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Ramblings

Books are a strange mingling of the living and the not living, or rather the personal and impersonal. We call them friends, and we walk with them and they talk to us—they live in us and we live by them, inasmuch as they contain words that proceed out of the mouth of God. In our minds, we even ascribe personal qualities to books and they appear before us as men or women we know or have imagined. I always think of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" as being Tennyson himself. The thoughtfulness, the calm sadness, the intense purity of the poet's features are also graven on the countenance of the poem, and the image of the poet mingles indistinguishably with that of the poem, as the solemn chant begins:

"Strong Son of God, immortal love."

There are books that always seem to stand before me in the holy guise of comrades I have loved and love. Yet after all books are not men or women. They may talk to us, but how shall we talk to them? We may love them, but is there any love for us in those dry, dusty leaves? or even in those living characters throbbing with the energies of greatness? Nor do books grow as real persons should. When, after many years, we return to the books of our childhood, we learn, with considerable surprise often, that all those years of living that have made us over and over again have not changed them in the least. Thereafter we ignore them, like those other friends of childhood whom we have "outgrown"—in pride if not in character. And so books live and still do not live. Perhaps they may best be likened to the great
characters of history, those leaders of the race for whom we feel a sort of kinship and who stand before us often in the clear outline of personality, but who are yet far from us, isolated somehow by the fact of their greatness, whom we worship but do not love.

It is doubtless best that much of respect should be mingled with our affection for books. They may not be "touched by the feeling of our infirmity," but on the other hand they are not the victims of our thoughtless caprice. We cannot hurt them, nor can we corrupt them. Fear cannot induce them to flatter us, nor contempt to mock. Whatever they tell us is at least disinterested. Of the abiding reverence one feels for a book that has shown him truth in times of perplexity, or fearlessly chastised him for ignorance or sin! One has a respect for his books that no familiarity can transform into contempt.

There is a Providence that watches over the intercourse of men and books. In the progress of history that Providence has worked wondrous things. Time and again has He sent forth His anointed one to be the savior of men in the crises of nations. In this vast arena we delight to study His ways. But He marks also the sparrow's fall, and He brings to men in hours of disappointment or weakness or gloom the right books to encourage and reprove and sustain. Every lover of books knows what I mean. In some crisis of your life, you have read a book; its message has flashed out upon you, and you have almost caught yourself exclaiming—"how providential."

And what a sudden revelation some books are! You have awakened on a December morning to find the earth covered with the chaste mantle which the first fall of snow has wrapped about her. Yesterday the sky was cold and gray; the dry earth was cracked and hard with frost; the gaunt trees waved their barren branches in piteous supplication to the wild god of the winter wind. Now holy calm reigns. And that snowy mantle, how soft and pure, and how the mild winter sun transforms it into a crystal glory! Some such vision is revealed to one by a new book that comes with a special message in a life crisis. For this reason I always like the first reading of a book the best and think that it should not be made light of. The first reading makes the revelation. All further reading can be but unfolding of details, analysis and criticism.

The particular message a book will bring one is determined almost as much by himself as by the book. There is, for example, Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh"—what a revelation it is to enthusiastic, idealistic youth. What an antidote for ambition and pride! Romney, the earnest philanthropist, with his dreams of a redeemed poor, his hospitals, schools, eating-houses, Romney confesses utter failure, and that, after he was won renown and affection. Aurora Leigh, the poet who has all her life held aloft the ideal of the inner, the spiritual life, after she has written her poem and won fame, falls back dissatisfied, with the burden of failure upon her. Hear the two-fold solution of the problem:

"Though we fail indeed, You—I—a score of such weak workers—He Fails never. If He cannot work by us, He will work over us.———— We should be ashamed to sit beneath those stars, Impatient that we’re nothing."

And then, "Be sure, no earnest work Of any honest creature, howbeit weak, Imperfect, ill-adapted, fails so much, It is not gathered as a grain of sand To enlarge the sum of human action used For carrying out God’s end. ———— Free men freely work. Whoever fears God, fears to sit at ease:"

Work, notwithstanding the sense of failure that awaits all honest men because it is appointed unto us six days to labor and do all our work, but let it be humble work, since humility becomes our smallness in the sight of God, and in the world brings least of bitterness and pain. The consolation of truth is in these words.

And the value of such words is not so much in the facts of life they tell us, in their instruction, as in the true emotions and high ideals they implant in us. Not the filling of the mind, but the vitalizing of the soul makes us pure and strong. Thus are books precious, not as containing the written thoughts, but the crystallized emotion of men and women. They are the noble heritage that human soul bequeaths to human soul, the spiritual bond between the passing generations.
The Curse of Cain

A.C. Ver Hulst, "A" Class.

Don Pinzon’s ranch, Las Palmas, lies white in the noonday sun. Above it tower the kingly Sierras, while among its stately palms a river runs; a shining path by day, by night a white thread of mist. Along its banks the yucca scatters its star like blossoms, and the mocking bird sings all day long.

Beneath the piazza of the ranch-house a hammock is swung. In it a young Spaniard lies, fondling the head of a grey-hound lying at his feet. The youth is Peirre Pinzon, Don Pinzon’s nephew, reared by him as a son. Handsome he is, dark haired and olive skinned, a dead shot and a fearless rider; the idol of the valley. Indolently he rolls a cigarette, and languidly watches a pair of horsemen canter down the mountain road, past the little convent, and up the drive-way to the door. They enter without perceiving him. One is Don Juan himself, the other his guest, a young American. His business Peirre knows not, nor cares, but he has come to like this fair haired stranger, and the two are already fast friends. Once, indeed, the American had told him that if ever in need of aid to come to the Padre of the convent, then the brown eyes had met the black eyes and the American had laughed. Peirre had smiled, too. He in trouble? Ah, let it come. His southern blood craved excitement, and beyond a rare shooting affray, or a day’s chase after antelope, none was to be had.

“To be sure, often when Gorro’s banditti ventured too far from the mountains, Don Juan put on his red sash and rode away into the night with a few horsemen, for Don Pinzon was an Alcalde of the Government. But then Peirre must remain behind to guard the ranch, much against his will.

Presently he hears the voices of the two men on the balcony above him. At first he listens indifferently, then more intently, as the conversation becomes animated. He hears his own name mentioned. Now his curiosity becomes thoroughly aroused. His uncle is speaking—

‘But I tell you he does suspect, he must be done away with.’

“You would not touch his life?” Asks the other.

“What matters?” bursts out the Don, “I’ve murdered ere now. His father died not tor naught.”

“Ah, but he is harmless,” speak the low tones of the Northerner, “he will not hinder us.”

“Ye know him not,” rages the other, “the fierce brigand blood of Castile flows in his veins.” A door closes and Peirre can hear no more. But he has heard enough. His eyes gleam as with fire, his face becomes livid, and his veins swell out in purple lines. Already he feels his hate coursing through his veins like a subtle poison. It fills his heart and dulls his brain. The paroxysm lasts but a moment, and his crafty nature again asserts itself. A little while after he bids his uncle’s guest a smiling goodbye and watches him gallop up the trail.

Peirre again seeks the hammock. The eastern breeze has freshened as the sun sinks towards the west. It sweeps the heavy scent of oleander blossom from the grove below. A negrillo strums on the guitar in the peon huts by the river. The plaintive melody rises and falls with the wirl. All things seem conducive to idle enjoyment. Ponto, the grey-hound, fawns eagerly upon his master, but Peirre heeds not. His brain is busy, tho his hands are idle. What had his uncle said? “To Guerra tonight.” The Donna had said no, and had recalled the recent reports of the banditti. But all in vain. Pinzon must go. Upon what errand Peirre knew not, but he swore he should not return. Pity for Donna almost moved him to forbear, but in a heart full of hate, there is little room for pity.

The night comes clear and beautiful. The air is heavy with perfume, and the moonlight falls white over the landscape. Don Juan’s horse stands ready at the door. It opens, and a bemedalled figure comes forth, followed by the Donna. A few words of farewell, and horse and rider vanish down the avenue. A moment later another horseman emerges from the shadows and follows the first. Stealthily the pursuer follows, ever at a distance. The grove is passed, then the river. Soon the convent is left behind, and the road becomes steeper and steeper. Don Pinzon stops. Has he heard his pursuer? He turns and rises in the saddle. But the road winds like a great yellow serpent to the valley below.
There is no one behind him. He listens intently, then grasps for the pistol. But too late. A light flashes from the shadow of a magnolia, a sharp report rings out, and Don Pinzon falls from the saddle. His horse rears wildly and vanishes into an acacia thicket. A tall figure steps forth from the shadow. The moonlight reveals the dark face of Peirre. Slowly he walks to the lifeless form in the road, and stands staring at the distorted face at his feet. What is it that so attracts him? Peirre does not know. Where has he seen a face like his uncle’s? Ah! yes. Now he knows. At the fort, on a proclamation of reward. ‘Twas the same face, only heartless and younger. Why had he never recognized the likeness during life? But who would have sought Gorro in the person of the ranchero Pinzon, the Alchalde? Peirre sinks on his knees and tears away the bloody mantle. Yes, there it is, a double dagger tattooed on the breast. ‘Tis the sign of Gorro’s banditti, known and feared thro’ all the valley of the Madras.

Peirre rises slowly from his knees. A mighty struggle is taking place in his breast. It is the old struggle. Tainted blood against character, past against present, the curse of Cain seeking to drag down the man. Peirre must choose once for all. Shall he gallop to the fort with the tidings? Wealth and ease await him. Honor bids him go. But the fierce poison in his veins mounts higher. It bids him seek the Convent of San Maceo. For now he understands. There the Americano awaits him. Then ‘twill always be the free air of the mountains, following the red bandero with the double dagger that was once Gorro’s. He looks down into the valley. The Haciendo Las Palmas lies white in the moon-light. The tinkle of goat-bells reaches his ears. His hounds are baying near the fold. Above him on the mountains the dark rocks cast their shadows. A coyote howls among the thickets. Peirre must choose the mountain or the valley. He cannot decide. His horse stands with drooping head, the reins upon the ground. He calls to it, but the animal will not come. It snorts and trembles as he seizes the bridle. “What Nina? Afraid of blood? Ah, mia cara, thou shall soon see more of it.” Peirre leaps into the saddle. A light touch of the rein, and he gallops back to where the lime-stone walls of San Maceo shine in the moon-light. The curse of Cain had conquered.

A Eulogy on Lord Shaftesbury.

P. H. Pleune, “A” Class.

From across the broad Atlantic there comes to us in never fading tones the echo of a great life; not that of a warrior whose bloody deeds have crowned him with honor and glory; not that of a statesman whose diplomacy has shaped the destiny of nations; nor that of a life spent in search of wealth, power or fame; but that of a life lived to serve humanity, to make the world more humane, more tender, and more Christian—the echo of the life of the Earl of Shaftesbury.

Napoleon, the “Lion of France,” for personal ambition crushed Europe beneath his feet and his memory is enshrined in a halo of glory. Caesar through mere love of glory and prestige made his power felt in the farthest islands of the sea, and mankind has not yet ceased to speak his name. But it was in the distressed condition of England’s poor that Lord Shaftesbury found his mission and his claim to immortality.

When a member of Parliament, Lord Shaftesbury, a friend of the oppressed, burning with patriotic zeal, resolved to use his powers in the service of humanity and for the welfare of his country. Stirred by existing conditions Lord Shaftesbury began a great work; a work with which his name will always be remembered—factory legislation. By the invention of the spinning loom a demand for child labor was created. Under the apprentice system pauper children were bound to mill owners to work from five until twenty-five years of age. A horrible traffic began. Child jobbers secured the country for the purpose of purchasing children to sell them again into the terrible bondage of factory slaves. Day and night the iron wheels of the unresting machinery droned and burred with maddening reiteration. With aching backs and inflamed ankles from constant stooping; with fingers lacerated from scraping the floors; parched and suffocated by the dust, the little slaves toiled from morning till night. If they paused the brutal overseers urged them on by kicks and blows. Stage by stage they sank into the profoundest depths of wretchedness.

Eighteen hundred pages of evidence of wretchedness, poverty and overwork were collected and laid before Parliament by Lord...
Shaftesbury. He most positively declared that, as long as God gave him breath, no efforts, no exertions should be spared on his part to establish the success of his measure. No looking back from the plough for him. Capitalists might storm, prime ministers might delude with mocking promises, political economists might condone; even the 16,000 ordained ministers of Christ’s Gospel might through indifference, timidity, or suspicion stand aloof and justify his complaint that as a body they have done, are doing, and will do nothing. To Lord Shaftesbury it mattered not. Being determined he worked on and solved the problem alone. Twenty long years of toil crowned his labors with success, and the wretchedness, the cruelty and the pain were removed from child labor. What wonder that England was astonished at such an Earl.

In 1840 Lord Shaftesbury’s heart was stirred by the miseries of poor boys used as chimney sweeps. In his opinion all the atrocities committed in England could not equal the records of cruelty, hardship, vice and suffering, which under the sanction of the law had been inflicted on this helpless and miserable race. Children of five and six years were employed, even some of four and one half years old. Naked, with blood streaming from their limbs, they were compelled by relentless taskmasters to crawl into the narrow chimneys. Thousands died from frightful diseases brought on by the filthiness of their work. For thirty years the noble Earl pleaded and agonized for these sufferers and at last his work was accomplished.

If Shaftesbury’s political hopes and aspirations lessened his love for mankind, his political aspirations were cast aside. Such was this man’s love for the poor that he would do nothing or place himself in no situation that would prevent him from doing anything conducive to the happiness, comfort and welfare of that portion of the laboring classes who had entrusted to him the care of their hopes and interests. Self interest and ambition he surrendered to the cause of England’s poor.

Again, he came forward, as the champion of the boys who in the mines and collieries chained to coal carts as beasts of burden, crawled upon hands and knees dragging their heavy burdens behind them, because human flesh and blood was cheaper than animal labor. Girls and women with huge burdens of coal upon their backs labored up steps in the mines, which in the aggregate equaled an ascent fourteen times the distance to the summit of St. Paul’s Cathedral. He was told there was no help for these people. Is there no help for them? The Christian ministers of England are inactive. Parliament will do nothing. Rising far above the level of his fellow statesmen Shaftesbury towers into the altitude of unselfishness and philanthropy. For two hours Parliament sat spell-bound as he pleaded for his motion. With tears in his eyes he asked that they would free these sufferers from a life worse than death. No one could resist that appeal and his cause was won.

Day and night Shaftesbury searched out the wanderers as they slept under arches or crept into stables, and gave them lodging for the night. The poor, the lame, the sick, the dying were taken to his own home. He established his Ragged schools that the poor might be educated. He was a constant visitor at their homes. He carried toys to the children; read to the sick from the Bible; loaned money till wages were due; gave pictures to brighten desolate homes; helped persons to obtain employment; impoverished himself to aid the needy.

Shaftesbury lived for his nation but still more for his God and he helped forward whatever would move humanity to a higher level. Of Garibaldi, the patriot of Italy, struggling for the unification of his fatherland, he was an earnest friend. It was by his pen and speeches that all English hearts were moved for suffering Poland. He aided our southern negro and gave him a place in the “Brotherhood of Man.” The Hindoo on the banks of the Indus felt his love, and life for him was made the sweeter. Shaftesbury’s love for mankind circled the Empire, girdled the globe.

No chills of age could lessen the passionate warmth of his pity for the poor and suffering. No invading feebleness of voice or limb could hold him back from advocating the cause of the defenseless and oppressed. For these his zeal burned with an unquenchable fire, for these he toiled as long as the faculty to do anything remained to him; for these he could have wished still to live and labor even when four score years and four had made life a burden. It is this unreserved, this absolute sacrifice of himself, body and
soul, to the work of alleviating such misery that encircles his name, with glory, in the light of which all other things are forgotten. His career is the national inheritance of the English speaking race, as an immortal protest against a life of self-seeking, and a noble lesson how worldly rank and station may be redeemed from moral insignificance and consecrated to the best interests of morality.

To love and to serve was the abiding law of his existence till death gently brought him the rest which living he would never seek for himself. At his death all mankind bowed their heads in sorrow. As his funeral passed up Parliament street to Westminster Abbey, it was followed by the poorest of the poor. There were working men, ragged urchins, and gray headed men. Rich and poor alike paid homage to the nation's dead. Amid the strains of dirge music marched the banner carriers bearing aloft the flags of peace. At the head of a column of boys from the Ragged Schools was a banner on which were the words, "Naked and ye clothed me." Following another banner were thousands of the poor who had felt the tenderness of his love and on their standard are the words, "I was a stranger and ye took me in." The sick and the maimed were there to show their love, and on their banner we read, "I was sick and ye visited me." He had loved them all and they had lost their truest friend. His work was finished. His master had called him home. "The earth was poorer for his going, but heaven had a new attraction for them all."

Every advent of spring heralds the arrival of a new Anchor staff. In sympathy with nature this new body may also betray slight traces of verdancy, but with the co-operation of the student body, together with suggestions so kindly rendered by friends of The Anchor, we shall endeavor to make the college paper thoroughly representative of college life. Our plans and purposes are only tentative, and can be more safely reared while hid from the public gaze. We shall therefore not publish our plans at the opening of the year, but at its close shall allow the reader to determine what our plans have been. We can only hope that our relation with the students and with the Alumni may be the most pleasant, and that these parties may continue to render The Anchor their good will and support.

It is difficult to impress upon the minds of the students the fact that the success of the Anchor lies with them. To support the college paper is not a duty, but a privilege. Here an opportunity is given to try our powers, to make practical use of the knowledge and the principles acquired in the lecture room. The Anchor is not a synonym for perfection, but it is a field for mental athletics.
Let us get in the game, and let us practice faithfully, that we may make a good showing for our Alma Mater. A host of Alumni are on the grand stand, watching our every move with the keenest interest, and cheering us at every successful effort. Listen to what an esteemed Alumnus says with regard to our college paper: "Let the students furnish the material, their class room and society orations, essays, etc. We alumni are interested in them. We cannot be present to listen to them. Let them give us an opportunity to read them. It will interest the Alumni, it will induce subscribers to pay their dues. It will give us a paper which becomes a credit to Hope College and its students, and will create encouragement all around."

Charles Reade once, when accused of plagiarism, burst forth in anger. "Plagiarize! Of course I plagiarize. Show me the man who doesn't!" He was right; we all plagiarize. The New York Herald's offering $5,000 for a new thought has become almost proverbial, at least at Hope. It is given only to the select few, to those rare souls upon whom the light of Supreme Wisdom has fallen with greater lustre—by the way, this thought is also plagiarized—to write even in an original form, let alone original thought. They say thought is free; but, according to some would-be critics, you are not allowed to think as millions before you have thought. "Think of something original," they say—or else don't think at all, is the natural conclusion. Whenever O. W. Holmes had written a particularly brilliant sentence, the depressing thought always came to him that somebody else might have expressed the same idea; and then people would say that he had plagiarized. Of course there is plagiarism and plagiarism. There is such a thing as literary theft, pure and simple. But that is very rare and not the kind that is usually criticised most. It is the so-called "plagiarism of ideas" that the critic is after. But he forgets his true vocation. He looks for the faults and ignores the merits, instead of looking for the merits and condoning with the faults. These remarks apply also to students. They are apt to be too critical. Many an aspiring young writer's enthusiasm is chilled by his fellow-students' methods of destructive criticism. Cases have come to our notice of student writers who did not dare to publish their productions, because they knew that the thought did not originate with them, and feared that they would be criticised for plagiarism. Therefore let us be more lenient to faults, and recognize merit. Let us judge others as we judge ourselves. Let our criticism be constructive, not destructive.

Moreover, let us beware of hasty and unfair criticism, both of the writer and of his production.

"They were six men from Hindostan,
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant,
Though all of them were blind."

Still, on their homeward journey these men ventured to express their opinion as to the form and shape of the elephant. A spear, a rope, a tree, a wall—such were the similes used to depict their conception of the wonderful animal. Each drew his inference regarding the entire animal from the part that had fallen under his blind observation. No one doubts the fallacy of their reasoning, and yet, are we sure that we are better than they? Are we not prone to judge a man by a single act, and to condemn him for a single fault? Do we not often find ourselves criticising a literary production on account of an occasional slip, or denouncing a magazine for the weakness of a single article? Let us not fall into the error of calling an elephant a spear or a rope. Let us judge an author's ability by the value of all his work, and let us criticise an article with an eye to the sum of all its merits.

The Musical Department of Hope College is rapidly coming to the front. It is no longer an experiment. More than sixty pupils are enrolled in this department, and the work done by them is attracting wide attention. At present three instructors are employed: Clarence H. Pease, vocal; H. D. Post, piano; and Joseph Bistline, violin. The student recital given at the close of the former term by pupils of Mr. Pease, assisted by several of Mr. Post's pupils, gave evidence of the remarkable success with which the instruction in this department is attended. In the near future the Choral Union will give its annual public entertainment. This organization consists of students of the department of music, together
with other students of fair musical ability, and is under the direction of Prof. J. B. Nykerk. This year the class will give to the public Mendelssohn's famous oratorio, the "Elijah." Prominent soloists of the state will aid the large chorus in rendering this number.

Athletics are again becoming a matter of great interest at Hope. After the rather irritating lull that followed the basketball season things are picking up and the campus once more rings with the familiar cheers and yells. Baseball is receiving the greatest attention, and several class games have already been pulled off. A number of challenges have been received from neighboring institutions for a game of base ball, and the season will undoubtedly be made interesting. The tennis courts are also in good shape and are occupied the greater part of the afternoon.

**Carnegie Remembers Hope**

The Anchor will in the future print no more jokes about the "new gym." as it did when the hope of getting a gymnasium seemed as likely to be realized as a "mid summer night's dream." Thro the efforts of Dr. Kollen, whose fond desire it was for years that Hope should have a good gymnasium, we have obtained the means of getting one. And, as usual in Dr. Kollen's efforts, the result is far beyond the students' expectations. Instead of simply a gymnasium that would accommodate all the students, as the plan originally was, the campus will soon be graced by another imposing structure that will serve as a gymnasium and graduation hall combined. In his efforts Dr. Kollen was greatly aided by the valuable assistance of Dr. Donald Sage Mackay of New York city.

This gift from Carnegie means more for Hope College than the face value of the money. In the first place Hope should feel greatly honored at being the first institution in Michigan to receive a donation from America's great philanthropist. It shows what opinion such noted men as Dr. Mackay have of our institution and its work, and should be a new incentive to hard work, that we may be true to our tacit promises of success and progress.

The Anchor wishes to express its hearty approval of the resolutions of thanks tendered by the students to Mr. Carnegie and Dr. Mackay, and especially those to Dr. Kollen, who has shown himself a true friend of the students. We as students can now but weakly express our thanks for the magnificent gift, and for the efforts exerted in obtaining it; but our appreciation can best be shown by showing ourselves worthy of the gift. We hope that the future generations of students, who will enjoy the fruits of the donation, will feel as deeply as we do what Mr. Carnegie has done for us. When the building shall have been completed, the student, availing himself of all the advantages offered by our institution, will be able to have, like the old philosopher, "a sound mind in a sound body."

**Y. W. C. A.**

The Young Women's Christian Association has begun its new year of work and hopes for a great blessing this term. The greatest effort now being put forth is in behalf of the "Conference" Fund which has been increased by the receipts from the entertainment given on April 19. An endeavor will be made to send four delegates to the summer conference at Lakeside, Ohio. Three new active members have recently been obtained, and special work is being done to make the prayer meetings interesting. The newly elected officers are:

- Pres.—Hannah Hoekje.
- Vice Pres.—Lilla Thurber.
- Sec.—Hilda Stegemau.
- Tres.—Olive Barnaby.

**Y. M. C. A.**

The Y. M. C. A. has completed a prosperous year. The general trend of the spirit and activities of the Association members presents encouraging features. The number of members, however, could be larger. To have seventy-seven out of one hundred and sixty-six young men as members of the association is not a flattering condition. But this condition must to a great extent be ascribed to the fact that many of the boys remain with the societies of their home church, and others leave the city every day, giving them
no chance to attend the Y. M. C. A. meetings. The work has made solid progress, and has been placed on a firm footing by consecrated endeavor and earnest devotion. The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows:

Pres.—D. Dykstra.
Vice pres.—A. C. Dykema.
Secretary—Paul Hinkamp.
Treasurer—E. DeYoung.

Minerva Society

At the last meeting of the Winter term, the Minerva society held its regular election of officers for the Spring term. The advantage of holding the election at this time is that it enables the president to appoint and get in working the standing committees so that no time is lost at the beginning of the new term. The officers elected are:

Pres.—Lilla L. Thurber.
Vice pres.—Mae Brusse.
Secretary—Ida Larkins.
Treasurer—Jennie Pikaart.

"Swipes"—Alyda DePree and Lucile Steketee.

The girls have also determined to admit to membership those regularly enrolled in the Conservatory Course and not attending any institution. This will bring quite a little more talent and will add to the interest in our regular programs. New song books are also in course of publication. It is the policy of the society to shorten if necessary but not to omit our regular weekly meeting, because of any public entertainment in the Chapel or elsewhere. The first meeting of this term gave promises of great things to be accomplished by the Minerva girls in the future.

Fraternal Society

Work and play fill out the programs of the Fraternal Society for the present Spring term. Doubtless the warm and sunny days will offer many temptations to its members, yet their ambition remains untrammelled to do their part well. Intermingled with the more arduous tasks of a literary society, the social element will crop out in several joyful festivities, which we hope will not only entertain its members but will also serve to create greater love for the society and more ardor for the performance of their regular duties. The F. S. is anticipating a pleasant and prosperous term.

Cosmopolitan Society

With its eye ever fixed on the future, the Cosmopolitan society is once more entering upon a term of hard work, interspersed with the usual amount of fun. At no time was the society in a more prosperous condition than at present, and, judging from the past, the prospects for the future are of the very best imaginable. All the members take an unusual amount of interest in their work, and, in consequence, the programs are exceptionally well rendered. In addition the whole society is pervaded by a truly cosmopolitan spirit. The officers for the spring term are:

President—Wm. Rotschaefler.
Vice pres.—Don Taylor.
Sec. and Treas.—A. Roosenraad.
Marshal—Z. Roetsman.

Meliphone Society

The members of the Meliphone society have again come to order for another term of conscientious work. The spirit which generally characterizes a Meliphone meeting is with us. It is the determination which does not fail to display the loyalty of each member to that society which taught him to love his college and respect his fellow student. This same determination forces us on to that goal which is yet unattained but whose dim outlines are the great incentives for our efforts.

The program for our annual entertainment has already been assigned, thus giving those who participate ample time for preparation and the assurance of a pleasing presentation of Meliphone talent. At the last meeting of the previous term the following officers were elected:

Pres.—A. J. VanHouten.
Vice Pres.—Henry Vruwink.
Treas.—Dick Boter.
Sec.—W. Wichters.
Sergeant at arms—H. F. Veenker.
Marshal—Jas. Verburg.
Dr. D. Werkman, '89, intends to plant on his farm southwest of Hull, Ia., one thousand shade trees and one hundred fruit trees. Hope's alumni believe in improvement along every line.

Mr. Henry DePree, '32, has accepted the promise of a call from the Reformed church at Bethel, Ia.

Prof. J. B. Nykirk, '85, spent part of his vacation at DeFuniak Springs, Florida, where he delivered at the mother Chautauqua of the South a lecture on "Browning Interpreted in Poetry and Song," and sang at the closing exercises.

Prof. H. G. Keppel, '89, of the Northwestern University of Evanston, expects to make an extended trip through Europe during the summer vacation.

The members of the Reformed church of Fishkill, N. Y., have been saddened by receiving the resignation of their pastor, Dr. A. Huisinga, '80. Dr. Huisinga's health seemed to have been improved by his trip to Europe last year, and he was enabled to resume his pastoral duties. Recently his health again began to fail so that it became necessary for him to resign his charge. The many friends of Dr. Huisinga hope that his strength may speedily be restored to him.

Mr. R. B. D. Simonson, '75, has completed his tenth year of service as Superintendent of the schools of Hannibal, Mo.

Mr. E. Winter, '01, principal of the Academy at Cedar Grove, Wis., and Miss Minnie DeFeyer, '02, a teacher in the same institution, were in Holland during their spring vacation.

A call has been extended to Rev. A. DeYoung, '00, of Waupun, Wis., by Abbe Church, Clymer, N. Y., and to Rev. P. Braak, '99, by Grace church, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dr. S. M. Zwemer, '87, conducted chapel exercises, Tuesday, April 11, and made a short address to the students. Dr. Zwemer has just returned from his missionary field in Bahrein, Arabia, having arrived in Holland, April 7. He is one of Arabia's pioneer missionaries and Hope is proud that she can count him among her alumni. Miss Nellie Zwemer, Prep. '81, of Amoy, China expects to return to America in June.

Friends of Rev. James Ossewaarde, '90, Chaplain of the 21st
regiment of United States Infantry, will be pleased to hear that he has safely arrived at Manilla.

Rev. G. Hondelink, '00, and Mrs. Hondelink, '03, of Kagoshima, Japan, expect to take their first examination in the Japanese language as soon as the deputation from America reaches Nagasaki.

Among Our Exchanges

"The Meeting Point of Occidental and Oriental Civilization" by Karl F. Shimizu, a Japanese student, in the High School World is a thoughtful and optimistic essay. The World should be commended for its illustrations and cover design.

The March number of the Bowen Blade is interesting.

The Coe College Cosmos—good! Stories short but unique.

She—"Of course, she bored me awfully, but I don't think I showed it. Every time I yawned, I just hid it with my hand."

He (trying to be gallant)—"Really I don't see how a hand so small could—er—hide—er—that is—beastly weather, ain't it?"

—Ex.

A Modern Novel.

Chapter I.
The prettiest girl you ever saw.

Chapter II.
The young man interviews her pa.

Chapter III.
A wedding grand, without a flaw.

Chapter IV.
An oath, a tear—a lot of jaw.

Chapter V.
"I'm going back home to my ma!"

Chapter VI.
Her maiden name restored, by law.—Ex.

Harry.—"I know a girl that got a pearl out of an oyster."

Dollie—"That's nothing; my sister got a diamond from a lobster."—Ex.

The March number of the Almanac, Alma, Mich., is excellent. The article on "Lite at Princeton" by Martin J. Stormzand is interesting reading, especially for Hope students.

The College Paper. Stillwater, Okla, is a good example of western energy and thrift. The two last stanzas of one of its poems well describe conditions at Hope:

"And when he said 'gymnasium,'
My! how the boys did yell!
You know he tol' em to do that,
(But den, you mus'n't tell.)
And den dey went back to their home,
T's specks dey's down dere yet;
I hopes we'll get a nice big gym,
Don't you boys? Yep, you bet."

The La Plume, Grand Rapids High school, is a very tastily edited paper. The cuts add much to the effect.

Jottings

Hurrah for the new gym!
Hurrah for Andy C. ! !
Hurrah for Dr. Kollen ! ! !
Hurrah for Dr. McKay ! ! !

The causes and means of general student rejoicing.

Dr. Kollen says he is perfectly willing to help Prof. Vander Meulen along in any important venture he may have in mind, provided always that it is important enough to need his intercession with Carnegie, or any other lady, for that matter.

Of all the news that's good or bad,
Of all the speeches written,
There's nothing that is half as good
As our advertising section.

Be sure to glance over the ads.

Bosch: "I love her." and he looked as if he really meant it.

Kolyn and Dykema also ran, but especially Kolyn.

It is announced that the air is again surcharged with the germs of "spring-fever." Many of the fellows do their level best to get their share of the dread disease these pleasant evenings.

xxi
A course in aesthetics, ethics, practical training, and mental

yntnastics complete in one volume, bound in black morocco, red
nder gold edges, with elastic band and box thrown in, is now
ffered for the nominal sum of two dollars and eighty-five cents.
For further particulars see Prof. Mast.

They say that, after the recent exodus, the Hope College Board-
ing Club became a pretty fair "eating-house ."

The fellows are practically all back for the final heat of '04-'05.
They kept straggling back to town according as the attraction here
or elsewhere was positive or negative.

Bernard Rottschaefer and John Douma are the latest victims of
Cupid. "How are the mighty fallen." According to popular re-
port they were the last of the Juniors who had turned a deaf ear to
the sirens' voice. But then they are merely following in the foot-
steps of their betters, with the English department as head-quar-
ters.

Prof. Dimnent says that he expects to get a birds-eye view of
Florida from above sometime. You can get a birds-eye view of the
business transacted in the city by keeping your eye on the Anchor
ads.

If you would aim at greatness, do not forget to come to chapel
every morning. Free incentives which are guaranteed to last
through life, are given to all applicants.

Does any one know what became of Pump's ring? Address all
information to No. 25 VanVleck hall.

Several of the students went to see Schlatter the "Divine
Healer." The conclusion the majority came to was that he was a
"Divine Fake." The things for which he is noted are his memory
and long windedness.

Ham has invested his savings in a row boat. It will be known
as "De Hope."

Baseball practice is in full swing.

We are glad to notice that Mr. VanderLaan, who went home ill
some time ago, has again returned.

Pennings' latest labeled joke: "O lucky Gym."

"Why is Pud's mouth like Van Drezer's restaurant?"

"Because it is open all night."

Prof. S. O. Mast spent the spring vacation at Ann Arbor, where
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Dr. Kollen attended the Evangelical Alliance at Nashville on
the 30th and 31st of March.

At the annual meeting of the Knickerbocker Club of Grand
Rapids on the evening of April 7, Prof. J. M. VanderMeulen re-
ponded to the toast "The Taking of Den Briel."

How surely doth affinity of tastes cement an everlasting friend-
ship! May George and John be best of friends forever.

On Tuesday March 28, 8:30 A. M., Ham was seen on the
campus wearing a white collar.

Brock attended chapel on the first morning of the term. Will
marvels never cease?

Victor W. Blekkink, Kalamazoo College, has entered the "A" class.

"He who by his trade would rise, must either bust or advertise."

Two introductory base ball games were pulled off on the dia-
mond. They are merely what we may call an "earnest" of what may be
expected, a sort of happy harbinger of good things athletic in store for

SPARKLING
COLD SODA
Pure, Delicious and Wholesome
made with Pure Ice Cream, Pure Fruit Syrups and Pure Crushed
Fruits, Ginger Ale, Coca Cola, Phosphate, Lemonades

FIVE CENTS AT
Con De Pree's Drug Store
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FIVE CENTS AT
Con De Pree's Drug Store
the local sports. The “A’s” were not able to live under the destructive fire of the Huizenga-Stogeman battery. J. Roggen a new man, who came to us from Iowa College at Grinnell, last fall, went through his paces for the first time on the local diamond, and showed that he had in him the making of a good player. It took “Brother Hankamp” however to put on the finishing touches in the field. Stogie umpired the game. It was universally agreed that he was “rotten,” and it was only by the intervention of the sedate college men that he was saved from being torn to pieces by the blood-thirsty “Preps.” Score 6-2 in favor of the “Sophis.” Innings as many as could be gotten in before supper.

The gritty “D’s” with true Hope pugnacity and ambition to distinguish themselves challenged the “C’s.” Their hopes were not in vain, because they covered themselves with gore and glory. They were after scalps and they got them. Score 14-1 in favor of the “D’s.”

The team—Mr. Oltmans.
Chief Rooter—Maatman.
Assistants—an aggregation of white hair and freckles.
Coach—G. Bosch, a college senior.

An ash pail hung on a pine tree was the beginning of the end. Vruwink had lofty aspirations, and in aforesaid aspirations “kicked the bucket” and went to spheres above covered with...ashes.

It would be extremely desirable, if some of our college-men...
To prepare a Dainty Lunch... Buy

A CHAFING DISH
and Pan

E B. STANDART

JACOB KLOSTERMAN
The Students TAILOR SHOP,
136 East Eighth Street
Cleaning and Repairing Neatly
and quickly done. Call and see us.

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Athletic Goods
of-
H. VAN TONGEREN
13 E. 8th St.

STUDENTS—Do you want first-class
SPORTING GOODS
Then go to
S. A. Martin's Drug Store

Rusk and Company: 58 and 60 8th Street
is the place to buy your Gifts, Novelties, etc. Its a pleasure
to show you our goods.

B. Steketee, Phone No. 14
What is nicer in the morning than a cup of good Coffee?
Buy Millars Curacao the Best for the
money in the city.

WALL PAPER
PAINTS, WINDOW SHADES,
PAINTING, PAPER HANGING
AND DECORATING
BERT SLAGH,
72 East 8th Street. Holland, Mich.
For an Everyday Article of Food
Eat
The Original
Holland Rusk
MADE BY THE
Holland, Rusk Co.,
Holland, Mich.
(Put up in Packages)

JOHN S. DYKSTRA,
Embalmer and Funeral Director
Dealer In
CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, HOUSE FURNISHINGS,
LAMPS AND TOYS.
Citz. Phone 267. 40 East Eighth Street
You don't need Glasses
Or a Telescope

To see what we are doing Just read our Ads and watch our windows.
You can depend upon our goods and trust confidently to our business methods. You know our lines

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Mens Furnishings
and Shoes

The Lokker-Rutger Co.

BY NAME YOU KNOW OUR FAME
We keep Everything in the line of FRESH MEAT SALTED and SMOKED
The best goods at the lowest prices

J. H. DEN HERDER,
208 River Street.
Special Attention Given to Boarding House Orders

Dr. James O. Scott,
DENTIST.
Office over Doesburg's Drug Store
Evenings by appointment
Citizens Phone 441

H. ILIOHAN, The College Shoeman,
Graduate in the Boot and Shoe Art.
EAST EIGHTH STREET

HOPKINS, Photographer.

IF YOUR GROCER does not keep
Sunlight OR Daisy Flour
WRITE DIRECT to the Mill for it
Walsh-De Roo Milling Co.
Holland, Mich.

A. G. Spalding and Brothers
Largest Manufacturers in the World of Official Athletic Supplies

The football supplies manufactured by A. G. Spalding & Bros are the best that can absolutely be produced; they have stood the test for over 25 years and are used by all the inter-collegiate interscholastic and prominent football teams of the country. No expense is spared in making the goods bearing the Spalding trade-mark as near perfect as is possible to produce a manufactured article and if it bears this mark of perfection it is the best.

A G. SPALDING & BROS

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By getting an up-to-date well made suit at

Dukema. The Tailor.
Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing neatly done.
41 E. 8th St.