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Hope College
The Anchor

April, nineteen hundred and nine
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JURGEN JURGIENSEN.

T was a murky dark night. From his post at the helm Jurgen Jurgensen could not see half a boat's length ahead. He only heard the waves lap lazily against the stern of the cutter, the suppressed conversation of three sailors in the bows, while at short intervals the sleepy, monotonous outery of the mate, standing in the main-chains, sounding, came to his ears.

"Six, and a haalf!" came again the doleful cry from the dark. Then shortly after, somewhat snappily: "Six!"

"Better heave her to," grumbled Jurgensen in response. At the same time he sharply turned down the helm and the cutter, though under small sail, turned in its keel-water like a top. The main-sail flapped wearily in the lulling night-breeze, the chains rattled through the hawse-holes and after a few tugs at its moorings the small craft swung to the tide and lay motionless. While the tired deck hands scampered below, Jurgensen for a while remained at his post. Minutes passed by as suddenly he stared into the dark night, until far off on starboard, a red glaring light flashed up suddenly in the dark and instantly died out again. Then with a satisfied grunt his tall, wiry frame slipped down into the narrow cabin.

A ship-lantern, swinging from one of the deck beams but ineffectually lit up the captain's face; however, sufficiently to show a still youthful countenance, weather-tanned, but evidently not by the pale, watery beams of northern suns. His
features spoke of cynical indifference and grim determination, heightened by a cruel sabre-cut across the left cheek. Jürgen Jurgensen was the type of man that must not be trifled with.

With sullen looks the captain gazed at the swinging lantern. He mused. At intervals a nervous twitch would wrinkle across his scarred face. That was when Jürgen Jurgensen thought about the night when the gendarmes had closed in upon him and he, as a hunted fugitive, had fled from Burum. It was eight years ago when Sybrant Jensen, his rival for the hand of Hulda Olsøn, had falsely accused him of the murder of his father, the senior Jensen. Hulda had been brave and hid him from the eyes of the searching police. At night she had let him pass out by the little gate that led down to the sea-shore, and now, after eight years of exile he often would see the pale terror-stricken face, when, upon passing out, two gendarmes had fallen upon him, their weapons drawn; a bitter fight had ensued and he had escaped from their hands and taken passage on board a vessel, bound for the gold-coast. In the strange land he had learned that Hulda had been taken by the men of the law as the accomplice of his crime, but that Sybrant Jensen's money had set her free. Even then he did not doubt but that the maiden would remain true to him, even when a trusted friend sent intelligence that the coward Sybrant had driven Jürgen's old father from the farm to the poorhouse and that Hulda Olsøn was to marry Jensen the next month of May. Then doubt had begun to knock at his heart's door; he refused to let the black shadow enter, for he knew it was the shadow of a dead love. New tidings, confirming the former news brought him to the verge of madness; he despair, he wept, he prayed, he cursed on the lonely goldfields of California. He felt a double life grow within himself, the one of the deceived Jürgen, filled with an unnamable sorrow but still clinging to the vision of the girl's face that had forever been stamped upon his soul, the night of his escape. The other spirit was that of a demon, ever uttering maldections against the traitor Sybrant, cursing, damning, and plotting dire vengeance, with no trace of the bitterness of sorrow, but rather an intense, fiendish joy. And this evil spirit, he felt, grew stronger, and it battled with the weaker sorrowing self, until at last the tender voice grew still, and the black shadow had cast the pall over the white girlish face, the load-star in his night of despair. Then Jürgen Jurgensen's life had become one dark blot.

He had found gold, much gold, and sold his claim. Landing in an English port he had chartered a fast-sailing yacht, small, but seaworthy. It was cutter-rigged, a mean between a sloop and a knock-about, of light draught, enabling him to slip unobserved inshore over the shoals that girded his native coast. This evening, with the setting of the sun, the keeper of Burum lighthouse had seen a small yacht, flying the colors of a Yarmouth yachting club head for the shore, as often these gypsies of the sea were wont to do. It had awakened no suspicion. And to-morrow, ah to-morrow—then Sybrant Jensen would know. Tomorrow, he would torture the traitor for the sufferings of his poor father, tomorrow he would torture the wretch for the monstrous lies by which he had set Hulda against him. Tomorrow! Ah, why did the morning tarry so long?

The swinging lantern began to smoke. At the same time the white light of morning crept waveringly over the shivering sleepy waters and entered the port-holes of the cabin.

Jürgen Jurgensen lightly jumped to his feet. "Ho, my men, turn out!" he cried loudly. "Your work awaits you."

Unmindful of the night's waking, he impatiently paced the deck of the vessel, which slowly began to pick its way inshore. Half a mile from the high dike the cutter came to anchor. Eight strong hands quickly swung the dory free from the davits, and, without tasting a morsel of food Jürgen Jurgensen jumped into the dancing skiff. Bidding his men to keep the cutter on short chain, and hold ready to sail, with swift, strong strokes he rowed to the foot of the dike.

Crouching warily like a tiger, the captain climbed the high dike. On its crest he paused, almost overcome by the pano-
rama that lay unfolded beneath his eyes. Half a mile inland was the village of his boyhood. Yes, the old gray gothic tower still pointed its slender spire tranquilly to heaven. How closely the low-roofed, red-tiled cottages circled round the church. From the dike he saw the white marble tombstones in the grayyard glitter in the morning sun. And between the dike and the village stretched the green waving grain field, and the closely planted potato patches, strewn white with the snow of millions of blossoms; and the green, waterless covered ditches, parceling the level sward like a checker-board. The gentle land-breeze touched his nostrils with the sweet scent of new mown hay. From the close clipped meadows a brown lark soared upward in ever widening circles, warbling a melody that for a moment mellowed his flinty heart. Now the black speck lost itself in the blue vault of heaven, but still the song rang in his ears. He gazed after the vanished songster in boyish wonder, while over the scarred features spread a glow of joy. Ah, now he knew what he had missed on those lonely, silent wastes of the western continent where nature has no voice and man has neither time nor ears to listen. The brief spell was broken, and his eyes swept across the fields to where neatly trimmed linden trees concealed a stately masne.

"Sybrant Jensen," murmured the exile, while dark passion distorted his features. But only for a moment, for down the highway, leading toward the dike, came a whirling cloud of dust from the center of which flashed at intervals a bright glittering. Instantly Jurgen Jürgensen's hand sought his belt.

"The gendarmes," he hissed between his teeth. Then, dropping flat upon the ground he waited to let the hated guardsmen pass by.

It was high noon when the exile reached the outlying houses of the village. From far he heard the tolling of the old tower-clock.

"Hah!" he grunted maliciously, "a wedding. Perhaps Sybrant's."

A cunning laugh stole over his face as he fingered the hungry point of a dirk. Almost fondly he handled the weapon.

"Yes, it will do," he murmured. With it he had killed a hungry coyote. He knew he could trust the steel.

The village street lay empty and forsaken. A strange sense of familiarity crept over him as he strode over the roughly paved way. How narrow the street and how small the houses seemed. From the tower still floated down the monotonous, doleful tones. Ah, sure, he ought to have known, it was the singing for a funeral. His boyish fear for funerals came over him. Angrily he shook it off. Now he had reached the small bridge that spanned the moat circling the resting place of the dead. Yonder came the funeral procession, the parson leading. Behind him came the pall-bearers, eight strong men, carrying upon their shoulders the bier on which rested a coffin. Following them came a man, evidently born down with grief. By his side stepped a fair cheeked urchin in whose kind blue eyes there was little of grief over his mother's death. Happy, innocent childhood, that even softens the cruel hand of a Fate, which smites strong men but only lightly touches the brow of a child! Six or seven men, dressed in broadcloth, came behind the mourning husband. And then followed a long line of women, a truly pathetic sight, their heads shrunked in long shawls of black cloth, which dropping from their shoulders almost touched the ground. Twice the solemn procession went around the church-yard. The third time the parson led through the high iron gate, and striding down the path brought the train to a freshly dug grave. Here the funeral procession halted, the bearers gently let down their burden, the deep voluminous tones of the bell of a sudden were hushed. A great silence fell, while the women sobbed. Then a loud commotion rudely broke upon the sacred quiet.

When the funeral procession turned into the gate, Jürgen Jürgensen stopped but a few feet off. Curiously he looked on. This was not like the hurried funerals in the great American cities—a hearse, and horses in full trot. This was more becoming, anyway, he thought. He recognized the old priest and most of the bearers. He vaguely wondered whom they
buried today. But when his eyes fell upon the man, leaving
the child, his blood chilled in his veins and his whole frame
began to tremble. His knees were stiff. His hands were
clenched in fists. His heart thumped wildly in his chest.

Automatically his hand flew to his belt. He bent forward to follow, but could
not; his limbs seemed paralyzed. But when the bell ceased
ringing his blood returned with a bound and leaped the fire
through his veins. Crouching low, with long swift strides he
stalked his prey. Already the cold glittering steel flashed in
the bright midday sun; one moment it poised above the head
of the traitor, Sybrant, and then, the horrified mourners saw
the mighty arm tremble as if in the vise-like grip of an unseen
hand. The next moment the expression of terrible fury fled
from the stranger's face—he had caught the eye of the little
youngster. Almost tenderly he scrutinized the features of the
urchin while softly he murmured: "Ah, yes, these are Hulda's
eyes." Then turning away, half ashamed, a great brown hand
clumsily tried to wipe two tears that blurred Jürgen Jürgen-
sen's burning eyes.

A dying breeze barely filled the sails of an outward bound
vessel. From the crest of the dike a captain of the gendarmerie
gazed at the trim-rigged little craft as it stood silhouetted against
the crimson disk of the setting sun. Suddenly a sad melancholy
tone fell upon his ears. At intervals stronger and
weaker the voice from over the water sings:

"With a sigh and a tear,
Dead love comes to rest;
No wreath decks the bier,
"So," they say, "it is best!"

The refrain he cannot distinguish. Then again the voice
swells stronger:

"And the night winds mean;
O'er the sands and the hills;
O'er the slimy, gray stones;
Breaks the spray in frits.
And the soul goes forth
On the crest of the wave;
In sight of its port.
Lost love finds a grave!"

Now the cool waves received the glowing ship's-hold, and
like hissing steam a rising mist withdrew the fugitive vessel
from the revengeful arm of the Nemesis of the law.

OAKENHEART

---

ION KEITH-FALCONER.

"If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I
am, there shall also my servant be; if any man serve me, him
will my Father honor." This most suitable inscription is
found on a tomb in the middle of a row of soldiers' graves, in
Aden, Arabia. The soldiers' graves are marked by single
crosses, while a tombstone marks the grave of Ion Keith-
Falconer, the first missionary that Scotland gave to Arabia.
The burial of this noble soldier of the cross among some of
England's sons of war is appropriate, indeed. They gave their
lives for the glory of a worldly kingdom, but Keith-Falconer
became a martyr for the glory of a kingdom which is not
bound by earthly limitations, and which shall never pass away.
Even as a memorial of stone is more lasting than a cross of
wood, so will the memory of Ion Keith-Falconer live longer
than that of the soldiers who lie buried by his side.

Ion Keith-Falconer could well be proud of his lineage.
He could trace his ancestry back through eight centuries. The
title of Hereditary Great Mareschal of Scotland was given to
Robert Keith in the year 1010, by Malcolm II, king of Scot-
land, for distinguished services in the battle against the Danish
invaders. Keith-Falconer was born on July 5, 1856, at Edin-
burgh, Scotland, the third son of the Earl of Kintore. He
died on May 11, 1887, having lived but thirty-three years,
but in that brief period he won even greater distinction than
his renowned ancestor. The story of his life may be viewed
from four points: his boyhood, his college life, his home work
and his foreign work.

Of his boyhood we know very little, but from what we
do know of his early life we can readily see that the charac-
teristics which marked him as a man were already present in the
child. At the age of seven he visited the cottages of the
peasants and tried to explain the Bible to them. On one
occasion he gave all his favorite cakes, for which he had been
saving his money for a long time, to a hungry-looking boy
whom he met on his return from the store. Of these things
he never told when at home.
As a young man Keith-Falconer was a good representative of muscular Christianity. He loved out-door sports and excelled in athletics. He became a well-formed man, six feet and three inches in height. When twenty years old he was elected president of the London Bicycle Club, and at twenty-two he was the champion racer of Great Britain, having out-distanced even John Keen in a five-mile race. A few years later he was the first to go a distance of a thousand miles on his wheel, taking only thirteen days for the trip.

In the university he won many honors and prizes of the highest order. He was not the brightest student in his class, but worked his way to the front by his conscientious plodding. He became a master of shorthand and rivalled the greatest experts in this line of work. His knowledge of Hebrew was extraordinary, and he distinguished himself in theology and music.

The missionary spirit burned in him even in college, and he never forgot that he was a servant of Christ. He was the leader among the Christian students of the college. Not content with working for Christ within college walls, he and some others went among the lower classes of Barnwell with the story of Christ's love for men. He and his fellow-workers raised about $8,000 to purchase an old theater at Barnwell, in which they purposed to hold meetings for the redeeming of men.

In the East End of London the Tower-Hamlets Mission has a building which seats five thousand people. For this building Ion Keith-Falconer himself contributed $10,000, and helped devise ways and means for collecting the balance of the $200,000 necessary for the building of the large Assembly Hall. He was a personal friend of Mr. Charrington, the founder and leader of this mission, and often went to visit him and aid him in this work, though he seldom spoke in public. He performed his evangelistic work by having what he called "a talk with a man." This he did at every opportunity, not even neglecting men with whom he came into contact on his journeys.

After his graduation from Cambridge he turned his attention entirely to the study of Arabic, and especially of Mohammedanism. He even went to Assint, Egypt, that he might acquire the colloquial dialects, and learn the customs of the Arab. Though he had no other conscious motive in doing this than his love for the study, he was being prepared for his work as a missionary to Arabia.

The call came in 1885, when he had an interview with General Haig, who had traveled extensively throughout Arabia. A series of articles on this country by General Haig came to the notice of Ion Keith-Falconer and drew his attention to Arabia as a mission field. It was to talk of this that he went to see General Haig. The immediate outcome of this interview was a resolve to visit Aden and investigate for himself the advisability of establishing a mission there. On October 7, 1885, he and his young wife set sail for Aden, arriving October 28.

After prospecting in and about Aden, he decided upon Sheikh-Othman as the place most suitable for the new mission. The Church Missionary Society already had a station at Aden and were doing good work for the people of that city. Sheikh-Othman is a comparatively small place about eight miles from Aden, but here his work would not be hindered by government institutions, the climate is fresher and less enervating than at Aden; there is abundance of water, and a site suitable for the mission could easily be procured. Moreover, thousands of Arabs yearly pass through Sheikh-Othman on their way to and from Aden. By working among these the Gospel would be carried to all parts of the interior. No more suitable place could be found for evangelizing all Arabia.

Keith-Falconer's plans were to establish a school, an industrial orphanage, and a dispensary for the distribution of medicines. He considered the children far more hopeful than the adults. There were many orphans and castaways in Aden who could be taught some useful trade. A good doctor would soon be known far in the interior and men would come from all directions to be healed of their bodily diseases. Thus he
planned to carry on the work of the Master by establishing a practical mission.

Having completed his investigation he once more returned to England to engage in six busy months of preparation. He put himself under the direction of the Foreign Missionary Agency of the Free Church of Scotland, though he proposed to pay all the expenses incurred by the mission. He secured a physician to go with him, and himself studied medicine. He acted as judge at the Young Men's Christian Association Cycling Club races in Cambridge. He delivered lectures on "The Pilgrimage to Mecca," in his position as professor of Arabic at Cambridge, which position being chiefly honorary, did not hinder him in his plans. All these and many more things were crowded into the six months preceding his final departure for Arabia.

Ion Keith-Falconer was given only five months in which to carry out his plans for Arabia. The stone bungalow which he expected to use for his mission could not be rented. A large native hut was rented temporarily, and he immediately began the erection of suitable mission buildings. The temporary quarters were not healthful, and he and his wife were both stricken with fever in February, 1887. On May 10th, after continued suffering, he went to sleep to awake no more on this earth. He passed away quietly during the night and was buried at evening of the next day in the cemetery at Aden.

Brief though his period of work at Sheikh-Othman was, it was not done in vain. He influenced all who came into contact with him, and his method of "having a talk" with a man so changed the lives of many Moslems that when spoken to about the matter they said, "There are no Moslems here." So great was the power of his personal influence that the Gospel in Arabic found many who purchased and read the Scriptures because they had seen his godly life.

The work at Sheikh-Othman was continued on the plan laid out by Keith-Falconer. A memorial church has been built in which services are now held. The medical dispensary is exerting a wide influence not only in healing diseases of the body, but also in leading many sin-sick souls to Christ as the Great Physician. The school is doing a good work for the children of southern Arabia, and also for hundreds of Abyssinian slave children who have been rescued from Arab slave drivers and given over to the care of the mission. Now, the parents in and about Aden are beginning to send their daughters to school, as well as their sons, and so the mission is doing its work in lifting woman out of a state of degradation to a higher plane.

Ion Keith-Falconer's life on earth was short. Yet in that brief time he has done a glorious work for the Master. The peasants of Barnwell and those with whom he "had a talk" in the Tower-Hamlets Mission never forgot his work in their behalf. His name will always be associated with the work for the saving of souls in East London.

But the field of his influence is not limited by the missions with which he was directly associated. When the call went forth for one volunteer to take his place in Arabia, thirteen men offered themselves to carry on the work he had begun. In the very year of Keith-Falconer's death, Wilder and Forman were going about securing volunteers in the colleges of the United States and Canada. The story of the noble life of the martyr of Aden led many to offer themselves for foreign missionary work. His message to all true Christians was: "While vast continents are shrouded in almost utter darkness, and hundreds of millions suffer the horrors of heathenism or Islam, the burden of proof lies upon you to show that the circumstances in which God placed you were meant by Him to keep you out of the foreign mission field." Within ten years of his death, ten thousand students had been led to think of the foreign field and its claims.

Ion Keith-Falconer, though dead, yet speaks. The nobility of his character, the unselfishness of his life, and the greatness of his sacrifice are felt by all who hear or read of him. Great as he was in life, he is greater still in death. The story of this man is now and always will be a powerful factor in urging men to give their lives for the uplifting of those who now dwell in heathen darkness. His name will always be a watchword for all who strive to follow out the Lord's last command, when He said: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation."

—AREND T. LAMAN, '09.
THE MAN QUESTION.

How often "the man question" assails us, let no man know. Why, from babyhood the superior creature has inspired awe in us! To disguise our real admiration for the opposite sex, we have been obliged to declare our rights and announce the inferiority of man. Hence the reason for suffragettes. You remember how as a toddler you carefully watched your steps and hobbled cautiously upon the sidewalk, while that boisterous baby next door, disregarding the support which his mother offered him, struck out for the slanting cellar-door, and slipped, slid and tumbled until he had learned to coast down the sandy door successfully. You deny that you experienced any thrills at seeing that little bloom-clad boy throw rocks at your chickens from his side of the fence, but the thrills were there just the same. The man question begins here with your awakening interest in him.

The next stage in the man's life that interested you is the pugilistic age. Every snub-nosed boy of six who is of any account, spends his spare time fighting. What wonderful battles you have seen from the corners of your eyes as you walked arm-in-arm with youthful feminine friends. Would you look at a boy of this type whom you especially liked? No. If you met him on the street, your nose would turn up, and it was a curt little "hello" he received, if anything.

Up to this stage in his life the man has treated you kindly, if indifferently. At the age of eight he begins to notice that there are girls in the world about him, and he singles them out as victims of his cruelty. To him girls are "fraud cats," "sillies," "tattle-tales," and were you not entitled to these epithets? Remember the tales of woe you told mamma about that rude Hastings boy and the hateful Smith who pulled your hair? To make matters worse, that same next-door neighbor who used to slide down the cellar-door, now chases you home from school every afternoon. You do not know at first, what he would do if he caught you, but you soon find out, for one day he catches you and refuses to let you go until you have kissed him. Hateful thought!

THE ANCHOR

You then go home, tell mother all about it, and receive what comfort you can. But your decision is now made, never to have anything to do with boys again. You hate them and avoid them whenever possible.

At this time you are a perfect little old maid, and for a few years you remain so. When your favorite uncle teases you and asks about the boys of your acquaintance, you pout, and run crying from the room. Your family laughs and thinks you are a perfect prig; but they are too polite to say so.

Books to the rescue! They save you from the old maid habit, and you now become a sentimental young miss with ideals. Now you begin to admire every youngster more than you could have despised him before. Now, if never before, you are loved hit. Each hat-tip that you receive on the street counts. The unfortunate youngster who addresses you probably receives only a blush in return. And then, your first real beau! You were fourteen,—weren't you?—when you received that first invitation to attend a party with a young man? Was there excitement at your house that week? It is not a bit too much trouble to try on a new dress now. It is for the Occasion! What a nonchalant air you try to use when you casually tell your chums that you are going to the party, but they must not tell. On the morning after the party, a polite young lady tells you that your beau had invited her first. It took weeks to recover from that. The next time you receive an invitation from that young man, you refuse him haughtily. While you may have played "second fiddle" once, you never do so again, but rather refuse every invitation that might possibly be second, third, or fourth.

Books again to the rescue! In literature you find a partial rest from the man question. You are glad to leave this important subject to authors, who squabble over him and try to invent new types of him to find readers.

—SOROSIS, '11.
EDITORIAL

When young Phaeton aspired to drive the chariot of Phoebus Apollo, it was not without good cause that the hoary sire trembled. Self-confidence without underlying ability is but synonymous to a foolhardiness which should be trusted under no circumstances, especially not when a new Anchor staff should show symptoms of this evil. It is true, the usefulness of our college paper cannot be compared with that of the brilliant orb of the heavens, and we are quite sure that even if an incompetent staff would min the paper the catastrophe would neither set the world on fire nor change the pale-faced Northerner to an Ethiopian.

But even if college journalism is sometimes considered small and insignificant we are nevertheless conscious of a responsiability which the trust, put upon us by our fellow students renders as great and important as that of a high official. Faithfulness in small things is the highest conception of duty. To truly reflect the student life, to encourage the good, to battle against evil, to instill in your publication a spirit, tending upward, is by no means an easy task.

We are too well assured of the hearty co-operation of faculty and students and Anchor staff that we should enter upon our work with too great trepidation. We deem ourselves not above your criticism, we even solicit it. Don't "knock" on your paper but instead contribute some of your best stories, poetry and essays. Give us a square deal, it is all we ask.

NONE TOO MUCH

At a time, when enthusiasm for oratory runs particularly high at Hope, it is rather disappointing to learn that the annual local contest has been barred from the program of oratorical events. According to present arrangements, the Raven contest in June will become the one important event in oratory, the winner of which will be Hope's representative at the state contest in the ensuing March. Aside from the fact that the winner will have time from June till March to improve his oration there is little resulting advantage. Under the regulations of the Raven contest all aspirants for state honors are necessarily now slightly limited in their choice of subject. Further, there is not one too many contest of this kind at present and the student body feels that rare opportunities in oratory are being taken from them, through the loss of the regular local contest. Also, something ought to be done to stem the tide of eloquence from pulpit-trained, or professional orators by whom Hope and other institutions have been repeatedly defeated in the state contests. The cause of the elimination of the local contest is due to the crowded position of the head of the department of oratory. The unflinching remedy would be that generous assistance be given him by action of the council. The "local" contest has always been a success.
We trust that it will be re-instituted in the course of a very few years.

However, we need not waste our time in grumbling. Next week the Alma debating team will swoop down upon Hope and this will afford every loyal Hopeite, be he of the silver tongue or slow of speech an opportunity to vent his pent-up enthusiasm in the support of Hope's pioneers in the field of debating.

J. W., '10.

SENIOR CLASS PLAY

It seems almost unnecessary to comment upon a thing that has earned such a reputation and made such an impression as has the Senior Play, "Under the Spell." Given first on Friday, March 12, it was such an unqualified success that the management immediately decided to repeat it on the following Monday. An even larger audience enjoyed the second performance. Following this, arrangements were made to present the play at Coopersville and Grand Haven, where, on the evenings of March 2oth and 26th they further demonstrated their worth by their ability to succeed with a less sympathetic audience. Under the auspices of the local Anti-Saloon League the play was once more given at Price's Rink on March 29, when they played to a house packed to the door. It would be superfluous to say anything about the play itself or the acting, since they have already received the O. K. of all who have witnessed it. The characters were well adapted to the individuals representing them and were interpreted with spirit and judgment. Much credit is due Prof. Vander Meulen for his excellent coaching of the players.

From a financial standpoint the result was far beyond what the Seniors had dared hope for. The money is to be devoted for some substantial memorial of the class. It is to be hoped that this effort of the class to establish a precedent will be supported by succeeding classes. The class of '09 has taken a desirable step in a new direction; their action marks a new epoch in the college spirit of Hope. The first effort

has well launched this new custom; loyal Hopeites will see to it that the standard now set is at least maintained, and, if possible, though it be no slight task, that it be surpassed.


QUEEN ESTHER CANTATA

The greatest musical treat of the year was presented to appreciative audiences on March 26 and 27 in Carnegie Hall when the cantata "Esther, the Beautiful Queen" was rendered.

The chorus of a hundred voices was very impressive, though lacking slightly in volume, while gorgeous display of the beautiful oriental robes was very conducive to give the whole a very realistic aspect. The consistent acting of Miss Avis Yates won particularly the favor and appreciation of the audience. Miss Helen Keppel's appearance as Queen Esther was very striking, while James Dykema's voice and acting did a great deal toward presenting the cantata in the most favorable aspects.

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The winter term, as usual, has been a term of many "doings." It is during this term more than any other that our societies find their evenings interfered with. But although many a Friday evening has been taken by basketball, lectures and entertainments, our societies have not given up their regular meetings. Wherever Friday evening was taken, society meetings were held on Thursday or Saturday nights. This shows that something is being done in the societies, and that the different members consider society work of the utmost importance. A term of grand success, good programs and much enjoyment is reported by all the societies.

The Fraternals are keeping up their old records. The Cosmopolitans can report success, enjoyment and progress. Its society orchestra has proven to be a great success and remains a very valuable and attractive feature of the society. The Melephonians are keeping pace with the college societies. The Minerva reports joy and prosperity; Soros's good times and beautiful programs.

We must not forget the Dutch societies, the Ulilpas and Van Raalte Clubs. During a busy term they have endeavored to do hard work. Their numbers are larger than usual. The Ulilpas promise a good annual public program, arrangements for which have already been made.

Friday evening, March 19, the Cosmopolitans gathered for an evening of merriment. The smiling faces of their lady friends, however, were not seen among the joyful throng. The Cosmopolitans came for a jovial good time and a hearty laugh for which they found abundant opportunity during the rendering of a humorous program and excellent selections played by the orchestra. After the program, unique refreshments were served, after which all returned with increased enthusiasm for society work.

Although the Melephone Society had enjoyed a banquet with their lady friends a month before they did not consider the term's work complete until they had an evening of enjoyment among themselves. It is needless to say that the Melephonians know how to make a success of these occasions. The Melephonians believe in a good time once in a while, and every one, who has taken a course in the Melephone will always remember the "blow-outs."

The Hope College Debating Club has made arrangements for a double debate with Alma. The date has not yet been set. The team which will debate at Alma consists of Henry Rottlehauder, George Roos and Grant Hinkamp. Anthony Verhulst, John Warnshuis and Verne Ogge will meet the Alma men at Hope.

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. cabinet of '08-'09 retires with the association in a prosperous condition. During the past year the membership has increased to one hundred and twenty; at the regular meetings on Tuesday nights an attendance of about eighty has been consistently maintained; deep spirituality and faithfulness have characterized the work in every department. To successfully continue this aggressive work of the retiring cabinet, the association needs the hearty and prayerful cooperation of every young man in college. Every man in college needs the association: the association needs every man. To develop strong, manly, Christian characters, to make our lives count while at college, and to fit ourselves for future aggressive work in the extension of His kingdom, we need the prayers, the fellowship, and the inspiration of the regular Tuesday night meetings. We need suggestions and unselfish services in extending the work of the association and the influence of the college. From Jenison Park comes the appeal of anxious mothers for an opportunity to send their children to a Sunday school. There are among us many whom the association has never reached. With the balmy days of spring comes the tendency to relaxation, and the general falling off in the attendance at the meetings. Fellow-students, let us learn to do a little less dreaming about what we shall do some day by exercising a little self-sacrificing effort now in the service of our Master.
Mr. Z. Roetman, '66, of the Western Theological Seminary, has already received the promise of three calls. They are from Oak Harbor, Wash.; Ustick, Ill., and North Blendon, Mich.

Rev. Dirk J. De Bey, '79, of Holland, Nebraska, has accepted the call to Lansing, Illinois.

Rev. J. M. Van der Meulen, '91, has proved himself to be a very efficient instructor of dramatic art. The great temperance play, "Under the Spell," given so successfully by the Senior class, was given under his direction.

Rev. Lawrence Dykstra, '75, late pastor of the First Reformed Church of Rochester, N. Y., was installed as pastor of the Grace Reformed Church of Grand Rapids, on April 2.

Rev. S. Zandstra, '83, will shortly finish his post-graduate studies at Columbia University, New York City, whereupon he intends to enter upon the active work of the gospel ministry. From 1903-1905 he held the Newberry scholarship in Princeton Theological Seminary and in 1908 a University Fellowship at Columbia University. Last year Rev. Zandstra married Miss Minnie Nies, daughter of Rev. H. Nies, '73, pastor of the Union Reformed Church, Paterson, N. J.

The Rev. A. L. Warnshu's, '97, of Amoy, China, recently addressed the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. on "The Awakening of China." It always affords us great pleasure to listen to an inspiring address from one of our own Alumni.

Rev. B. Van Heuvelen, '94, of Atwood, Mich., has accepted the call to Rotterdam, Kansas.

Willard P. Van der Laan, '03, of the Western Theological Seminary, has been compelled to give up his calling to the ministry, on account of an affliction of the throat. The Anchor feels that the ministry will lose a good man but wishes him success in whatever other field he may enter.

Athletics

The last month of the winter term has brought somewhat of a lull in athletics. Although the laurels won in one of the best basket-ball seasons of Hope's history still hovers in the memory of enthusiastic students, yet the arrival of spring has turned the minds of all to track work and base-ball. And well it might, for Hope need not be ashamed of her past record in base-ball, and all indications point to a rattling good team this season. Captain Blekken informs us that there is an abundance of good material, both new and old, and although the team is made up mostly of last year's players, there is some new material that may prove a bonanza for old Hope.

But nine men is all the regulations allow on one team, so any who fail in the try-out for the first team need not get discouraged for next in line comes the second team whose glories last year were not few. Besides, class teams are already being organized, both in the prep. and college departments which gives almost every one interested in base-ball a chance to show their skill. It is now left to all the students in general to give the college team its needed support. Come out to every game, hand over your fifteen cents like a man and yell as long as there is a breath left.

Manager Van Streein has arranged the following schedule for the month of May:

May 1—Golden Saints of Grand Rapids.
May 8—McLaughlin's Business University of Grand Rapids.
May 15—Grand Rapids High.
May 22—Grand Haven High.

TRACK.

The outlook for a good track team is more encouraging each year. Last year we had some good material but lacked sufficient enthusiasm. This year we have both, but lack that shining road to success that is paved with the bricks of faculty sanction. The great apostle has said, "Know ye not that they
which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So
run, that ye may obtain.” We would suggest the last sentence
as the motto of our track team, so that in the coming race we
may obtain not only the laurels but also the approval of both
the public and faculty. Yes, all will be interested, “But what
is this race?” is the question one hears from some of the
younger students. It is a great relay race that Manager Palm
has arranged between Hope and Grand Rapids Y. This is an
entirely novel scheme which has never before been seen in
these parts. Ten or a dozen men are in training for this event
and although they are not old hands at track work, they may
yet show the visitors that there is at least a little of the Dan
Patch spirit in Hope’s runners. Too much can not be said in
praise of Coach Conger, through whose untiring efforts the
track men have made such rapid strides toward perfection.

There are also good prospects of a meet in the near future,
which, if it comes off, will be between Grand Rapids High,
Muskegon and Hope. A valuable trophy will be given which
must be contested for each year, thus insuring a meet every
year. Here’s hoping that Hope will be the first to shelter the
trophy within her walls and that it may forever remain there.

TEENIS.

We can not refrain from saying a few words in behalf of
tennis. Why is the racquet so neglected and so seldom seen
on our campus? Why do not our fair coeds take an interest
in this, the one sport in which they, too, can help to raise the
standard of Hope’s athletics? These questions will be left
unanswered, but here is the point: get busy, fix up the courts,
buy a racquet and let the cry of one love, two love echo through
the drooping pines upon the college campus, bringing to the
ears of all the assurance that Hope is all there and that she
won’t stand back for any college in the state, no, nor in the
union. Selah.
The oration, "A Plea for Recognition," in the Almanian is a very deserving production. The writer has a thorough knowledge of the subject and has presented the Jew's checkered career in an interesting manner. The sympathy of the author for the down-trodden and the oppressed is apparent throughout.

The Detroit Student: To deviate from your present standard would be to deviate from excellence.

The verdurette: Your stories, "Golden Moments Improved" and "Betty to the Rescue" are very good. But you must not let your athletic editor run away with you.

Have you read "Silence's Story" in the Cue? It's good.

Get busy, everybody, and read a unique and suggestive and interesting story, "The Wooden Skates." It is in the Academian.

Locals

"Hello! Happy New Year."

"Happy Fourth of July! Wake up, Mr. Van Winkle, please. This is April 1300. I don't know how long you have slept, but you must be hungry. Bacon and eggs, sausage, wheat or buckwheat cakes—what will you have for breakfast?"

"Oh, go on! My name isn't Van Winkle, and I don't want your bill of fare. It's New Year's in the Anchor calendar, I tell you."

"Shucks, so it is. Stung again."

So it is, and to start it off right, the local editors thought it would be fitting that the faculty contribute some locals for this issue. Being collectively and individually too busy with those little registration slips, they merely allowed us to sit and watch them work and catch what stray sparks might fly from the anvil.

The president's remarks were somewhat on this order: "Ahem—well, now you know I couldn't very well write jokes for you, for I'm not much of a joker, myself. And then, I'm going away again for a time—I must see about some more 'Kollenization,' as you call it. Now you two look pretty level-headed, so I wish you'd just help Mr. Bloomendahl to keep the rest of that new Anchor stuff from completely revolutionizing the college before I get back. If you do, I'll mention you to our good friend, Mr. ——"

That last word we didn't catch. We couldn't catch a snapshot of him, either. The plate recorded only a streak. And his train wasn't due yet for a half hour.

Prof. Kleinheksel was day-dreaming in terms of $e$ when we tackled him, and all we got for our local column was a very lucid explanation of the binomial theorem. We softly whistled, "Sing Me to Sleep," and went off, leaving him to dream on and on into analytical geometry, differential calculus, the fourth dimension, and nobody knows what seventh heaven of mathematical bliss.

Prof. Knuzinga was productive of inspiration, as usual. He told us of an episode in Prof.—oh, never mind; just "Professor" will do—in a certain Professor's experiences in one of the academies. One day the air in the class-room got close, the Professor's sensitive nose began to curl up and he sent a boy after some violet extract to remedy the difficulty, at least temporarily. The boy, possessed of an original idea, went to the laboratory and got a bottle of fresh tincture of H2S instead. He came back, after a proper interval of time, and sprinkled the objectionable members of the class, as per instructions. In thirty seconds that Professor had fled headlong for some other place—any other place. The class dismissed itself and history does not state what became of the boy.

When Prof. Meyer was a child, they say, his mother had hard work to make him remember the names of the states. So she hung papers on the doors of the different rooms in the house, with the name of a state on each. The scheme seemed to work, so she continued it, changing the papers from time to time as he got the states learned. One day his geography
teacher asked him, "Where is California?" He thought a
minute and then said, hesitatingly, "It used to be the dining
room, but mama changed it the other day and I don't know
where it is now."

Flossie, on St. Patrick's Day—"My! I wish I had a green
bow."

Van Arendonk—"Won't I do?"

Two on Prof. Patterson.
1. Children are the most kissed animals on earth.
2. The strong man went around lifting elephants, etc.

How Nykerk Was Stung.

Prof. Dix—Say, Professor, did you hear about that
terrible accident in one of the interurban cars the other day?
Prof. Nykerk—No, what was it?
Prof. D—Why, a woman had her eye on a seat and a
fellow sat on it.

How Nykerk Got It Back.

Prof. X—Say, Professor, why does a little dog run up
hill?
Prof. Dix—I can't tell you.
Prof. X—Because the little dog is in a hurry.

Have you seen that "Girl Wanted" sign in Van Deters'
restaurant?

Ask either Dix or Nykerk about it.

If you hear a good joke, kindly express your impression
in writing, and as you remember the saying, "Laugh and the
world laughs with you," also remember the Anchor box.

Abbing, singing in church—From Iceland's greasy moun-
tains to India's coral strand.

Heard in the class, translating Anabasis—"And Cyrus
leaped down into the mud and helped himself."

Te Paske and lady friend at the depot one afternoon saw
a car of chickens on a side-track.

"I'll bet I know where that car of chickens is going to,"
says Arie.

L. F.—"Why, where do you think it will go to?"

A. T. P.—"Just listen to that rooster."

Sure enough in strident accents came the news, "Chic-
chick—chick—a-go."

Q.—What is whipped cream in the center of a dish of
pudding?
X.—The oasis in the dessert.

"Nothing Doing."

We went to Cupid's garden,
We wandered o'er the land;
The moon was shining brightly,
I held her little—shawl.

Yes, I held her little shawl;
How fast the evening flies—
We spoke in tones of love,
I gazed into her—lunch basket.

I gazed into the basket,
I wished I had a taste;
There sat my lovely charmer,
My arm around her—umbrella.

Embracing her umbrella,
This charming little miss,
Her eyes were full of mischief—
I slyly stole a—sandwich.

—Ex.

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