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THE
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VOLUME XXIV

APRIL, 1911

NUMBER 7

Musing at Eastertide



*I'm happy now—'tis Eastertide;
Once more the speeding months have brought me to the day,
When joy prevails, when men sing praise and pray
To God the Father and His resurrected Son,
When, toil and weeping done—
In the fold of peace I tranquilly abide.*

*I'm peaceful now—this Easter day,
The air again is filled with music glad and sweet,
On every ear, in every still retreat,
The mellow, soothing tones of church-bells softly fall,
Now, cares and doubtings all
Fade from my soul before hope's powerful ray.*

*I hopeful now,—at Eastertide
My bosom throbs anew with courage, faith, and trust;
For man shall live for aye, man—more than dust—
Beyond this paltry life, shall dwell in endless joy,
In Heaven to employ
The powers gained before on earth he died.*

12

EASTER SYMPOSIUM.



ALMOST every season brings with it some message of cheer. Spring, too, is associated with the happy thought that the cold winter months have again passed, and that nature promises earth new life and vigor. Yet this season reminds us of something of far greater significance—Eastertide. To some,

Easter means little or nothing; to others it has given a feeling of joy that surpasses all description. Eternal Death, man's just punishment, no longer has dominion, but is "swallowed up in victory"; for a Savior has died and is risen. His resurrection brightens our future, and makes us sure of Heaven.

JOHN W. BRINK, '12.

At the Easter season, Nature, which is God's revealed book, annually verifies the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ. The earth casts aside its cold and damp sheet, and new life springs up where the seed has died and has been buried. All Nature teaches us that to die is really to begin to live. With the testimony of the Scriptures, supported by the evidence of Nature, how can we fail to correctly answer the great question of humanity which has been coming down through the ages since Job uttered it,—“If a man die, shall he live again?” How can we refuse to have faith in Christ's promise to return, or to believe in the home of many mansions, when even the flowers of the field testify to the truth?

CAROLINE J. BORGARDS, '12.

At the thought of Easter, there come to our minds visions of beautiful white lilies, the sound of jubilant strains of music, and the simple, thrilling beauty of the story of the first Easter morning. The Easter story gives a new significance to our religion; it infuses into us a new devotion to the risen Lord, and a renewed faith in the future, because the Living Christ is working in the world. Because it is a message of brightness and of joyful inspiration, the Easter message seems essentially suited to the days of youth. Yet I doubt not that, as the inevitable burdens and disappointments of life take

away the roseate hues of this world, the hope of another and a better life must take on a new meaning, and that with riper experience the Easter message of immortality will come to have a personal significance which we cannot know in youth. And so the Easter time is but an example of the peculiar richness of Christianity, that for all races of men and for every time and experience in life, it offers an ever new and enduring satisfaction.

E. C. VANDERLAAN, '11.

How full of meaning is the word Easter! Is there anything which has so caused the heart to overflow with happiness and the soul to rejoice as the Eastertide? Spring with its budding trees, its merry songsters, and its fresh verdure, speaks to us of new life. Easter, as a Christian festival commemorating and celebrating the resurrection of Christ, gives new hope and fresh inspiration to the believer. It makes us feel the greatness and the majesty of the loving Savior, who arose from the tomb, and removed the shadow of the cross, in order that we might have eternal life.

MINNIE BELD, '13.

Easter! What joy and gladness that name brings to us! Without it, how dreary would be our outlook upon life! Easter pours a flood of light upon our pathway; all that otherwise would be cold, gloomy, and uninteresting, glows with a heavenly radiance and bursts into newness of life. To me Easter is the symbol of the springtime of the soul. The long winter of doubt and despair has gone, and in its place have come peace and the hope of a glorious resurrection. The soul responds to the soft, living touch of the Sun of Righteousness, and Spring Eternal blossoms in the heart of man.

MAE E. DE PREE, '12.

We speak of a joyous Christmastide and a happy New Year, but why do we not use these terms in connection with Easter day? Is the world losing the true meaning of Easter? Is it forgetting that Easter commemorates Christ's ultimate and crowning victory over that great enemy of man—death? Should not the recollections of that day cause rejoicing—that

day when the morning stars must have sung together for joy, when Christ the Redeemer burst the bonds of death and stepped forth in triumph from the grave to give to mankind a new and eternal life? What day or event in all the history of mankind is worthy of more rejoicing than this day? What would the joyous Christmastide be to us, had there been no resurrection? We make Christmastide a general time of rejoicing because we seek to make others happy. But on Easter day we change about; we try to rejoice by trying to make ourselves happy, in adding to our personal possessions, and in proudly displaying the same to the world. As a result we have neither happiness nor rejoicing in the true sense. Is it right that we should on this day thus selfishly center our thoughts on ourselves? Let us forget self and, flinging out the banner of our resurrected Lord and Master, sing forth in words and deeds the praises of our great and blessed Redeemer.

CORNELIUS DE YOUNG, '13.

Much is said and written these days with regard to Lent and the Christian's observance of it. Our magazines discuss it, and even our newspapers contain articles such as "Shall I Observe Lent" and "The Advantages of Keeping Lent."

Various opinions are held as to whether we should observe the season at all; and if so, how far should we go, and in what manner should we observe it? Some maintain that it is a virtue to deny themselves certain gaieties or certain kinds of food, claiming that in so doing they are following the example of the Master, which He gave us when He fasted forty days. Such an opinion does not seem to me justifiable, for why should we just at a particular season follow Him in denying ourselves social activities and food? Rather, let us at all times "deny ourselves," not foods and parties, but those things which hinder us in serving Him aright, "taking up our cross and following Him."

If I were asked, "Should Lent be observed?" I would answer, "Yes." But my idea of observing Lent is not in fasting, but rather in renewed and deeper consecration to Him whose resurrection we are soon to celebrate. I think that we should try to keep before our minds that Easter is approaching, and in that way prepare ourselves for a full appreciation

of it when it comes. Why is it that Christmas is such an enjoyment to children? Does it not appear that anticipation plays a large part in it? For weeks the child talks about it, and its coming is a climax to days of expectation. Thus, I think, the Lenten Season should be a season of anticipation for those who rejoice in the fact that "because He lives, we shall live also." Keep constantly before the mind that the day is approaching, and one of the ways to do this is to read a good "Life of Christ" during these forty days, and remember that Easter Day will then come with a fuller joy in answer to our anticipation.

Having spent the forty days in this manner causes the real significance of Easter day to dawn upon us, because our hearts have been in a process of preparation for the blessing that awaits us on that day, and with a keen appreciation we shall feel a new sensation of joy pass over us when we hear or read the words, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

JOHN BENNINK, '12.



A REMEMBRANCE.



THAT morning on which I first saw Susie is long years ago. Yet, how fresh and clear the sight of her seems to me now—Susie, in her torn and patched calico, from which ungracefully sprawled her bare feet,—Susie, with her black eyes and still blacker skin.

It was my first morning in Florida and I had dressed early in the expectation of a walk before breakfast. I came down to the hotel piazza, where I could see the river St. John just throwing off its night-covering of mist, and beginning to sparkle its morning greeting to the rising sun. The air was full of the scent of orange-blossoms, sweet perfume of the southland; the songs of birds carolling their notes of joy sounded from the branches of the live-oaks. I stepped to the end of the porch toward the walk leading down to the pier.

"Buy some flowe's, suh?" I looked down and saw a shiny black face and a dirty calico dress. A little girl held up for my inspection a beautiful bunch of wood-violets, still glistening with dew. "Here's a typical pickaninny," I thought to myself. But yet a sober, wistful expression of the eyes, so different from the roguish twinkle of most darky children, attracted my attention. I bought her bunch of flowers, and you should have seen the child's eyes sparkle as the money touched her hand. With a quick "Thank you, Mar's," she was gone. With the violets in my hand, I stood looking after her as she ran down one of the many woodland paths that led in every direction away from the hotel,—until finally she was lost to my sight.

Days were passed happily in walking, fishing, golfing, and numerous excursions here and there about the country, yet every morning, though I looked for my little pickaninny, as I called her, she no more came to the hotel with flowers. I had begun to think that I should never see her again, when chance led me to her.

I had been out for a long ramble that afternoon to visit a turpentine-still, and, as it was growing late, I thought to try a short cut through the woods. I struck a fairly well-beaten

path, which led me towards a tumble-down negro cabin. As I drew nearer I heard a loud, querulous voice raised in a shrill cry of reproof. "Susie Lane, you good-fo'-nothin' nigga, is yo' ebber gwine bring me dat water? Hyah I is wo'kin' ma haid off an' yo doan min' when I gib yo' an order. Yo' sholey is gwine be lak yo' ole mammy. You'se allus pesterin' me to let yo' gwine to dat dere white-folks' hotel down to de cove, sted o' helpin' me do de washin' and ironin'. Dat chile sholey gibbs me de mis'ry. She's expandin' mo' and mo' into her mammy's disquisition."

Here Mrs. Lane heaved a deep sigh as though such a "disquisition" was an utterly hopeless and reprehensible thing. I had by this time reached the end of the little shell path and was standing at the cabin steps before I was seen. Mrs. Lane's ample figure forthwith appeared in the doorway, while behind her I recognized my little flower girl. "What does yo' alls want hyah? White folks nebber takes dis road."

"I was trying to take a short cut through the woods back to the hotel. It was pretty late and I thought perhaps this way was shorter, but that big swamp put me off the track, so I'd like to find the best path back to Magnolia Inn. I'd be glad to pay your little girl if she would show me the way."

"Lawd a mercy, how you white gemmans kin talk! Faster'n a snake gits ober de groun'! Sho' Susie'll show youse whar to go. She ain't my gal tho, glory be. Cain't nebber excuse me ob such a human mistake. She's 'bout as quare as Susie Jane, her ole mammy. There, run 'long chile, an' be quick 'bout gittin' back hyah, or no cawnpone to eat, 'member."

So it happened that, with this little darky girl for a guide, I found myself being led down an old woods road toward the hotel. And thus it came to pass that I learned her simple, homely story. To me the darkies had always seemed a care-free, irresponsible race, incapable of deep feeling or sentiment; so I was startled at her first words.

"Does you'uns believe dat daid folkses sees us, and dat dey looks down hyah from heben?" I told her that we all hoped that our friends who died could see us and think of us, and that we believed that sometime we too should see them again. It may have been that the child felt that I sym-

pathized with her, or it may have been the natural human longing to pour out her whole heart to some one for advice and help,—but, at any rate, Susie told me her story as we walked along the pine-woods path.

"You see it's dis-a-way. I doan 'member my mammy much cyas she died when I was mighty small. I just recollects de time 'fore she died, when she tuk me by de han' an' tole me to be a good chile an' to take care o' pappy. An' now pappy's gone an' married my stepmammy, who doan care for me or my real mammy. I's allus wanted to do something to 'member mammy by, an' a little while ago I gets a chance. Did you'se eber see dat white church down on de Green Cove road? Well, we uns goes to dat church, an' all us Baptists been tryin' hard to pay off de church's debt of twelve whole dolla's. An' las' Sunday Parson Wilson done tole us that de fust one who paid dat debt could hab it put down in de church books in mem'ry ob a relative or frien'. So dat's why I's been sellin' flowe's. I doan dast to tell my stepmammy, fo' she nebber liked my mammy. Now, she done scolds me ebery time I gathers flowe's an' sells 'em at de hotel. She doan want me to hang roun' there, she say. So, I nebber, nebber in de worl', will get dat money as a 'membrance." The child's voice quivered as she spoke, and I hardly knew how to comfort her. I encouraged her as well as I could, and told her she would get the money all right. I saw now why she was so happy when I had bought her flowers, and as I thought more about her, a plan began to form itself in my mind,—a plan which I resolved to put into action on the morrow.

Susie led me as far as the row of live-oaks, at the end of which I saw the lights of the hotel shining out their evening welcome. I slipped a coin into her hand as she left me; and I made her promise that she would come to the hotel on the morrow, and that she would tell her mother that the "white gemman" said she **had** to come. She promised, and, with a "Good-night, Mar's," was gone.

In the hotel that evening I told her simple story to my friends, and they all agreed to my plan.

On the morrow, after breakfast, we all sat on the porch awaiting Susie's coming. At length we saw her, and sure enough, in her hand was a great bouquet of wild flowers

fresh-picked. As she handed them to me she said, "Fo' yo', suh, fo' yo' kindness." Her childlike gratitude affected me strangely, but I managed to hand her the little silken purse containing the twelve dollars, with which we had made up Susie's "membrance."

The child was too dazed to speak. She looked from one to the other of us as though it were all a joke. But the shiny dollars grasped tightly in her hand reassured her, and, stammering out a word of thanks, she left us. We were all at the little white church on the following Sunday, when Susie, amid the wonder of the colored folk, walked up to the minister and handed him her money, saying, "Fo' my mammy."

DONALD L. BRUSH, '12.

To Aurora

[Suggested by Guido Reni's Painting, "The Aurora"]

'Tis night. The slumbering earth still hides its face,
 Wrapped in the shadowy mists which drape her couch.
 And Stars, her fair attendants, hover near
 To guard her rest. The stately, gliding moon,
 The fairy queen of Dreamland, watches all.
 But hark! A whisper falls upon the air,—
 A murmuring, soft as when a vagrant breeze
 Wanders among the flowe's to seek its mate.
 Fair hands unseen draw back Earth's misty veil;
 Rose-leaves, the messengers of coming dawn,
 Float gently down upon her upturned face.
 The sound grows clearer, now alike the noise
 Of many waters rushing 'midst the reeds,—
 Aurora, rosy goddess of the Dawn,
 Sweeps through the gates to greet the slumbering earth.
 Apollo drives along his well-known course,
 With reins of sunbeams urging on his steeds.
 The Hours crowd close, and half-expectant wait
 Their usual place, while high above them floats
 The Morning Star. The Day has come once more.

BESSIE C. FELLOWS, Prep. '11

**SPEECH DELIVERED BY HON. G. J. DIEKEMA, '81,
AT THE CLOSE OF THE LAST SES-
SION OF CONGRESS.**

Mr. Speaker, the eloquent gentleman from the State of Illinois, whose ancestors wore the green, has just paid a fitting tribute to one of the great sons of the Emerald Isle, and I could not help thinking as he was speaking how the great men of all times have essentially stood for the same principles. My ancestors wore the orange instead of the green, and it was the great Prince of Orange, William the Silent, who was the forerunner of George Washington, and who in those far-away days became the embodiment of human liberty and of an emancipated manhood when he spoke to those who desired to persecute the Anabaptist in the following words:

"I say to you that you have no right to interfere with any man's conscience as long as he does nothing to create private harm or public scandal."

In this utterance we find the Magna Charta of freedom. So across this aisle I shake hands tonight with the son of Erin and behold in the great historic hall of fame the blending of the orange and the green. [Applause.]

Mr. Speaker, I came here to the city of Washington a decade ago, and as I have been reviewing in my mind the history that has been made in that decade I have come to the conclusion that it is the greatest decade in the history of the world, and for real advancement and progress in reform, civic righteousness, and human liberty the greatest decade even in the history of this great Republic of the West, this majestic temple of human liberty. When I became a Member of this House four years ago, I soon learned the lesson that industry is the key to opportunity. The story is told how Mark Hanna at one time went to see Mr. Armour in the city of Chicago. He had an engagement to meet him at 12 o'clock, and there he found him eating a sandwich and getting a shave and dictating to a stenographer, all at the same time. This was the price which Armour paid for writing his name under every sky and in every language, and I have observed here upon the floor of the House that it is as Gen. Grosvenor told me

when I first came here, that the man who makes a success in the House must be here when the Chaplain opens with prayer and must still occupy his seat when the Speaker's gavel falls.

Industry in the House of Representatives is the key to opportunity. I have learned a second lesson, Mr. Speaker, and it is, that association with the great men of the House, that come from all parts of the country, from the Southland and the Northland—for the Southland has its great men as the Northland has, and this little aisle does not divide intelligence or patriotism—I have observed this, that association with these men broadens one's sympathies and enlightens one's intellect. It has been a source of greatest inspiration to me to see men who have never spent a day in our public schools, men who have not visited the colleges, men who have had no opportunities in early life, men who have carried the pack through the forests, have in early life peddled newspapers and blacked boots, men who have had, I say, no opportunities of scholarship or of education, through association with the great men of this House, through the atmosphere which pervades here in Washington, become foremost in debate upon the floor of this House. It is a lesson to us all that the best of associations makes the best of men, and that the gates of opportunity are open wide to the humblest citizen of the Republic.

Then, Mr. Speaker, I can not refuse adding that I have seen absolute fairness impersonated in the presiding officer of this House. [Applause.] Often when the stream of political passion ran high, and when the position occupied by him was such that he was tempted to avail himself of party and personal advantage, in the midst of it all it was an inspiring sight to see absolute fairness and impartiality rule supreme in the chair.

I have seen another thing which has inspired me for better work in the future, and that is that not only upon the field of battle can there be exhibited the greatest courage, but that in the halls of legislation we meet that same heroic element in the members. It is courage and unselfish patriotism that are most needed in the House of Representatives now. I wish that more people of the country could visit Washington, that they might see great heroic men stand up here and take their

own political futures in their hands, sacrificing all, if need be, in order that the principles in which they believe may triumph.

While I now retire from these Halls, I must say that when I came, Mr. Speaker, I had intended to make this a career, but instead it has become simply an incident in my life. I have, however, long since learned the lesson that individuals amount to but little in the great onward march of human progress, that men come and go, but principles live on forever to bless humanity, and that neither selfishness nor even personal interest must be considered by the patriot who rejoices in the glory of this great Republic to which we belong. I have the greatest and most optimistic vision for the future of my country. I believe that as every human being has his own mission in life, and a mission which no other man can perform for him, so this great Republic among the nations of the world has a divine mission, and its first great mission is to give to all the world that which we possess—liberty and freedom. [Applause.]

Liberty enlightening the world is the great ideal which we must ever keep before our minds, and in the wake of Old Glory, whether we raise it in the Orient or the Occident, there must follow the Bible, freedom, morality, and education.

I believe that in the wisdom of the Creator we have another world mission, not teaching men material things, not teaching men only the value of liberty, but another great world mission which this Republic has is ultimately to give to all the world peace. [Applause.] We are still appropriating millions upon millions for war vessels, Dreadnoughts and great sea monsters; we are still appropriating millions for fortifications and for our Army and Navy, but the time is coming, Mr. Speaker, as sure as the Prince of Peace was born over nineteen hundred years ago, when the sword will be sheathed, when every cannon and every gun will be spiked, and when peace shall spread her white wings over all this earth. And when that day comes it will be this great Republic of the West that will lead the van in the march of nations toward universal liberty and universal peace on earth. [Loud applause.]

I have full faith that these ideals will be the inspiration

of the men who succeed us, as they have been ours, and realize, as I never did before, that within this historic Chamber must probably be worked out for weal or woe the future destiny of the race. [Loud applause.]

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EDITORIALS

WHAT IS OUR PLATFORM?

NOT long ago the new editor was approached by a couple of alumni, who questioned him somewhat about his platform. He admits having been slightly taken aback by the novel word "platform" as linked with the career of a college editor. The day may come when aspirants for student-offices will make formal statements of theories and ideas for which they stand, and make the race for office on the merits of their platforms. Personally we trust, however, that we were chosen, not by the ardent supporters of any one cause, but by a representative number of the Hope-ites. And so it is, that the editor does not come forward with a brand-new, definite set of opinions and purposes.

Just as one of the alumni referred to has for a hobby free

speech by all students on all matters, while the other would enjoy an editorial apotheosis of athletics, there are doubtless various other worthy ideas among the students, which the editorial staff may not advocate as earnestly as some desire, or which we may fail to agitate altogether. Therefore we offer as a plank in our platform, an attitude of general broad-mindedness. We hope to say the best we know on as many subjects as we know, and whenever we fall short of satisfying the readers' desires, suggestions and open-hearted criticism will be welcomed. If narrow-minded now, we expect to grow in broad-mindedness by the discipline of our task.

Furthermore, we believe in the sacredness of truth. By truth we mean not merely the opposite of outright falsehood, but such a presentation of all published matter as shall inspire the broadest and best ideals, and save the reader from a narrow, distorted view of life. We realize the danger of losing or ignoring truth in the search for effective phrases, or in the enthusiasm of presenting favorite ideas. It is not fanaticism to say that certain expressions and sentiments appearing in even a student paper, may give youthful minds a harmful bias. To avoid this, our broad-mindedness must be cast in the mold of cautious sincerity. The whole paper, including the jokes, must be compiled with an eye to what is of real worth and of the truest benefit.

Thus we have stated our platform in a general way. What we think about conditions at school or in the world of men, will appear from month to month. The things which the new staff hopes to attain may not be entirely realized, but let it be said once more, that such cannot be the case without the strong backing of the students. Hope-ites, many of you are college-students. You should show other schools that Hope can publish a first-class college paper. Subscribe then all of you, send in your literary productions, and give us your best ideas.

USING THE LIBRARY.

An examination of the list of books withdrawn from the college library shows that the number of students who do any reading outside of their required lists is extremely small,—

in fact, one could count them on his fingers. That is, less than five per cent of the students avail themselves of an opportunity which to many will never come again. What is the reason for this? One reason is the fact that the books are poorly catalogued. The pressing need of our library is a complete card index, whereby every student could himself find out whatever information the library possesses. The index should cover books, magazines, and government documents, and should be arranged both by subjects and by authors. Further, this catalogue should be placed in the reading-room, where it would be easily accessible to everyone. Our present index is good, but far too incomplete.

But this is not the only reason for the condition I have outlined. Carlyle says, "The true university in these days is a collection of books." It is the failure on the part of the vast majority of students to recognize this fact, which is largely responsible for their shameful neglect of opportunity. Classroom work and prescribed courses are beneficial chiefly in that they blaze the way in history, literature, philosophy, and science. New paths the student should learn to tread alone, and for this the library is indispensable. But the number of students who make it a point to browse through the stacks and to work up at least a speaking acquaintance with the books is pitifully small. How many have read the jokes in the *Excelsior* of 1873, or the reports of the Smithsonian Institute? How many are well acquainted with the splendid critical literature the library possesses? How many know that we have Burroughs, Thoreau, and White, as well as an unrivaled collection on Dutch theology? Some of us will find out too late that we have neglected a factor contributing to scholarship and culture which no serious student can afford to neglect.

—S. T. F.

It will be noticed that this number contains an address delivered by one of Hope's alumni. The publication of it was suggested by another alumnus now residing in the Lone Star State. We agreed to the kind suggestion because there is need of closer relations between students and alumni. The students must be interested in what the alumni are doing, and the alumni must show that they entertain the best wishes towards

the students. Alumni, don't allow yourselves to feel like "back numbers." Write to us once in a while, and be sure to subscribe for this paper. If you ever tried to manage the *Anchor* when you were at Hope, you will realize what the support of the alumni means.

SOMETHING MORE TO READ!

Dr. J. Ackerman Coles of New York City does not grow weary of giving to Hope College. In the past he has presented to us those beautiful copies of classic sculpture that hang on the museum walls; the splendid marble busts of Venus and Ajax; the bronze Washington bust, and the fund for the triennial bust contest; and numerous sets of books for the library, among which are the "Library of Valuable Information" in twenty-five volumes, and "Modern Achievements" in ten volumes. His latest gift is fifty-three elegantly bound volumes of high-grade reading matter, comprising specimens of Hindu, Chinese, Egyptian, Hebrew, and Persian literature, and many other books on oratory, history, economics, politics, and literature. Among these are Green's "Short History of England," perhaps the best of its kind, and Taine's "English Literature."

So much for English books. The Dutch among us are also happy. The library has received a collection of one hundred and fifty miscellaneous books of Dutch literature. The books are of all sizes, and offer abundant material not as yet familiar to us. This gift came from the Algemeen Nederlandsch Verbond, an organization which seeks to keep alive the Dutch language and literature, and to promote the best interests of the Hollanders and their descendants wherever they are found. Prof. Raap had been corresponding with Dr. W. Van Everdingen, secretary of the Verbond, and it is through the doctor's instrumentality that we have been thus favored.

To all of these benefactors, we students ought to be very, very grateful.

DR. GEO. L. COLE'S LECTURE.

An appreciative audience was present at the illustrated

lecture given by Dr. Geo. L. Cole on "The Ancient Cliff Dwellers," Monday evening, March 20th. The presentation of this subject was a marvelous revelation to many. To very few is the existence of this race known. Dr. Cole spoke of the various theories regarding the origin of this prehistoric people, their maternal form of government, and the present condition of the race. There are still twenty-two cities inhabited by these people, who are the descendants of the Ancient Cliff Dwellers. The lecturer has spent several years in exploring the ruins and monuments of this quaint race. The views of their ruins, pottery, skeletons, mummies, and stone implements, from his own negatives, together with his descriptions, made the lecture exceedingly interesting. Dr. Cole is a fluent speaker and received marked attention. We hope to enjoy more of these instructive entertainments.



Wednesday evening, March 1st, the Y. W. C. A. gave a reception in honor of Miss Marsh, the state secretary. A program, consisting of music, readings, and stunts, was given by the Y. W. C. A. girls. The social committee served light refreshments. The evening was a thoroughly enjoyable one.

On March 14th the Y. W. C. A. cabinet enjoyed a pleasant evening at the home of Miss Gertrude Hockje, the retiring president. The time was spent principally in playing games. Dainty refreshments were served, and the cabinet girls went home realizing again that there is more to religion than only sober work.

Friday, March 17th, seems to have been a red letter day for the Preparatory classes, since that was the night chosen for party night by three of the classes.

The "D's" were entertained at the home of their class-

mate, Miss Anna Dutton. The evening was a profitable one, inasmuch as it gave the members of the class a chance to become better acquainted. The Misses Hendrine Hospers and Helene De Maagd efficiently acted the part of chaperons.

The same evening was spent by the "A" class in the Literary Hall. The social committee proved its competency by giving the class an enjoyable time.

Then, too, the members of the "B" class gathered at the home of Mr. Harris Meyer. Miss Dorothy Parr, a former member of the class, was present. She was reminded of the fact that the Hope students are a jolly crowd and know how to make time pass quickly.

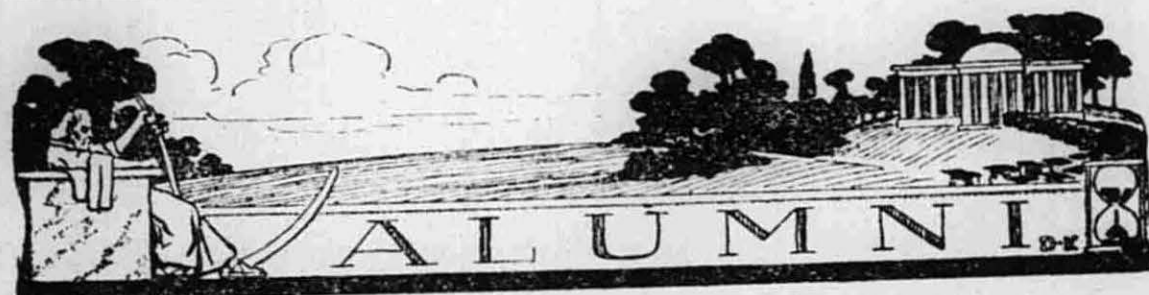
On Wednesday evening, March 15th, the "C" class enjoyed themselves at the home of Miss Eva Leenhouts. One novel feature of the program was a debate on the question: "Resolved, that it is better to be a boy than a girl." Affirmative—Miss Henrietta Bolks and Miss Ruth Blekkiink. Negative—Mr. Paul Stegeman and Mr. George Steinger. All report having had a good time and no one doubts it.

The Freshmen were entertained on Thursday evening, March 23rd, by Miss Helen Pieters. The social committee had arranged an appropriate program. The remainder of the evening was spent in playing games. Delicious refreshments were served and the class went home inspired with greater class enthusiasm.

On March 24th, the Fraternal Society invited the Cosmopolitan and Knickerbocker Societies to a masquerade in Carnegie "Gym." The boys accepted the invitation with a will, each vying with the other to show the most original costume. All conceivable forms and shapes were there,—the Indian and the negro, appearing alongside of the college professor. A spread, such as only boys know how to arrange, was enjoyed, and the visitors left, thanking their hosts by giving nine rousing "rahs" for the Fraternal Society.

The Junior class in Education was entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Brown on Wednesday evening, March 15th. Delicate refreshments were served. One feature of their merry-making was telephoning the different professors and giving the college yell through the 'phone.

Friday, March 10th, a debating team composed of Oliver Droppers, Clarence Dame, and Harry Hoffs, defeated the Fraternal Society team in a debate on the "commission-government-of-cities" question. The victors upheld the affirmative side, and because of strong team-work and forceful delivery came out as the unquestioned winners. We wish them success in the Triangular Debates. The Fraternal men were Stanley Fortune, Frederick Van Dyk, and John Bennink.



The alumni editor extends cordial greetings to all the sons and daughters of old Hope. Our page in the Anchor ought to unite our interests and deepen our love for our Alma Mater. Please consider this a hearty invitation to write us about yourself and your work.

Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer, '87, and Mr. Dirk Dykstra, '06, of Arabia, were in attendance upon the second General Conference on Missions to Moslems, held in Lucknow, India, in the latter part of January. Dr. Zwemer is editor-in-chief of "The Moslem World," a quarterly review of current events, literature, and thought among Mohammedans, and of Christian missions in Moslem lands. The first number has been issued.

The Board of Trade of Holland honored both itself and Hope College in choosing Hon. G. J. Diekema, '81, as toastmaster and Rev. John E. Kuizenga, '99, as one of the principal speakers at their recent banquet. The president of the Board of Trade for the coming year is Mr. George E. Kollen, '92; the vice-president is Mr. A. Visscher, '72.

Rev. D. C. Ruigh, '96, has been appointed to a professorship in the Meiji Gakuin, Tokyo, Japan, which was left vacant by the death of Dr. M. N. Wyckoff.

Rev. John Van Ess, '99, of the Arabian mission, is residing in Princeton doing some special work toward the prepara-

tion of literature for use in the field. He is at the same time serving the Board of Foreign Missions on deputation work.

Dr. Andrew Bonthuis, Prep. '03, has been invited by the U. S. Consul at Amoy, China, to become consular surgeon of that port. His duties will enable him to render a distinct service to his own country.

Rev. Jacob G. Brouwer, '04, has accepted a call to Lynden, Washington.

The Seventh Reformed Church of Grand Rapids has decided to enlarge its church edifice and to build a new parsonage. The church is enjoying a flourishing growth under the pastorate of Rev. J. H. Heemstra, '95.

The bubonic plague has become epidemic at Sio-khe, China, where Miss Nellie Zwemer, Prep. '81, is working.

Rev. Ame Vennema, D. D., '79, has been elected to membership in the Board of Foreign Missions, R. C. A.

"The Otte Memorial Fund" is the name given to an endowment fund to be established for use in the maintenance of Hope Hospital, Amoy, China. The fund is named in memory of Dr. John A. Otte, '83, the founder of the hospital.

The name of Rev. L. Hekhuis, '77, has been attached to one of the new buildings of the industrial school, now being erected in the Arcot Mission, India.

We note with pleasure the following campus visitors: Anna Warnshuis, Prep. '09; Hazel Weed, Prep. '10; Margaret Veltman, Prep. '10; Christian Broek, '05; John C. Hoekje, '06; Genevieve Van Valkenberg, '09; David Van Strien, '09.

Mr. William Walvoord, '08, has been chosen as one of the speakers at the commencement exercises of the Western Theological Seminary.

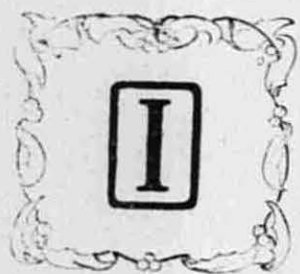
Mr. Milton J. Hoffman, '09, was one of a crew of five students representing Exeter College, Oxford, in a boat race. He received a silver medal as a result of Exeter's crew winning the race from the other colleges of Oxford University.

In order to awaken missionary interest the student volunteers of New Brunswick Theological Seminary are offering themselves as missionary speakers. Among others there are John A. Van Dyk, '07; D. Van Strien, '09; John H. Warnshuis,

'10, and Henry A. Vruwink, '10. The form of organization under which they are working was prepared several years ago by Rev. A. L. Warnshuis, '97, of Amoy, China.

Rev. J. Van Zomeren, '04, was installed as pastor of the Second Reformed Church of Cleveland, Ohio, on Sunday, March 19th.

Exchanges



If we may judge by the excellence of the numerous Exchanges received by the editor during the last month, we are altogether justified in saying that college journalism is more than holding its own. We place **The Student** in a class by itself for the literary superiority displayed by editors and contributors alike. Its basketball story, "The Skill of the Spaniard," will be highly prized by whoever reads it. As a pleasant skit which yet carries a truth all too little recognized, "Alumni" admirably suits its purpose.

The **Albion College Pleiad** has "Io Triumphe" on its cover not only, but is "Io Triumphe" all the way through. Not unjustly, for who would not envy their apparent monopoly on State Intercollegiate Oratorical championships? The taste exhibited in the arrangement and get-up of their college paper is likewise commendable.

The **Normal Advance** for March.—you have an excellent and striking article on pessimism—"The Tyranny of Things." True though most of the statements are, yet, to our unphilosophic mind, some of the statements seem either very unclear or untrue. Pessimism has its place just as well as optimism. It is often true that "dissatisfaction is the very breath of life."

Prospective orators who intend writing orations on sociological or political problems,—and what other subjects are there?—may profitably read "The Better Democracy" in **Purple and Gold**. The writer's style and paragraph-structure might be much improved, but his thought discloses a breadth

of view and a grasp that are very valuable. The cover-design is simple and pretty.

The March issue of **The Argus** is symmetrical in nearly every respect. The editorials, contributed articles, jokes, and Exchange criticisms are praiseworthy. However, an essay among the stories would be very appropriate. "The Mysterious Glass" is decidedly interesting and well-told.

College World, we certainly enjoyed reading "The Sign of the Times" in your February Number. Exuberant, buoyant youth is evidenced in every word and line. But why, we ask you, why are your Exchanges given over so entirely to jokes? Why but one solitary remark on other college periodicals?

A somewhat youthful writer has done himself proud by writing an essay on "The King James Version of the Bible," in the **M. H. Aerolith**. We desire as many as possible of the "budding" ministers at Hope to read it. Special appropriateness is given this article when it is remembered that the month of March, 1911, is the three hundredth anniversary of the King James Translation.

College Chips, did your local editors take a vacation? Waiving the question whether it is of great importance to a college paper to keep up its locals, we would simply suggest, what you no doubt already know, that the locals are eagerly conned by the average student. Moreover, a college is known by its humor as well as by its athletics. Wit is the evidence of an overflowing, exuberant, healthy mind. As such we are sure we can find it in your college. Then, let us have some of it in your college paper. The essay, "Satan in 'Paradise Lost,'" makes instructive, profitable reading.

Athletics

Hope—31. Lewis Institute—17.

March 16, the Lewis Institute quintet, intercollegiate champions of Illinois, went down to defeat before Hope's basketweavers.

Vruwink and H. Stegeman, Hope's two stars, were once more in the line-up, after being out of the last two games on

account of injuries. The mighty machine was now once more in action.

The game was both fast and slow. At the end of the first half, the score stood 11 to 12 in favor of the Windy City aggregation. The game was not as interesting as the score indicates, on account of the frequent fumbles and poor passes of our team.

In the second half Hope had the visitors at their mercy. Hope's machine soon began operations with a fine shot by "Bronk." It was one of the best seen on the floor this season. Our men were now full of ginger and soon ran away from their opponents, making the final score 31 to 17. "Bronk" and Kleinheksel were easily the stars of the game.

Hope—40. Detroit Y. M. C. A.—32.

The basketball season ended March 25, with a rousing victory for our boys. It proved to be one of the fastest, cleanest, and closest games of the season. The "Y" players were in the best of condition and were determined to duplicate their feat of defeating Hope's quintet.

The visitors scored first, and it soon became evident that one of the best games was about to be witnessed. Hope soon tied the score when H. Stegeman caged the pill. This brought forth such a rousing cheer as ever has been heard in Carnegie Gymnasium.

Hope's machine proved to be well-oiled and the signal system perfect, as the first half indicated. It was a continual seesaw and ended with Hope in the lead 19 to 18. The second half our boys played with still more vim and the perfectness and quickness of the plays called forth the admiration of the fans. Never were our boys so cheered on to victory as that night. They completely outplayed the visitors in the last half, making 21 points to Detroit's 14.

H. Stegeman was certainly the star of the game, calling forth repeatedly the cheers of the crowd by his wonderful playing, since he alone made as many field baskets as all the Detroit men together. Another player who did stellar work for Hope was Vruwink, the idol of the fans. His jumping under the baskets was of a rare variety.

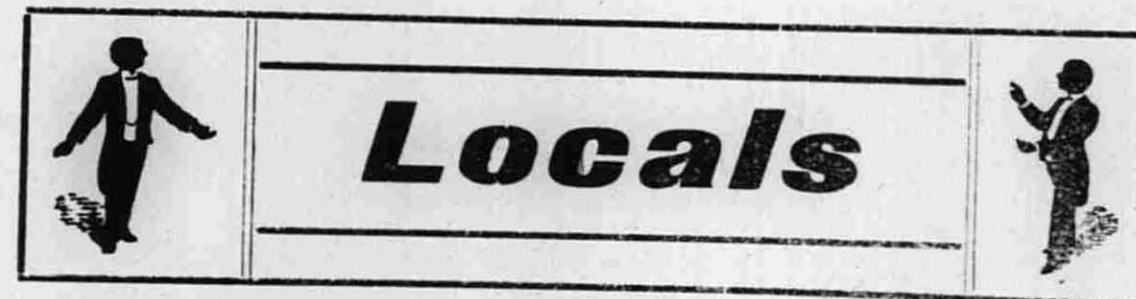
The Basketball Season of 1910-1911.

One of the most successful basketball seasons was brought to a close March 25, when Hope defeated Detroit "Y." They not only won the undisputed intercollegiate championship of Michigan, but also tied the Detroit Athletic Club for the title of championship of the state.

Who would have predicted this at the beginning of the season? Great credit must be given Coach De Kruif for his wonderful coaching, whipping a winner from practically green material.

At the crucial period of the schedule the team was handicapped on account of injuries to the stars. This did not dishearten them,—but courage and pluck surmounted these handicaps and when the stars returned to the game, the wonderful machine seemed to work without friction, and played with dazzling brilliancy.

Not enough praise can be given to each member of the team, who by his faithful and consistent practice, upheld the name of Hope as one of the leaders, if not the leader, in basketball circles of the state.



Prof. Nykerk in Sophomore Eng.: "Next, please! Who had the greatest humor, Shakespeare or Ben Jonson?"

Mr. V-n Br-nkh-st: "Ben Jonson, I think."

Nykerk: "What makes you think so?"

Al-k: "He wrote 'Every Man in His Humor.'"

Mrs. Durfee (in French): "In France, twenty years is considered the proper age for a man to marry."

Tableau: Helen turns to look inquiringly at Heusie. Heusie blushes, looks disappointed, and shakes his head.

De Motts (telling a joke): "I laughed so, I couldn't hold myself."

A. Ossewaarde: "The trouble is you are getting so used to holding other people."

De Motts (sheepishly): "Don't give us away like that, Anne."

Nykerk: "Did Bunyan marry happily?"

Hekhuis (with sudden inspiration): "Yes, sir; he married a girl."

Bilkert (translating German): "'Love does not hibernate.' I don't think that's true, Professor."

Nykerk: "You're all right, Mr. Stegeman. I mean your recitation is. I wouldn't have you get a wrong impression."

Nykerk: "Are you going to take Shakespeare?"

Hoebeke: "No, sir; that will interfere with my Education."

Some of Our Favorite Songs.

Helen R.: "I'm always in the way."

G. Stegeman: "Someone to make a fuss over me."

Gerarda B.: "Come take a skate with me, Johnnie."

Flossie: "I'll make a ring around Arie."

Ethel T.: "Good night, dear."

Ida D.: "Has anybody here seen Hessel?"

Mae D. P.: "Won't you be my Tony Boy?"

Bilkert: "Your love is like the roses."

Van Strien: "Father and mother pay all the bills."

P. Schlosser: "Can't you see I'm lonely?"

Jock: "When you know you're not forgotten by the girl you can't forget."

Walvoord: "Why don't you try?"

Ethela et Stegibus—
Nactum darkorum—
Talkibus de amora.

Subject swellorum.

Zwemerae hearibus
Noisum outsidum,
Rise-ibus et shakibus
Stovum coalorum.

Spokebat Ethela
Ad suum Stegibus,
"Time-ibus to goibus,
Comibus somorum."

Prof. Schlosser a few days ago most dramatically abused our modern factory system, "which is daily engulfing millions in its talons, as you might say."

Gerarda Brock (entering the kitchen with a dish of peanut shells): "Where do they keep the refuge?"

For good translations of German poetry call on Mr. Peet.

Brink: "Don't you dread the silent watches of the night?"

Stronks: "No; it's the cuckoo clock that gives me away."

Nykerk (in Elocution): "Mr. Ramerman, what is the greatest organ of speech in the world?"

George stood up rather slowly and said: "Well, I think it's the organ of speech in women, for it is an organ without stops."

Some of the boys were talking about Astronomy in Van Raalte Hall, when Van Houte came up and said he had seen a drunkard lying on a sidewalk, who, when he was discovered by a policeman, said he was studying astronomy because he was thirsty. He said he was trying to find the dipper.

The report was that John Van Strien almost had the brain fever last week. But the trouble was the fever couldn't find the brains.

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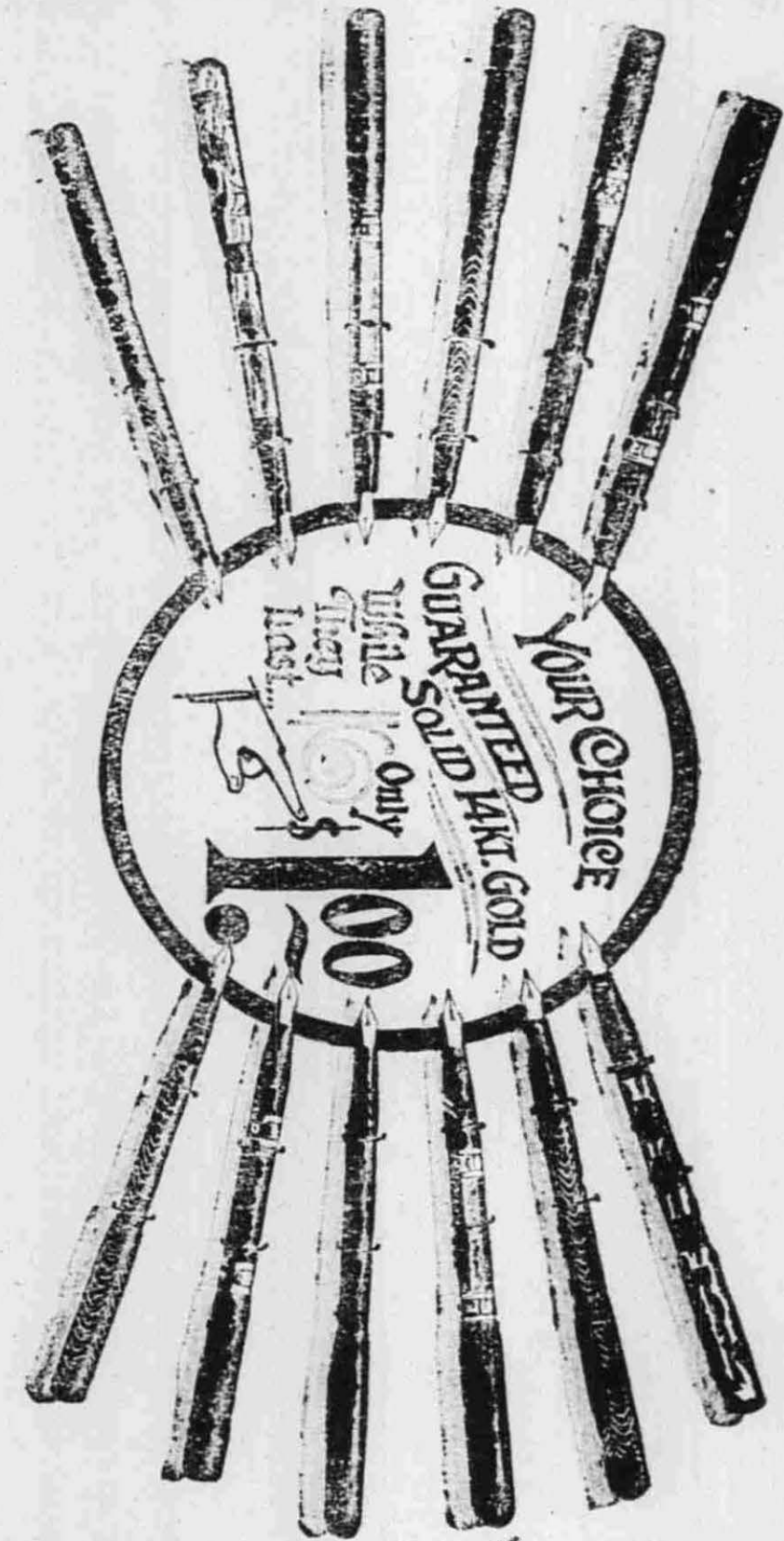
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