While may memory
Steal our thoughts.
To meditate on olden days
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The Lokker-Rutgers Co.
STUDENT'S HEADQUARTERS FOR CLOTHING AND SHOES

A Song of Longing

In the blue sky softly trailing,
Summer clouds are lightly sailing,
Weaving a vision fair of golden beams;
Holy calm and heavenly skies,
To your realms could I but rise,
Peacefully then I'd lie in blissful dreams.

In the vale, by shady nook,
Laughing flows the purling brook,
Singing its lightsome way through rustic scene;
Ah, could I but take my flight
To the distant hills of light,
Void of dull care, I'd dwell with thoughts serene.

Springing from their grassy beds,
Flow'rets nod their golden heads,
Drinking the cooling flood of morning dew;
Could but I, such beauty gaining,
Such perfection rare attaining,
Into the depths divine my path pursue.

Dreams of beauty that inspire
Hope immortal, passions fire,
Radiant skies with purple glory burning,
Golden visions filled with longing,
Flood the heart with raptures thronging,
Kindle the mounting spirit's ceaseless yearning.

WILLIAM MIEDEMA, '93, Buchanan, Mich.
REQUEST came to me recently from the editor of The Anchor for a picture of myself and a message to be published in The Anchor. The request arose from the fact that I was the oldest living alumnus of Hope College. There are three other living graduates of the first class: Gerrit Dangremond, William and Peter Moerdyk. Four have passed to the "farther shore": Ale Buursma, W. B. Gilmore, J. W. Te Winkel and Harm Woltman. J. W. Te Winkel and W. B. Gilmore were older than I. If I live to the 25th of this present October, I shall be seventy-four years old, or shall I write it "young?" for I am not conscious of feeling old. My health is good, and I can still walk several miles at a stretch, though I should hesitate to undertake such a trip as William Moerdyk, W. B. Gilmore, and myself made in our college days when we walked to Kalamazoo and thence through southern Michigan and northern Indiana till we reached South Bend.

This year at the Winfield Chautauqua Assembly I passed through the "Golden Gate" and graduated from the four years' "Reading Course," receiving a diploma with six seals, forty-five years after I graduated from Hope College.

The picture I send is the graduating class, taken in front of the Chautauqua headquarters at Island Park,—a contrast to the picture of forty-five years ago. My friends here pronounces this last a good likeness.

I realize that I am far down the western slope of life and nearing the sunset gate that opens on eternal glory, and I can say with the Psalmist, "Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life." I rejoice that I have been permitted to be of some use in the world. I helped to lay the foundation of Hope College.

There was much that was discouraging in those early days, and had not that first class been resolute and determined to stand true to it, the college could never have been chartered.

The students of the present have advantages in numerous and able instructors, ample and convenient buildings, but the early students had this inspiration, that the future of the
college depended on them, and that therefore they must be studious, moral, and self-reliant.

Dr. Vincent said in his Baccalaureate address at Chautauqua, N. Y., this year: "A really thorough religious life contributes to intellectual discipline and enrichment. What we call education embraces self-discipline which makes possible at will intellectual concentration—personal thinking, protracted and undisturbed—by which one may see through a subject and discover its relations and possible applications to life. A trained intellect applies the will force to the extension of research, the testing of theories, the removal of difficulties, the devising of policies. It is able to persist in its scrutiny, judge justly concerning incidental suggestions and appearances, and carry to the end of its application every principle involved in the investigation it has undertaken. All these fine intellectual results follow the habit of conscientious religious reflection and devotion. Religion includes intellect-life and growth."

This seems to me an echo of what Dr. Phelps impressed upon his students. May the message go on reverberating in the students' ears for years to come. May religion so permeate and ennoble intellectual culture that the aspiration of the poet may be the prayer of every seeker after knowledge—"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul! As the swift seasons roll! Leave thy low-vaulted past! Let each new temple, nobler than the last, Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast, Till thou at length art free, Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

W.M. A. SHIELDS, '66.

Winfield, Kansas, Oct. 17th, 1911.
A MESSAGE FROM ABROAD.

(Hope College is proud of her alumni in the foreign mission service. Several requests were sent out for messages from the field, but only one was answered.)

GLADLY comply with the request for a message for the Alumni number of The Anchor. It is a message calling to faith, love, and hope. Hope is characteristic of young China. In the revolution now on, the most rosy hopes are entertained for the establishment at once of a republic like America. The people are to come to their own. Unfortunately, in this city at least, courage does not rise with hope, for during the last two days, hearing that the rebels were coming, people have been fleeing day and night, so that less than half the population is left. But hope is still strong. As the missionaries have seen latent possibilities brought out in China's uprising, our hopes too for the speedy coming of the King to His own are rising. How strong is your hope for the speedy evangelization of China? Are you like these people fleeing from the conflict, or does courage rise with opportunity?

LOVE. There are some who love their country and are pouring out their blood for freedom and independence. But how few! Patriotism never had a chance to develop here, and many of our friends talk about the Chinese republic they want established, but don't stretch out a hand to bring it to realization. How about Christ's kingdom? How fervent is your love? "Loveest thou me? Behold the fields white ready to harvest." FAITH. Many of us feel that if the revolution fails to accomplish what is hoped it will largely be because of lack of faith and mutual distrust among the leaders. Faith is fundamental. Is not faith also the measure of the Church's success and the measure of our individual Christian attainment? "Faith working through love" is what we need. "Believest thou? Thou shalt see greater works than these."

Yours fraternally,

H. P. DE PREE, '02.

Amoy, China, Nov. 11, 1911.
toward the corner of Lincoln avenue and Sixteenth street to sketch the cottage which has since become an old land-mark.

Change your position and listen to the faithful bell-ringer in front of Van Vleck Hall, as he tolls the parting hour. The class of '87 now enters the Latin room, situated in the northeast corner of Van Vleck Hall. The new professor meets them with a greeting and courtesy which at once command admiration and respect.

You must change the focus if you would see the building below the hill. Going up the winding stair you may see youthful '87 practising penmanship or taking a dictation. As you descend, stop at the first door and visit the English professor. After a scuffle in the hall the class enters with a suppressed giggle. The disturbance forces the professor out of his chair, and as his eyes bulge with indignation, words fail him. Inattention causes a dull lesson, so the patient professor resorts to an exercise in calisthenics, much to the recreation of both teacher and pupils.

Again we see the class passing through the pine grove to the Oggel House. Mounting the stairs, they reach the home of the gods. The professor has shut out everything foreign to Greek and mythology. Here we find in the study of classic lore an inspiration for the development of our aesthetic sense.

The day-dream over, see them enter the unpretentious building located at the head of the cement staircase. The lecture room of the President is full of interest,—chemistry is bottled up on the shelves, geology is arranged in piles according to strata, showing specimens of rock formation; physics is demonstrated by the apparatus on the floor. Besides being master of the sciences, the president-professor has time and place in history at his finger-tips. His mental power and energy are an inspiration to arouse the class to action.

Space will not permit us to dwell on this panoramic sketch. Twenty-five years have replaced the dear old halls of learning with buildings imposing in size, ornamental in architecture, and in equipment fully ready to meet the demands of the age. Yet the same atmosphere is there to develop hidden powers and possibilities; and today every activity in life is open to the college man and woman, and the opportunity is theirs to do their parts well, for humanity.

CORNELIA CAPPON BRUSSE, '87.
Holland, Michigan.

THE ALUMNI ENDOWMENT FUND.

It may be news to many of the undergraduates that there is an Alumni Endowment Fund in connection with Hope College. That the fund has existed for many years is made plain by the fact that many names of the graduates of the first years are among those who have contributed to it,—such as Rev. J. W. Te Winkel, Rev. Emo Heeren, Rev. Wm. Van Hensgen, Rev. Gerrit Daanen, and others. The fund originated in, and makes its appeal to, the gratitude of the alumni to their Alma Mater.

Along with the many other blessings received through Hope College, every graduate realizes that he has received also large financial benefits, even though he has "paid his own way." This is readily seen when we compare the cost of maintaining the institution with what each student pays in as tuition. The cost of maintenance last year was $38,000, and the number of students in the Preparatory and College Departments was 527. Thus, since all the expense of maintaining the institution is for the sake of the students, each student cost the college $116; and as they pay in only $18 or $24 as tuition, it is readily seen that each student receives annually a gift of from $90 to $100.

Now it has been felt by many that receiving such a gift annually for from four to eight years has placed them under a moral obligation to assist the college, if possible, to help others as liberally as they themselves have been aided. The least, certainly, that could be suggested was that each graduate should give $100 as a hearty recognition of what the institution has done for him. And we humbly believe that this should take precedence with the alumni over all other beneficences.
How the money is used:
The principal received is put out at interest by the Council of the College, under whose care the fund has been placed temporarily, and the interest is turned over to the contingent fund of the college. Thus the fund does not lie idle, but is just what its name implies—An Endowment Fund, and the institution has the same benefit of it as of her own endowment.
The response:
The response of many in the last year and a half, since the undersigned has undertaken to interest his fellow-alumni in this matter, has been gratifying. Not that so large a number have responded financially,—but those who have done so have done it gladly, and many others have expressed the purpose of aiding in the near future.

Permit me to append a few extracts from letters received (and may the leaven work mightily):

"Replying to yours of I inclose note for one hundred dollars, payable in five years. I wish I could have made it larger, but circumstances as yet forbid."

Another: "I should think that every Alumnus of Hope College would be only too glad to contribute this small sum to his Alma Mater for the benefit he has received. I therefore herewith send you note for one hundred dollars, etc."

Another from a happy and very useful couple who are both graduates:

"Without Hope College it is hardly likely that my wife or myself would have enjoyed a higher education. For us therefore to sign these notes and presently to pay them, is only a small return for what we have received." Two notes, each for $100, were received from this worthy couple, and they have later been redeemed.

Only one more, or I may overstep the space allowed me. I cannot give the whole letter, but will give a few extracts:

"My dear Hekhuis—It is with the greatest pleasure that I sit down this afternoon to put into effect what I expressed as a hope in my communication in February.

I enclose a check for $405. It is my contribution to the Alumni Fund.

Will you kindly have this credited in the books to me—

$100, and twenty-odd years' compound interest—$305?

If the thing had been properly presented to me at graduation, I should undoubtedly have signed a note. I wish all might be able to treat the matter as if they had signed a note at graduation.

May I not express the urgent wish that every alumnus and alumna will consider this privilege as "an obligation which is one of our most pressing duties"—as one brother expresses it?

And may we not urge every one of the undergraduates to register a vow that the first duty after graduation shall be to show his appreciation of what Hope has done for him in some substantial way, and thus enable her to do still better and larger work? And no one certainly can well do less than to join the number who are doing this through the Alumni Endowment Fund. GERRIT J. HEKHUIS, '85.

Overisel, Michigan.

A SHEAF OF JAPANESE POEMS.

By Grace Hoekje Hondelink, '03.

JAPANESE poetry has three characteristics: lines of five and seven syllables; extreme shortness—three, four, or five lines making up an entire poem; and terseness of style, as the poetical sentence often has no verb and is, in fact, rather an exclamation than an assertion. The following translations of well-known Japanese poems make no claim to merit for rhyme or meter. If, however, they give to American readers some little idea of the elusive beauty and charm of songs Japanese, the time and effort spent will be well worth while to the translator.

Morai Mizu (Gift-water).

One morning I came to draw water, alas!
A thief in the night stole my bucket away;
Not mine—Morning-glory's green hands held it fast!
I broke not her tendrils: she holds it today.

—By the poetress Chiyo, last century.
A whimsical ditty by Basho, 17th century:
A red dragon-fly, but take off its wings,—
Lo, a red pepper pod, that equally stings!

A thousand-year-old poem, by an anonymous poet:
   Just to count, by moon's pale beam,
   'Gainst white clouds, crossed, flying wings,
   Untamed geese—as in a dream,
   Autumn to my spirit sings.

A Hokkai, or Hokku.
A blossom fallen from a tree;
No, as I look again, I see
A butterfly deceiving me.

A Popular Proverb.
Chief of flowers, the cherry blooms;
High 'mongst men, the soldier looms.

Getsu-zen no Hototogisu.
(The Cuckoo in Front of the Moon).
A single note of song I heard—
Was it from moon? Was it from bird?
Cuckoo!
   —By Basho, 17th century.

Kalamazoo, Michigan.

ALUMNI IN VARIOUS PURSUITS.

The Profession of Law.

Laws have regulated society from time immemorial. They are necessary in the very nature of things. The more highly society is organized, the more numerous, varied, and complex are the laws which govern it. In all ages there have been of necessity interpreters and judges as well as framers of the law.

In our own country the lawyer meets with an interesting and unique situation touching the law, for there are forty-eight states, and each state is a Sovereign in all matters save those over which the Constitution of the United States has granted power to the Central Government.

The common law of England, which, except in certain Southern states, is the basis of our system of jurisprudence, has been so modified by statutes that there is no uniformity in the laws of our different jurisdictions. Moreover, so many of the laws bearing upon business, social, and economic affairs, are purely statutory and are constantly changing to meet new conditions, that nice constitutional questions frequently present themselves to the legal practitioner.

Peculiar opportunities for growth and development are offered a lawyer. His contact with people in various vocations, his acquaintance with the habits of thought and methods of work of men of large affairs, his critical analysis of involved matters of fact, and the application of correct principles of law and equity to them, enlarge his horizon, sharpen his power of perception, and develop his mind.

Because of his training and associations a lawyer frequently can and does render distinctive public service. This is one of the many rewards of the profession. In many instances such service has spelled a lawyer's greatest success. As in the other professions these are rewards which cannot be measured in the coin of the realm. However, the members of his profession are (most wrongfully) regarded by many very like the medical brethren by Victor Hugo's Archdeacon, Dom Claude, who says, "I deny neither pharmacy nor the invalid. I reject the physician."

A lawyer must be progressive, for the law is a progressive science. Witness for example the statutes limiting the hours of labor and prescribing safety appliances, the Workingmen's Compensation Acts, and the Child Labor Laws. Thirty years ago these would have been declared unconstitutional on the ground of interference with the freedom of contract or of depriving one of property without due process of law. Today, in view of changes in industrial conditions and a more liberal construction of the fundamental law of the United States and the individual states, the laws above enumerated are found in the statute-books of the progressive states and when properly drafted have invariably been declared constitutional because
consonant with public policy. Other instances may be cited
in which the courts of last resort, including the United States
Supreme Court, in recent years have not followed old precedents.

As to some of the requisites, then, for attaining real success
at the bar,—a lawyer must be studious and industrious,
broad-minded, public-spirited, and progressive, and he must
not be too eager for large remuneration. There is a saying
that a lawyer is one who works hard, lives well, and dies poor.

JOHN VENNEMA, Prep '89.

Chicago, Illinois.

Teaching.

As we look back upon the time we have spent in giving
instruction to others, we look back upon one of the most pleasant
experiences of our life. We believe that those who take
up teaching merely as a stepping-stone to other pursuits, are
gaining an experience which will be helpful to them in any
other relation. Those who pursue it as their profession may
not gain the most from a material point of view, but have the
greatest opportunity to become broader themselves, and by
continual contact to develop others mentally, morally, and
spiritually.

We who have for some time been connected with the
Academies of our Church cannot refrain from entering our
plea for them. These institutions are trying to do all they can
to help the communities in which they are found, and to come
into closer relation with our college. In the midst of a splendid
public school system with the resources of the states at its
command, it is difficult for our schools to do as much as they
would like to do. Why should we not have the liberal support
of our own Church, so that we can better compete with other
schools and be of greater benefit to our Alma Mater? Will
you not help to make these schools institutions of which our
Church may justly be proud?

MINNIE H. DE FEYTER, '02.

Cedar Grove, Wisconsin.

Holding Down a Newspaper Job.

I was asked to write a short article on Journalism for the
Alumni Number of The Anchor. The trouble is I know very
little about journalism, having been engaged for the most part
since leaving school in newspaper-work, with the emphasis on
the work. These remarks therefore, by way of warning, are
about newspaper-work, not about journalism.

Will Irwin's series in Collier's on the American Newspaper
has aroused a rather wonderful interest in that subject
and anything that I could say on the American Newspaper has
been better said and with greater authority in that series. The
only newspaper-work I know anything about at first hand is
the kind found in a small city like Holland.

And whatever the case may be in a large city, I am very
sure that for an editor in a small town like Holland the one
fact that stands out more clearly than any other, when he
mentally reviews the work of the year, is that it has been a
constant compromise. He stands between the public and un-
avoidable conditions—the devil and the deep sea in new forms.
The public demands the news, naturally, and the editor tries,
as best he can in his manifold capacity of managing editor,
city editor, sporting editor, dramatic editor, society editor,
editorial writer, and reporter all rolled in one, to fill up from
seven to ten columns a day with the story of the births, deaths,
mariages, "parties", club meetings, church socials, and so on,
of the town. Very often when there have been an unusual
number of happenings the "adv" man has also been unusually
lively, and the editor finds that a number of his "good stories"
cannot be placed. The next day, perhaps, he cannot find
"stories" enough to fill a postal card, when, behold, the "adv"
man has had good luck and there are fourteen columns to
fill instead of ten! The first day he compromises with neces-
sity my withholding from the public good news-stories; the
next day he compromises again, because, although he knows
that a brief story is the best story, he pads one worth a para-
graph into a half-column.

Then there is a constant compromise in regard to the
appearance of his paper. For instance, his sense of the artistic
rebels against the use of wood-type in an advertisement, but
the advertiser who provides the money that makes the wheels go round insists on wood-type and often converts a page into a black, glaring handbill. The editor detests medicine advertisements, but not infrequently is compelled to see one placed directly under an editorial that has cost him an hour of hard work, for the simple reason that the company wants "position", which means a place under or next to live reading-matter.

Then there is the question of typographical perfection of his paper on which the editor in the small town must constantly be satisfied with compromises. In his inexperience at first, he dreams of a typographically perfect paper. But he is soon disillusioned in this respect. A proof-reader specially trained for the work is out of the question; not enough money comes rolling in to employ a man like Mr. White of Collier's, who is as sure of his facts, figures, and spelling as the dictionary and the latest edition of the encyclopedia. The editor is compelled to make the best of it and to trust to luck that as few blunders as possible shall escape the notice of the more or less imperfectly educated proof-reader. But the result is occasionally ludicrous and sometimes wonderful.

But this is not meant to be an editor's Book of Lamentations, for no matter how far the product of the day's work falls short of his ideal and no matter how much drudgery he is compelled to submit to, the work is its own reward. He touches the keys of the typewriter lovingly as the musician fingers the key-board of his piano; he feels the exhilaration of the busy life all about him and gets a look at the hidden springs of action that the reader never or seldom has an opportunity of seeing. After all, the most interesting things that happen in a city or country can never be set up in type. The printed page usually tells of the deed; the editor, by virtue of his position, often has the opportunity to learn the motive. And even when the motive forms part of the printed story there is often yet another motive that is too elusive to be expressed in words.

But perhaps the greatest joy of the work is the opportunity for social service. The editor has the privilege, on account of his position, of becoming acquainted with all of the movements that are constantly started in any city for the betterment of the community, and his is the exquisite joy of helping such movements by the encouragement of publicity. Sometimes he finds that his enthusiasm has been misplaced and sometimes he is compelled to smile at the mental picture of himself "blindly groping about him for light"; but at other times he feels the pleasure that only those can have who see the cloud "climb to a soul in grass and flowers."

William Morris, the English Socialist poet, says that in the ideal society in the "land of nowhere" every man will have work to do that he takes pleasure in doing. Perhaps in that mythical "land of nowhere" the galling compromises that an editor in a small town is compelled to make will be done away with. But for him who loves the smell of printer's ink, to whom the ink-besmirched printer's roller-towel is a welcome sight, for whom there is a thrill in the very click of type and the pounding of a linotype machine, and for whom there is music in the far-off rumble of the press—for such a one it is not necessary, in order to get a great deal of pleasure out of his work, to live in the "land of nowhere."

ARNOLD MULDER, '07.

Farming.

From a certain point of view there are two classes of farmers. I was visiting some years ago in Sioux county, Iowa, and here especially I saw a good many specimens of the first class,—men who are proud of the fact that they are farmers; men who are honored and respected because they are farmers, who have good credit everywhere, but don't have to impose upon it, whose barns are filled with plenty and with good stock, whose farming implements are in their proper places, whose fields raise abundant crops; men who are always busy and yet have leisure; men who mind their own business and yet are often called upon to serve their church and their community in varying but honored ways; men who are putting brains as well as muscle into their work; men who farm for pleasure and a decent living primarily, and generally attain a fair profit as a consequence.

The second class of farmers are men who farm because
they have to, men who have their occupation stamped upon their physique, upon their clothing, upon their manners,—you see them everywhere. They have been in this world since the time of Ham,—men without initiative, without clearly-defined ambitions, without much method or purpose in their farming, suspicious and yet easily imposed upon, honest and yet full of trickery.

I feel honored in having been asked to write this article for The Anchor to represent the sons of Hope who may have taken up the occupation of farming. I feel quite sure they all belong to this first class of farmers,—anyway they ought to. Our country is awakening to the fact that all farmers ought to belong to this first class. It would lower the cost of living, it would give the occupation less cause for caricature and more for respect. By means of agricultural colleges, experiment stations, model government farms, farmers' institutes, much has already been done for the farmers; still more will be done in the future by means of different proposed innovations. There have been wonderful developments and changes in farming in the last fifty years, but still greater changes and revolutions are coming in the next half-century. There are opportunities in farming for young men today as great as in any occupation, either in financial remuneration or in using their talents in faithfully serving their day and generation.


Coopersville, Michigan.

The Gospel Ministry.

If theology ranks as queen among the sciences, the work performed by those trained in this science may justly be regarded as of first importance and of well-nigh inestimable value. There are many noble ministries by man for man, but none nobler than this; there are several splendid professions, but none outranking in splendor the ministerial. It is broad in its scope, it reaches down to man's deepest needs and lifts him up to his highest possibilities. It furnishes him with visions of opportunity and duty that inspire to noble effort and service, and places before him an ideal so high and worthy that it calls forth the very best in him.

The Minister of the Gospel, in all his labors, in the pulpit and out of it, aims primarily at one thing—the saving of lives, which implies the salvation of the soul. It is a mistaken notion, often prevalent among men, that the preacher of the Gospel deals only in things pertaining to the other world, in admonishing man to prepare himself for it, telling him that death is imminent and that if his soul is only saved when death overtakes him all will be well. All this is his work, but it is only part of it. He is to endeavor to win men for God the quickest way possible through the ministration of the Gospel in order to set them at work for God here and now, in order to make their earthly lives count for truth and righteousness. The true minister of Jesus Christ is as much a life-saver as a soul-saver, and as such his ministry helpfully touches every part of human life, every human relationship along domestic, social, ecclesiastical, and civic lines. He reaches out after all men of all ages, classes, conditions, ranks, and nationalities, to make them see by the help of God their need of pardon, peace, and true spiritual life through the grace of God in Christ Jesus, and after the surrender is made and the need is supplied, to set them at work for God, living the Christian life, exerting an influence and setting an example and giving a testimony whose power for good and Christianity the most skeptical dare not deny. This is the purpose of preaching and living the Gospel. It makes every man who hears and heeds, nobler and better, holier and happier, kinder and more unselfish, a worthier member of the home, society, and the state, and ultimately fit for heaven. The Gospel ministry lays claim therefore upon the highest and best in man. It taxes him to the utmost. It is no “snap,” but a glorious, strenuous task, a work for which angels envy us. Its rewards are rather redeemed and sanctified lives than money values. Its claims are strong and convincing. This noble profession has for years been allying for strong-minded and noble-hearted men.

May God grant that a larger percentage of our college-bred men than ever before may hear and heed the urgent call to enter this profession and by means of it to bring large blessings of great spiritual good to humanity.

Teunis W. Muilenburg, '89.

Kalamazoo, Michigan.
With this number of The Anchor the alumni editor gladly gives place to her successor. Although at times somewhat difficult, the task of the editor has been its own reward. To come to feel a closer kinship with the sons and daughters of our common Alma Mater, Old Hope,—this surely is worth the while. May the new editor find an equally great pleasure in her task!

Mrs. John A. Otte, '82, is spending the winter in Albany, N. Y., where her oldest daughter is a student in the State Normal College. Another daughter is at Northfield Seminary, and a son is at the Mt. Hermon school.

Our tenderest sympathy goes out to Rev. Joseph Sizoo, '07, who is mourning the death of his wife, which occurred on December 27th, 1911.

At the services held at Rutgers College in observance of the Day of Prayer for Colleges, the sermon was delivered by the Rev. Dr. John M. Vander Meulen, '91.

Rev. John Huizenga, '07, will spend the winter in New York City at the home of his daughter, Mrs. A. J. Muste, Prep. '05.

John C. Hoekje, '06, in charge of the schools at Zeeland, has introduced the departmental plan of teaching into the grades there.

Rev. C. Muller, '07, recently visited friends on the campus.

Rev. A. J. Muste, '05, led chapel Monday morning, January 29th.

Rev. James Moerdijk, '97, by the assignment of work in Arabia, has been transferred from Amara to Oman. He will be engaged mainly in work in the interior.

Prof. John E. Knizenga, '99, was honored by receiving an invitation to deliver two addresses on the Old Testament at a Bible Institute held at Kalamazoo. College duties prevented an acceptance of the invitation.

Rev. B. Hoffman, '95, is the new pastor of the Second Reformed Church at Zeeland. Rev. A. Rozendaal, '97, will take charge of the Ebenezer Church at Leighton, Iowa.


Miss Ethel D. Van den Berg, Prep. '07, was a member of the first three-year class graduated from the Butterworth Hospital School of Nursing at Grand Rapids. At the graduating exercises held last September, Miss Van den Berg was one of two who received special prizes.

Gerrit Warnshuis, Prep. '11, recently won first place in the Freshman Oratorical Contest at the Michigan Agricultural College. His victory gave him the honor of competing in the final contest, at which a representative for the State Contest was chosen. It pays to "get your fundamentals at Hope!"

Manley Stegeman, Prep. '05, who has been in the U. S. Navy for four years, has decided to quit the service to take up other lines of work. Trips from New York to Panama on the U. S. battleship Idaho, a two years' stay in Porto Rico, and the position of quartermaster-sergeant in the Brooklyn shipyards, have occupied his term of service.

Andrew Hyman, Prep. '06, has also returned after a term of service in the navy.
TO THE ALUMNI.

Hope College never wants to forget her alumni. Their success is her joy. Today Alma Mater and studentry are watching the Hope-ites of past years, remembering the records they made in their school days, and trusting to see them do their tasks in life with faithful hands and strong. With pleasure The Anchor staff of 1911-12 dedicates its farewell issue to the alumni.

And the alumni can return this appreciation. Sons and daughters of Hope, the students of today are following in your
train. Help them to become efficient alumni. Help them in every way you can. One way to do this is by encouraging them in their journalistic efforts. So lay aside a tiny "cartwheel" for The Anchor, which once a month will remind you of the good old days.

THE FIGHTING EDGE.

Has it ever occurred to you in reading the biography of Burns that he accomplished very little genuine work after his brilliant visit to the Scottish capital? His immortal poems belong rather to the period when he was still following the plow. Shortly after his stay in Edinburgh his poetry becomes thin and powerless and soon ceases entirely. With an unchanged mental equipment and a store of experience widened and deepened, Burns could confidently have been expected to gain in power. Such is not the case, however. It seems plain that the poet lost the power of intense and prolonged application of mind,—the fighting edge was lost.

This points to an insidious danger to every student. In their natural condition our minds do about as little as they are obliged to do. Not unless they are whipped into line by a will which is inexorable in certain demands, do they do their full duty. But if the motive power is impaired, the engine falls off in its output, or, in other words, the edge of the mind for solid mental effort is destroyed. This happened to Burns and threatens every student.

In order that the mind may be kept in trim, outside interests may not so take up one's attention that entire days pass by without at least a modicum of hard, undivided mental effort. If social engagements are so numerous as to bring this about, a better balance must be struck. The same applies to any other activity, athletics and religious work included.

It is also well to keep in mind that the mental habits encouraged in student years are very likely to prevail in professional or business life. A mind flabby through disuse in student days will be a mind without tone in later life. And the only preventative is mental gymnastics. Prof. James' suggestions on habit are to the point in this connection.

During the incipient stages of spring fever it might be
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During the incipient stages of spring fever it might be
well for everyone to administer daily doses of this simple remedy of solid mental effort.  

S. T. F.  

BASKET-BALL.  
Rayes, 41: Hope, 40.  

The Rayes of Detroit proved too much for our team on the evening of January 19, when they defeated our team in one of the fastest and cleanest exhibitions of basket-ball seen here this year. It was a battle royal from start to finish, and Hope feels no disgrace in losing to such worthy opponents. Both teams played their very best, and it was a continual see-saw from the beginning as regards the score. At the end of the first half Hope led by two points. Score, 21 to 19. The second half seemed to be played still faster than the first, with the Rayles having slightly the better of the argument when they piled up a good lead. Lokker was taken out at this point on account of an injury to his shoulder, and Dalman substituted. This gave the boys renewed inspiration and Hope made seven points in quick succession. But it was not enough and at the shooting of the pistol the Rayles were still one point to the good. The star of the evening was Runkel, who scored twenty-four points by field baskets and seven by fouls. O'Conner, one of the visitors, caged the pill from beyond the center of the floor. Kleiny and Stogie starred for Hope.  

Hope, 41: M. A. C., 40.  

One of the best and most exciting games ever won on the local floor was witnessed January 24th, when Hope defeated M. A. C. by one point. From the very beginning it was clearly seen that both teams were full of "pep," and that each team was determined to carry away the first game of the series for the Intercollegiate Championship. The first half finished with the score 25 to 16 in our favor, but the Aggies came back in the second half with the determination to win. Both teams now played faster and harder, until finally M. A. C. managed to tie the score. When the whistle blew the score was 34 to 33 in favor of M. A. C., with Hope to throw a foul. Lokker was equal to the occasion and caged the pill, tying the score. Five minutes of extra play was decided upon to finish the contest. The battle was once more on. Hope succeeded in making four points and Lansing two, when, in the last half-minute M. A. C. again caged the sphere, making the score 38 to 38. For another five minutes the men struggled, in which time Hope made three points and M. A. C. two. Hope fouled and it seemed as if another five minutes would be taken but Vatz failed to make the foul basket. Score 41 to 40. The passing of both teams was fine. M. A. C. made a number of their baskets by long shots, while Hope relied on quick passing and short shots. The feature of the game was the work of Ver Hoek at guard and Stogie at center. Spencer and Chamberlain of the Aggies also starred.
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