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April, Nineteen Hundred and Eight

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The Siege of Leyden
( Delivered at State Oratorical Contest, March 6, 1908, by William Walvoord)

Y THEME pertains to a nation that is remarkable neither for size nor for prominence in the world-politics of to-day but whose early history, we believe, has had a far-reaching influence. To that nation, as our forefathers freely acknowledged, America owes a debt of gratitude.

Benjamin Franklin says, "In love of liberty and in bravery in the defence of it, the Netherlands has been our great example." I desire this evening to portray briefly one of the most memorable struggles of the Netherlands in the defence of that liberty—the Siege of Leyden.

To begin, mark the scene of the conflict. At the center of the old city of Leyden rose a partly-ruined, ancient tower, commanding an extensive view of the neighboring country. Imagine yourself standing upon the top of that tower just before the siege. A wide expanse of rich pasture land lies stretched out before you, level as the sea, intersected here and there by canals, and dotted with farmhouses and smiling villages. Yonder, just below the horizon, is the ocean, that mighty ocean from which by centuries of labor all this land was reclaimed. Thither four months from now every eye will be straining anxiously for a glimpse of the last hope of rescue. Within the city we observe no warlike preparations. The whole scene is one of peacefulness and quiet industry.
But this tranquil scene is to be rudely disturbed. The provinces of the Netherlands are in arms against the mighty power of Spain. On the throne of the Spanish empire sits a monarch who is the perfect embodiment of Spanish pride and arrogance, and who is bound by a bigoted devotion to the Church of Rome. That monarch, King Philip II, has a title to these thrifty and opulent provinces, and he will force upon them his decrees, his tax levies, and his court of inquisition. He will, if he can. And at the time of which I am to speak it seemed that he would succeed. The prospects for the Dutch patriots were gloomy. In the recent disaster of Mook-heath, Count Louis was slain, his army shattered, and all hope of aid from Germany blasted. The southern provinces have abandoned the struggle. Holland and Zealand alone are firm in their resistance. The Spanish forces are pushing forward, and the fair city of Leyden is doomed to a fiery ordeal.

In the latter part of May, 1574, Gen. Valdez appeared before Leyden at the head of eight thousand Spanish veterans. Soon the city was completely invested. Within the walls were scarcely six hundred armed men; the rest were defenceless citizens. Six hundred against eight thousand! And yet upon the issue of this struggle depended the fate of the whole country and the welfare of coming generations. How long shall Leyden be able to hold out? There are barely three months' provisions in the city. The burgomaster of the town, the stout-hearted Van der Werf, inspires the inhabitants to an unflinching resistance. And the Prince of Orange, the ever-watchful leader of the revolution, hastens to send cheering messages and urges the people to hold the place at least three months, with the assurance that he will devise some means of deliverance.

But how is it possible to relieve the city? Can a handful of Dutch patriots take the field against the veteran forces of Spain? Not on land; but on the water the Spaniards yield the mastery to the "Beggars of the Sea." The Prince of Orange sees one possible plan of rescue. The patriots must make allies of storm and flood. Rather than leave Leyden a prey to the hated Spaniard, they will give up the surrounding country, with all its rich crops and thriving villages, and restore it to that old antagonist, the ocean.

The alarming condition of the city demanded haste. In two months all the bread had been consumed. A month more and the other provisions also give out. With the daily ration becoming smaller and smaller, with starvation threatening and the possibility of rescue uncertain, each anxious day seems a week of suffering.

And now the Spanish general comes with offers of pardon to the citizens—absolute pardon, if they will only open the gates and accept the king's authority. But the honied words of the Spaniard meet only with contempt. Too well do the citizens know that Spanish mercy means a dagger-thrust! Do they not remember the frightful massacres at Naarden and Haarlem? But, more than that, the civil rights and religious liberty of their whole country are at stake. Surrender? They will rather starve. Hear them cry from the walls, "Should God, in his wrath, doom us to destruction, and deny us all relief, even then, when the last hour has come, with our own hands, we will set fire to the city and perish, men, women and children together in the flames, rather than suffer our homes to be polluted and our liberties to be crushed."

On the 21st of August a letter from the Prince of Orange arrives, announcing that all the dykes are pierced and that the water is rising on the Landsheiding, only five miles away. For a moment the famished city bursts into jubilee. For a moment the air resounds with joyful music and the salvos of cannon. Only five miles away, there are friends! There is bread!

Only five miles away—but can the fleet that is coming to the rescue reach the city? Alas, near the city the water is only ten inches deep. Hope gives way to despair again. The fleet cannot advance; it lies stranded. Oh, the suspense between hope and fear, the agony of those days! We, who have never known severe want, cannot realize the city's distress. All wholesome food was gone. Dogs, rats, the most loathsome
vermin, became luxuries. Imagine the crowds of gaunt, tottering wretches. They fight for a crust of bread; they search through gutters and garbage heaps for a morsel of food; they lay the blood of slaughtered animals from the pavement. Pestilence now falls upon them, and death reaps a sickening harvest.

There remains yet one faint hope of deliverance. Should the wind, which for days has been blowing from the east, shift to the west, the waters of the sea would be driven farther inland. That hope is realized. Behold, on the morning of October 2nd, the weather vane points westward! A violent northwest gale sets in. The ocean, as if at last its bosom swells with pity, now seems to rise like a living mass; it rushes over the dykes, sweeps across the land and on to the beleaguered city. Once more the Dutch fleet rises triumphant on the heaving tide. It is manned by a crew of eight hundred Zeelanders. Bold seaman were these, wild as the ocean itself, and seething with hatred against the foreign oppressor. In the middle of the night, through storm and thick darkness, they press on. Like wounded lions they leap upon their foes. The Spaniards are hacked to pieces, are hurled into the sea, or flee panic-stricken to the mainland. Disaster is turned into victory. The city gates burst open, and Leyden, with all the strength that can be summoned by a famished city, hails its deliverers.

If I were to stop here, the defence of Leyden would mean simply a stout resistance together with a bold piece of strategy. But has it not a special significance? Has it not some suggestion as to the purpose or motive of the Dutch patriots? The great significance of the victory of Leyden, methinks, was shown when, two hours after the opening of the gates, every man, woman and child who was not too feeble to join the procession had gathered in the great city church to offer praise and thanksgiving for their deliverance. That band of patriots, who would drown all their possessions and suffer the ravages of starvation and pestilence rather than submit to the tyranny of a Spanish monarch, here bow in humble gratitude to the King of kings. And they were not content with a mere verbal expression of thanksgiving. The Prince of Orange and his people desire to give proof of their gratitude by some noble and enduring monument. It was resolved that, in remembrance of their heroic sufferings and their wonderful deliverance, a university should be established within the walls of Leyden. In that momentous hour they founded an institution which through the renown of its eminent scientists, historians, jurists, and poets, was to acquire world-wide recognition and fame. Could the Dutch people in any way have indicated more clearly their loftiness of purpose? The siege of Leyden was not a meaningless historical tragedy. I wish to present this siege as a typical act in the drama of the great world-struggle for liberty and freedom of conscience.

But why choose particularly this siege? May not the entire war and every battle of that war be described as a struggle for liberty? The siege of Leyden is well suited to my purpose, because it clearly illustrates those qualities which distinguish the true spirit of liberty. In the stubborn defence of the city and in the bold attack of the Dutch fleet, we have splendid examples of heroism. The willingness of the Dutch patriots to suffer the destruction of their possessions in the waves of the sea meant sacrifice. And in the establishment of an institution that was to stand for enlightenment and progress, we see nobleness of purpose. Heroism, sacrifice, and nobleness of purpose are qualities which characterized not only the defence of Leyden, but the entire Dutch War of Independence—qualities which characterized the American Revolution, qualities which are essential to every struggle for true freedom.

Who can estimate the dynamics of a great and noble deed? Who can measure the extent of the influence of an inspiring example? Ever since the rise of Dutch history, the proudest ambition of every true Netherlander has been to emulate the deeds of his forefathers, who gave to his country's career such a glorious beginning. But the early history of the Netherlands had its effect also upon other nations. True love of freedom appeals instinctively to the hearts of all mankind, and its influence cannot stop at boundary lines. The humiliation of
Spain by the Netherlands was a stinging blow to despotism, a powerful argument against the “divine right of kings,” and a mighty inspiration to every people battling for freedom. The Netherlands was the first of modern nations to cast off the galling yoke of despotic monarchy and to make the people both the source and the object of government—and her example was not to remain unheeded. When the Pilgrims, driven from England by relentless persecution, found a refuge in this same city of Leyden, they readily imbibed those principles of liberty which they were soon to implant in the virgin soil of the New World. When the great Atlantic stormed to the rescue of Leyden, she caught up the spirit of liberty exhibited by the defenders, and, with the breezes that wafted the Half Moon and the Mayflower, bore it enthusiastically to a land that was to become the refuge of the oppressed of all nations. That memorable sentence which rang from Massachusetts to Georgia and which thrilled every American heart, “Give me liberty or give me death,” was an echo of the patriotic outbursts which rang through the Netherlands two centuries before. The Dutch War of Independence was a signal triumph for the universal cause of true freedom, and the defence of Leyden was a defence of those principles of civil and religious liberty which have become the heritage of all civilized nations.

*GRANDFATHER’S CLOCK.*

Grandfather’s clock ticks seconds away,
Out from the boundless sea of time,
Seconds that fly
And quickly die,
And build the isle of Days Gone By,
Atoms of time in the world of light
Dancing and flitting and hiding from view;
And we cannot know
Where the seconds go
In the cloud and mist of Long Ago.

Grandfather’s clock chimes minutes that pass,
Slower than seconds,—more burdened are they
With a silvery chime
It quarters the line
Of minutes that follow in hourly rhyme
Birds of passage in evening sky.
A look, a song,—like minutes are they.
And we cannot know
Where the minutes go
In the cloud and mist of Long Ago.

Grandfather's clock doles laboring hours,
Hours that ceaselessly come and go.
Deeply it tolls,
Re-echoing rolls,
Murmurs of ocean waves beating the shods,
With slow-freighted camels the caravan moves;
With slow-freighted hours the days pass by;
And we cannot know
Where the hours go
In the cloud and mist of Long Ago.

Grandfather's clock has a tale to tell
Keeping lone watch from day to day,
Mysterious Guard!
Melodious Bard!
In the field of Tomorrow, and Yesterday's sherd.
Ride by thy task in the morning hours
Nor sate, shirk with the setting sun,
Days will flow.
Life will go
Into the mist of Long Ago.

Grandfather's clock presented to Hope by the Colonial Clock Co. of Zeeland.

SAM ROGERS' COURAGE.

(With apologies to "Aunt Jane of Kentuck.")

Aunt Malvina and Uncle Finlay live in a little "holler" about a mile above us. You climb the rocky hill in front of our cottage and you're up on the ridge where the horses love to take a gallop. Pretty soon you go winding down and down, jump across the little "branch" of water, and then go toiling upward till your breath gives out. Then you follow the bridle-
path down the slope to the bars, from which place you can see
below you Aunt Malviney's cabin. It's a beautiful place in
the spring when the wooded hill in the background is a flame
with the wild azaleas and mountain laurel. It is glorious in
summer to sit on the big rock in front of the house and rest in
the shade. It is fun in the autumn to pick up chestnuts from
underneath the two great trees near the cabin. But oh! it
looks dreary and deserted in the winter, a desolate cabin set in
the hollow with no outlook but the bare, rocky hill on all sides.

No matter when we come Aunt Viny is always powerful
glad to see us. "Come right in. How are you, Honey? I'm
knocking about as usual. Set right down in that chair.
There's Cora, my cat. She wants to say 'howdy' to you, too."

And after inquiring about all the friends, she tells us more
about Cora,—how the knowing feline comes coaxingly with
"Malviny" when she is pleased, but when she's angry simply
cries "Vine." Or she will relate how she promised Selim's
mother on her death bed (Selim is her old horse) that she'd
never sell or mistreat Selim. And then the old mother looked
into her eyes, rolled over, and died peacefully.

With such comfortable homilies the hours pass. But
sometimes we find Aunt Viny in a reminiscent mood, and then
we have an hour of tales.

"I hear ye've got small-pox in town. You say hit's hurtin'
Lize Johnson mighty bad? I heered tell that dark-skinned
people always die with it. I'd hate to miss Lize. Her soul is
as white as sycamore bark, no matter what people say of her
face! I've seen a sight of small-pox. Some people are so
scared of it, they'd carry dead rats with them to scare it away.
Did you ever hear how the small-pox scared Judge Rogers?
I reckon you've heard of Sam Rogers and his moonshine stills.
He was County Judge here nigh onto fifteen year ago, the
time when the State was paying a bounty of twenty-five
dollars for every still destroyed. Well, the Judge had a still
of his own, and he was hard up for money. So, what do you
think? he breaks up the still, reports to the State and gets his
money. Then he sets it up in another place, and repeats the
operation. He had to skip at last, and I don't guess any of
us were sorry to lose him.

I knew Sam Rogers when he was a boy. He was always
braggin' about his brave deeds. But courage, you know, is
something like those fish you never catch. It sounds well to
tell about, but where is the substance of things hoped for, the
evidence of things not seen? He let his gun speak for itself
whenever he was alone in the holler. He said he was shooting
at a mark, but folks said he did it to scare the 'hants' (ghosts)
away.

When he got to be County Judge he said he meant to
make the boys have a holy fear of the law. But la me! they
didn't mind. One day Sam was sittin' in his office when he
heard some boys gettin' rather noisy on the street. So he calls
to the sheriff to watch them. In a little while some of the
boys got on horselack and galloped up the road, shooting
their revolvers off. The Judge was scared stiff, but he tried
to blister it off by scolding the sheriff. But while he was
standing near the window a bumble bee whizzed past his ear
and just grazed it. 'The Judge was sure he was shot and ran
to hide in the cloak-room for an hour. And the sheriff had his
laugh out of it.

But here I'm almost forgetting the small-pox story. I
recollect that winter was hard and there was a heap of sick-
ness. A right smart number of the people were suffering for
food and clothing, too, and when the small-pox scare came
we thought there sure was eternal judgment on us. The
Judge was mighty scared about it, and every one knew it,
though he said he reckoned he wasn't afraid of that "Cuban
itch," not if 2,000 negroes had it in town. Wasn't he afraid?
I reckon he was! And they proved it to him.

There was a company floating some logs down a stream,
and some of the mountain men were angry about it. So some
of them cut the rafts apart, and others changed the marks on
the logs. But the Court could never find the guilty ones. At
last matters were in such a fix that the guilty men were
almost sure to be caught. So they worked a scheme. They
hired a man from outside to give himself up to the law. (I
never could recollect law-terms). The Judge he knew all the
time this man wasn't the right one; but he was in with the
other bunch, so he tried to appear stern, and said that 'the
offense was so grave and of such long standing that the man
must be tried at once. He did that so that none of the other men would be found out.

So he appointed a lawyer for that man. Mr. Bellis was a smart one. The man said, "Now, I'm not guilty at all, but the bunch hired me, so I'm going to take the punishment." Bellis asked him if he wouldn't rather go free. He said he would, but he couldn't help being arrested, he was in the power of the gang.

"But what's the matter with you?" Bellis said. "Smallpox, I reckon."

Then Bellis had a lucky thought.

He went to the Judge and tried to persuade the Judge to put off the trial, but the Judge wouldn't. So he went back to the man and said, "You go right near the Judge when you testify. Trust me for the rest."

So up to the Judge's office they went. The man came right up to the Judge. He was pale and so weak he could scarcely stand up.

"What's the matter with your man, Bellis?" "Smallpox."

That word did the Judge up. He turned pale and cried out, "We shall have the case bound over to next court." And the Judge disappeared.

Of course, Bellis couldn't keep the joke, and so we all knew about it very soon.

Oh, yes! that man went free, and the whole bunch of the others were indicted. When their trial came up, Bellis was Judge, and the men got their just reward."

We left Aunt Viny still chuckling. And now whenever we think of bragging, one of us will say, "Sam Rogers?"

HANNAH G. HOEKJE, '06.
McKee, Kentucky.

A LETTER.

Holland, Mich., March 10th, '08.

Mr. Joe O'Connell.
Coldwater, Mich.,

Dear Old Pal—I am glad you show continued interest in our school work. No doubt, you have also closely watched

for all available news about Friday's contest. A big, big day it was, old Joe! Don't look too much at reports about the decision—we went to fifth place, but that's all forgotten. We are getting used to that rank anyway; we have a mortgage on fifth or sixth place, so what more do you want.

But talk about being happy! We are all brimful of that contest. And we have reasons for it, too. College spirit ran higher than it has ever done before at Hope. Every old scout was loyal to his Alma Mater this time; if there had been anyone with not enough energy to yell, no doubt he would have been put out of the contest for good—the poor fool. Just let me tell you about that yelling. It was systematic, it was orderly, it was successful, and the audience appreciated it, and with that anyone would be satisfied. The only place in Michigan where they can beat it is at the U. of M. If you don't believe it, say so, and I'll fight it out with you during summer vacation.

Some of the orators did some fine stunts by way of making faces at us just to hold our attention, but they knew their business just the same—the old birds. These had all the judges hypnotized, and, consequently, they received high marks. I wish Walvoord had thought of that game—we would have a free day today, and I'd have time to write you all about how he did it.

Perhaps you heard say there were three professionals in the contest—preachers. Don't you believe it. If they had been preachers they would have announced their texts before they began. The only authority people have for making that charge is that they mentioned "the man of Galilee," but bosh! I do that, too, in Sunday school sometimes, and still I'm no preacher. People might as well say that the Albion man brought a choir with him because they sang "Alleluia." But, by the way, I think that explains why Albion won. Next year we're going to have the Seminary sing "Alleluia" for us, and there won't be any one in the world can beat the Dutch.

For further particulars about the contest proper see Saturday's issues of the New York Sun and London Times. I would rather hurriedly tell you about those who made up the rear-guard—Van Der Meulen for instance. Of course, he had to be carried upon the platform before he would speak. I believe
the man is getting funny. He tried to give some fatherly advice to the older men. Maybe as pastor of Hope Church he spoke ex-officio. I'll whisper in your ear sometime what he said. I'll tell you one thing—I dreamt about him Friday night, and he said to me, "I wish I had a boy to try in that contest." Prof. Kuizenga acquitted himself well. He had jokes so deep we couldn't understand them, so we just laughed to encourage him. After I get all the philosophy of these men digested, I'll tell you some more about it. And then the judges all had to show us how to think—just imagine when we heard the decision. I didn't know then who of them marked Walvoord so low or I would have "hanged" him.

But it was a gala time all along. After the contest, a fine little reception was given at the Dormitory. The orchestra there furnished fine music, and the pleasant hour made us happy, except that we lost much sleep. I think the reception was Mrs. Gilmore's suggestion, therefore I am inclined to say, Mrs. Gilmore "doth murder sleep!"

No doubt, the delegates, every one of them, returned home proud of Hope and appreciative of the entertainment they received. Forgive me for mentioning this. But I can't help speaking of it because we are just as happy over it as they are. This much they told us—they think much of Hope, and of its buildings and equipments, and we are glad of it. Just this to you in closing: Friday was one of the greatest days by way of advertising our college and developing our college spirit Hope has ever known.

"Your brother in the faith."

JOHN WICHERS.
you cast your vote for a board of editors to publish your paper. Your advise and assistance will be needed many times, and will be greatly appreciated.

We regret that our report of the State Oratorical Contest should come so late, but it is our first opportunity as the contest was held after the March number had gone to press.

ORATORICAL CONTEST.

On March 6th the inter-collegiate state contest was held at Hope under the auspices of the Michigan Oratorical League. Our nearly decorated Carnegie Hall accommodated over a thousand persons, who availed themselves of the opportunity to witness a contest, rare, because it is held in Holland only once in nine years, valuable, because in this contest the giants in oratory from Michigan colleges compete for the gold medal. The occasion was made doubly attractive; for preliminary to the men's contest, to be held in the evening, six girl representatives of Michigan colleges competed for state honors. The outcome of this first contest for women has definitely settled the question, whether girl-oratory shall be a prominent feature of the college platform. It has taken away the doubt and hesitancy with which woman-oratory was wont to be considered, and has proven once for all its desirability and appropriateness. For in the sphere of woman there are many things which can be better interpreted by woman's tongue, there are evils existing in society, the protest against which can be rendered with vastly greater effect by a girl orator, than by a man.

The first contest of this nature, beside the fact that it was a decided success, can be taken as a pointer by all girl aspirants for oratorical honors. The oracle spoke not in mysteries when it awarded first place to Albion's representative, Miss Lena Weadge, whose oration, "A Peril to the American Home," was both in place and season. Miss Weadge treated the menacing servant problem in a simple and straightforward way. She pleaded eloquently for the despoiled and downtrodden servant girl, whose importance in the home life, not only as servant, but also as educator, must be acknowledged by all unprejudiced men and women. She pointed out how operative householding tends to rob the married from the blessings and peace of homelife and destroys individuality in the child, stamping its mind and soul with the brand of universal conformity. She showed how the treatment of the servant girl of today is in direct opposition to the altruistic spirit of the present age, and concluded with an eloquent protest against caste indifference, and a plea for social recognition of the servant girl.

This oration is well worth reading. Written in a pleasant, simple style, it treats in a logical manner a burning question of today. Girl-orators, take this winning oration as an example for future efforts. Subjects like this belong strictly to the sphere of woman and an able treatment and unaffected delivery like Miss Weadge's, will assure you of success.

At 7:30 in the evening the men's contest commenced. Cheered on by a goodly amount of singing and yelling our representative, Mr. Walvoord, stepped upon the stage. Thanks to the untiring efforts of our professor in elocution, Mr. Walvoord's delivery was greatly improved upon since the local contest. Throughout his speech he held the audience spellbound, so that, when he retired, we were well confident that the valiant burgomaster of Leiden had saved the day. However, in our enthusiasm we had forgotten that nothing is more successful than success. That oration, "The Crime of Industrial Evolution," we had read, and we were convinced that if the writer of it was of equal excellence in speech, either Hope's or Albion's colors had to be lowered. Mr. Oakes' subject, a protest against child-labor, is one that has created an intense sensation throughout the country. The question admits of no denial: the existence of the evil is as incongruous with our national spirit, as was the slavery during the sixties. The oration is written in a truly oratorical style, its rhetoric is excellent, its wording poetical and effective. Throughout it all pervades a stirring pathos, that fails not to reach and win over the hearts of the hearers: a first requisite of all true oratory. Spoken with Mr. Oakes' pleasing delivery we can find no fault with the decision of the judges. We do not begrudge Mr. Oakes his success nor Albion College its double victory. Whoop her up, Albion, for All-Michigan on May 8th!

And now, ye Hopeites, don't moan. The man who de-
served first place was awarded it, and our man, who should have had it also, did not get it because first place admits of only one. Cheer up, and if you have not done so already, buckle down to business. Hope College must do things at Kalamazoo next year. Don’t keep hoping all the time, it is a misinterpretation of the name of the old college. Get to work, and first place.

Y. M. C. A.

With the beginning of this term the newly elected cabinet begin their year’s work. During the past year the Y. M. C. A. has shown that it stood for something in college life, and meant something to the college student. The meetings have been loyally supported, and were characterized by spiritual enthusiasm. We can safely affirm that the spiritual life among the students has not waned. The occasional visits of our state secretary, Mr. Rogers, have been highly appreciated. He is a man of earnest purpose, and the manner in which he takes hold of Y. M. C. A. work is indicative of his deep interest in the young college man.

There are at present two mission study classes. One in the Preparatory Department, which is studying Zwemer’s, “Islam a Challenge to Faith,” and one in the College which is using Beach’s “Dawn on the Hills of Iran” as a text book. Both classes have been well supported. Four Sunday schools in the vicinity of this city have been conducted under the direction of the association. With one exception the twenty-six teachers are all members of the Y. M. C. A. At these different schools about two hundred and twenty-five children and young people, who would otherwise be practically without religious training of this nature, have been given biblical instruction every Sunday. The friendly attitude of the parents and the regular attendance of the scholars show that the work of the boys is warmly appreciated. The association has a membership numbering one hundred and fourteen, seventy-eight of whom are active and thirty-six associate members.

From present indications we dare safely predict a prosperous year for the Y. M. C. A. However, there is much to be done, and we may not rest on past laurels. The work has been and must continue to be an aggressive one. We feel our own incapacity, but relying on Him whose name we bear we cannot fail.

The newly elected officers are:
John A. DeKraut, President.
Milton J. Hoffman, Vice President.
Artie Te Paske, Secretary.
Victor W. Bleklink, Treasurer.

ATHLETICS.
Basket Ball Summary.
Hope, 81; South Haven, 19.
Hope, 26; Muscatine, 70.
Hope, 37; Mclachlan, 11.
Hope, 34; Jackson Y. M. C. A., 32.
Hope, 70; Kalamazoo Y. M. C. A., 23.
Hope, 61; Zeeland, 33.
Hope, 49; Zeeland, 50.
Hope, 45; Zeeland, 20.
Hope, 22; Detroit Y. M. C. A., 51.
Hope, 50; Palmer Park, Chicago, 33.
Hope, 41; Collins, Grand Rapids, 18.

In accordance with their usual custom, our basketball veterans have succeeded in maintaining a high average of victories. The season has been a success. Some very close interesting games keyed the enthusiasm of the spectators up to a high pitch. We are not ashamed of our defeat at the hands of Muscatine, nor of our loss to Detroit Y. M. C. A. The former team are the champions of Iowa, and met us while making a tour of the United States and Canada. They have won 64 out of 74 games played on the trip. Detroit Y. M. C. A. holds the championship of Michigan by a wide margin. By taking two out of three from Zeeland we again established ourselves champions of Western Michigan. From the games lost to our opponents we have learned that there is still room for a higher quality of basket ball, and this side will undoubtedly stir all the students to work for a better team for next year. August Veenker, ’10, has been elected as captain for next year. Sweater coats were presented by the Athletic
Association to the players who earned their official H. and to Manager Van Houten. The players who received the sweaters are, Olmans, J. Vrouwen, H. Vrouwen, Pleuter (captain), Rotschaefer and Veener (captain-elect for next year).

Ease Ball.

Strike one! Our new maroon baseball uniforms are here.

Strike two! You can wear one if you can fill a position on the team, so get busy.

Home run! Prospects are bright for one of the best teams that ever represented Hope. Try for the first team. If you miss it, improve yourself by working hard on the second team. A good movement has been started in the organization of a class league. There is room for everyone on a class team. Class teams develop men for our first team, and good, strenuous class rivalry is the surest guarantee of a liberal, wholesome college spirit.

Track Work.

Something new! We are going to have a track team at Hope College. Manager Vrouwen called for candidates, and there was a hearty response. Every fellow should give the manager his heartiest support. Track work has the advantage of being open to a large number of students. Many who cannot make the base ball team will find plenty of opportunity on the track to use their muscles for the benefit of their college. Don't hang back because you think another man is better. You may be mistaken. In track work, the best man obtains the coveted honors. Nothing but your own neglect can keep the rightful position from you. Manager Vrouwen is undertaking something at Hope. Help him make it a success and a permanent part of our athletics.

PROFESSOR KUIZENGA ENTERTAINS.

Professor Kuizenga has in the past proved his interest in athletics at Hope and his friendliness for her victorious teams by entertaining them at his home, but, when the members of the basket ball team sat down to a spread at the home of our congenial professor on the evening of March 10, it was because his pleasing wife has as great an interest in our athletic success as her husband. It was because of her personal invitation after the Zeeland victory that the team was present. A very pleasant evening was spent, the features being oysters and stories. There was an abundance of both. If Professor Vander Menken could have heard them all, he would have enough stories to last him for all his future speeches. The time to leave came all too soon and the boys left, giving nine rhabs for the professor, and a "Boom Chicka Boom" for Mrs. Kuizenga.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Cosmopolitan Officers.
President—Abel Renkes.
Vice President—William Duven.
Secretary and Treasurer—Jean A. Vis.
Keeper of Archives—E. O. Schwitters.
Janitor—Anthony Haverkamp.

Fraternal Officers.
President—James De Kraker.
Vice President—Arthur Misner.
Secretary and Treasurer—Wynand Wichers.
Keeper of Archives—Henry Pasma.

Sorosis Officers.
President—Grace Van Zoeren.
Vice President—Louise Warnshuis.
Secretary—Jennie Pikaart.
Treasurer—Irene Brusse.

Minerva Officers.
President—Agnes Visscher.
Vice President—Sadie Kuite.
Secretary—Zora Barnaby.
Treasurer—Fanny Koookke.

Meliphone Officers.
President—A. Luidens.
Vice President—Neil De Jonge.
Secretary and Treasurer—R. J. Kroodsma.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Sidney Zandstra.
Ulilas Officers.
President—Anthony Haverkamp.
Vice President—William Duven.
Secretary and Treasurer—Jean A. Vis.

Philogothian Officers.
President—John Muyskens.
Vice President—James Verburg.
Secretary and Treasurer—D. Van Strein.
Keeper of Archives—Verne Oggel.
Sergeant-at-Arms—James Wystrate.

DEBATING CLUB.
What our college has long needed was a debating club. We are glad to announce, therefore, that a new Debating Club has been organized and has already started doing things. The purpose of this society is to promote interest and gain skill in argument and debate. Its aim is also to arrange contests with other Michigan colleges and in this way gain new laurels for Hope.

The officers that have been chosen are: President, H. George Roost; Vice President, Henry Rotschafer; secretary and treasurer, George De Young; corresponding secretary, Verne Oggel; marshal, John Warnshuis.

AMONG THE ALUMNI.
Prof. J. M. Van der Meulen, 81, recently lectured to an appreciative audience in this city, on the subject, "Psychology and the Training of the Child."

Rev. A. L. Warnshuis, 87, missionary in China, is expected home on furlough.

We learn that Jacob Pelgrim, 05, who will be graduated from the New Brunswick Seminary in May, has recently been offered a scholarship. He, also, has under consideration a call from the Third Reformed Church of Albany, N. Y.

Rev. and Mrs. Pieters of Japan, both of the class of '87, mourn the death of an infant son.

We are happy to learn that Mrs. Hondelet, 03, of Japan, who has been seriously ill for several months, is recovering.

Of the four alumni who expect to graduate from the Western Theological Seminary this spring, three have accepted calls and one has been appointed to the foreign field.

Cornelius Van der Schoor, 05, has accepted the promise of a call to Baldwin, Wis.

Martin Ruissfeld, 05, has accepted a call to the Reformed Church at Grandville, Mich.

Gerrit Bosch, 05, has accepted the call extended to him by the Reformed Church at Lafayette, Ind.

Gerrit Pennings, 05, has received appointment to the Arabian Mission.

Miss Anna Riemers, 02, who has been visiting in this city for the past three months, will soon sail for her home in Maarsen, The Netherlands.

Rev. J. J. Van Zanten, 80, has sufficiently recovered in health to be able to occupy his pulpit on Sundays.

Foolisms

"Spring term, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Say, do you know why so many people commit suicide in the spring?"

"No, I don't know. I should think a well or a river would be a good deal better."

"He, Haw, Haw. Say, Hank, I hear the Anchor has a new staff."

"Yes, and there is an Anker on the new Anchor staff."

"Well, well, there is an anchor on the Hope College seal, too."

The Anchor
"How funny! Then the new Anchor staff must be the Hope College seal.

Jean Vis gets oratorical now and then. Recently he was heard to exclaim, "Behold the reclining orb of day, it reminds me of a sunset."

G. De Young says that whenever he gets hungry he wants to eat. What a rare specimen of humanity!

Van Der Laan—"Why, Bata, would you believe it? The other day I was perusing a book and I came upon something I really didn’t know. Wasn’t that perfectly ridiculous? I was heartily ashamed of myself to say the least."

John Van Der Schaal, who for the past two terms has served as secretary of the treasury of the Voorhees cafe, has already grafted enough money to enable him to take a course at the University of Chicago. Before the fraud was detected he had already escaped.

Gebhard can certainly draw ambiguous cartoons. Recently he drew one which, as was later ascertained, was meant to portray two donkeys. At first sight it appeared to be a map of Michigan.

After hearing that Albion man’s convincing oration against child-labor, Bunch’s father decided that his son need not work in the butcher-shop for a few years hence.

Wynveen to Miss Fellows—"Let me see how bright you are. When is a jar not a jar?"
Miss Fellows—"I’m sure I can’t tell."
Wynveen—"Why, that’s simple. When it’s a door, of course.

Kleiny (nervously walking to the radiator)—"The temperature of the room is ninety degrees."
Hekhuis—"Then it is equal to a right angle, professor."
Kleiny—"Yes, and by turning off the radiator and opening the windows we make it approach zero."

Joe Dykstra—takes only two studies—mathematics and matrimony. We are afraid that if this keeps up he will never receive a Bachelor’s degree.

The recent fires led us to reflect upon what would happen if Van Vleck Hall should catch fire. Would it be possible to lead all the ponies out safely? And where would we stall them all? The latest suggestion has been to use the Oggel House for that purpose, but it is doubtful whether there would be any room there as most of the available space is already occupied.

Westrate—"My father has an awful fast horse. It can go a mile, with three in the buggy."

Nykerk to Laven—"Where did you find that recitation?"
Laven (sarcasitically)—"In poems you ought to know."

Schwitters tells a screamingly funny story about a man who was digging a well and dug it so crooked that he fell out of it. Also a howlingly funny one about the cyclone in Sioux county that blew the town line over fifteen feet.

Hope at last is to have a track-team. None of the members have ever done any track work except Wynia, who worked on the interurban tracks last summer and Hensy, who once tracked a rabbit clear to Ebenezer. The first opposing team to be tackled will be that of the Drenthe High School.

To Those Who Are Concerned:

We were concerned about our friend Bub to the extent of expending some of our long green on the Western Union Telegraph Co., in an effort to locate him.

That estimable organization did not outstrip chain-lightning, in its haste to set our fears at rest. We sent a telegram on a certain day—March 1, we think it was—to Cedar Grove, Wis., where he was last heard from. Every morning thereafter for six weeks we conscientiously journeyed to the telegraph office at 10:30, to see if there was any news of Bub. Then our enthusiasm began to flag and we missed a morning.

At one o’clock that afternoon, when it became a dread certainty that we weren’t going to come that morning, we received a communication. As we were on our way to "lab," a Western Union messenger boy dashed up to us on a motorcycle and fairly fell off his machine in his eagerness to hand us a long yellow envelope.

"At last!" exclaimed we with a great voice.

In hot haste we tore it open and unfolded about three yards of official document. This was the message: "Some-
thing wrong with Bulbo. Particulars follow by letter. T. R. Smith." That was all; no date. The rest of those yards of document was only the official blank of the Western Union Telegraph Co., Ltd. (At least, it would have been most decidedlly limited if we could have had hands upon it just then.)

We sighed and went on to laboratory. We must have looked pale, for the instructor anxiously asked after our health, in our abstraction we murmured, "Well, we suspected that!"

The good man turned away, more in the dark than ever.

Four days of nerve-racking suspense followed. Then a letter came. It ran thus:

Editor, The Anchor,

Holland, Mich.

Dear Sir—Your telegram received (Really!) and contents noted. In reply I must express my sorrow at being unable to give you better news of your friend Bulbo.

He came to this part of the country about Christmas time, with Mr. Herman Renkens, as you know. For some time nothing out of the ordinary was noticeable about him.

Then one day he was seen wildly carreering about on horseback, with a tin pail on his head, helmet-wise, a huge wash-boiler cover for a shield, and a stick of stove wood by way of a lance. It was hinted that he was subject to temporary mental aberrations.

Next day he executed a valiant bayonet charge on a huge red barn. He came out of the encounter slightly the worse for wear, but the barn was not visibly damaged. Still it was thought that the attack would soon pass off, so he was not molested.

On the contrary, adventures followed thick and fast. At great risk of his life he rescued an amazed millmaid from the clutches of an imaginary raging monster in the person of a solemn and sonnolent red cow which she was milking. He upset the half-filled pail and carried her off in triumph to a farmhouse, where the people, by promising not to surrender her to the monster, succeeded in persuading him to go home and stop adventuring for that day.

By the time he had charged in upon a sewing-circle and frightened five women into hysterics, besides totally wrecking a corner grocery by his furious onslaught, he was considered a dangerous person to have at large. So the neighbors applied to the probate court for his admission to an asylum.

Before that was obtained, however, he announced his intention of going to slay a dragon in a neighboring swamp. His friends did their best to dissuade him, and even went so far as to lock him up in his room. But he somehow escaped and disappeared. When two days had passed and he did not return, searching parties were sent out to get him. For three days they searched in vain. Then he was found in an almost inaccessible part of the swamp—dead. How he came to his death no one can tell. A coroner's jury brought in the verdict that "deceased came to his death at the hands of some person or persons unknown."

Two days after the funeral your telegram was delivered to me, after having been sent all over the state, through a mistake of the operator at Grand Haven.

It grieves me exceedingly to be obliged to give you such sad news of your friend. With sincerest sympathy, believe me,

Truly yours,

T. R. SMITH.

Bulbo has departed this life. He stood not upon the order of his going; he merely went, and o'er his lonely grave in far-away Wisconsin the sparrows are mournfully chanting the last verse of "Clementine."

Friend Tennis found a button in his glass of milk one morning, and remonstrated. "Never mind, old man," said his right-hand neighbor. "Well, confound it," replied T. Gouwens, "I'm no billy-goat. I don't eat general merchandise."

Prof. Brush (to a certain class)—"Fish is considered good brain food. I wish some of you would have a whale for dinner."

Wanted—A position as dean's assistant in a school for girls, by an industrious young man, unmarried. Not affected by any amount of "slamming," prepared to enforce to the letter all rules and regulations, and to do any private detective service that may be required. Address H. B. M., Holland, Mich.

EXCHANGES.

Exchanges from our Michigan colleges have more than
their usual interest for Hope this month, because they speak so highly of the success of the State Contest. Even Albion, "gone crazy" with their victory (not that we blame them), does not forget to mention Hope's hospitality; and for Adrian, alas, this is their only consolation. But Adrian is a good loser, so are we all, all good losers. Nevertheless we take this opportunity to say we appreciate their appreciation of Hope.

It is certainly greatly to the credit of any school that it is able to support a weekly or even a bi-weekly paper. But these papers, though as a rule of high merit, somehow sink to the bottom of the Exchange table and are seldom commented on by Exchange editors. They certainly deserve more consideration, and one suggestion we would like to offer might secure it for them. That would be to introduce an Exchange column, at least once a month.

Cooper Courier, Argus, and Wa-Wa set some fine examples in cover designs last month.

It is fortunate that the College Index is such a paper that we are able to sincerely return the compliment. We notice it is as much read by patrons of the Exchange as any other on the table. Not that it is so exceptionally fine, but it is a good, steady, substantial paper; as some one has said of American literature, though the mountain peaks are few the plateau is high. But wouldn't it be better, Index, to separate your local and advertisements? No doubt it has its advantage but personally we think it would be an improvement to discard this feature.

Readers of Exchanges will have noticed that M. A. C., Ypsilanti, Alma, Olivet, as well as schools outside the state have been busily engaged in debating contests this last month. A word to the wise—

We recommend to the notice of our readers the account, "Hunting the Goat" in the High School Review. We hope the editor of the Review discovers the anonymous humorist and secures more of the same.

Moderator—Topics is the most extensively quoted paper in the Exchange columns. We wonder why.

Teacher—"When was the Revival of Learning?"
Student—"Before the last exams."—Ex.

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To The Graduating Class
I believe Hope College Class work should be done in Holland. LACEY, the photographer, respectfully requests an opportunity to duplicate out of town work and prices.

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