Commencement

time is at hand, and you surely will want to get a new outfit for the occasion. We extend a cordial invitation to all the students to come in and inspect our beautiful line of Tailor-made or Ready-made Clothing, Shoes and Gents Furnishings. We are prepared to make you as nice a suit of clothes as can be produced. We employ none but the best tailors, and guarantee everything we put out. We can safely say that our

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The Alumni of Hope College are scattered over the face of the globe. They carry their knowledge and their training wherever they locate. Nearly every profession has its quota of Hope's representatives. As far as we know there is but one of Hope's sons engaged in the

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This is due perhaps to the fact that the other professions and branches of industry offer wider advantages. Of the many who can sing, "Old Hope, thy sons around thee standing", there is one who has ever remained close to the scene of his college career and in touch with the college boys and college spirit. We, therefore bespeak, in behalf of HENRY VAN DER PLOEG, '93, the good-will and patronage of all Hope's Alumni.

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to the professional man and college graduate. They are his tools, they contain the nourishment for his mind and soul. In these days when you are flooded with circulars of all sorts of books, and from all sources, why not inquire of Van der Ploeg whether he can furnish them at the same reasonable price at which others are offering them?

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When in need of anything in the line of books, Library Supplies, Typewriters, Church and Sunday School supplies, drop a card and you will get a prompt reply.

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OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

The policy of our government in the Philippine Islands has, from the very beginning of American occupation, been characterized by a spirit of unselfishness and magnanimity which has no parallel in the history of nations. True to its traditions and prompted by the loftiest motives of Christian charity, it has risen superior to all the precedents and laws of colonizing nations, and, instead of holding these eight million subjects in the Philippine archipelago, in the bondage of ignorance or keeping them suppressed beneath a conquering might, it has given freely of its own blood and treasure to lead them into the full possession of man's inalienable rights and into the full enjoyment of all the blessings of a Christian civilization.

One of the most striking of the numerous disclosures of our government's purpose in the islands, may be found in the establishment of the public school system offering to the Filipino children all the advantages of a liberal education at public expense. Mindful of its influence in fostering that spirit of freedom and democracy which has enfranchised the millions of our own republic, and, acknowledging it as one of the most potent factors in raising our nation to the position of a mighty world power, the American authorities, from the beginning, believed it to be a fundamental necessity in the rise and progress of the Filipino people and provisions were at once made for its establishment.

It is true that under the Spanish regime public schools
schools have been opened more recently with the seventh grade as the junior class.

Owing to the decided lack of discipline in the Spanish schools, the work of the American teacher has been unusually trying. The children had been accustomed to come and go at their own pleasure, to rush in a body to the window when any little disturbance attracted their attention, to read and talk aloud, and all at the same time, creating a noise which was most distracting and confusing. But order has been brought out of chaos. Under the skillful management of the experienced American teacher, the schools today compare favorably, as far as discipline is concerned, with those in our own country. To all appearances, these Filipino children are capable of much development. They are eager to attend the schools, they acquire the English language with comparative ease, and the progress which they make in their studies would compare favorably with that of the children in our schools of America.

In spite of the opposition to this public school system, especially on the part of the Roman Catholic church, there has been a marked increase in the enrollment which, at present, is not less than six hundred thousand. In addition to the thousand American teachers, there are now some five thousand native teachers actively engaged in this educational enterprise. A normal school has been established in Manila where several hundreds of the selected native teachers are receiving instruction. Besides, each educational division has its vacation normal school, where not only the teachers but also those who aspire to be teachers, receive instruction for about two months. It is evident that in the future this great educational work will have to be carried on largely by native teachers and every encouragement is given to the more advanced pupils in the public schools to become intelligent, thoroughly qualified, aggressive teachers.

"The hope of our country is in our public schools" is a saying that has grown familiar to every American citizen. Is this true of our own country; it is no less applicable to the Philippine Islands. The people there are divided into numerous tribes and groups, each having its own language or dialect. They are widely separated in all that constitutes national
the standpoint of the Wall street broker or the Baxter street unity, but the public schools throughout the archipelago, using the same text books, inculcating the same principles of civilization, teaching the same language, are bridging this chasm between all these distinct tribes and blending them into one nation with coherence and unity, and are thus preparing them for their national independence.

Until recently only the favored few enjoyed the advantages of the liberal education while the masses were condemned to hopeless ignorance. The public schools are today bringing the advantages of a liberal education within reach of all and are thus fostering a spirit of democracy and bringing in that true civilization which recognizes the principle "that all men are created equal."

The opinion prevails among the Filipinos that it is a disgrace to work. They have never been taught the dignity of toil. As a result the fields are not brought under cultivation and the resources of the country remain undeveloped. There has been no progress. Today, however, the six hundred thousand children in the public schools are taught, by precept and example, that labor is not a disgrace or a mark of inferiority, but that it is only through effort and faithful toil that the individual or nation can attain to the highest state of civilization.

In ways too numerous to mention these public schools are ushering in an era of enlightenment and progress which is full of hope and promise for the inhabitants of these islands.

For the maintenance and furtherance of this great work the American Government has given freely and liberally. When the educational department was organized in 1901 there were no school buildings, no books, no furniture, no teachers, while considerable opposition and hostility were manifested on the part of the natives toward the undertaking. Six years have passed and today, in addition to the large army of trained, well-paid American teachers brought to the islands and supported there at public expense, there is a well furnished school building in almost every town, while the educational expenditure is over two million dollars gold annually.

Does it pay? Is it not a needless waste? Widely different opinions are entertained and these are largely determined by the point of view from which this matter is considered. From

The Anchor

wonder, it is not a paying investment. From the viewpoint of the Romanist, who hates the public school system with an undying hatred, the introduction of this system into the Philippine Islands was an unwarranted intrusion and a needless waste. From the standpoint of those who believe in keeping others suppressed in order that these may be their "hewers of wood and carriers of water" this education of the Filipinos is an unmistakable blunder. But those who consider this from the broad, democratic, humanitarian standpoint and who regard it in the light of national duty and honor, will consider it as a most profitable investment which will yield its rich returns at least in the consciousness of duty well done and in the joy of elevating a nation to a higher plane of thought and activity, and leading eight millions of the human race into the blessings of a larger liberty, purer Christianity, and nobler civilization.

Our public schools in our new possessions merit the support of every true American citizen.

JAMES OSSEWAARDE,
Chaplain Twenty-first Inf. U. S. Army.
Fort Logan, Colorado.

THIRTY YEARS AGO.
The students of the present day can hardly realize how extensive and rapid has been the development of Hope College.

Graduates of but a few years ago are, however, amazed when they visit their alma mater in these days. They can hardly realize that it is the same institution from which they were graduated but a short time ago. Van Vleck Hall, the memento of pioneer days, together with the old grammar school building are the only landmarks of former days.

When the present writer was enrolled as a student, it was in the fall of 1875, the College, as a corporation, was nine years old. In these years there had been progress, but it was not as plainly visible as might be expected.

To the buildings already on the campus in 1866, Van Vleck Hall, the old Gymnasium, and the Oggel House, had been added Charter Hall, a one-story building, remarkable only for its steep roof and dingy recitation rooms, the Grammar school building, still standing, and the old laboratory. In so far it was the day of small things, makeshifts and accommodations.
On the platform of the old Chapel, the remodeled Gymnasium, which the boys of '62 had built, sat at morning prayers, a faculty of seven, one more though in '66. Of that number but one is now connected with the institution, Dr. G. J. Kollen, and all except two have gone to their reward. These seven were supposed to take charge of twelve classes in the three departments. This is the way it was done: The professors taught the theologians and collegians and left the "prep" to the tender mercies of the upper classmen, who thus gained experimental knowledge of the art of teaching. The faculty numbered seven, but the teaching force was perhaps a score. There were no specialists in those days, indeed the professor in charge of any department was in charge of a great many other things; to mention just two, Dr. Scott, afterwards president, was, I believe, professor of natural history and in charge of general history, church history and government and chemistry; besides he sometimes taught physics and lectured on Christian evidences. It goes without saying that he had charge of the laboratory.

Good Dr. Beck fared little better, Latin, Greek and Hebrew were his regular branches, but that his time might be occupied physiology and logic were added.

Dr. Crispell was professor of theology in its various branches, but found time, or made time, to teach astronomy and higher mathematics.

Such were the conditions until '77. When the theological department was suspended and the classes were consequently reduced to eight. In '78 Drs. Phelps and Crispell resigned and Profs. Beor and Kleinheksel were added to the Faculty and the Council abandoned the employment of students as teachers, at least, in a general way.

One statement more and I shall have completed the picture. The expenditures of these days were about $8,000, and the income considerably less. The endowment amounted to $40,000 plus large hopes and unswerving faith in the future. On these hopes the institution has realized in later years. Hope has been transposed into things tangible, in enlarged endowments, better equipments, and yet Hope remains un- diminished for yet larger things in the future.

Vriesland.

G. D. JONGE.

"THE PILGRIMS."

When star-crowned Taurus breaks weird winter's bound,
Mild clouds their early benedictions shower;
When life springs forth in myriad mold and sound,
And nature proves her renovating power;

When silent trees into loud music break,
From throats of soul-filled warblers now returned;
When proud brute-mothers through rich meadows take
Their darling offspring spry and unconcerned;

When thrills the air with shouts of childhood joy,
Their penned up life now once again set free;
When merry maidens laugh and song employ;
Yea, heaven and earth proclaim a jubilee—

"Go visit Hope in June?" is asked the while,
I shall forsooth, for Chance so points the way!"—
Most favored mortals they, 'neath heaven's smile,
A night is past, now dawns a happy day.

As louris swift swallow for her own sweet home,
As pants chased hart for soul refreshing fount,
So sons of Hope in springtime yearn to roam
To blysian fields, to sacred grove and mount.

They say all consequences cause proclaim.
Said well. Then ask not whence this pilgrim mood,
Why signs of spring Hope's own with ardor flame
To seek her face, with love and joy imbued.

As when fond mother trains unconscious child,
So it may see and hear and know and do;
By varied gesture, look, e'en accent wild,
So Hope her children taught—a mother true.

She caused the blind earth's marvels to behold,
She taught the deaf a "various language" hear,
Did realms of thought to shrouded mind unfold.
Unlocked mysterious treasures—brought God near!
They come, her grateful sons, from far and near,
Relieved the while of onerous dignities,
Of trying task, hard post, of care, of fear,
To turn once more to joyous revelries.

They glow, they smile, they laugh, they joke, they sing,
With wild bewitching joy the way abounds.
(Hilarious mirth, the like no gods could bring)
One climax only suits—Hope's sacred grounds.

How marvelous is this place! Mysterious life
From numerous sources fills the swelling breast.
Hope's queenly growths lone pilgrims growth revive;
Her fruits of learning smack of nectar blest.

Now copes the mind with cute philosophies,
Then thrills the soul with music sweet and strong.
Now marvels eye at wondrous sciences,
Ah, could poor pilgrim here the hours prolong!

Could silent nook and shading tree relate
The intrinsic joy from old tales not grown old.
There shared by pilgrim friends in rapturous state.
Heaven's orchestras would fain such joys unfold!

The gathering past, exchange of blessing now:
"Dear Mother, thine be peace, prosperity.
Thy sons and daughters new allegiance vow.
None shall e'er boast nobler posterity."

"My pilgrims bands, yet truly comfort me.
Oft did the waiting world your merits learn;
My blessing on your way, a blessing be.
Again I send you forth—but to return."

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THE MISSION OF THE SMALL COLLEGE.

Alumni Banquet, Hope College, June 19, 1906.

Frater Alumni:
I am not of that number who think that the small college
belongs to the past. I believe that it has an indispensable
present and that it is to have a future more glorious than its
past has been. I say this while recognizing to its full extent
the necessity in our great educational system of the large
college, the technical school, and the university.

Said Mr. Bliss Berry, editor of the Atlantic Monthly, at a
meeting of the graduates of Williams College held a few years
ago in Boston: "In the large colleges the students have no
time to think. In my experience in Princeton I found that
the best thinkers were those who came from the little
unknown colleges of the Middle West. These men possess a
certain power of reflection and of assimilating the few facts
which they possess which is not found in the university
student. The tendency in the university, growing more and
more strong, is toward the repression of individual opinion.
It takes great courage to stand up and assert yourself against
the university mob. The type of men who can do this is what
the small college can and should develop."

A distinguished alumnus of Hamilton College, Hon.
Elihu Root, at the commencement of that college in 1901, had
this to say: "I believe that the American boy has better
chances for education, for training, for making a true success
of his life, in a college of not more than 300 students, removed
from the great centers of population, where students are
brought into intimate association with their instructors; where
the air is full of college spirit; where he is breathing a
scholastic atmosphere year by year; and where the college is
the all in all of college life."

The small college in these remarks is one of three hundred
students or less.

During the past thirty years I have been thrown into
contact, or more accurately speaking, have worked side by side
with men and women who have been trained in all kinds of
educational institutions, located in nearly every part of the
United States of America. I have therefore a fund of personal
observation and experience upon which to draw in order to
reach some conclusions. Moreover, I have supervised the
work of men from Harvard and from other great universities
as well as that of men and women from state normal schools
and from small colleges. Not only have I supervised the work
of these individuals, but I have freely mingled with them in
social and in civic life. My conclusions coincide with those of
the very eminent men whom I just now quoted.
Young men and young women in the earlier years of their training need not merely good books and good laboratories but they need also the constant inspiration which is gained only from daily and intimate association with good and learned men. They need that development of individuality which is secured only by the challenge to opinion, to idea, to theory, to doctrine, which the skillful instructor will daily hurl to each individual of his class. Nowhere but in the small college with its small classes can hand to hand intellectual engagements frequently occur. In the large colleges and in the universities the firing is at long range with only a small portion of the forces at any one time engaged.

I have read somewhere that "a grain of inspiration is worth many ounces of information; an ounce of comprehension is worth many pounds of aggregation; a single pound of art is worth many tons of science." All these, inspiration, comprehension, art, are from the nature of the case to be found in the small college rather than in the large college or university.

Furthermore, in the development of strong character, constant and intimate association with men and women of richer and ripper experience, of finer and broader culture, and of superior and better trained thinking powers is among the essentials. It was Burke who said: "A union with an equal understanding doubles one's own, but a union with a superior understanding raises one's own to the level of that superior understanding." Where can this constant and intimate association be found if not in the small college? What is of more value than a strong character? If it can be proved, as it easily can be, that in no other institution can the development of strong character proceed so successfully as it proceeds in the small college, then for this reason alone the existence and mission of such an institution would be abundantly justified.

Finally, the quality of loyalty is an important possession. Without it, home would be a hell, society a sink of hypocrisy, the state impossible. It is this quality which the intimate relations of the students to each other and to their teachers, relations found nowhere else in such perfection as in the small college, engender and foster.

Did time permit, I could present other weighty reasons for the existence and the perpetuity of such an institution as

I am proud to call alma mater. Surely, the inspiration to study and to think, the development of distinctive individuality, the upbuilding of strong and pure character, and the quickening of the spirit of loyalty to God and to man, all of which have ever been peculiarly, characteristic of the training of the small college, shall forever justify its existence and shall forever sanctity its mission.

R. B. D. Simoxson.

AS IT STRIKES ME TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

One dark night during my Freshman year, I stood with a half dozen fellow students in the dingy old railroad station at Holland. We had come down to see off Mr. L. D. Wishard, the Traveling Secretary of College Y. M. C. A.'s. Two of us watched our chance, drew Mr. Wishard off into a corner, and asked him whether we would not do a great deal better for ourselves if we should break away from the limited opportunities of the small college we were attending, and strike out to enjoy the more extended advantages that were available in the larger and older colleges of the East.

Of course we had no business to put a question like that to Mr. Wishard, and had no right to expect a direct and satisfactory answer. I forgot what he did say in reply. But I have thought of the occurrence often and I am sure many another son of Hope has had his misgivings on the same subject, and has wished there were some one from whom he could get an authoritative reply. But it is a very difficult question to answer, and the better qualified a man is to answer it, the less ready does he feel to dogmatize on the subject.

The writer stayed out his four years at Hope. He has traveled somewhat since, and has seen considerable of men, though it is true that he has seen little of colleges in the last twenty years. He, of course, cannot say now that he might not have made far greater advancement, that he might not have attained far more creditable development if he had left Hope at the end of his Freshman year; but he has never regretted that he stayed, though he has regretted that he did not add at least one to the years of his academic and theological studies.
In this connection let him briefly make note of three points.

First, some of his teachers in the college were very good, and others were probably not so good, but he is chiefly impressed with the fact that he did not get the most that he might have got out of even the least efficient of them. He is convinced that it is very, very seldom that it is simply the fact of an inferior teacher that will explain a man's lack of advance. Of course there are some teachers far more learned than others, some with a positive genius for instructing and enthusing, but of the writer's instructors there is not one of whom he does not feel from the viewpoint of today, that there was plenty more to be had if he had really wished it and striven to get it.

The next point is that, after all, it is the character of the men that instruct you, not so much their learning, that is the thing of value. I would not have believed that from my heart twenty years ago. A certain degree of technical skill, more or less, on the part of a teacher is a matter of relatively minor importance. The different degrees of scholarly equipment on the part of those who taught me does not stand out prominently at all today; but their difference in moral equipment does. I remember with the keenest gratitude the teacher who was unfailing in the faithfulness with which he returned our red-ink-corrected exercises, and the one that stood ready, nay, was eager, to repeat the explanation of a difficult point not once, but a dozen times, provided only the pupil sincerely wished to understand.

Really, the question whether a small western college or seminary, or a large Eastern or Western one is better for one's development, is a question that can only be answered each for each, but looking back at my own school days, while I may merit the criticism of being unambitious, my wonder is only that the question interested me as much as it did, and my regret is only that I fell so short of working the mine at hand for what it was really worth.

Nor do I think I appreciated the importance of the student body, nor the dignity of my own position as a student of the college. Ordinarily I do not think I fell very far short in my duties; I never made a great deal of trouble; and I certainly did a few things calculated to help out all around (e.g., I rang the college bell.) But I never realized that a strong faculty, a strong council alone were unable to make a strong institution of learning; that it was necessary for the student to have not only a high ideal for himself, but a high ideal for the student body as well. I never sufficiently realized that college days were days when one was to rise far above the plane of being drugged along by instructors, or of being kept in line by the disciplinary drill master; the days for endeavoring to help maintain a high-toned student morale, not a whit inferior to the highest ideal held for the Faculty or Council.

Perhaps it is a little unreasonable to expect youths under twenty to take quite so responsible a view as that, but some men did, and it would have been better if all had.

Saga, Japan.

H. V. S. PEEKE.
MISSIONARY FAREWELL.

Arcot.

F. F. F.

1. Best messengers of Jesus' name, Who answering to the Master's call,
   Thy love 'mid ev'ry conquest win, Thy Spirit crush wrong's pow'r and might.
   Their faith in Thee, Lord, strong and pure, That Satan shall be wreak'd ere long;
   That victory over death is sure: God's truth must triumph over wrong.

2. A -mid the battle's noise and din, Lord, keep Thy servant's arm brigh't.
   His Word Thy sword, His will thy choice, While we, the Church a-nited, pray:
   Lord Sab-a-oth! help, strengthen, cheer Thy servants thru the toilsome day;
   Ful-fill Thy promise, and be near: Grant courage to dis-pel dismay.

3. Our farewell is Christ's welcome voice That calls thee to the field a-way.
   Declare His love, His truth proclaim, To rescue men from Satan's thrall;
   Go forth to battle with the foe. Till at the clos-ing of the strife
   Accomplished be his o-verthrow. And men are saved from death to life.

With this issue of the Anchor, the new staff takes up the work performed so efficiently and faithfully in the past by former college students, some of whom have long since left our campus and others of whom are still with us for a short time. As we look over the files of old Anchors—way back through the years as far as '94 and '95—and see as editors and staff-members, the names of those who are now our honored professors or ministers of our largest churches or filling other responsible positions, we have a queer little feeling of doubt and dread, and realize how very small our feet are to occupy the shoes left behind for us, and we can only hope that when the year is past we shall have honestly done our best to fill at least a little corner of these cast-off shoes. We begin with no apologies; we make no promises. We ask the help of every alumnus and student in order to make the Anchor a success.

It is your paper, not ours, and each one should help in his share of the work. When you receive your Anchor at any time during the year, after looking it over, don't cast it aside with a mere passing remark of "Worse than ever" or "Punk," but tell us honestly where and how we can improve our paper.
or kindly hand to the editor a literary production of your own which will help a little in bringing the Anchor up to the standard of an ideal college paper. We especially ask the advice and criticism of the faculty and will appreciate any help they will give us in this direction.

The alumni have again shown their interest and appreciation in having planned for some months back this issue of the Anchor. We wish to thank them for making this number a success and also our fellow-students for their kind support and encouragement, as with much doubt and hesitation we launch our craft on the troublous sea of college journalism.

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A TOKEN OF APPRECIATION.

On the morning of March 28 the student body presented Mr. B. Bloemendal, our janitor, with a gold watch as a token of their appreciation of his work with the broom and brush. On the same day the Faculty also presented him with a purse of twenty dollars. In this way Mr. Bloemendal was happily reminded that it is now twenty years that he has served Hope College as janitor. Faculty and students believe that "labor, all labor is noble and holy," and therefore deserves its reward. The Alumni have fond recollections of the genial janitor. They rejoice in this opportunity to voice their respect and love for him. The very fact that Mr. Bloemendal has known every graduate of Hope for twenty years proves the happy relations existing between him and the students. The students love him for his faithfulness and they love to look into his cheerful face. He has been successful in his sphere and has been crowned with triumph. May he continue in these relations for many years to come. In their humble way the students have testified that they see in all honest labor a lovely face.

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LECTURE COURSE.

Hope's lecture course of this year is again to our sorrow a "has been." The last number occurred March 18, when J. Adam Bede spoke on "Our Country and Its Problems." With a promptitude of historical allusions, with a depth of research and with words of eloquence he pictured the evolution of our country and our responsibility for the welfare of other nations. He proved conclusively that the solution of a problem brings us upon a higher footing and that from this standpoint other problems present themselves to view. His plea was that we should not be overhasty, for time will solve all problems, however grave their nature.

We had some very good numbers on our course this year and we appreciated them. Let the good work continue. Nothing but the best is good enough for Hope.

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EXTRACTS FROM ALUMNI LETTERS.

Rev. D. C. Ruijgh writes from Morioka, Japan:

Though originally sent out by the Board of Foreign Missions of the R. C. A. as a missionary to China, I am now located in the northern part of Japan. This is owing to the fact that a three years' trial of the climate of Amoy convinced the physicians that it was impossible for me to remain in that field of labor. The board therefore transferred me to the North Japan Mission. After studying the language for a year in the city of Tokyo I was assigned to the evangelistic work in this north country. We are living in the city of Morioka, which is the capital of this prefecture. It is a city of something over 30,000 inhabitants. With the exception of a family belonging to the Baptist Mission we are not only the only Europeans in the city, but the only Europeans within a radius of over a hundred miles. A sufficiently large parish for the most ambitious worker.

Very sincerely your fellow Alumnus,

D. C. RUIJGH.

Is it worth while to study Dutch? - Read what Mr. John N. Vander Vries of the University of Kansas writes:
If there is anything that should be impressed on the younger generation at Hope it is the distinct advantage of being able to speak Holland intelligently. Every additional language at one's command is that much additional capital. The university here has just added to the teaching force of its Fine Arts school an instructor on the violin-cello, a Mr. Appy, formerly of Amsterdam, a thorough-going, jolly Dutchman. Being the only two here who can converse in the good old language, in which according to many a pious soul, the Bible was written, we have many a good time at the expense of the others. A year or more ago I had the pleasure of entertaining for a couple of days, Mr. Van Oordt, the violin soloist, then with the Thomas orchestra. A happier man I have hardly ever seen, for I was the first person whom he had met on the whole tour of the orchestra with whom he could speak in his old home tongue. If there is one thing I wish you would impress on the boys of Hope for me, and I repeat this purposely, it is the honor as well as the profit, intellectual, social and otherwise, of being descended from the greatest race on earth and of being able to speak her beautiful language. Many a plutocrat of New York City, Newport, and elsewhere would give untold sums to be able to prove a strain of pure Dutch blood in his veins.

I have enclosed my "cartwheel" for dues for 1906 and 1907. Good luck and success to you in your work.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN N. VANDER VRIES.

From Melur, South India, comes the following, written by Mr. John Banning:

Melur is a town of 10,000 inhabitants and the whole territory under my supervision has 340,000 people in it. The mission has 15 schools in this territory and also Catechists and Bible-women. We are located 18 miles from our nearest white neighbors, but seldom feel lonely as the Indians here are very friendly and are fine people. This station has not a large number of Christians, but we trust that their number will increase as the years go by.

It is mighty interesting living in the East at present. Japan has done great things, and China is about to do greater, while India is making vast strides towards civilization that have not been noticed much in the Occident because they have been made so quietly. Christianity has made a deep impression on India, and though its adherents only number about one per cent of the population that by no means represents the amount of their influence. The whole country has been leavened by the truths of the religion of the Man of Galilee and some day soon there are going to be vast mass movements towards Christianity. The example of Japan has had a tremendous influence in India, and in many respects Japan's advance is readily admitted to be due to her relation to Christianity and her acceptance of the civilization which Christianity alone can give. It is true that much of the agitation that is taking place in India does not seem to be favorable to Christianity nor to the British government, but it is well to remember that the loudest talkers are not always the most influential or the largest in number. The majority are quiet and do their day's work without much stir, yet they are the ones that must be reckoned with. India's progress may seem slow but there is progress. Today is not as was yesterday and tomorrow will be different from today. And another generation will see a new and entirely changed India. I, for one, am glad to be here at this time. The only fly in our ointment is the limitation that is put upon us by the limited means supplied us for work from home.

Off Sharp Peak Island, River Min, Fu-Kien, China,
September 9, 1906.

Dear Anchor Readers:

I received a letter concerning the proposed Alumni number of "The Anchor" some weeks ago, and at once wrote several letters to other alumni in Asia, urging them to send their contributions in time. It is high time that I was accepting my own advice. A typhoon is blowing outside, slowly making its way up the Formosa channel. We have been anchored here for twenty-four hours, and it is probable that we shall be here for as long again, and then it will take at least eighteen hours steaming before we anchor in Amoy harbor. In the intervals between discussions with our good captain concerning the weather, I shall try to write a letter.
out of which you may select a paragraph or two for "The Anchor."

There is so much of great importance happening in China at present that it becomes quite difficult to select one or two topics for such a letter as this. I was interested while in Foochow last week by the posters or notices which I chanced to see in a great many shops, and I have thought of making these my text, and will try to stick close to it.

"We have agreed to burn only Chinese oil," is the translation of a notice posted up in the shops of a great section of the city, and it will serve as an introduction to the sermon. The anti-foot-binding movement has gained great strength during the past year, and has not entirely ceased. Still in Foochow itself the boycott has been at an end for some time, and these notices are no longer written as were last year, "We do not use American oil."

This reference to the boycott serves to introduce us to the next poster we notice, which reads, "We have sworn off smoking opium." During the boycott, great public meetings were held to urge people not to use American goods. Such public meetings were formerly unknown in China, but at once proved to be very popular. As the boycott lost its strength, the meetings were still continued, and the speakers made addresses against foot binding, opium, and finally idolatry. The result has been that the anti-foot-binding movement has gained great strength during the past year. The opium problem is now a question not merely of history, nor of present English politics, but it is really a Chinese question, and the forces working to abolish the raising of the poppy and to prevent men from using the opium are rapidly becoming very strong. This explains the notices in these shops. The addresses of these public speakers against idolatry are very interesting. They always begin by a carefully worded introduction explaining that the speaker is not a Christian, but argues against idolatry as he would against all superstition or harmful practices. And these addresses are not without result. The present is the month of the year when the home-spirits are worshipped by everyone, and great processions are organized each evening. But this year in many places these processions have not taken place, and the money has been given to schools, or other useful purposes.

This reference to the schools reminds me of all the posters which in large characters advertised the reopening of public schools for the full term. Everywhere in the city on almost every blank wall these posters attracted the eye. Some referred to schools established by the government, and others to schools established by groups of people but all following the newly issued government courses of study. I visited some of these schools, but cannot in a small space tell you of them. I found the Normal school with accommodations for four hundred students and others buildings of great dimensions being erected, which would when completed make room for four hundred more students. This is only one example of how the government is building up a system of schools where there were none before, and of the rapidity with which that system is being established. I also visited the depot of school supplies which the Provincial Board of Education has opened there, and found a marvelously large supply of modern textbooks in Chinese, and school apparatus, which have all been prepared during the last two years.

There were many other posters and sign boards which attracted my attention as I passed through the city streets, but I have referred to enough to show the wonderful progress which China is making. Three years ago there were practically no daily newspapers in China, now I saw them posted up in the tea shops for the information of any who cared to read them. In this transformation of this nation, great in character as well as population, all sorts of forces are at work. Even the tobacco trust is not missing the opportunity which
the growing taste of the Chinese for modern things offers, and
the brilliantly colored posters of American cigarettes cover
the walls near the city gates of Foochow not only, but also of
almost all the walled cities of China.

Every day there are new developments in the awakening
of China, all of which to some extent affect the welfare of a
fourth of the human race. More progress is now being made
in China than in any other part of the world. It makes one
feel an almost desperate desire that the Church of Christ
would awaken to her duty. The situation here demands men
—men in the truest, highest sense of the word. Only the very
strongest and the greatest men which the home church has
produced will be qualified to be the leaders of the growing
Chinese church, and no other men but those who can be
leaders should be sent, for all the other work will be well
taken care of by the Chinese themselves. And the times de-
demand men, who will give up self for the sake of their cause.
We must have heroes. As I write, Rev. H. W. Oldham, who
was in Chang-foo during the riot there last February, is sit-
ting on the deck within call. In the same room with me are
the two stewards, brother and sister, the children of two of
the Kucheng martyrs of twelve years ago. The young lady, then a little girl, was the heroine who rescued her older sister
and another younger brother, when the house had been set on
fire after the murder of her parents. We must have men who
will count no cost too great if they can but get into the place
where they can do the greatest service to fellow-man and to
God. There is no field which offers such great opportunities
for service as China today. Among the undergraduates and
younger alumni of no other college are there so many men
whose duty calls them to think as there are among the same
number of the sons of Hope. We in Amoy are looking for
large reinforcements of these men in response to a twenty-
year-old cry, now made more emphatic by new conditions.

“Three empires fill the vision of the future, the United
States, Russia and China.” In the relations which the United
States is to have with China, Hope College has a large share of
responsibility. I am,

Yours faithfully,

A. L. WARNSHUIS.
MESSENGERS OF HOPE.

Hope Hospital, China, August 27, 1906.

India (Banninga) came to China, and a new child of Hope was born. She is not very large as yet, nor has her birth been officially announced, but the attending physician (a Dutch-American-Chinese) vouches for the existence of the youngster, and has even dared to suggest a name, which must be adopted. The child is a new Alumni Association, an off-shoot of Hope's larger organization. Its parents were Banninga (India) and Warnshuis (China). Its nurse was Boot, and the attending physician—the writer. Its birth has caused rejoicing everywhere, though in Japan (they being a little uppish just now, as they whipped the biggest power on earth) is not quite as exuberant as the rest of us. Even the Philippines have been heard from, and thus military éclat has been given to its future.

But to come down to sense. A Hope College Asiatic Alumni Association has been formed. Its name will be "Messengers of Hope." Its members—all of Hope's graduates in Asia and Africa, and its object, the collection of objects of interest for Hope's Museum, hoping in this way to stimulate the missionary zeal of our "alma mater."

You cut the best part of Mrs. Otte's last article for the Anchor, so, for fear of a similar amputation, and mutilation, I will have to say "time up," and quit. Just print this in small type and thus make it look short.

Just one word more. How I pity those of our number working at home! Where on earth can a more happy field of labor be found than here in rejuvenated China? Four hundred millions of verile human beings on the move! Think of it! And we have the lever in hand to turn that movement on to the road that leads to the love of Christ. I am pretty lonesome without that little graduate of 1882, but in spite of this, I often feel like shouting, "O, God how good You were to send me here to China."

J. A. OTTE, ’83.
A PROPOSED CONSTITUTION FOR AN ASSOCIATION OF
HOPE COLLEGE GRADUATES IN ASIA.

1. NAME. The name of this organization shall be Messengers of Hope.

2. OBJECT. The object of this association shall be to exchange ideas in regard to work, plans, and such other matters as are of common interest to the members, and to cultivate the spirit of missions in Hope College through the press, platform, and museum.

3. ORGANIZATION. The organization shall consist of a General Secretary, who shall also act as Treasurer. In any country where there are more than two graduates, they shall select one of their number to act as an Assistant Secretary for that country. When the graduates in a country number only one or two, the General Secretary will correspond with each member directly.

The General Secretary shall be elected by a plurality of the votes of the members, and shall serve until his successor is elected. His term of office shall be four years, or until he returns to America on furlough or otherwise.

4. MEMBERSHIP. All graduates of the Collegiate Department of Hope College, and residing in Asia or Africa shall be members of this association.

An annual fee of ——— shall be collected. The money received from the payment of fees shall be used in defraying the expenses of the General Secretary, and the surplus shall be spent from time to time in purchasing articles for the college museum. These articles are to be bought by the missionaries going home on furlough and given to the museum in the name of the association.

5. DUTIES OF THE SECRETARIES. It shall be the duty of the General Secretary to correspond with individual members and the Assistant Secretaries, and to edit and publish an Annual, consisting of extracts from the letters or articles contributed by the members. He shall also represent the association in corresponding with the College or the Alumni Association.

The Assistant Secretaries shall assist the General Secretary in keeping the members in their respective countries in touch with the association and its objects.

A department of information. Questions relative only to students and faculty of Hope College can be answered. Full name and address must accompany questions. No answers sent by mail.

Mr. Schaefer—In reply to your inquiry we would say that your application for membership in the Down and Out Club has been received and filed with the secretary and will be voted upon at the next regular meeting of the club.

Miss Pikaart—We are at a loss to diagnose the malady which has attacked the gentleman’s feet. Doubtless the latter cause him no little inconvenience and we are quite as solicitous as you are. For the present we suggest that he walk less and tread only on cement walks.

Mr. Hoffman—Yes, Miss Barnaby has asserted that she is glad that her home is so far down on Land street, as it aids her in determining her true friends, who, notwithstanding the distance, still continue to visit her.

Mr. Mulder—This department is not conducted to serve as an intermediary agency. We searched our fingers once. Still, although we have not interviewed Mr. Schaefer, we dare say that he grants you the utmost liberty for your latest conquest. (See answer in Bubo’s Nook under “Schaefer.”)

Mr. Plaseman—Prof. Kleinheksel credits Mr. Veenker with good judgment. (See Bennett’s Grammar, Sec. 310, II. Nubant, etc.)

Mr. Roost—Yes, indeed, a new male quartet would be very welcome. Your suggestion that you sing the leading
part is a good one. Mr. Schenk would do well but needs to be “jiggered up” in his tune as he might otherwise lag. Mr. Warnshuis can manage first bass if he doesn’t forget his voice. Your pun that you selected Mr. John Vruijink for the fourth member of the quartet because of his success on one ball team is permissible, although as the poet Quirious says, “orati antiquitatem redolit” or “the speech smacks of the past.” Can’t you form a mixed octet? Permit us to suggest Miss Irene Brusse, Miss Margaret Walsh, Miss Mary Lokker and Miss Anna Le Fevre.

Mr. Yonker—Your threats of violence (made while yet we were a nominee for the office we now hold) if in the advent of our attaining the editorship we made use of your name in our columns were entirely unnecessary. It is our policy to keep our paper free from anything that may cause feelings to anybody.

SOCIETY AND PERSONAL.

Are you happy?
Hear the blue jays nowadays?
Is your return as happy as the robins’?
Mr. James A. Verhug h. a. n. p. g. h.
Mr. Martin Verberg h. a. n. p. g. h.
Mr. Tracy Elmer Weed h. a. n. p. g. h.
Mr. James Josias De Kraker h. a. n. p. g. h.
Mr. Henri Gilbert De Kruijff h. a. n. p. g. h.
Mr. William Wallace Visscher h. a. n. p. g. h.
Have you a little new p. g. h. in your home?
Mr. James Theodore Veneklasen h. a. n. p. g. h.
Mr. Isaac Van Westenbrugge has a new pearl gray hat.
Mr. Peter Henry Pleume has a new pearl gray hat.
Isn’t it strange how yellow your last year’s straw hat looks?
Robins are not as plump now as they will be later on in the season.
Mr. Abraham Van Houten has decided upon a room in Voorhees Hall.
Si feceris, etc.

Miss Ida May Larken attended chapel on Monday, March the eleventh, wearing her new spring hat. It is a creation in gray with a green yoke.

“It is more blessed to give than to receive.” Did you notice how happy everybody was after the watch meeting with Mr. Bloemendal?

Why, yes! “pussy willows” have been out for a month or more. Ask the little maid in blue and white pinafore or the marble playing lad with soiled knuckles and sand stained jumper.

Among those who attended the Olivet-Hope basket ball game were Miss Rose Harriet Brusse of Holland and Mr. August Veenker of Clara City, Minn. Miss Brusse reports a good time.

It was with hesitation unwarranted by results that Miss Estelle Marie Kollen consented to officiate at the organ on the morning of March the twenty-second in the absence of the chapel piano, which at the time was silently gracing the gymnasium stage. Et pater et filia can draw notes from difficult organisms.

Mr. Henri Gilbert De Kruijff in his haste to take the 4:10 train for Grand Haven, where he was billed to give a chalk talk, left his overcoat at home. Such devotion to art is rarely seen and we predict a great future for Mr. De Kruijff, provided the weather is not too cold the next time art and utility conflict.

Mr. Wynand Wiechers is the author of the statement that there are no boys at Hillsdale, (at least he didn’t see any) and that the young ladies are exceptionally sociable and entertaining. He is also quite sure that he made a “hit.” Wait a minute, boys! Ma always passed the ginger-snaps with a lavish hand when special company came. Did Wynand forget? Stay on the farm, Rufus.

Mr. Jas. Dykema, our esteemed Joke Editor, has given emphatic warning to the Editor that he will immediately ascend up into the ethereal regions if we cut out any jokes on ourselves. Knowing Mr. Dykema’s aspiring upward tendency and fearing that if once he went up he might not return in time to graduate with his class we allow a certain joke (?) to remain.—(The Editor.)
While on a recent visit to Grand Haven Mr. James Theodore Veneklasen attended a session of the Circuit Court with Miss Lucy B—— of that city. They enjoyed the sitting to such an extent that the bailiff awoke and whispered to them that conversation disturbed the jury. Later we learned of the engagement of the popular tenor and his fair companion, and it seems likely that Mr. Veneklasen determined to settle his case there and that it was the “pop” that startled the court crier. “Poppers” usually disturb court criers.

A photograph of the “A” class of Hope College taken at the home of Mr. Melvin Verne Ogger of this city reveals Miss Mae Julia Van Derveer kindnessly assisting Miss Henrietta Van De Erve in her attempts to listen to the ticking of Mr. John Daniel Niessink’s watch which he wears in an upper pocket of his waistcoat. We rejoice to note inherited tendencies on the part of Miss Van Derveer to catering and a natural inclination to parlor match-making. This we think portends a lucrative business for somebody within a few years. (New Brunswick, N. Y., papers please copy.)

One of the most charming events of the season occurred on March the fourth when Miss Elizabeth Lorraine Grotzmat and Miss Mildred Sarah Weston gave a muscicale to a select party of music loving friends at Floyd’s hall on East Ninth street. Among those honored were Mr. Anthony Van Raalte and Mr. Arthur J. Misner who received invitations while standing near the Emporium de la Carte Postale of Henry Van der Ploeg. Miss Weston’s interpretation of “Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight” on the German flugelhorn and Miss Grotzmat’s rendition of a Bavarian yodel with xylophone accompaniment were the features of the evening. Peonies formed the decorations.

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The Anchor

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“Kramer on Ice Cream” is a booklet which has just been issued giving the secret to make a prime ice cream for 20 cents a gallon, absolutely pure and will pass in any food law state, besides giving a number of other formulas and information. Can’t tell all about it here. Regular price $2.50, now $1.00, or both books $2.00.

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