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The Anchor

FEBRUARY,
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THE REDEEMER OF THE ETHIOPEAN.
HENRY K. PASMA

This oration received three firsts in thought at the local oratorical contest. Am to plead for a race cursed, it is said, of God, despised by man. They have no history, these people. In the dark heart of Africa lies buried the story of their infancy. The hand of the curious chronicler never lifted the mysterious veil that hangs over the cradle of the negro; the lullabies of his mother were heard only by the winds of heaven. But, though man forgot to write the story of the African's youth, the finger of the Almighty himself traced the negro's name upon the sacred page. For brilliantly did the glory of this race flash out upon the world, when with a retinue of proud freemen, a queen of the now despised Africans came over Ararat's hills to seek wisdom at the court of King Solomon. But as the light of day dies in the chambers of night, so the glory of this "queen of the south" and of her people sleeps on in the bosom of silent ages. Then they re-appear upon the world's stage; but not now with the stamp of freedom upon their brow. Laden with chains, as abject slaves, they are thrown upon Virginia's shores. In the swamps of Louisiana and Arkansas they begin a new chapter in their history, a chapter written in tears and blood, a chapter, the pages of which no human eye can read undimmed. When the North still believed all men created free and equal, it ransomed these people with a terrible price. Today behold the liberator turned into a tyrant! Even the erstwhile cruel South stands aghast today at the
recent atrocities of the North, while from the battle-fields of Gettysburg and Bull Run, of Manassas and of the Wilderness, of Vicksburg and Chattanooga, from every lonely soldier's grave on the hillsides, from the lips of soldiers' widows, both of the Blue and the Gray, and from the tomb of the great Lincoln himself comes the sigh, "Our dead have died in vain": the North has betrayed its trust toward the Negro, whence will come the Saviour of the Ethiopian?

Those who were slain in the Civil War have died in vain: but it is not the American Negro that has rendered their sacrifice fruitless. After the war, the African grapples silently with the mighty problem of self-development. The white man can never realize the adverse conditions and the terrible disappointments which barred the negro's road to success. In the delirium of his new liberty, he committed the greatest errors; sometimes because of wantonness, sometimes to test his freedom. Soon he fell an easy prey to political barterers, and the Utopia of his freedom became a hell to negro and white man alike. The Ku Klux Klan, the Danville riots and proscription rudely woke the negro from his chimerical dream. Lynching and stake brought him face to face with the responsibility of his newly acquired freedom. The terrible slogan of the white man, "the survival of the fittest," fell, like a cold blast, upon his childish heart. The negro understood. He bowed his shoulder to bear the burden of necessity. He showed the haughty Aryans that he was capable of mental development, that progress lay within his grasp. He lent his strong hand to the rebuilding of the devastated South. For his own race he erected magnificent temples of learning at Hampton and Atlanta and Tuskegee.

But while the ex-slave toiled on, the siren's song of gold and gain bewitched the people of the reunited States. They forgot the negro. They did not see gloomy, threatening clouds packing together on the southern horizon. But the few who watched, beheld through the increasing gloom, at first far away but coming nearer and nearer, the burning stakes of Atlanta and Danville and the writhing forms of unfortunate victims, lit up by the ghastly glare. Upon the breath of the approaching storm is carried the hoarse cry of the rioter, lustful for the blood of the American negro. On rolls the fire of unbridled passion. Mason and Dixon's line are now no longer the demarkations between a humane North and a prejudiced South. Already dense clouds of smoke from human sacrifices envelop the statue of Lincoln at Springfield. Already the priesthood of anarchy, in its garments of blood, chants its hideous anthem in the temples of justice and law. Devastation is at work. It undoes the labor of millions of gallant soldiers in blue. The frenzied rioters lynch innocent negroes, they drive American freedmen from their homes, they defy the law. And, standing from afar, many of Springfield's best citizens look on unmoved when a profane hand hurls the unhallowed torch into the shrine of liberty. Who, then, renders the sacrifice of those, fallen in the Civil War, fruitless? Surely, not the negro. Rather they who, without pity swelling their bosoms, without guilt waking their consciences, without the flush of shame mantling their cheeks, allow the Africans to be cruelly murdered and their martyred emancipator to be nailed to a cross of shame and derision.

The per sistency of the Springfield riot shows that another hand than that of a mob famed the flame of passion. The majesty of Federal and State laws and the cold gleam of musket barrels were impotent to frighten into subjection the cruel man hunters. Many citizens they slew, thousands they drove from their homes. See them wander through the byways of Illinois, these exiles from Springfield! Their faces are set to the North. To the North? But where in the North is there safety or sympathy for the negro? The workingman receives him not. Bitter competition has long ago stilled compassion in the breast of the poor. The labor-unions, false Christs of the workingman, haughtily drive out the negro mechanic. Democracy, too, has its aristocracy. The poor and ignorant cannot, the rich and intelligent will not do justice to the benighted African.

In our courts, the claim of the negro is being ignored. But yesterday the Supreme Court sanctioned race discrimination. Its ruling in the ill-famed Berea College case empowered the State of Kentucky to deny negro equality before the law. It is a revival of the Dred Scott decision. The ghost of state sovereignty has risen from its tomb and walks abroad; but the dread spectre inspires no fear. Unmolested it enters the halls
of Congress; it declares the fourteenth and fifteenth amend
ment null and void, and only a few voices murmur protests.
Its skeleton-finger points derisively at the preamble of the
American constitution, however, not a chuck pales with fear.
But, at some future time, perhaps, another ghost will appear.
the ghost of the slain negro, the ghost that will not down.
Upon America's hand will be a stain which all the oceans will
not be able to wash off, the blood of millions spilled in vain in
the battles of the Civil War, and the blood of the despairing
negro, who now is being driven straight into the jaws of the
futile monster of prostitution and shame.

The South intends to disfranchise the negro on the
ground of his being deficient in intellect and education. The
South intends to rob an American citizen of his birthright.
The North protests not, Congress even winks at the attempt.
But, not to speak of justice, where is the consistency in this
matter? Or is it amid Russian servitude that men are fitted for
the responsibility of franchise? Or is it under the fiery sun of
Italy, where anarchy and riot are bred, that the qualifications
for American citizenship are engendered? Are the men from
southern Europe better than the American negro? Is the des-
tiny of the American nation better entrusted to the blood-
stained hands of the Haymarket perpetrators or the assassin
of President McKinley? Perplexed, the nations of the world
look up to their leader. They do not understand America's
policy toward the negro. For has not history told them of the
patriotism of the African when he fought in the wars for
America's independence? Of his industry, when he trans-
formed an uncultivated South into a garden of the gods? Of
his faithfulness and moral value when inviolately he guarded
the wives and daughters of his oppressors during the Civil
War? Shall now disfranchisement and persecution be the
reward of the negro? Will America choose injustice and law-
lessness as its ideals? All the world wonders; the honor of
the American nation is at stake; today we are either to make
or to mar our history; shall America be the saviour to a
deprised people, or the Iskariot to betray them with a kiss?

My heart would be of stone if I did not plead for the
people that America seduced in the hour of passion and for-
sook and persecuted when the heat of lust had cooled. What

shall we return the negro for the two hundred and fifty years
of stolen liberty? Let us measure the price by the altars of
freedom which we have erected at Hastings and Runnymede
and Naseby, at Lexington and Concord and Valley Forge. Let
us ask our sons, fallen for freedom, who sleep in the bosom
of every oceon, whose bones lie bleaching under every stranger
sun, how great their love for the land of their birth. Let us
scan diligently the pages of history, let us count and recount
the price of life and treasure which we staked for our endan-
gered freedom. All this and more, O America, cannot pay
the debt we owe the negro. With what shall we pay for the
"life of Rufus Attucks, the negro, who was the first to spill
his blood upon Boston's streets that his master's children
might be free? Who can bring back the stalwart men, whose
free spirits we crushed inch by inch in the rice swamps of
Louisiana? How can we silence the cry of the dusky mother
who wept for her children because they were not? And the
souls, all the souls, which we shackled with chains of igno-
rance and fettered to a hell of prostitution and shame—who
can redeem these? But I demand not the lives bound up in
history from Runnymede till Appomattox. I desire not trea-
ures of gold for those of the Africans whom we destroyed; but
it is for the living that I plead, that you grant the negro that
which materialism and prejudice silences in your bosom—justi-
tice, only justice, for the American negro.

America, look not upward to heaven expecting the Saviour
of the African to descend. God's wide heavens are not his
abode; his throne is in the heart of every true American. My
plea cannot be in vain. For justice still rules the conscience
of the Puritan's son; pity and commiseration for the oppressed
are still the virtues of the descendant of the Cavalier; righte-
ousness is still the pillar of fire that lights America's onward
march even through an age of barren materialism. Then weep
not, son of the bondwoman, when you stand by the smould-
ering embers of your tortured brother; invoke not from heaven
a curse upon our heads when a last flickering flame craves
vengeance from your bleeding heart. These sacred ashes are
the silent prophets of your future. For a nation is not born
but after the pangs of birth, its greatest happiness is not
attained but after gruesome sacrifice. The last echo of the
A QUERY.

"Theirs not to make reply.
Theirs not to reason why.
Theirs but to do and die."

—Tennyson.

During the short space of time that I have been permitted to roam o'er the face of this round world of ours or rather a minute portion of it, I have encountered many riddles—riddles which I had neither time nor means to investigate to my satisfaction. Among these, I may mention in particular my wonder at mortal man's subservience to an impelling force to which we are wont to give the appellation of fashion. It has been my custom to regard it as a force or law, for in no other manner can I account for many of the curious and eccentric actions of the human beings that surround me. With your permission, I shall endeavor to make my quandry slightly clearer to you by means of a few observations and examples.

For instance, I have always been at a loss to satisfy myself as to why the writing of our sires was a slim giraffe-like script, whereas lately we have been taught to form our hieroglyphics with huge, round, hippopotamus-like characters which at times even have a tendency to incline towards the rear.

Again, it usually happens that a man, who has several tongues at his command, strives to speak after the manner of the people among whom he sojourns. You say that this is perfectly natural and perhaps you are reminded of the old maxim, "In Rome do as the Romans do." But to carry this inquiry slightly farther, doubtless you have all observed that the painted inhabitants of New York are wont to slur the r's in their words in a rather superficial manner. Nay more than this, even in this bennighted region, it is possible to discover a few insidiously polished devotees, humbly following in their wake. And when I consider this, again there looms before me that unanswerable, "Wherefore."

Further, in recent years it has become a very common occurrence for a certain honored class of individuals to have meaningless doctor's degrees appended to their names. I may say that a small portion are not honorary titles. But to ask an impertinent question, "To what end is all this?" There comes to my mind a sentiment expressed by one of my teachers, namely, that years ago they conferred degrees after death and they were exactly as helpful as those conferred in the present generation. Whether we agree with this statement or not, it does not pay to be too cynical.

There is another occurrence that I also can not comprehend. I am told that on Sunday evenings it is the custom to take long strolls under the pale moon and flickering stars. I would not have been induced to make an inquiry into this were it not for the fact that the air is rife with yawns on Monday. I am still investigating this mystery with the hope of gaining some clue to the answer.

And now let us direct our attention to the fashion-plate proper. We may separate this into two divisions, i. e., that of animals and that of the higher animal, man.

I. Animals.

(a) I doubt not that you have all seen that wondrous curiosity, the cob. It resembles the horse in most particulars except for the fact that it has been deprived of a portion of its caudal appendage. It appears that this has usually abstracted by the higher animal, though with what purpose I cannot positively state.

(b) Consider the abbreviated tails of the dear little pug dogs and also the flannel blankets at times imposed on their tender backs. Then, in the light of these two instances, ponder upon the probable source of oxtail soup.

(c) Some of our more refined homes are inhabited by a rather peculiar species of animals. At first glance, you would
surmise that they were balls of fur at most, but on closer inspection they will be found to have legs, tails, and heads. Furthermore, if provoked, they give vent to their wrath by spitting. I am laboring under the conviction that these things are called Angora cats. Report has it, that these repulsive objects receive the most fastidious care every day and even are delicately fondled by their loving mistresses. And I meditate, "Is love's labor lost?"

II. The higher animal—man

Let us consider this creature especially in respect to ornamentation and decoration.

A few of us have had our attention called at rare intervals to the state of the garment which envelops the lower limbs of some of the more youthful specimens of this animal. At times, the lower end of this garment, the so-called pants or trousers, is rolled up to such an extent that the vestment reaches only to the middle joints of the before-mentioned lower limbs. Why they should thus rob this garment of its pristine dignity and glory is another one of my conundrums.

In addition, we might speak of the hirsute possessions of the pate, namely, those which were originally directed heavenward. In some cases, this growth has been flattened out as it were with a sad iron and in others it is allowed to grow in tangled confusion and forms a thicket to which the fashionable name of pompadour has been given. In still other cases by reason of lack of material, neither method is in vogue. And now again why these unvarying variations?

Though I may be treading, I fear, on sacred ground, I desire to propound to you a few more of my perplexities. At the present age, if you go out on the street in the afternoon, you may see a glorious spectacle. It is as if the walks were endless flower gardens. On every side, one is confronted by hats, most of them of generous dimensions. These are the pots that hold the pretty flowers. Here is a hat that approximates an umbrella in size and shape; there is one, more like a huge disk, on which perhaps several armies might encamp. And upon these creations are heaped ostrich feathers, ribbons and much besides, until one is forcibly reminded of a pack mule. Besides the bonnets, I might mention the sheath skirt, et cetera, and that filmy, gauzy, circelet of lace that is absent from so few fair threats. I speak of this last advisedly, for it was suggested at a recitation that the Grecian sculptors would have been in dire straits, if the ladies had worn those fuzzy things around their necks in the golden days of Athens.

I hope that, with these few illustrations, my quandry has become a little less dubious. It would be possible to produce many more like suggestions, as interesting and profitable yet.

"He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day."

and as for those that have been addressed, though the clouds that shroud this mystery, will probably never be entirely dispelled for me, yet I cannot refrain from seeking a reply to that curiosity which would overwhelm the challenger that looms up before us at every turn—that unanswerable "Why?"

HESSEL YXHEMA, '12.

"LAMENTATIONS OF A PEDAGOGUE."

AR back toward the childhood of the race, there lived a man named Jeremiah. Downhearted and discouraged, he was one who could recognize trouble at any angle of the compass and voice the situation. Though deprived of our facile English language, he was able to tell of his griefs for many chapters and at length. Forgetting the nobility of our calling, neglecting our ideals, and throwing discretion to the winds, let us, for a time, join with him in dissonant chorus. From complaint may come protest; from protest, action.

Perhaps he ought to be forgiven who said with apparent good faith: "Teachers? Why they have an easy life. Leaving school at four, they need do no more till eight the next day. Teaching—what a snap." Believing this to be a popular fallacy, we enter a complaint. Gladly would we exchange places with our pretending accuser. How he would enjoy the routine daily work! What pleasure in setting up well-nigh all night, correcting test-papers and note-books!! How delightful to be tied down with work that simply must be done by morning, while friends and companions are riotously happy
in their sports and relaxations!!! Good friend, gladly would we exchange places for a day—but only for a day.

Most of the woes and complaints arise from the daily routine work. At times, oh what drudgery!!! The teacher is nervous and cross; the children are irritable; the room is too warm; the air is bad; all the dewsness of the ages seems to be concentrated in the pupil attempting to recite; gladly would he bore a hole in the skull, pour in the required amount of knowledge, and pass on to the next. But the ways of the system are other than are his. How directly monotonous, the work! The nervous strain begins to tell, and then, flinging discretion to the winds, forgetting the latent possibilities before him, the teacher calmly and with determination curses the system, the children and the town. Oh the woes and tribulations of the pedagogue!!

The point under discussion may have been repeated a thousand times; the explanation may have been dwelt upon very extensively; the class may have had it yesterday—but today there seems to be no more intelligence than in the proverbial cabbage-head. Why do children forget?

'Tis a class in Physics. The pedagogue has given a detailed discussion of inertia. He has explained its relation to other matter; he has drilled upon its value and drawbacks. How inspiring and pleasing to be met, upon a test paper, with this explanation: "Inertia is dullness;" or "Inertia is the standard system of direction." 'Tis then he joins in the dirge and mourns with Jeremiah of old.

After the routine work is ended, the papers are collected and piled, the desk and books are arranged, he wearily turns the key and entrusts the room to the janitor. But is he free for the day? Would that he were!! If he be wise, an hour's exercise and relaxation will be taken. But too often he seems too busy to take the time. Then homeward he goes, stacks his papers on a pile, measures them with a ruler and congratulates himself with the thought: "only six inches of them tonight; last night there were nine." But oh! the weary hours of toil those papers demand! Hour after hour, with scarcely a halt for meals, the steady grind goes on and on. Paper after paper is cut to pieces; additions, inserted here; criticisms appended there, until the body weary to a state of exhaustion, refuses to work intelligently longer; the head droops, the eyes close; the pencil traces amusing streaks on the paper, and the pedagogue all but falls asleep. Suddenly he rouses himself. A couple of turns around the room stirs the blood, and he is good for another hour. Thus the steady grind continues until the last paper is reached. In desperation he seizes it; reads rapidly; loses the connection; goes back again, only to find that what was correct has been marked incorrect, and what was wrong has received credit. Finally even the last paper is finished, the grades are recorded, and another day has been completed.

Completed? Not yet. What plans for tomorrow? How can the work be presented so that it may be most interesting and profitable? Is there any supplementary work to be given? Poor pedagogue!! Weary in body and mind, there is still no rest. A set of test questions must be prepared for the boy who missed the last test, while fishing. Johnny's mother was sick. His back work must be outlined. Reports must be filled out; schedules must be made.

But finally as the clock strikes, long after midnight, reason triumphs, the unfinished work is discarded, and the pedagogue, almost too tired to retire sleep, raises his curtains, gazes upon the town wrapped to retire and slumber, and almost says: "What's the use?"

And do you wonder? When the brain is weary, the body overworked and the nervous system tired, sleep seems most elusive. Trivial difficulties of the day surge through the mind and make him feverish with anguish. But finally, even the overworked system can resist no longer, and the pedagogue sinks into a restless slumber—often broken by dreams and visions. All too soon the tinkle of the alarm is heard; consciousness slowly returns; and he stands face to face with another day. Gladly would he roll over to take another nap, but again the insistent alarm. He rises to find his head dull with pain; his joints cramped and stiff; his nerves on edge. Truly a fit model for the men and women of tomorrow. Is it any wonder teachers are proverbially cross?

Assembling all his strength and asserting his will-power, he dresses, breakfasts, and the weary grind begins again. The same monotonous lessons, the same mischievous little demons,
the same routine work of previous days—'Tis thus schools, and directors get returns for their money.

But other lamentations must be voiced. Would that the school difficulties were all! Bad though they are, and tantalizing, those arising from patrons and parents are seemingly worse. 'Tis often the fate of the pedagogue to be approached by a fair one—and always when routine work is most pressing—with the request that he kindly prepare a paper for their next public meeting, "tomorrow evening," on the subject, "The Inter-Relation of the Psychical and the Metaphysical," or one equally simple and appealing. And he must needs accept. For the pedagogue has been faithfully taught to keep in close touch with his patrons. He has learned that there is a tendency in the business to narrow the field of interest, to lessen the vision, to draw aloof from other men, until his life is one side of the current of events and comradship with his fellows is lacking. And so he must accept all invitations to tea, to church socials, to birthday and wedding parties, and to the numerous others things that keep one moving. And meanwhile, the pile of papers and note-books is constantly, steadily, even rapidly growing; reports are late; schedules and plans are disregarded. And all because patrons must be satisfied. 'Tis often harder to please patrons than parents, for parents, in some small degree, at least, appreciate the nervous energy necessary to keep some hundred children from becoming entirely unmanageable. Of such things, those without children seem to have not the least idea.

But there is a day of reckoning. That falls at the end of the week. So Saturday, the time the pedagogue really needs to recuperate, and refresh and rest his nerves, must be spent almost entirely in getting the decks cleared for Monday. Slowly the steady grind goes on, and late at night as Sunday nears, he can lay aside his work, with a free conscience, and be extremely happy, because the morrow is the day of rest; and all the work of the past week is done. Thus the grind goes on from week to week and one almost becomes a cog. Ambition and initiative are well-nigh removed. They lie dormant. Small wonder that teachers, as a class, are so unpopular.

Perhaps this savor overmuch of pessimism and com-
NOVEL-READING.

Attention has been called to the fact that the students of both College and Preparatory department are not making as good use of the library and reading-room as they ought to do. The records of books taken out, kept carefully by the librarian, is an open book in which the sins of omission of many are written in vacant staring characters, the inexorable tell tale that the majority of students are committing intellectual suicide by starving their minds.

In many instances this intellectual scarivation becomes manifest, e.g., in the lack of high aspirations and ideals. Imagination is either lacking entirely or it is too feeble to lift the student above the drudgery of dry curriculum work to catch a glimpse of the latest possibilities actual life holds forth. The smoking of the pipe of indolent peace, or the representation of Dante’s hell with its wailings and uncanny noises, in some rooms on the campus, are misdirected efforts to obtain the coveted treasure of imagination. But reading will pave the road to it, and on this highway we meet with pleasures hither-to never dreamed of. For there are tales for all moods and our fictitious acquaintances are after all not so much flitting phantoms of an unreal world, but rather unseen companions that go with us through life. By reading we catch some of the spirit which soothed the great masters, men and women, who have labored to mold their present and who have cast the mind of the future.

To some extent we all have more or less of the adventurous in our nature; the desire to travel, to see the world, to study its peoples. But few of us realize that ideal, and, what is more, we forget that the visions of these dreamlands can be realized in our own study. In our own rooms we can admire the most beautiful scenery, portrayed by the artist’s pen, and, as far as studying people is concerned, from our novels we may observe a hundred times more of the motives and emotions that actuate human life, than when, by ourselves, among the swirling crowds in the streets or upon the soot-begrimed faces in the steam car, we mistake an occasional twitching of the face for a characteristic of its possessor.

Good novels lead to the reading of poetry and, as a good authority has well said, to the study of the Bible, wherein are found the truest narrative, the most charming poetry and the profoundest philosophy.

Recently a great many volumes of the most up-to-date fiction have been added to the library stock. Examine them and read, “for thou canst read.”

H. K. P.

The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder— a waif, a nothing, a noman. Have a purpose in life, have a purpose.—Carlyle.
THE MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

Through the enterprising spirit of Dr. Oltmans the Volunteer Band working in connection with the Y. M. C. A. of the seminary were enabled to hold one of the best missionary conferences ever held at Hope. The meetings were held Wednesday, January 20. The afternoon session was given over to informal discussion of questions relating especially to Foreign Missions and the college student.

Prof. Kuizenga presided at the evening session. After prayer by Dr. Beardslee and a selection by the college quartette, Dr. S. M. Zwemer spoke on the subject, “Jesus Christ the Ideal Missionary.” Following whom Dr. Fagg spoke on “The Young Man and the Appeal from the Orient.” The large attendance of students at both conferences, the flourishing conditions of the mission study classes is indicative of the deep mission interest in our college. There is hardly an institution of its size from whose halls so many have gone to foreign lands, and judging from present conditions we are not going to rest on our laurels.

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The great day has again come and gone. The voices made husky on that occasion have again assumed their normal conditions. The fire of class spirit quickly burned itself out, and a leaven of genuine Hope College spirit, a spirit which none but the Dutch can emulate, is now working among our college students, a spirit not to burst until Pleume lands first place at Kazoo March 5.

This year’s contest, held on January 28, stood second to none in the history of Hope College oratory. The orations were all of a very high standard. The variety of subjects shows plainly that Hope College is by no means as narrow as it is supposed to be conservative.

After a piano solo by Miss Anna Schmelke, Mr. James Dykema, secretary of the Intercollegiate League, introduced as the first speaker Mr. Emil O. Schwitters of the Sophomore class. Mr. Schwitters is a very entertaining speaker and bids fair to give someone a merry race in some future contest. His subject was, “Realizing Life’s Ideal.”

Mr. John Wichers, ’10, the second orator, spoke on the subject, “Our Heritage from the Past.” Mr. Wichers is a pleasing speaker but lacks the necessary fire and fervor of conviction. His oration was of a very high class.

Henry K. Pasma, ’10, whose oration appears in this issue, brought every one in sympathy with the down-trodden Ethiopian. Mr. Pasma, who himself has witnessed the Springfield riot, spoke with conviction. His style is clear and forceful, and as an evidence of the merit of his production each judge put him down for first place. His subject was, “The Redeemer of the Ethiopian.”

The Junior College Quartette, inspired by the dying breath of the good old college quartette, broke the spell by rendering three very entertaining selections, not wanting in “take-offs” on the professors.

Following this, Mr. Dykema introduced the winning orator, Mr. P. H. Pleume, ’09, whose subject was “Father Damien.” Mr. Pleume’s delivery is characterized by ease and forceful repose. His voice is sympathetic and well adapted to his oration.

Mr. Dykema of the Senior class was the next speaker. His subject, “The Measure of a Man,” appealed to every one. His apt illustrations and clear cut outline convinced every one that he only is the ideal man whose depth is truth, whose height is vision, whose breadth is love.

The oration that took second place was delivered by M. Verne Oggel, ’11. The subject was “The Essence of Democracy.” Mr. Oggel’s delivery is characterized by ease and conviction. His gesture are graceful, and this together with a strong, well modulated voice won for him the second place.

The old adage, in unity there is strength, is still our motto. And every student has forgotten whether he yelled with the Sophs, or acted foolishly with the Freshies. He is now signing his name to the list of those who are going to help Pleume in his effort to bear away the laurels at Kalamazoo.

M. J. H.
Rev. A. A. Pfaustiehl, '76, was recently installed as pastor of the Second Reformed Church of Somerville, N. J. Mr. Pfaustiehl has been serving a Presbyterian charge and the Reformed church is happy to have him again in its denomination.

Rev. F. Manssen, '09, mourns the death of his wife. Mrs. Manssen was the only sister of the Rev. H. Dykhutzen '97. The Anchor wishes to assure these two alumni of its deepest sympathy.

Mr. Frank Wynia, '08, has accepted a clerkship in the state legislature at Pierre, South Dakota.

Rev. J. H. Straks, '09, has accepted a call to the Reformed church of Gibsiville, Wis.

Mrs. G. J. Diekema, '82, who has been very ill for several months, is slowly recovering. Because of her illness Mrs. Diekema was prevented from spending the winter in Washington as is her custom.

The Cedar Grove Academy much appreciates the lectures given by the Rev. H. Bruns, '92. Mr. Bruns gave two lectures on foreign travel and illustrated them with stereopticon views.

As this year marks the four-hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Calvin, Dr. Bosker, '76, of Louisville, Ky., has written a series of articles on the great reformer. No doubt many will take great interest in reading these articles which are published by the Christian Intelligencer and possibly other papers.

Rev. John G. Fagg, '84, of New York City, gave the students of Hope College a most inspiring address on January 26, when the Day of Prayer for Colleges was fittingly observed. While in Michigan, Dr. Fagg also spoke at a Men's Mission Conference held at Grand Rapids.

Mr. Benjamin Rotschafer, '06, has received appointment to the Arabian Mission in India. Thus, for three successive years the Western Theological Seminary sends a missionary to the foreign field, the two previous being Rev. Willis G. Hoekje, '04, and Rev. G. J. Pennings, '05.

HOPE PREPARATORY ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

A joint session of the various committees of the association was held at Winant's chapel January 28, at 3 p.m. Eleven members were present.

After informal discussion as to the future course of the association it was decided that the Anchor should be sent to each member of the association for the balance of this year.

This is certainly a step forward and very commendable. It keeps each Alumnus informed with regard to the doings at Hope and cannot fail to result in great good both to the Alumni Association and to the College as well as giving the Anchor subscription list a big boost.

The second question considered was what shall the association do toward making its influence felt in advancing Hope's interests directly.

Many suggestions had been received from various sources attempting to answer this. The suggestion made by Dr. E. Hoffma of Grand Haven was finally adopted as most practicable and feasible at present.

It was this: That this association make an effort to plant on the campus one or more specimens of every variety of tree and shrubbery native to our state. That these should be placed according to an approved plan in consultation with Dr. Kollen and that each tree and shrub be properly labeled so as to be easy of identification.

The results of this work will be two fold: It will have distinct educational value as well as beautify the campus. In order that immediate effect might be given to this resolution the committee members pledged themselves to pay for the expense of such work as might be undertaken this spring so that by the time of the annual meeting in June, we may have on the campus visible evidence of the beginning of a work which it is hoped can be completed in a relatively short time.

This means that Hope's campus will some day be adorned with a botanical garden similar to that of the Agricultural College at Lansing.
These two important actions taken at this time abundantly prove the wisdom of the bringing into existence of this organization.

The regular Alumni Association will have to "go some to catch up with these "lusty youngsters" of the Preparatory Department. But now that these have set the pace what will the Regular Alumni do? Nothing but to "eat, drink, and be merry"?

Then it may also be true of them that "tomorrow they die." Activity is life, the lack of it is equivalent to death.

Get busy.

J. G. HUZENGA.
Secretary.

DAY OF PRAYER FOR COLLEGES.

On Tuesday, January 20, the annual day of prayer for colleges was observed here. The regular college work was suspended for the day. After prayer by Dr. Zwemer and scripture reading by Pres. Kollen, Dr. J. G. Fagg of New York City addressed the large audience of students and town people in his characteristically convincing way. His message was an appeal for men of conviction and service. As the winds and shifting sands of the desert are a menace to travelers there, so men today are in danger of being overwhelmed by the spirit of godlessness, and to be buried by the sands of unbelief. And as a mighty rock is the only stay against these formidable natural forces, so is the man of conviction, the man in whose heart dwells the spirit of Christ a defense, impregnable as a rock, against the encroaching waves of sin and unbelief. There is no sadder picture, said Dr. Fagg, than that of a man who, lost in the barren desert, suffers the agonies of thirst. And yet today there are millions of souls in agony waiting for men to direct them to the fountain of life.

As Dr. Fagg is himself a graduate of Hope, his visit among us will be long remembered, and his interest in our college is keenly appreciated by the student body.

After a short prayer service the meeting closed.

DEBATING CLUB.

We are glad to announce that our College Debating Club has received another boost and that there no longer can be any doubt as to its future. This help comes from our faculty. That the faculty is interested and willing to help, is evidenced by their gift of fifty dollars prize money to the club. This prize will be awarded to the two best debaters in a public contest debate to be held some time in May after the inter-collegiate debates with Alma and Olivet. This contest will be in the form of a regular debate between two teams consisting of two or three men each. Each man will debate for his own team, but will be judged according to individual merits. Not only will each debater be allowed time to speak his argument, but each will be given a short time for rebuttal, in this clearly showing his ability as a debater. We heartily appreciate this gift by the faculty and desire to thank them for it. We also hope that more of the students shall become interested in our Debating Club.

BASKET BALL.

Hope, 53; Muskegon, 20.
Hope, 57; De Paul University, 14.
Hope, 57; Burroughs Adding Machine, 22.
Hope, 106; Grand Rapids Y. M. C. A., 21.

Two hundred and seventy-three points against seventy-seven in four games. Only one team, the Burroughs' Adding Machine, caused the navy and orange any trouble. People on the side lines felt that their money had netted them a little more than the opportunity of wishing for a bit of real tangy play. Both teams worked, but "Germany" Veckners' men felt that a game lost is a game lost, and that although charity begins at home nevertheless they could not give the game away—not even to such excellent players.

Just what every live Hope man wants is this—an opportunity to see Hope's Champion Basket Ball Team measure itself with other college teams say, for instance, those of the colleges represented in our Oratorical League. We think that the day is coming, at least we hope that the dawn of the new day is not like the false dawn of Arabia—there and away again.
EXCHANGES

Read the Exchanges! They are on the north side desk of the reading room. Find out about college life in other schools, what they are doing, and thinking about, how they conduct their societies, contests, athletics, etc. It will help your college spirit wonderfully.

One of the best papers that have come to us in a long while is The Student (Detroit Central High). It is a good full-sized paper and its quality corresponds to its quantity. A tasteful cover design, a good grade of paper and printing, systematic arrangement, and interesting material combine to make it a paper which runs two hundred copies short on each edition. The addition of an essay or so would perhaps result in a better proportion of their literary department to the school news. We commend it as a paper well worth emulating. Of course it comes from a large school where spirit is strong and resources greater, but all these advantages would amount to little without hard conscientious work on the part of the staff.

And in this respect it lies within the will of every school to equal them.

We notice that the Bulletin (Mt. Pleasant) has recently passed from the hands of the faculty to the control of the students. The result is the temporary lull, but we feel sure they will work out their own salvation and in the end secure a better paper than ever.

The Wyoming Student is a bright, interesting paper, whose chief fault lies in the scrappiness of their articles, no one of which covers more than two pages. It tends to mar what is in other respects an excellent paper.

We are glad that our "strenuous" methods secured us a copy of your paper "Said and Done." It was well worth the effort. We are ready, even if we are a college paper, to receive the just criticisms of a high school, but what else did you leave us to conclude when your paper came irregularly and finally not at all? We would be sorry to lose so good a paper. The printing, the cover and general make up of the paper speaks well for you. Among our high school exchanges it averages as a neat, well-balanced paper.

THE ANCHOR

Locals

"There was a young man from Quebec
Fell in the snow up to his neck.
When asked "Are you friz?"
He replied, "Yes, I am,
But this is not cold for Quebec."

One day Van Dike stood between Miss Hoekje and a
section of blackboard she was trying to see. "I can see through
him fine," she said. "Must be he has a lucid interval this
morning."

Benjamin (translating)—I saw two beautiful young men—
Prof. Brush—Would you like to be known as a "beautiful
young man?"
Oh, pardon me, I didn't mean to entrap you into a
confession.

Here is a specimen of mythology that would delight the
heart of Prof. Sutphen: Helen of Troy was the graniunule
of Castor and Pollux. She ran away with Meneelaus and that
cursed the French and Indian war. Paris settled the war, and
incidentally her also, by bathing her on the head with a tin
thunderbolt which Narsusus had had to play with. He carried
her body up into the sky and made the constellation of Orion
out of it. There she got in a dispute with Hebe about why
the seven Hills of Rome couldn't just as well have been seven
Holes in the Ground, and Archilles gave her the Apple of
Discord to pacify her.

There was a young woman said, "Why!
Can't I look in my car with my eye?
If I put my mind to it
I know I could do it.
*For you never can tell till you try."

Not long ago Prof. Kleinheksel wandered into Prof.
Kuizinga's room where the Senior class was in session, put on
his glasses and surveyed the class carefully, then said, "Oh,
you haven't the "A" class in here this morning, have you?"
Whence we deduce that the difference between the two classes
is less than any assigned value, however small, but not abso-
lately equal to zero. Which condition is pretty near the “limit.”

When the Freshmen loosed the dove, at the oratorical contest, Schwitters said it made him think of the ark. Really, Schwitters, we didn’t think you dated quite so far back as all that.

The bachelor professor in the English department was one morning talking over the work with his lady assistant, when the Reverend occupant of the chair in Philosophy stepped into the room. “I am glad to see you two get together,” he said, “I am always ready if you should need any help.”—Anchor Box.

Schwitters, in the course of an optimistic talk: “A dimple is a ripple in the gentle whirlpool of a woman’s smile.”

Miss Krell, in English: Illustrate the opposite meanings of the prefixes “pro” and “con.”

Diefenbaker—“Progress and Congress.”

Westrate—“My head had hardly touched the pillow, before I had fallen awake.”

Quotation from Doctor Fagg’s address, “These magnificent buildings mean nothing other than the Kollenization of the Hope College campus.”

At the recent Oratorical Contest considerable spirit was shown by the different classes. However, there was nothing to it for the Seniors and Sophomores, for the first speaker had not yet spoken before the Juniors complained that they were dying, and the Freshmen hung up a sign admitting that they were eclipsed. Peter H. Plene of the Senior class was awarded the blue ribbon, while the red one was tied on M. Verne Ogden of the Sophomore class.

During the contest, the Freshman let loose a white crow or raven, as did Noah of old. But the bird did not bring back a green twig, as did its ancestor, probably considering the Freshmen green enough.

Professor, in Physical Geography—“What is an island?”

Smallegan—“An island is a place where the bottom of the sea sticks up out of the water.”

The following dialogue was overheard in Van Vleck Hall, at about 11 o’clock last Wednesday night:

Brooks—“My, but I’m getting to be indifferent. I’ve studied only nine hours today.”

Laven—“Only nine hours? Why, what did you do in the meantime?”

Brooks—“I read Pope’s “Essay on Man” and then took a brisk walk to the piano factory and back. What exercise did you take?”

Laven—“Oh, I exercised with my dumb-bells for about twenty minutes. But you are detracting me from my studies.”

Brooks—“Excuse me, John, but at what time shall we arise tomorrow morning?”

Laven—“Oh, I think I’ll sleep a little longer than usual. Let it be half-past-four.”

Brooks—“So be it. I’ll set the alarm.”

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