.

Melophone Society

A-growing interest has been shown toward more work in the society. The aim of our society is sociability as well as mental work but the latter always remains dominant. Toward that end our program committee has adopted a new method in distributing the duties to the members, so that a good literary program is presented at every meeting.

Our aim is nothing more than to be able to present ourselves in a suitable manner before an audience and toward that we strive with determination.

Alumni Notes

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Do you believe in co-education? If so, just visit Van. Raultie Hall between recitations.

The Third Reformed church of this city has decided to accede from A. Stegenga.

Brook and Visscher have become professional hypnotists. Brook can hypnotize Visscher and Visscher can hypnotize his dog.

When the weekly Pere Marquette Rural Route No. 1 finally reached Holland Monday last, the amount of mail on board was something alarming. George De Kruijff alone receiving no less than a dozen cards and leather flaps from California. Most everyone else received some too save Dyk. He thinks they must have missed his.

The creed of some of the co-eds: To be popular, I must be free.

To be known, I must be boisterous.

Dr. Dubhink sees no reason for closing school on the 22nd. of February. Its true Washington wrote no creeds.

Dykema recently said he had been thinking a good deal of late. We hope it will not make him feel any worse than usual.

If it doesn't remind Paul of St. Louis, it is sure to remind him of a story.

Brother Scholten III recently visited the college to look up entrance requirements. He says Will will tutor him in the summer and he hopes to be ready in the fall. Base Ball will be his specialty.

Vander Lann said Ruissard was a partisan. Ruissard said Vander Lann wasn't even a partisan. And thus the Senior quadrennial election took place.

The Anchor

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The following is Kregel's long since tabled joke.

Prof. "Have you your lesson?"

Kregel. "Yes, in my book."

At this point all supposed to laugh. If you don't see the point laugh anyway.

Van Houten and Pleune were delayed several days in Grand Rapids through fear of another snow storm. We hope they took no books along.

DeZeeuw doesn't care much about the fire, but he thinks it a rather mean joke to play on a fellow when he is sick.

If there is anyone who has not had his picture taken for the Annual at least five times, will they please hand their name to either Visscher or Brook?

Lost, strayed or stolen—A Basket-ball manager. If anyone has seen same since Jan. 28, 1905, please report to H. C. A. A.

Hankamp claims that two girls like Miss DeJong and Miss Grootmaat are enough for any class.

BOOKS. BOOKS.

These cold evenings, when to venture of doors means discomfort, is a very good time to sit by a good fire to read good books, the kind we sell.

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8 East Eighth Street. Agency American Laundry.
Dykena’s lecture on etiquette don’t go very far with McLean. No wonder. They both are engaged at the same headquarters.

Fud, DeKruif and Pleume and in fact all the married men on the campus have organized a Bell Telephone Courtship Union. Vos is walking delegate.

Nichols, “We would rather stay home together, wouldn’t we?” Jim, every noon. “And yet no mail from the orange groves? Varium et mutabile, &c.”

The Juniors fail to see the harmony between patriotism, hard work and political economy.

We would suggest to some of the Co-eds that there is a girls waiting room on the second floor of VanRaalte Hall just east of the stairway. This information we hope, will save them the inconvenience of hanging around VanVleck Hall.

If a young man in order to get a date with a girl must plagiarize names and steal invitations, he is certainly making a hit.

Prof. VanderMeulen says that anyone having a lady friend can not handle more than one subject a day.

Dykena and Hoekje are among those who also min, especially Hoekje.

WHAT’S THE USE OF CARRYING A WATCH IF IT DOESN’T KEEPTIME

If your watch is of any account whatever we can repair it so it will run correctly and at a reasonable price. In fact we willingly return your money if you are not perfectly satisfied. All you have to do is to ask for it.

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**CANDIES, FRUITS**, 

*and NUTS.*

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