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Senior Class ’10

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Sorrow

Dread Sorrow! like a purging fire thou art,
Sweeping o'er all the land, and leaving none
Unscathed by thy fierce flame, which oft anew
Bursts forth, reviving all the poignant smart.

Chaste Sorrow! thou refinedst many a heart,
Removing all the dross, leaving the true
And giving us a beatific view
Of Him who bade our friends from earth depart.

Kind Sorrow! though our tender hearts may plain
For those we loved, whom long we mourn and weep,
Though oft in vain for human balm we yearn,
Through thee our greater likeness shall obtain
To Him, the Man of Sorrow; reverence deep
For Him shall grow; our hearts within us burn.

—ROBERT KROODSMA
COLUMBIA TRIUMPHANT

(Delivered at State Oratorical Contest, March 4, 1910, by Anthony L. Verhulst)

...The mills of the Gods grind slow, but they grind exceeding small... Century after century the march of human progress has continued. Slowly, relentlessly, that advance continues ever. What a stupendous theme is the advance from wandering horde to enlightened nation. If I were a poet, and could place golden apples of thought on silver salvers of speech, I would embody that thought in an epic bold and sublime; if I were a painter, and could portray with artful brush the living pictures of my mind, that pageant of man’s progress would adorn my frescoes. But the man whose mind can grasp the meaning of that struggle is not born of woman, and human effort can never hope to realize its reproduction in literature or art. Nor is this human epic finished, the end of the pageant is not yet. The glories of the past are but the dim reflections of the glories that are to be; the consummation of all human events is yet to come. Although the human mind cannot aspire to fully understand the oracles of history, still there is need that we may learn its lessons and thereby gauge the future well. As we, students of today, see ancient empires crumbled into ruin, and old-time capitals ivy-clad; as we see the sword of rebellion hang trembling over the head of Old World monarchs—we learn what there is to avoid and what to cherish in this age that presages the aene of enlightenment.

“That one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.”

We believe this long-awaited event to be the age of all ages, in which Liberty shall be the spirit of the age, and as loyal Americans we know that Liberty is—Americanism.

We contend that the spirit of America is a composite of the forces that have contributed to the evolution of civilization. Each one of the five factors in the advance of progress has contributed its spirit to our national existence and activities. The tribal instinct of unrest, the Oriental love of learning, Grecian simplicity and democracy, Roman law and martial ardor, Teutonic individuality and love of home: all these find their counterpart in American life today.

The first beginnings of civilization are unrecorded. Far back in the scene of the mystic stories of Asia, the cradle of the race, and Egypt, the foster-mother of learning, we perceive the first advance. Tribes fought and fled for tribal independence, bard and minstrel sang of tribal conquest, priest vied with priest to know the mysteries. The beginning of science and thought, religion and government was in the Orient. Long before Rome’s Seven Hills were palace crowned, or Athens ruled as Empress of the Isles, Egypt and Chaldea, Syria and Judea had risen to world supremacy only to end in worldwide-embracing ruin. But their legacy was great, and their influence has left its birthmark on every civilized nation. Whatever people loves learning, whatever people migrates for a principle to inhospitable shores, whatever people fights for the love of conquest, that nation shows the traces of its Oriental motherhood.

When the pristine glory of Asia had faded, Greece sprang into being, and it in turn bore Rome. The history of classic civilization presents a paradox. Greece, first in point of time, in a great measure fulfilled the requirements of civilization. The greatest change enlightenment can produce is to alter the inner man, which the love for beauty, symmetry, and philosophy wrought in Grecian national life. In Roman national life, on the other hand, the movement was retrograde. Here we find the lesser and earlier evidence of progress, the improvement of man’s environment. Here Law was Life; here man’s actions, not his thoughts, were controlled and shaped. Rome’s refinement was first superfluous, then grossly Epicurean; and then Rome fell. But the gentle Grecian slave-philosophers and the learned emnuchs from Egypt had paved the way for the greatest civilizing influence the world has ever known. Christianity’s gentle leaven permeated corrupt classicism. Teutonic virility overcame both the saved and the saviour. But fire hid under fuel never wholly dies, and after centuries of darkness the smouldering spark of progress burst into flame. Men saw that light anew in the Renaissance. The Reformation added new fuel to the burning. Men’s eyes were opened to themselves. The latent influences of past progress gave impetus to the new advance. The migratory instinct reasserted itself, the philosophic quests of Asia and Africa were renewed, the martial ardor of Teuton and Saxon
were directed into new channels, and the Freedom of Man was at hand.

A new civilization arose, built from the shattered framework of the old. The Europe of the Renaissance contained people greatly endowed. Mingled bloods and mingled peoples though there were, the Europe of the Awakening, nevertheless, held within its bounds the people in whom was latent the promise of a new civilization. The tribes of Europe are the only savages in history whom enlightenment did not exterminate. Upon that foundation of virile blood the new civilization is built. Its faith embodies the best elements of Oriental and Classic philosophies, its history is a recapitulation of all tribal history since the beginning.

But there were elements in that European civilization which prevented the complete achievement of man's disenchantment. While Popes ruled Kings, and Kings' rights were inviolate, while man worshipped God through man, the final end of enlightenment, spiritual freedom, could not be realized. But the fullness of time had come. A virgin land, free to the bold, was found. A freedom-loving people journeyed there, a tree government was there established, and in this new-born land the acme of enlightenment became possible.

Well may we say that we are the people. Every phase of American life may be recognized as an outgrowth of one of five great factors in the evolution of civilization. Tribal restlessness, Oriental philosophy, Grecian humanity, Roman aggressiveness, and Teutonic virility, all are here. Ours is a virgin land, untainted by tradition; America is today the melting-pot of the nations, a mold from which Time shall cast a new race. We have a government based on ideal principles, yet practical beyond compare; a state founded by men whose foresight seems inspired as that of ancient seers. How well the Founders of our Republic conceived, and how well they wrought! As architects so old conceived and planned mighty cathedrals, laid deep and broad the foundations, and then left the building for posterity to finish centuries afterward, so did our fathers found and plan our state. In the spirit of the migratory tribes they pushed the Wilderness ever before them. New builders came from oppressed shores to carry on the building, Teuton and Saxon, Oriental and Roman, some to break the ground and some to carve the stone. Today we are a nation of nations. There are more descendants of the ancient Romans in our metropolis today than there are in the City of the Seven Hills; there are more Chinese on our western coast than in any region outside of the Flowery Kingdom; there are more Israelites in New York than in the City of David.

Of our resources I need not speak. The very name America conjures before our eyes a vision of harvest fields and busy factories, of churches and schools, of rivers and railways, of virgin forest and precious mine. But our real strength is in the people. Let Europe point with pride to her martial hosts and floating squadrons; every Memorial day, through country lane and city street, tramps the last line of the Fading Brigade; every morning when the schoolbells of America chime the hour of nine, there marches through the land a grander standing-army than any land can muster. Let others speak of present power, we look upon that relic of a glorious Past and upon this portent of a hopeful Future, and for us the Present awakes no alarm.

Yet in all its peoples, its mighty wealth, and its muchvaunted Past lies no proof that America shall achieve the acme of enlightenment. It is in the unconscious manifestations of man's inner self that we find the only true gauge of civilization. And measured by this standard, America leads the world. The spirit of her government is the spirit of humanity. Her education is universal, and Liberty and Knowledge go hand in hand. America has no established religion, hence all sects flourish here. Justice is here, justice is such a measure that she has become the arbiter of the nations. You may speak of evils and discrepancies, these will remain while man's nature is human. The final ideal is yet to be realized, this age is but the beginning of the consummation of the Master-builder's plan; we see only a thread in the design of the Master-weaver.

Nor let apparent failure detain us. The march of progress will not be stayed. History shows that the nations which try to stay this progress are crushed by its advance. Its power is the power of Destiny, its justice is the Justice of God. That the onward march of any nation may continue, refinement must extend to every fiber of its being. All the former nations have lacked the resulting diversity of interests. When the Angel of
Destiny wrote the names of future empires in the Book of Nations, he dipped a sword in blood and wrote in crimson letters—Rome; when he wished to signify that nation which was to reveal God to man, he marked a cross above Judea's page; for the greatest dominant nation he turned to a later page, and wrote in iron letters—England; but at the end of the Book, for the greatest of them all, the Victor in War, the Exponent of Peace, the Champion of Progress, the Guardian of Liberty, he wrote upon the Western continent and likewise upon the hearts of future generations—America.

Students of America, our country's responsibility is ours. We are the vital force, in this, the greatest land, in this age whose iss the legacy of all ages. Today the burden is ours. Our fathers founded this empire upon Liberty and Justice. In that spirit they pushed across the Alleghenies, across the Mississippi, down to the Southern Sea. But that was not the end. Today the tropical breezes waft the same flag that is whipped to tatters by the glacier gales of the Pole.

Yet with all these glories achieved the ideal is yet unrealized. The founders of the nation wrought well. They fulfilled the first requirement of civilization, ideal environment, and thus have made possible for us the second, man's elevation. Our task is a different one. Our Fathers ruled a race of pioneers. Their characters were molded in the bitter school of Experience. Their road was the Wilderness Road. But the Wilderness Road is ended now. The time of shirt-sleeve statesmanship is past. The American statesmen of the future are men of college training. They are to rule an enlightened race, no longer forming, but triumphant. It is ours to lead this nation from power to power, from glory to glory. From the crucible of its dangers and triumphs, America shall emerge the perpetual republic. Centuries shall elapse, nations shall fall, generations of men pass by, but while the spirit of Liberty animates the sons as it once moved the fathers, this republic shall endure. The nation's day is not yet far spent, the hours to labor are yet long. As our fathers toiled in that day's dawning, lighted by Liberty, and strengthened by Justice, so shall we labor in the brightening day till Liberty and Justice come to every land benighted, and nation after nation hail Columbia Triumphant.
THE PRODIGAL SON.

T was a dark, rainy, dreary day. Work on the old farm was at a standstill. Not a bird was to be seen. All had sought refuge among the thick leaves of the trees. The poultry, excepting the web-footed species, were standing with drooping heads and tails under whatever shelter they could find. There was nothing at all to gladden the heart. Every thing wore a cheerless aspect.

Deacon Hopkins and his son spent the long morning hours in the house. So wearisome and tedious were they, however, that to lessen the monotony father and son determined to go to town after dinner. Accordingly, early afternoon found them in the village grocery. Gathered in this rendezvous were other men and boys of their own stamp. Some were sitting on kegs, boxes, and counters; others stood where they could find some lean-back.

Father and son had been in the grocery but a few minutes when a brisk-looking young man entered. He walked up to the proprietor and asked permission to tack up a poster. The old gentleman, with a broad smile, answered: "Sure, Pat, I guess there's plenty room on that there molasses barrel. Better look out for those spotty pants of yours, though."

The bill was posted without mishap and the young man left. No sooner was he gone, however, than young and old made a rush for the syrup barrel. Various exclamations of surprise arose.

"A concert, by Jove!" exclaimed one.
"Violinist, Karl Broke-horse," stammered a second.
"You mean, Karl Brockhaus, Germany's greatest fiddler," corrected a young high school graduate.

Conversation such as this kept up for some time, until Eli Hopkins broke in: "I never heard a violin in my life, so I guess I'll go and see what the things sound like."

Other voices chimed in: "So will I."
The deacon was then heard from: "A fiddle is an instrument of the devil, and no son of mine will go to this concert; to have his mind poisoned, if I have to hold him back by force."

After this speech, conversation on this topic soon flagged. After some more comments upon the weather and other common topics, the deacon and his son left the store. Eli, however, noted the date of the coming concert before he left the building. The date was fixed upon the following Friday, just four days distant.

Eli had determined to attend. He knew the folly of asking his father's consent, so he decided to make no mention of the subject. As the days went by, not a word was said about the concert. The long expected hour arrived. Eli complained of a headache and retired to his room early in the evening. He donned his better suit of clothes and waited for darkness. At the suitable moment he went to the window, opened it, and climbed down the ladder which he had placed in position a few days before. He hurried off to town, which was only a mile distant, and sneaked into the village hall. He found a rear seat, where he patiently waited for the concert to begin.

Eli had left his home but a few minutes when a carriage full of young people drove up to the door. They had come to play a surprise party on him, for it was his birthday. They entered the house, laughing and singing. The deacon and his wife heartily welcomed them, and when they were seated, the deacon, with his face wreathed in smiles, went to call his son. He entered Eli's room. He saw the old clothes on the floor. He noticed the unrumpled bed, the open window, and the tell-tale ladder without. The smile left his face, and in its place came a look of amazement. A look of pain and sorrow then followed, and, last of all, came an expression of terrible anger. For several minutes he stood like a statue, and was at last aroused by voices from the stairs. He turned and said that Eli was ill and that they must make no disturbance. So strange was the old man's voice that none dared question him. The young people left and promised to come at some future time. The mother then came to the door of her son's room, but it was locked. The only answer her call received was a gruff, "Go away!"

The old man sat down upon his son's bed. The expression upon his face was terrible to behold. His heart grew harder and colder than steel. His mind was in woeful confusion and his soul was brought into the depths of despair. Was this the sort of treatment he deserved from his son? Was this the result of his love and care? Was it for this that he had given his son so many blessings? Such were the thoughts of the old man's mind.

After three long hours Eli quietly entered the room. He lighted the lamp and turned to take off his coat. As he turned, his eyes fell upon the deacon. He stepped back and gasped, "Father."

The son recoiled from the old man's cold look and his head drooped in confusion. For several minutes both stood in awkward silence. At length the father broke out:

"Where have you been?"
"Father, you know," quietly answered the son.
"Why did you go?" the old man then asked.
"Because I wished to."
"Why didn't you ask my permission?"
"I remembered what you said in the grocery when the poster was tacked up."
"Then you wilfully disobeyed me?"
"Not wilfully, father, but I hated to disobey you and I could not help myself. I couldn't withstand the temptation."
"Then the devil already has you in his clutches?"
"Father, I——"
"Son, you cannot deny it. Now listen. You intended to go to college next fall. Now, as a punishment for your disobedience you shall stay at home on the farm."
"Father, this punishment is too great."
"Do you think so, son? Are you sorry for your night's work now?"
"Yes, father, but only because I disobeyed you. What I heard tonight was wonderful. I thought I was listening to the voices of angels. So sweet was the music that I was thrown into a trance, from which only your angry face could wake me. Father, if I might own a violin I would not care to go to college. College life has its attractions, but I would gladly forego those if I could obtain your consent to buy a violin."

"My consent, boy?" the demon thundered. "Don't you know me well enough to imagine the uselessness of such a question. You are not my son. No son of mine would defy me in such a manner. Our paths lie in different directions. Go, leave this house immediately, and return only when your heart is so humble that you will reverence your father and be a blessing to him rather than a curse."

The son stood for a few moments in doubt and hesitation. When, however, his father showed no signs of relenting, he walked to the window. Here he turned and again seemed to hesitate. Once more he started, and in another moment he was gone.

Over one of the crowded streets of New York city raised a cab. It stopped at the curb in front of a brilliantly lighted opera house. Two well-dressed men stepped from it to the sidewalk, one having in his hands a violin case. They walked to a side door and entered a small vestibule. Here they removed their coats and hats. The violinist then tuned up his instrument and walked out upon the platform. Tremendous applause greeted him. When this had subsided he started to play, at first softly and tenderly, then more briskly. How beautiful was the music! How thoroughly in sympathy with his violin he was! At times the music resembled the songs of birds, and again the shouting of happy children. Sometimes the audience could hear the roar of the sea, followed by the sighing of the wind. At times the whole audience would weep. A moment later all would shout for joy. They were moved from one extreme to another. The violinist had them completely under his sway.

At last the music ceased and the applause of hundreds followed. Flowers of all kinds were showered down upon him and he played again and again. On the next day the daily newspapers sounded his praises. Eli Hopkins had become a famous musician.

Eli Hopkins was a genius. When he left home he directed his footsteps toward Boston, the nearest large city. Here he found work, and with his first savings bought a violin. He learned quickly, even though he had no teacher but a clerk who knew a few of the first principles of music. In a few years he had earned enough money to buy a better violin and take lessons of a skilled teacher. He learned so fast that he soon found himself able to support himself by his violin, and by degrees he arose still higher, until he attained to the position described.

For a few years Eli held his position. He traveled from city to city, making fortunes of money and winning the praises of all who heard him. He, however, was doomed to fall. As Adam of old was tempted by a woman, so also was Eli tempted. He fell in love with a French prima-donna. This woman was proud, haughty and arrogant. Her heart was capable of one love only—self-love. Her selfishness knew no bounds. Eli courted her beautiful face. She courted his wealth, his honor. She read his heart like a book. She knew its flaws and weak spots. He began to spend his money lavishly upon her. Many a costly dinner did he give her. Many a glass of champagne did they sip together, and many were the costly jewels she received from his hands.

In such a manner Eli was wasting his money, and, still worse, his health. His physicians forbade the use of intoxicants and warned him that his heart was weak. He, however, was under the woman's power. She induced him to keep up their merry life, and with jest turned off the subject of marriage, which he constantly spoke of. Eli's health soon failed entirely and he lost his position. His wealth followed, and his evil genius then said that their friendship must cease.
Broken-hearted, Eli soon sank to the level of a common drunkard. His condition became worse and worse. Without money and without clothes, he trod the dusty streets. His suffering at last became nearly unbearable. He would not, however, part with his violin. This was dearer to him than life.

One night, cold, and hungry, and weary, Eli stumbled into a small city mission. The singing had attracted his attention. The service was nearly ended and the leader had asked for a few scripture verses. Several men and women responded, and among them were these, so well known:

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

"Come unto me all ye that are heavy-laden and I will give you rest."

One old man arose and in a wheezy, trembling voice told the story of the prodigal son. When in the midst of the parable, he was interrupted by a low moan from the rear seat. Unnerved by this disturbance, the old man sat down in confusion. The leader, however, not at all daunted, went to Eli, for it was he who had caused the disturbance, and asked if he could do anything to help him. Eli burst into tears.

We shall draw a curtain over the rest of the scene. To describe it in fitting words would require the pen of a genius. Suffice it to say that Eli was converted, and that he left the mission a new man, with enough money in his pocket to carry him to his boyhood home. He had made the resolution of the prodigal son of New Testament times.

* * * * * * * * * * *

It was a beautiful, warm summer evening. Deacon Hopkins and his wife had just retired. After a short silence the mother spoke.

"Father, it is just fifteen years ago tonight that Eli left."

"Yes, mother, so it is," answered the old gentleman.

"I wonder where he is tonight?" mused the old lady.

"God knows, mother," was the answer.

"Father, don't you think that you could forgive him?" queried the mother.

"There are things which cannot be forgiven. I hear that he has married a stage-singer, and a Roman Catholic at that. Do you think that I could forgive all that?"

"Perhaps, father, this is not true."

"God grant, mother, it is not."

"Father, Mrs. Brown told me yesterday that the woman he intended to marry was killed in a railroad accident, and that he had not married her."

"Then he has my pardon!" exclaimed the deacon.

"Father, I am so happy, and I have such a queer feeling in my breast. I think that Eli will come back to us soon."

"Perhaps so, mother, perhaps so, but you had better try to sleep now."

Conversation ceased and both fell asleep. During the night the deacon had a strange dream. His son had called, and he had gone to the door to let him in. They had fallen into each others' arms, and the son had at once fallen asleep. To awaken his son he had shaken him.

He awoke with a start. But, hark! Through the open window came a sound of infinite sweetness, like the songs of angels. The music grew louder and richer in melody. Sweeter strains were never heard by mortal man. The notes grew sweeter and softer, like cries for pity and compassion.

Father and mother were weeping. They knew not why.

Then the music turned to a low, mournful wail like an infant crying for help. Then it ceased. In its stead came a stronger sound—the voice of the lost boy.

The father rushed to the door, threw it open and exclaimed: "My son! My son!"

"My father!" shouted the son, and he flung himself into his fathers' arms.

—WM. W. WALVOORD, '12.
STATE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

Once more the first Friday in March has come and gone. Each year it leaves Hope more satisfied and we are now so safely within the ranks of the first three that some enthusiastic Hopeites are dreaming that Hope is going to form Albion’s monotonous habit of winning every year. Sixty loyal supporters managed to make the long journey to Lansing and for the college which had the longest trip to make Hope maintained its reputation of knowing how to “back” its representative. Mr. Ver Hulst was certainly a man whom the school was proud to support and was recognized by his competitors as a dangerous rival.

The spirit shown by the various colleges was magnificent. The cheering was delightfully deafening in which Hope’s Dutch yells and siren whistle were very conspicuous. It is safe to say that the trip was immensely enjoyed by all who went. Not only that, but it has served as a needed stimulus to our college spirit. We have compared ourselves with other students, with a larger school, our orator held his own with everybody and made the winner put up a hard fight to get away from him, and all in all Hope has learned that all we need to put us in the front rank is the will to put ourselves there. We have been game losers and instead of discussing about what might have been we are beginning to compute our chances for winning next year. Fifth, fourth, third, has been our order the past three years. It is up to us to continue the progression three, two, one, and if we can skip a step so much the better. Now is the time for every man with an oratorical instinct or ambition to get in training and put Hope where she belongs.

J. H. W.

MILTON HOFFMAN WINS THE CECIL RHODES SCHOLARSHIP.

To Milton Hoffman, ’09, belongs the honor of doing the biggest thing that any of Hope’s students or younger alumni
have done in recent years. In February last he was awarded the Cecil Rhodes scholarship. The contest for this honor is open to the students of the State University and of all colleges of the state.

The winning of this scholarship gives Mr. Hoffman a three years' course at Oxford, England, with an annuity of $1,500. He will begin his studies in September next, and will confine himself to English literature.

It is no unusual thing for a Hope student or graduate to show especial merit in scholarship, but we have long wished that some one would show his ability to become a Rhodes scholar. Mr. Hoffman has done so in his second attempt. The winner reflects great credit upon the faculty of Hope College, and it is to be hoped that Hoffman's success may be a stimulus for others to enter the race. There is no reason why another Hope man in the future should not take the same honors. Diligent attention to studies from the "D" class up and perhaps special encouragement by the instructors, and above all systematic athletic training ought to result in qualifications, sufficient to pass the rigid examination for the scholarship.

J. W.

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MUSIC

There is a sphere whose depths we cannot sound,
And this is music. Nature grants us hear
Its voice in murmuring brooks; or when around
At night all silent seems, the listening ear

May catch a mystic melody. Again,
Listen to chords brought forth with marvellous skill
From some great organ, and the soulful strain
Compels the heart with happy thoughts to thrill.

Varied the sphere where music once movea;
For solie hours it has a joyous tune
And voice of mirth; should sorrow come it, soothes
The troubled breast in low and sweet commune.
O'er every mood, or sad or calm or gay,
The ministry of music holds sweet sway.

—MURIEL FORTUNE.
inter-collegiate debates take place. There is no reason why Hope should not win one, if not both, debates.

KNICKERBOCKERS HOLD FIRST BANQUET.

The night of the 10th of February was the first great event in the history of the Knickerbocker Society. The occasion was a banquet, and no pains were spared on the part of the young Knickerbockers to make this first great event a grand success. After a seven-course supper, numerous excellent toasts were given. Mr. Akeek Van Brunkhorst, the president of the new society, proved to be an ideal toastmaster. The great success of its first banquet has inspired every member of the new society to push the literary work with fresh vigor and enthusiasm. Although young, the society is full of life and action and we know that with the hearty co-operation of both Fraternal and Cosmopolitan Societies it has come to stay. The Knickerbocker says, "Fellow Fraternal, fellow Cosmopolitan, will you give us a helping hand?"

MELIPHONIANS HOLD ANNUAL BANQUET.

The members of the Meliphone Society gathered with their lady friends on the evening of February 24, to enjoy their annual banquet. The Meliphone ever strives to make each succeeding banquet surpass its predecessor. Great was the occasion. The heart of many a young Meliphonian swelled to think of giving his first toast. In a hall beautifully decorated, and seated about tables laden with the most delicious delicacies, the guests enjoyed a grand dinner and listened to the best wit and humor that Meliphone originality is capable of. Mr. John Tilkema, with his never-wanting humor, acted as toastmaster and manager to keep the guests in a roar most of the time. A flashlight picture was taken in order that the memory of the grand occasion may ever remain vivid in the minds of the banqueters. Another Meliphone banquet is past.

COSMOPOLITANS ENTERTAIN.

On Friday evening, February 21, the Cosmopolitan Society entertained the Fraternal and the Knickerbocker Societies. The grand meeting was held in the gymnasium, an ideal place for a gathering of that nature. It was a "well-done" affair. An excellent program, which was a cross between one of a literary and one of a humorous nature, was rendered. After the program, delicious refreshments were enjoyed, during which time quiet conversation was dominant. Then fun of a different nature began. The games played were less violent than basket-ball, and of a more social nature, although at times the excitement ran fully as high. There were some sixty-five present, and general mingling was a marked feature of the meeting. The statement was made by the presidents of all three societies that they considered such a meeting very beneficial and that it would be very desirable if one could be held each term.

We were very glad to see such a large number of Hope's Alumni present at the Men's Missionary Conference held on the campus on February 17, '10. Not one who was present will forget the stirring address delivered by Dr. S. M. Zwemer, '87, who is today in the very front rank of American platform speakers on Mission subjects.

Dr. John M. Van der Meulen, '91, of the Hamilton Grange church, of New York, recently lectured before the Society of Inquiry, on Psychology and Theology. The lecture is reported to have been well attended and very helpful.

Rev. E. Aelts, '99, of Sioux Falls, S. D., has accepted the call to Little Rock, Iowa.
The Anchor extends its heartfelt sympathy to Rev. G. Watermulder, ’97, of the Winnebago Mission, upon the recent death of Mrs. Watermulder.

Already three of the Seniors at the Western Theological Seminary have received the promise of a call—Henry Mollema, ’07, the call from Muscatine, Iowa; George Hankamp, ’07, from Hamilton, Mich., and John J. Van der Schaaf, ’08, from Litchville and North Marion, N. D.

Milton J. Hoffman, ’09, at present in the Junior class of the Western Theological Seminary, has won the Cecil Rhodes scholarship in Michigan. This prize entitles him to three years of study at Oxford, England, with an allowance of $1,500 a year. He will begin his studies there in the fall.

The application of Miss Bernice M. Tikken, of Holland, Mich., for the appointment to the Arcot Mission, has been accepted. She will leave in the fall and become the wife of Rev. B. Rotscheafer, ’06, who has an appointment at that Mission. The Anchor extends congratulations to Rev. Rotscheafer.

Attorney Cornelius Van der Meulen, ’00, of Holland, Mich., recently delivered a lecture on the trial of Jesus, at the quarterly rally of the South Ottawa Local Union C. E., held at the Second Reformed church at Zeeland. From both legal and religious standpoints the lecture is a great treat. The following is the report of Mr. Vander Meulen’s lecture at Grand Haven:

Attorney Cornelius Vander Meulen delivered a splendid lecture on the “Trial of Jesus” at the Second Reformed church Saturday night to an attentive audience. The lecture showed great research and is well composed and the lecturer has an excellent delivery.—Grand Haven Tribune.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Foreign Missions, R. C. A., Dr. John G. Fagg, ’81, pastor of the Middle Collegiate Church of New York City, was elected president of the Board, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. Hutton. Dr. Fagg was born at Bethlehem, Wis., fifty years ago; was graduated from Hope College with the class of ’81, and of New Brunswick Seminary in ’85. For two years he served the churches of Lawyerville and Cobbleskill, N. Y., was a missionary in China from ’88 to ’94, pastor of the New Paltz, N. Y., church from ’94 to ’95, and of the Middle Collegiate church, New York City, since ’95.


Before one of the largest audiences ever gathered in Carnegie gymnasium to witness a basket-ball game, Hope won a decisive victory over the Notre Dame University to the tune of 37 to 26. It had been agreed upon that the first half should be played under the inter-collegiate rules, to which Hope’s team was unaccustomed. As a consequence Notre Dame piled up 14 points before the local team could get a start. Then by a little fast playing, the first half ended with the score 16 to 16. In the second half, which was somewhat rough, Hope kept the lead until the close. The support from the side lines was good and very likely helped to win the game. Captain Veenker led in the points for Hope, while the work of Laven and Vruwink was brilliant. Maloney and Fish starred for the visitors.

HOPE, 54: JACKSON, 28.

Not at all discouraged by the results of the M. A. C. game and feeling no ill effects of the terrific battle, the Hope five reached home from the oratorical contest just in time to swoop down upon the prisoner boys and give them a thrashing which will long linger in their minds. The fellows kept on shooting baskets from the left and right of the floor and the accurate foul throwing brought in the score 54-28 when the pistol shot sounded the end of the game.

M. A. C., 40: HOPE, 21.

A game in which Hope’s five probably had the hardest fight this season was played at Lansing on March 3 on the M. A. C.’s floor. Owing to the fact that the floor was wretched
and that the crossbeams were so low that it was almost impossible to make a basket except directly in front of the basket. Hope's quintet was exceedingly handicapped. The game was played under the usual arrangements with regard to the rules, the intercollegiate being used in the first half and the A. A. U. in the second. In spite of the fact that the intercollegiate rules were unfamiliar to Hope's players, they made a better showing in the first half than in the second, and in this period once came within three points of M. A. C.'s total. In the beginning of the second half Hope made a steady gain but in the last part of the half M. A. C. put on an extra spurt that gave them a big lead. The guarding by Laven and the all around playing of J. Vruxink attracted much attention. The prettiest throw of the entire game was made by Brooks, dropping the ball in the basket from the center of the floor. It was a hard fight, but Hope's rooters who saw the game are confident that the coming game on March 12 will turn out in an entirely different way.

AN OPPORTUNITY WHICH MEANS WORK.

Taking up cross-country running as a major branch of athletics less than a year ago, unusual conditions have in that short time brought Hope into what is practically the leadership in that department of sport among Michigan colleges,—the advance being due, perhaps, more to the happy and timely choice of a sport which is increasing rapidly in popularity than to the excellence of the team which was developed the first year. The immediate response received from M. A. C., Albion, Olivet, and other schools which were invited to send teams to the annual cross-country run on April 9, testifies to the need which was felt for such an event, and Hope has, by a timely entrance into the field with a race which is a fixture for Holland, secured a prestige and a grip upon the management which will undoubtedly prove a lasting one.

From this alluring prospect, it must not be imagined that the Hope College athletes may sit calmly by, and without effort reap the benefits of this grasping of an opportunity. Far from it! The race must furnish competition worthy of the efforts of the best runners Michigan can produce, and prizes which do not represent the reward of keenest athletic rivalry bring only "honor,—but an empty bubble." Hope must be represented this spring by a team which will inspire respect among its adversaries and bring honor to its Alma Mater. Upon this first holding of the Invitation Race as an event for colleges depends its whole future,—as a classic event gradually gaining standing, or as a mediocre competition gradually dwindling to mere local importance.

Such a team cannot be built in a day, nor from a picked half dozen or more candidates. There must be a large squad from which to pick, and in a school with such a comparatively small student body, this means a turnout of all the athletically inclined of the college. Inexperience is the most speedily remedied factor in the development of a long distance runner. It is perseverance in training and that dogged Spartan courage to "return with the shield or on it" which breeds the athlete who would win honors in cross-country and distance running. It is such that Hope College should and will have.

—L. H. CONGER.

EXCHANGES

With this issue the present exchange editor bids the wide circle of exchanges a farewell. Many and agreeable have been his experiences while acting in this enviable capacity. The monthly perusals through the numerous publications was fraught with less of pain and more of pleasure than many other college duties. The hearty recognition of our paper by so many college papers has not only been an inspiration to
the entire staff, but to the exchange editor in a peculiar sense. His was not the duty to return the compliment, but with the consciousness of a genuine fellow-feeling between exchanges, to recognize their good traits and give them their simplest expression. This, then, has been my particular pleasure for a year, and we hope that the succeeding staff may be as considerably treated as we were.

"The Old Man's Story" in the "College Index" excels in rich and skillfully drawn images, and through it all there rings a strange and pleasing melody.

"Detroit Student": You have several very attractive cuts, especially the cut of "In Athletics." Your cover design is also neat and timely.

"Side Lights" has a bit of genuine poetry in "Memory Pictures of Old O. U."

"Hedding Graphic" contains a magnificent photo of the graduating class.

"Helios," Grand Rapids High: An unaffected exemplification of the truth that "matured and disciplined talent will always be sought and admired."

"The Decaturian" is an evenly balanced and winning publication, representing in true proportions the developments of every phase of college interests. The various cuts of the February issue are in particular worthy of comment, well defined and tasty.

A Freshman girl was talking about some Seniors who take Freshman German. "Oh! these Seniors," she said, "They do everything so impressively. They hold their books impressively—they even flunk impressively!"

Here is Vander Velde's recipe for an oration: "Take one essay, flavor with a few gestures, and serve hot."

In German class Prof. Brush spoke thus about a certain passage: "Now, these are all technical gambling terms. Ver Hulst, what do they mean?" But Ver Hulst was not the gambler the Prof. seemed to take him for, so the Prof. said: "Well, since none of the boys know, we'll ask some of the ladies to help us out. Laven, you tell us."

Brooks takes German. One day a student in the class was translating thus: "He heard a sound like the whispering of brooks." Prof. Brush put in: "Yes, I hear it now."

Bennink had a funny streak one day and said to his neighbor at table: "Did your mother whip you when you were little?"

"Yes, when I needed it."

"And did her mother whip her?"

"Sure."

"And did her mother whip her, too?"

"For all I know."

"Well, who started the blamed thing, anyhow?"

Schwitters tells of a place in Iowa where they saw wells up into post holes because it's cheaper than to buy new land to make them out of.

One day Prof. Beardslee favored the Sophomores with a donation of two words to add to their vocabulary, according to Prof. Nykerg's suggestion that they learn two new words every week. The words were Pymaogeronomachia and Batrachonyomachia. Next day three members of the class were sick.

Prof. Wichers had been expounding to his physiology class how boiling water kills the germs in it, and how unboiled water is a regular aquarium. One of the students said: "Well, professor, if raw water is an aquarium, boiled water must be a cemetery."

Doesn't it strike you that the picture of the Anchor staff looks pretty good? The editor-in-chief gave every member of
the staff orders to take a beauty sleep before going down to Lacey's.

This is our swan song. You won't have to suffer with us any more. Next month there will be new joke editors. Blessings on thee, little men; we wish you all sorts of good joke material.

If one of Professor Boer's zealous history students had seen Anker the other day with Della's coat and hat on, he might have exclaimed: "There's an anchor in the Delaware."

"Leon's Lubricity" by Prep. '09.

When the "A" class boys were going to race,
They all looked very stunning;
But Mulder got a little pale,
For he saw that Sapp was running.
A charming peroxide from Pella
Once nestled her head on a fella,
But now it is said
That the shape of her head
Is printed upon him in "yella."—Selected.

The Professor in Political Economy says that for him Commencement day is always a huge circus. He likens the Senior oration to a flow of gas from some storage tank or leaky gas main. It must be true, for not a voice was raised in protest.

Instructor: "Now, since you have learned that a mule pulling a plow is capital, is there any difference between the mule and a woman pulling a plow?"
Warnshuis: "No."
No hope for you, Co-eds.

Mary had a little lamb,
You've heard that much before.
But Mary passed her plate again
And had a little more.

Aleck comparing the object of his cardiac fluctuations.
Pos. Comp. Supl.
Parr Pards Parted

Demotts (after somebody had swiped his lid): "Will the iniquitous and maladroit individual who very adroitly exchanged sky-pieces in the rotunda, immediately return the same or the plaintiff will proceed to render the atmosphere very insalubrious for the defendant?"

Those who wished to have their names printed in the Anchor are:
Jonathan Silverheels.
Mr. Van Houweling.
Also others too numerous to mention.

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