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some liberal in paying dues in advance, but more have not paid at all. We have a favorable mental record of those, who have been prompt. The reader will know, whether he or she is contributing his or her share. The Alumni Association will have a glorious life, and the Anchor will be published annually, whether all pay or not; but we are sure, all would like to be classed with the sustaining members. In connection with the Anchor you have had the Annual Catalogue forwarded to your address without additional charge, and we believe you appreciate it.

It has been a source of gratification to the officers of the College, and especially its beloved and able president, to have such a large attendance at our Annual Banquets. The prospects for this year are still better. A circular letter will be sent, in which will be given an opportunity to notify the committee of your intention to be present, so that places may be reserved.

A committee on organization are sending letters to the Alumni of the Preparatory Department and a permanent organization will be effected on the afternoon of Alumni Day. A place will be arranged for them at the evening banquet.

Either just before, or immediately after the afternoon business meeting, a group picture of the Alumni will be taken on the chapel steps, and later a cut made of it for appearance in the 1909 Alumni Anchor. 

GELMER KUIPER, '89.

THE 1907 ALUMNI BANQUET.

Promptly at 5 o'clock P. M., the guests were seated at the tables, arranged in the dining hall, reception room and studios of Voorhees Dormitory, packing the spacious building to its capacity. This was the first use that was made of this appropriate gift, and a fitting one. The banquet committee was equal to the occasion, as to quality and quantity, and enough praise can not be given them for their forethought and labors, not only of themselves, but also their helpmates, as it was a surprise to all. To the strain of orchestral music, and all engaged in interesting conversation, the repast was partaken of. Good cheer prevailed, the past for the while forgotten, and all were "boys and girls at home again." While

the last course was being served, the Secretary spoke a few words relative to the absent Alumni. He said an arduous duty had at last brought an unexpected reward. It came in the nature of the replies received, reaching almost two hundred, in response to the general letter that had been sent out. All the absent ones sent regrets, and only their duties at this time of the year prevented their being here. They all indicate, that the welfare and future prosperity of Hope is dear to them.

In order to let our thoughts go out to them, as theirs do to us at this time, let us remember them now, and while no unturned plate reminds us of the absent one, we feel we are not complete here without them. Allow me to read a few of them, as I pick them up at random. Here is one from Professor Wm. A. Shields of Winfield, Kas. The postal card will not contain it, so he writes a letter. It is as follows:

Mr. J. George Van Hess,

My Dear Brother Alumnus:

Accept my thanks for the invitation to the Alumni meeting and banquet, June 18, and my regrets that I can not be present.

In view of the dedication of another elegant new building, it will be a congratulatory meeting.

Though I rejoice heartily in the financial advancement of Hope, it is more significant to me, that the enlightening influence of Hope is so widely diffused. Those who speak have returned from India, China, Japan and Arabia. Equipments are good, but workmen that need not to be ashamed are better.

     O, well-loved Alma Mater, Hope!  
     Thy sons have wandered far,  
     But still they turn 'their eyes to thee,  
     As to the morning star.  

     For from thee gleams a light divine,  
     That pierces sin's dark gloom;  
     And lands that lay in deepest night,  
     Ere long like Eden bloom.  

WM. A. SHIELDS, '66.

Winfield, Kansas, June 8, '07.
Dear Sir and Fellow Alumnus:
I am pleased to receive the invitation to the commencement exercises of the College, and those of the Alumni, with the evidence they bring of the progress of things at our Alma Mater. May she continue to grow and prosper. I am sorry that I am so situated as to be unable to be present. With my best wishes for the success of the banquet,
I am, cordially, H. M. BRUINS, '95.
Albion Lea, Minn., June 7, '07.

Dear Brother Van Hess:
Thank you so much for your kind letter and invitation. I regret that a previous engagement to preach at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., on June 23rd, prevents my attendance at the Alumni meeting. Please express my regrets to your committee.
Very sincerely, S. M. ZWEMER, '87.
Albany, N. Y., June 8, '07.

My Dear Sir:
I am very sorry to state that it will not be possible for me to accept the kind invitation to attend the Commencement Exercises of Hope College. I rejoice with you all in the prosperous condition of our Alma Mater, and unite with you in the prayer and wish for the continuance of this prosperity.
Cordially, JAS. OSSEWAARDE, '90.
Fort Logan, Colo., June 8, '07.

Dear Fellow Alumnus:
I cannot leave my work until June 24, so will not be able to meet with you, however much I should enjoy it. May our Alma Mater, "Old Hope," prosper, and continue to grow in its world-wide influence, and in the heart and affection, not only of her alumni and studentry, but also of the people at large.
Your fellow alumnus of, and for, "Hope."
JNO. H. STRAKS, '00.
Clymer, N. Y., June 7, '07.

And here is one that I did not expect to be necessary to read, but as I do not see the writer visible at the table, I will take the liberty:
It is a delight to think of Hope and all it has stood for. To get back here and recall the days of our Meliphone orations our "A" class exercises, our Freshman greenness, and Sophomore effusions, our Junior immaturity, and Senior dignity, certainly is a thing of joy. And to realize all that it has meant for us brings still greater joy, for to most of us "Hope" was the only possible path to learning. Had "Hope" not been here we should still be "hewers of wood" and "diggers of sand." But we must not let our minds go back to the happy college days too much. They were happy days, and to recall them is pleasure, but they are gone, never to return, so let's not weep over them or mourn their departure.

There was once a German whose wife, departing to another world, left him alone. A neighbor chancing to meet, thought to sympathize with him and said, "Ah, Fritz, it must be sad for you to have to bury your wife!" Fritz answered: "Sad? Why should I be sad? She was dead!" So the good old days are gone, but we need not be sad. Let us bury what is dead in them, and let the memory of the good live on.

Hope College was founded in the first instance that the Church might have an educated ministry. Its avowed object was to train devoted men that they might serve the state through the church. Our aim is broader now, or at least it ought to be. It should be nothing less than the education of young men and women for spheres of usefulness in the world. Hope's graduates should no longer think that they can only serve God and man by becoming ministers in the church. They can as well (though no better), serve God and man in medicine, or law, or business, or in any other honest occupation.

Some think a college serves its constituency by educating its sons and daughters, and making cultured men and women out of them. Not so, however. A college is only a channel through which a community may send its best young men and women out into the world for service. Each one, passing through these halls, must consider himself a contribution of his people to mankind, and as such, be he minister, lawyer, or farmer, he must have a world-vision and a world-purpose. He can no longer draw a circle about himself as the center and say, "Herein will I live," for he belongs to the whole world and must serve all mankind. He becomes no magnet that draws all things to itself, but a dynamo, sending out power and light and heat in all directions.

We can best serve our college and the world by giving ourselves absolutely to our God and our fellow-men. Not by writing our own names high on the walls of the temple of fame, but by writing Christ's name on the hearts and lives of men, can we best honor our Alma Mater. Let him, who will seek glory; let us seek service. Let him, who will, live to himself and live alone; let us live for the world and Him who made it, and thus we shall best serve our Lord and also our college.

John J. Binninga, '98.

Mr. Toastmaster, Friends and Fellow Alumni:

The previous speaker said, he was given a large subject for fear that he might get off from it. I have been given no subject, for fear, I suppose, that I might get on to it. The toastmaster suggested that, as I had just returned from Japan, I might speak on Japan. But that is such a large and interesting subject that, if I once started on it, I might not be able to get away from it. It seemed to me, that I could do no more courteous thing on this occasion than to say a few words about our Alumni working in Japan. You doubtless know, that Hope has sent to Japan more men and women than to any other of our mission fields, in fact, I think about as many to Japan alone as to all our other fields together. Speaking of them in the order of their going to the field, we first have Mr. Ogimi and Mr. Kimura of the class of 78. The former, though at present not working in our connection, has yet, during all these years, worked faithfully in educational and evangelistic work, standing for the truth, as it is in Jesus Christ. Mr. Kimura has, during all his service in Japan, been a pastor, and has also at the same time labored in woman's education. Just recently he has become connected with our Ferris seminary at Koyohama, as religious instructor. This seminary is the oldest girls' school in Japan, having been started by Miss Mary Kidder, now Mrs. E. Miller of our North Japan mission.

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reason that we can find no trace of him now.

Going down to the old historic Nagasaki, we find Mr. Pieters, principal of Steele Academy, master of many things, and, withal, manifesting a modesty, hardly to be expected from one of Hope's boys. Alongside of him is Mrs. Pieters, of the same class, whom he still considers his "better half," and together they are laboring faithfully for the Japanese people.

Then going to Saga we find there Mr. Peeke, whose motto is, "Better to burn out than dry up," a "burning and shining light" in the South Japan district, with a field altogether too large for one man, as I know, for it was formerly my field.

Going still further south, we find Mr. Hondelink and Mrs. Hondelink, nee Grace Hoekje, who have both made splendid progress in the Japanese language, and are doing excellent work, side by side. They have the sweetest baby, and, together, form just such an ideal home, as you might expect to come out from Hope College.

Then going back to Nagasaki, we have Mr. Walvoord, who teaches in Steele College, with Mr. Pieters. It was only recently that I met him in Tokio, at the time of the World's Students' Federation Meeting, and he seems to be a royal good fellow. That the board thinks well of his work is evidenced by the fact, that though he went out under contract to teach for three years, he has already been accepted as a full member of the mission.

And last, but not least, we have Mr. Ruigh in our North Japan mission, a present from our Amoy mission in China, and we increasingly appreciate the gift. He, too, has made splendid progress in the Japanese language, and has been put in charge of our northern field.

Mention should also be made of Dr. Poppen, who labored for some time in the theological school of our Meiji Gaku-in, and into whose labors it was my privilege to enter three years ago.

These, then, are the men and women from Hope that are doing the work of the Lord in our missions in Japan. Would they could be here tonight and behold this enthusiastic gathering. How their hearts would rejoice! It was for the purpose of remembering them all, that I have thus briefly spoken about them.

A. OLTMANS, '83.

The Arabian Mission

R. C. A.


My Dear Mr Kuiper:

Many thanks for your kind note of January 27. I was away off the trail of communication when your letter came, and found it, when I returned about two weeks ago. Of course, it was then too late to send a squib for the Anchor. I suppose Mr. Moerdyk will represent the Arabian Alumni at this banquet.

I am at present engaged in playing checkers with the Terrible Turk, with the stake—whether or not there shall be an American school here. We hope some day to have alumni banquets here too—when we shall have our college. If I have a hand in the moulding thereof, you may be sure it will be patterned after our Alma Mater.

Yours very truly,

JOHN VAN ESS, '99.

EDWIN A. BEDELL.

If the necrologist was able to report last June, that during the previous year, death had not invaded the ranks of the Alumni, he will not be able to make the same report at the next annual meeting. On March 15, the gifted spirit of Mr. Edwin A. Bedell, of the class of '73, took its flight into the unseen world.

Who, of the older Hope boys, does not remember the genial, generous, and gentlemanly "Ed" Bedell, of the early seventies? Coming from one of the oldest families in Albany, N. Y., he was used to other ways and different modes of life from those which obtained in "the colony" at that time. But, like his uncle, the beloved President Philip Phelps, he seemed to fall into place somewhat naturally, and became a familiar and favorite figure in both town and college circles.

Holding good rank as a student, he was, at the same time, an enthusiast for wholesome and manly sport. After three o'clock, on pleasant days, the diamond claimed him,
while on winter days the old gymnasium had attractions for him. He is remembered best, perhaps, as the chief musician of the college. It was he that could conjure with the little asthmatic chapel organ until, yielding to his master-touch, it sounded forth harmonies and cadences such as no one would suppose could dwell in so mean a tenement.

His Career.

Edwin A. Bedell was of Huguenot stock on his paternal, and of English and Dutch stock on his maternal side. The son of Edwin T. and Rachel A. Bedell, both of whom died while he was very young. He was born in Albany, N. Y., October 9, 1853. He was reared in the home of his grandfather, a prominent citizen of Albany, Mr. Philip Phelps, the father of our beloved first President, Philip Phelps, Jr. Mr. Phelps was for more than fifty years deputy comptroller of the state of New York, and well-known not only in financial, but also in religious circles, throughout the country.

Mr. Bedell's school life was begun at the Boys' Academy, Albany, and completed at Hope College, where he was graduated as the salutatorian of his class. Graduating from the Albany Law School, he was admitted to the bar in 1874. He served five years as one of the assistant reporters to the attorney general of the state, leaving this office in 1889 to become one of the assistant reporters of the Court of Appeals, upon which the Albany Law Journal commented: "This appointment of Mr. Bedell is ideally excellent, and is so regarded by the judiciary and the profession throughout the state. * * * The work requires not only wide knowledge and experience, but a peculiar talent which is possessed, we believe, by comparatively few members of the profession."

When twenty years old, Mr. Bedell began to devote his leisure time to the study of sacred music in all its branches, and later included the study of hymnology. He was an active member of the Madison Avenue Reformed church of Albany, and for thirty-three years had charge of its music and served as its organist. In 1891 he prepared "The Church Hymnary," which has been well received not only in the Reformed church, but has met with warm approval in other communions. After a lingering illness he died at the Long Island City Hospital, New York, Sunday night, March 15, 1908, being survived by his wife and a daughter. Thus passed away a man, who, by his genial character, broad culture, fine literary and musical taste and successful professional career, reflected much honor upon his Alma Mater.

MATTHEW KOLYN, '77, Necrologist.

OUR WORK IN STEELE ACADEMY.

It is a work of famine relief, for there is a famine in Japan. It is not a famine of rice or bread, but of educational facilities. The public schools, in a fairly adequate manner, provide for the primary and grammar grades, but when it comes to middle and higher education, there is a lamentable and pathetic lack of opportunity.

The government schools have accommodations for only sixty per cent of the applicants in what we call, at home, the High School or Academy grade, and for only forty per cent of those who wish to take the equivalent of our college course. Hence, many an ambitious youth finds the door to the privileges and advantages of a higher education shut in his face. In America, no young man who has the means, the time, the health, and the brains to acquire a higher education, need go without; but here many a boy, abundantly able and willing to pay his way, with a good mind and good health to match, must remain in the ranks of the comparatively uneducated, simply because the schools do not exist, that can take him in. Such a condition of affairs is so far removed from anything with which people in America are familiar, that it does not appear at first sight how serious a matter it is. Neither is there any immediate prospect that adequate provision will be made, for protests against increasing the burden of taxation are heard on every hand, and under these circumstances the establishment of academies and colleges at public expense in any considerable numbers is not to be thought of.

This lack of public facilities, coupled with the eagerness of many to obtain a higher training, furnishes a unique opportunity for Christian education, of which our own school is only recently in a position to avail itself, and, on the other hand, to the generosity of Miss H. K. Steele, who has placed us in a position to qualify as not inferior to the public schools.
The consequence is that the question, how to obtain a sufficient number of students, no longer presses upon us. For us, as for all mission schools with a respectable equipment, this primary question is solved, and we obtain as many as we desire, upon our own terms.

The question now is, how to winnow out the chaff from the wheat, and how to make our educational work subservient to the great aims of the missionary enterprise. When we, who are from "Mother Hope," look back upon our school days, or when we hear of the constant out-pourings of blessing within those honored walls, we cannot wish for anything better than to establish her counterpart on foreign soil. But this is not so easily done.

Our conditions are differentiated from those under which Dr. Kollen and his co-adjutors do their work, in the first place, by the lack of a sympathetic and loyal constituency. The Christian community is still so small as hardly to form a constituency, and is still lacking in clear appreciation of the value of Christian as distinguished from purely secular education, while as for the general public, it is a matter of course that the distinguishing characteristics of our school add nothing to its value in their eyes. The educational ideals of the nation are expressed in their own schools, where the word of the Emperor is the highest moral law, and where religion is officially declared to be something from which education must be entirely divorced. Into such a community we come, and plant a school, which teaches, indeed, nothing contrary to the moral principles publicly enunciated by the Emperor, but which goes far beyond these and insists upon the recognition of God, of sin, and of salvation through Jesus Christ as essential to any sound moral life. It goes without saying that the public at large does not at once welcome our effort, and while it may at first sight seem surprising that the Christian community should also be lukewarm, it is less to be wondered at when we remember how many, even at home, remain indifferent to the claims, and manage to ignore the services, of Christian education.

Our work is different from that of Hope also, in the moral fibre of the material we receive. That is perfectly natural. Indeed, if it were otherwise, the fundamental question of the need of missionary work would at once be raised. And yet the practical experience of the fact is none the less unpleasant. The Japanese student has many fine qualities. One has but to get acquainted with him to recognize them and to love him for them. But this does not remove the fact that he is very weak on the fundamental virtues of truthfulness, chastity, and honor. Lying is among Japanese students like silver in the streets of Jerusalem in the days of King Solomon—it is nothing accounted of. I have heard a Christian teacher in our own school soberly declare that if it were otherwise, the fundamental question with primary Bible instruction and the well known expedients of school discipline, (barring corporal punishment, which is not practiced in Japan), and in not a few cases we are rewarded by a marked change, first in conduct, and then in character. During the process it is most interesting to see
the ideas that come to the surface. I was once telling the story of the birth of Moses, and tried to make clear the terrible dilemma in which his parents found themselves, when on the one side stood the command of the king to slay the child, and on the other every dictate of religion and right. Said I: “Now, under these circumstances, what do you think a person ought to do?” At once came the response: “He ought to commit suicide!”

It is a great thing to watch some of these boys slowly swing around from complete indifference or active hostility to the ideas we bring forward, until presently they experience repentance, faith, consecration, and the whole blessed category of new qualities that go to make a new man in Christ Jesus. I shall not easily forget young Iwasaki, one of the brightest young men I ever taught. He gave promise of the highest achievement, but graduated without, apparently, any interest whatever in religious matters. Not long after that, however, consumption had him by the throat. Before he died he wrote me a note in which he said: “I can never thank you enough that you have led me to know Christ.” One does not mind discouragement or difficulty when one reaps a reward like that.

But beyond the personal salvation that is wrought, it is good to know that we are the pioneers of a new era, the architects of a purer and grander East. That may seem like blowing the trumpet, but it is a simple fact that Christian education underlies and makes possible every other kind of Christian work. The remarkably successful work of the Y. M. C. A., during the Russo-Japanese war, was applauded throughout the world, and received imperial recognition, such as our little struggling mission schools can never dare to hope for. But, when I inquired how it was that the Christian movement succeeded where the Buddhists failed, I was told that it was because they had men of intelligence, consecration, zeal, and love for their fellows, such as the Buddhists could not find. So I at once became interested to know where such men were produced, and learned that out of twenty-two Japanese secretaries in Manchuria, fifteen had been trained in mission schools! Two of these had come from Steele Academy. Some one has said that Bacon’s “Novum Organum,” although read by very few, was one of the most influential books that ever was written, for it moved the men that moved the world. So it is with us. We reach but few, but taking the Christian schools together, we know that we are moving the men that are to move the East.

Nagasaki, Japan.

ALBERTUS PIETERS, ‘87.

IF I SHOULD GO BACK.

The writer of this article arrived in Holland in 1883 and graduated from the college in 1887. When he left he fondly anticipated returning to its precincts at least once every year till he was three score and ten. He was there in 1891, in 1892, in 1893, and in 1899, very short stays each time. I may be back in 1908. If I should go back now, some twenty years after graduation, what changes would I note? Would the old Holland be quite absolutely all changed?

When I left in 1898, though Holland was yet a comparatively small town, it stood in my visual angle in such a way that all the rest of the world seemed fairly small. It did not shut out all the rest of the world, but the rest of the world suffered by the contrast. Were I to go back now would things have changed so that even the larger Holland of today would seem to be the view from a reversed field glass?

I would like to know if Room 15 of Van Vleck Hall, away up there in the southwest corner, is as sky-scaper-y high and as Labradorically cold as I used to think. I would like to know if the hall floors get as dangerously slippery today when anyone has been unfortunate enough to miss the target with a pitcherful of water, as they used to. I think the faculty would have done well to provide sand boxes to sprinkle on the floor on such occasions. I have known fellows to come perilously near injuring themselves, slipping down stairs or colliding with a door frame, when playing hide and seek under those conditions. It would have been a serious thing if a student had been maimed for life just on account of the remissness of the faculty in not providing boxes of sand.

I wonder if it is as hard for those Van Vleck Hall rooms to remain clean without sweeping, become ventilated without
opening the windows, as it used to be? A man might do his
best on the last Saturday of the month, but sure as the world,
before the next month came around there would be litter
each around to quite disgrace one.

I have never tried anything like it since, but I wonder
if today when you empty a pitcher of water out of a third
story window on a man coming up the walk to the north
side of Van Vleck Hall, the contents of the pitcher descend as
noiselessly—till they strike—as they used to?

I wonder whether today, in case a roomer at the Hall
stays out calling on his best girl till an unseemly hour, it is as
to get into the building without a ladder, as, for instance,
it used to be?

I wonder if today, when a student goes up on top of the
Hall to view the country, the trap-door still has that old trick
of shutting itself and locking automatically? There used to be
a wonderful amount of depravity bound up in that trap-door,
especially if the weather were cold and windy.

I understand there is no college bell rung out of the door
of Van Vleck Hall, or the second story window, as there used
to be, but a patent electric clock arrangement. I wonder if
today, when a man is only half prepared on his lesson, and
his turn is next after next after next, and it is an even chance
between perfect joy and a perfect flunk, whether it is as nerve-
racking as it used to be to sit and agonize and speculate in
regard to the ringing of the bell. It seems to me the old strain
was the more severe. The chances for escape were, indeed,
better, but the chances for getting caught were certainly
far worse.

I occasionally have nightmares yet in which I am back
at college in the spring of the year, playing in the afternoon,
cultivating my social nature in the evening, and with heavy
heart and troubled conscience trying to learn lessons between
the doors of contiguous recitation rooms next morning. Do
they do that way now? Are there lads and lassies there now
that are corraling up a menagerie of such nightmares to fol-
low them perhaps half way around the globe, possibly into
the graveyard?

In dry weather does the tan-bark in the west end of the
old town get as dusty as it used to? Is it as red as it was,
This picture was taken in September 1896, in Japan, when the Japanese who had studied at Hope College, got together, and held a memorial service upon hearing of the death of Dr. Phelps. His photo is in the frame on the table.

and can you tell even yet on Monday morning to which end of the town a young man went after church on Sunday night in order to discuss the text, or to sweeten the asperities of a too rigid orthodoxy?

The above are just samples of my wonderings. If I should go back,—If I should go back,—how would it all seem? I think I am going back this year or next. Some of the things I can find out about, and other things will probably remain unsolved. Five of us used occasionally to go to Pessink's and each in turn set up as a treat the things he liked best. One little banquet might be made up of dates, cream puffs, pickles, milk and peanuts. I hope I shall never know whether at the age of forty I could still partake of such a banquet and live. Should I try to find out I should not deserve to live.

Perhaps some of my fellow alumni can give me data that will save me from making personal investigations in some lines that might have very serious consequences. Allow me to bespeak for myself your kindest consideration.

H. V. S. PEEKE, '87

HOPE'S JAPANESE STUDENTS.

There will never be any talk even, of war between the United States and Japan, if the same spirit with which the Japanese students were welcomed to Hope College, in the early years, dominated all the dealings of our country with the race that inhabits those beautiful islands across the Pacific.

I have frequently been asked to write some reminiscences of the Japanese students at Hope. In the light of recent events, these seem more significant and interesting.

They tell me that when I was scarcely ten years old, I had a habit of prefacing many a remark, concerning my own life incidents, with, “Many, many years ago.” Now, I was about to preface this following account, with the same words, only now, I am a few years older than ten, and there is more of a grain of truth in saying, “Many, many years ago.”

In the early seventies, a new life suddenly opened up before us, and strange ideas came into our minds, when a foreigner from Japan, found in New York, by my father,
came to live with us. Those were troublous times in that
nation. How well I remember my father's mother discussing
affairs a la Japan with this native. By the hour, they went
over and over the accounts he gave them, (for he soon
learned to converse in broken English), of the disturbances,
etc., that finally revolutionized the country; the office of
Wakakō, (Great Prince), had been abolished, and, henceforth,
new Japan began to reign supreme in the person of the wise
and progressive Mikado.

Riizo Tugawa, this first Japanese student, quickly picked
up the elements of the English language, and then entered
the lowest class of the Grammar school. But, suddenly,
the death of his father summoned him back to his home. We
helped our mother prepare him for his long journey. A few
months after that, occurred the great fire in Holland. Not
at all daunted, however, by the "ashes of a ruined city," back
came Tugawa, bringing with him his brother, Nanomiya and
a splendid and costly array of crystals, robes and curios, hav­
ing invested the fortune left him by his father, in this man­
ner. He had not been long enough at Hope College to im­
bibe sufficiently of her strong, sound, Dutch, common sense.
My parents and all were dismayed at the incongruity of this
elegant array displayed in the little shop he opened on de­
solate Main street, then sorely bereft of all its business houses.
Rich friends in the East were importuned to help buy these
valuables. Some responded, but, needless to say, the invest­
ment proved a failure, and Tugawa, for the second time, de­
parted for his native land. Just before this, Mrs. Mary
Pruyn, of Albany, N. Y., visited us, and became deeply inter­
ested in what he could tell her about himself and his country.
She was a relative of Robert W. Pruyn, Ambassador to Japan.
Having been appointed to a school in Shanghai, China, never­
evertheless, eventually, she found her way to Japan, where, in
Yokohama, a large home and school stand as a monument to
her deep interest in, and affection for, this people. There
was reason to believe that Tugawa was converted before he
left America. During all these long years not much has
been heard from him, until about a year ago, we received a
letter from Mr. Ruigh, our missionary in Japan, which said:
"I have been greatly interested in a visit from an old Japanese
gentleman, who tells me his name is Tugawa, that he was at
Hope College for a while. He inquired most affectionately
after his former benefactors and friends, and seemed very
grateful." Lately, this information has come to me: "Our
friend, Tugawa, once succeeded in coal mining, but, I am
sorry to say, has lately failed, and, in the meantime, his
mind became somewhat deranged. He is now under medical
treatment in the Yokohama hospital."

Of the brother, Nanomiya, I know nothing, save the fact,
that he has become a wealthy silk merchant of Yokohama.
His portly frame, in the picture, would indicate that he was
well to do.

Most of us Alumni are still more interested in the re­
maining three members of the group.

First, let us relate our recollections of Messrs. Ohgimi
and Kimura.

When, (also about the year '71), one day, my brother
received a letter from my father, in the East, asking us to
prepare for two strangers from Japan, we children were ex­
cited, indeed. When they actually arrived, how we watched
them, and tried to make them comfortable. We were quite
willing to help teach them the English alphabet, and some of
the older Alumni will call to mind that they, too, were pressed
into service to help prepare these promising pupils for the "D"
class in Grammar school. They had found their way to this
country, as so many hundreds of Japanese had, at that time.
Though belonging to aristocratic families, (as their three
words and rich costumes indicated), they did not seem to
possess much money, and some Japanese friends in New York
were about to raise a sum sufficient to send them back. Provi­
dentially, my father heard of this, and asked if they could
be given into his charge. Consent was obtained, and, raising
some money and pledges from friends in the East, they were
brought to Holland and to Hope College. But, unexpectedly,
an edict went forth from Japan, that all students in America,
under certain conditions, must immediately return. Not to be
daunted thus, Dr. Phelps travelled to Washington, interviewed
the first Legation Japan had just sent to this country, and
some arrangement was made, by which these two students
were allowed to remain; and for nine years, they went in and
out among us all, as many of the older students will recollect. They became very familiar figures on the streets of Holland and vicinity, and on the College Campus. They proved apt pupils, though never perfectly acquiring the English accent. Who among us can forget Ohgimi’s Grammar school exhibition speech, or his prayers in Hope Church prayer meetings, while the rest of “us girls” became very jealous, when Kimura frequently remarked, “O, dat Mary Alcott berry nice girl.” Croquet was a fashionable game, then, in which they frequently joined, especially during the long summer vacation, for they had no home to go to. After a few years, giving unmistakable signs of true conversion, they were baptized, and received into Hope Church. How often I have heard my mother remark that she firmly believed “the root of the matter was in them.”

But, now, let me quote just a little from a letter recently received from Mr. Ohgimi: “How warmly we were welcomed by the families of Holland, especially those of the professors; every Saturday, we Japanese took a walk together, and sometimes a boat ride on Black lake, and when away from the people, we, unlike the Israelites of old, who sat down by the ruins of Babylon and wept, we merrily sang Japanese songs. My sole object of going to America was, to study something that would give me distinction and honor in my future career. This worldly ambition made me decidedly inclined towards religion, but, since I came to Holland, I was struck with the happy state of the Christian homes—something I had never found in Japan. At last I came to the conclusion, that Christianity was what made them so different from others. I began to study the Bible more earnestly. One Sabbath morning, before we started for church, my sleeve ribbon dropped off, and I thought there was no other way but to sew it up, so I began to do it, and, just then, Dr. Phelps came in. When he saw me doing this work, he sternly said: ‘You must not do that, it is Sabbath.’ This was the only time he spoke to me in such a peremptory tone during all my long stay at Holland.” After saying a great deal about the kindness of friends, etc., Mr. Ohyimi goes on to say: “My thanks, also, are due to my old classmates. To me, they were kind and patient, during our long course of study, though, no doubt, I often showed forth my weaknesses, that might have been provoking. I often think of them, and am glad they are all useful as ministers of our common Master.

“I am truly grateful that God brought me to Holland, and placed me under the influences of such Godly people, that I might have missed had I gone somewhere else.”

Messrs. Ohgimi and Kimura graduated in ’79—their classmates were the Revs. Vennema, De Bey, Niemeyer, and Dr. E. De Spelder.

From thence they went to the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, graduating in ’82, were regularly ordained, and soon after left America, as ministers of the Gospel to Japan. They have occupied many positions of honor and usefulness, during these interesting years. Mr. Ohgimi has been pastor of several churches; lecturer and professor in Theological Seminaries, among which we note our own at Nagasaki; also, at one time, was the principal of Steele College there for several years.

At present, he is ministering to a church at Asakusa.

Kimura, also, labored for several years as a faithful minister of different churches in his home land, has opened and taught in several schools, and, last year, became a teacher in our own Ferris Seminary at Yokohama.

There remains, now, only the life history of one other in our group to pen, viz., T. Matsuda—the only one, you will observe, who has renounced the costume of his countrymen.

If my memory serves me correctly, he was found working on a farm, near Holland. Just how he had wandered to Michigan, I do not recall, but I know his previous history in Japan and China had been interesting. From the first, he became a sort of protege of the Hollanders, was supported and cared for by them almost entirely, spending his vacation days doing odd jobs, mainly in and around their hospitable homes, in the vicinity of Holland and Grand Rapids. He was a bluff, good-natured fellow, and well liked by his college comrades.

Graduating in the class of ’83, with Revs. Oltmans, Blekking, and Drs. Otte and Hulst, he immediately returned to Japan on urgent business. His history since then is briefly
as follows: He taught in the government schools, many years, and retired four or five years ago from active life. Last year, he built for himself a fine house in Sendagi, and, besides, owns many houses, from which he derives a good income.

There were two other Japanese students at Hope, for a very short time, but the name of only one I recall—Hashiguchi. I do not think any one knows what became of them.

And now, there is still much that might be interesting to write about our five friends in the picture, but this article is already far too long, I fear, to suit either the editor or the printer.

Who will deny that the influence and importance of Hope College has been, indeed, far-reaching and world-wide? The faith and prayers of the early educators still are felt, while we, the children, having these fresh incentives before us, still labor, hopefully on, a little longer.

FRANCES F. C. PHELPS OTTE, '82.

A POST-GRADUATE REFLECTION.

The efforts which Milton Hoffman put forth this year to secure the appointment to represent the state of Michigan at Oxford, seems to me to have been the most commendable act of any of our undergraduates in recent years. Moreover, the spirit, which prompted him to make the attempt to secure honorable advancement for himself and for his college, is still more commendable. Even though he had not passed the eligibility examination, he would be entitled to an equal degree of honor. He had confidence enough in his own ability and his education to try.

Self-confidence is an article of which the undergraduate stands in great need, and of which he usually has little. How many of us there are who wish that we had been a little more certain that we could do things while we were at Hope! We weren't sure that we could set the world on fire; so we never even did our best. We didn't try. Oh, yes, we were perfectly willing to enter an oratorical contest, but how many others had done that before us! It has become quite the thing at Hope to cultivate the silver tongue. But why? Simply because that is following the beaten path—the line of least resistance. But try a new thing? Far be it from us! Like poor old Nanny Webster, we "would na' be so daunging." College undergraduates are, it seems to me, as a rule a very modest class of men. They have only a partial notion of their own potentialities.

And, of course, in this estimate of themselves, they are entirely mistaken. The college man is one of the greatest powers in the world, if for no other reason, because he has the perspective which the ordinary man lacks. He is the very man in whom a small degree of over-confidence might be pardoned. Even before graduation he is better equipped to meet the grim old world which, in reality, isn't so very grim after all. After graduation he will discover how fortunate he is, and what things he can accomplish.

The measure of success attained by the average college man, when compared with that which his less fortunate competitor is likely to win, is indeed surprising. This fact seems especially impressive when one considers the things that have been done by our own graduates. Not always have those, who distinguished themselves in the miniature, or rather partial, world of college life, distinguished themselves when they came into contact with the larger sphere of activity outside. This was to be expected. But even those, who seemed less fortunate and less fit to battle with the world, have proven their education has given them an advantage over those, who have never gone to college. All other things being equal, the college man is more fit to undertake most tasks to which he may be assigned. When a college man fails, his failure is spoken of as an exception.

Then, what can be the reason for this woeful lack of self-confidence in the undergraduate? Simply this: his own insignificance has been impressed upon him for so long, that at last he actually begins to be persuaded that, even after he has acquired an education, he will be no better fitted than before to battle with the world. When his friends tell him at the beginning of his course that the advantages of a college bred man in the world of business are mythical and imaginary, he makes the mistake of taking them seriously. What they really mean to do is to keep him, as much as possible, untainted by the sin of pride. But in their zeal for his welfare they
often go too far. He becomes in his own estimation the most insignificant of men.

The undergraduates' reading has the same tendency. Editors delight in belittling the feats of college men. Instances of the phenomenal success of the exceptional men who have, without a great deal of preliminary training, made much of their opportunities, are gloated over with apparent relish. They are recited as if they were not exceptional at all, but rather the rule. The student's instructors, too, most strangely, seem often to be afflicted with similar delusions. Instead of pointing out to him the worlds he can conquer if he wishes, they give him the impression that it will be a miracle, if the world doesn't conquer him. They think they are acting for his own good, wherein they grievously err.

But, most of all, the undergraduates have a depressing influence upon each other. This fact is exemplified in their swan song; for what could be more pessimistic than the chronic wall of the valedictorian? His favorite thesis is the grim old world, and his plea is to the kindly fates to spare him and his classmates, who have been so unfortunate as to have received an education, and have become thereby so very unfit to compete with men who have not.

But the college world is a bit of the much feared real world after all. It is not essentially different. A man who succeeds in college is likely to succeed outside. And if he doesn't succeed in college he has a much better chance in life than if he had never been there. All depends upon how much he wants to and upon how hard he tries. The old saying, that all things are possible to him who tries, isn't so far from the truth after all.

RAYMOND VISSCHER, '06.

AN EGYPTIAN, A SUDANESE, A SYRIAN AND A HOLLAND-AMERICAN.

In a humble Egyptian farm house, in a room devoid of furniture, excepting some chairs and a round table, were seated at their noonday meal four persons.

The farmer or host of the little company was a typical Egyptian, of Coptie extraction, whose bronzed face, partly tanned by the sun, and partly nature's own make, as well as his manners, particularly his courtesies, proved him to be a son of the soil.

Beside him sat another son of Ham, black as charcoal, a stout, robust colored man from the Darfur province of the Sudan. Next to him sat a younger man of different mould, a Syrian from Palestine, born and bred at Tiberias on the sea of Galilee. The fourth person was the writer, a Hollander by birth, an American by nationality, and one of Hope's messengers. These four, gathered from such remote parts of the earth, were enjoying their repast in that humble home because of "the tie that binds," for all of them were protestants, firm believers in the Saviour of man and in the coming of His kingdom.

The first individual mentioned was a brother in Christ, won for him by means of an earnest and faithful colporteur, since gone to his reward. The second was an evangelist, who, originally a Mohammedan, sought for the light in his southern land and found it upon coming in touch with the mission. He now preaches it perseveringly to many another. The third is the product of mission work in Syria, a Mohammedan who was sent to the mission school, and there became attached to the Christ whom he still fervently loves and zealously advocates. A brother missionary took him with him to Egypt, when Mohammedan fanaticism threatened to do its worst by this young believer. We provided him with work in one of our schools, where as teacher he has worked very faithfully. My claim to a place at the table was a visit I was paying to the town to examine the school, and to encourage the evangelistic work there.

I will not trouble you with a recital of the menu that was spread for us so plenteously. Nor will I take you into the town to study its numberless huts, poorly built and dark, nor into its streets, so narrow and winding. Topography of this kind lacks interest. I would only revert again to the group at the round table (courteous and therefore friendly) and to the work they represent.

When one reads the papers these days, stocked with race and color problems, we wonder at the racial difference found, and ask who has made them to differ? There is more pleasure and profit in studying how differences may be removed, faults
corrected, and souls saved. To a servant of Christ it is deeply interesting to notice that what governments fail to accomplish, and educational theories cannot effect, the Gospel of Christ does.

Were grace not present, the above mentioned individuals because of racial differences, national ties and social environment, would be very enemies, but God's grace removes enmity of heart, breaks down racial pride, recognizes no color, but sweeping away all the accidents of life and its conventionalities, builds up a new kingdom, whose very essence is equality before God and brotherliness toward all.

Is not the story of free grace wonderful, no matter from what standpoint studied? It is the factor above all factors which will mould and transform this world. Only Christ brought these four at the table together, and only his grace removed all difference, and united them in one common cause.

Chabor Ameir, the town in which we met, is near the geographical center of the Delta of Egypt. Its population is chiefly Mohammedan, engaged in agricultural pursuits.

The first messenger of the cross that visited it, was one of our colporteurs, who after repeated visits, found entrance into one of the homes. Through his instrumentality our host was reached, and thus a door opened for the gospel amongst this convert's relationship. The next step was to do something for the town. A mission school was therefore opened, for which the brother of the new convert furnished a home. No school obtained in the town, and therefore we would think that the people would patronize it eagerly. Such was not the case, however. Mission schools, whether schools exist in the town or not, are most generally plants of slow growth, and meet with constant opposition.

The school house having been provided, a teacher was secured and the work initiated. Our convert from Syria was in course of time given charge of the school, and while its pupils were never numerous, the ones, who did attend, were thoroughly drilled and taught. It was a pleasure for me to attend our examinations there recently and notice the faithful work that had been done. In all the usual branches of the school curriculum progress has been made, and the Bible also had been faithfully taught. I was really amazed at the pupils' knowledge of the scriptures. They had committed many verses to memory and used them as proof texts to establish or prove some doctrine. In this way their sinful estate by nature, their need of a Saviour, the true and only Saviour, Jesus Christ, the way of salvation through faith, etc., were taught them, and all their knowledge of these things was scriptural, viz., by texts, committed to memory.

The school building, too, serves as church. On Sabbath days and at other times divine service is held there. Our colored brother from Darfur comes in here for his share. He preaches the Word faithfully and tells the story of the cross as he visits the homes, frequently illustrating it by incidents from his own eventful life.

By relieving him of the service I failed to hear him preach; but on Sabbath afternoon, as he lectured on the Sabbath school lesson, his insight in revealed truth and his suitable handling of it became apparent.

Thus the Word of the Lord is published there in a four-fold way. By the preaching of the Word, by the mission school, by colportage, and by home visiting. A quiet, unostentatious and persevering work is thus constantly pursued, contemplating the reformation of the town in the establishment of Christ's kingdom. It will, no doubt, take years to do this, but He, whom we serve, has promised, and He abideth faithful. One individual saved is an earnest of others; one family saved is a promise of more; a nucleus established, augurs a constant increase, and gradually but surely the town itself will be won.

Now Moslem fanaticism and Coptic formalism separate us from one another, then hearts will be united, and not a few, but many will sit down at the table of the Lord and at the table of brotherly kindness and appreciation.

Yours in His service,

J. KRUIDENIER '83
American Mission, Tauta, Egypt.
THE ANCHOR.
Published by THE ANCHOR ASSOCIATION, Hope College, Holland, Mich

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Mr. John R. Mott, chairman of the executive committee of the Student Volunteer Movement, for the last number. The speaker was introduced by Dr. S. M. Zwemer, who, with a few appropriate remarks, gave a glowing tribute to Mr. Mott and the work in which he is engaged.

Mr. Mott's extensive travels all over the world were authority enough for choosing the subject, "A World View." With convincing arguments, the speaker spoke of the tremendous revolutions that are in progress in non-Christian lands. Every change seems to be a vantage ground for Christianity. Never before was there such an imperative need, or a more golden opportunity, for the church to assert itself, and win these lands for Christ. The recent triumphs of Christianity justify Mr. Mott in entertaining such optimistic views. The speaker concluded with an urgent appeal, to every young college man and woman, to consider their responsibility to Jesus Christ, and to consecrate their lives to help in evangelizing the world and to make this "world view" an incentive to a world movement.

ALUMNI CHAT.

Rev. Jacob Poppen, Ph. D., '82, has accepted the principalship of the academy at Cordell, Okla.

Rev. Sidney Zandstra, '03, who is doing efficient work among the immigrants at Ellis Island, has recently been awarded a fellowship of the value of $650 by Columbia University. The Columbia fellowships are considered among the highest academic honors in the United States.

Prof. J. E. Kuizenga, '99, is rapidly gaining popularity as a lecturer. The themes which he so ably discusses are largely of an educational nature.

Rev. Jacob Brouwer, '04, of Otley, la., mourns the death of his sister, Miss Nettie Brouwer of New Holland.
Rev. Wm. J. VanKersen, '94, of Pella, Iowa, has declined the call extended to him by the Second Reformed church of Grand Haven, Mich.

The Misses Minnie DeFeyter, '02, and Martha DeJong, '07, both instructors in the Cedar Grove Academy, recently spent their vacations in this vicinity.

Rev. H. P. Boot, '00, mourns the untimely death of his wife. While laboring in China, Mrs. Boot contracted a disease, native to that country. Though the best of medical attention in America was given her, she passed away after several years of suffering. The Anchor extends sympathy to Mr. Boot in his deep sorrow.

President G. J. Kollen, '68, will celebrate the fortieth anniversary of his graduation from Hope College next June.

Prof. J. B. Steketee, '98, of Harrison, S. D., recently visited his parents in this city. Mr. Steketee is doing excellent work as principal of the Harrison Academy.

Rev. and Mrs. Henry P. DePree, the former of the class '03, lament the death of their infant son, Robert Morrison DePree, in China.

Rev. John Van Peursem, '02, was recently installed as pastor of Trinity Church of Chicago.

Rev. and Mrs. G. Hondelink, of the classes of '00 and '03, respectively, will soon return to America. Hopes are entertained that Mrs. Hondelink will soon recover her former good health. They will be at home at 92 Finney street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dr. J. A. Otte, '83, of Amoy, China, is expected home the latter part of June, for a few months.

Friends of Willis G. Hoekje, '04, will be glad to learn that he has already made such progress in the study of the Japanese language, and in reading, that he was able recently to take a trip with Mr. Peck, and so gain practical experience of various sorts. Mr. Hoekje has been in Japan only about six months, but already finds, he says, the study of the language very interesting.

PREPARATORY ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

Mr. Kuiper, the president of the Alumni Association, writes, in regard to the Preparatory Alumni Association and the banquet to be held in June, that eighty replies to invitations have been received, and every mail brings further returns. It looks as though about fifty will attend at Holland.

It is proposed that branch organizations be started in New Brunswick or New York City for the eastern members, and in Orange City or Denver for the western members. The branch organization could do no possible harm to the parent organization, and Mr. Kuiper has suggested that they organize, and those who cannot make the long trip to Holland could attend the meeting of the branch organization.

ATHLETIC DOINGS

BASE BALL.

Hope opened up its base ball season in a whirlwind fashion by winning both of its first regular games. On April 18 they defeated Union High School by a score of 5 to 2. A week later they snowed under a team from Grand Haven High School to the tune of 11 to 1. Our old, friendly rivals from Holland High were outclassed in a practice game. The score was 12 to 1. This practice game was encouraging, because in other years we have had difficulty in breaking even in our series of games with this team.

The team has made a strong start. Hope's students, as supporters of the team, have made a poor showing at these first two games. There is much space for improvement. It is "up to us" to use all our available room or else hang out a sign, "Room to Rent." Girls and boys, who go through their college course without manifesting any active, healthy interest in the department of athletics, have no claim to be ranked as educated. For if education means anything at all, it stands for versatility, enthusiasm and health. So to all well-wishing, sincere sons and daughters of Hope, steal away from your books on a Saturday afternoon and be found with the lusty-lunged, loyal rooters at the base ball games. (Don't forget to wear your colors).

TRACK TEAM.

A few track enthusiasts are working hard to make a creditable showing for our school. The most interest centers in
the dashes, jumps and long runs. The squad is small, but in
spite of a seemingly insurmountable difficulty, are determined
and enthusiastic. The candidates have the proper spirit and
are bound to win.

COSMOPOLITANS ENTERTAIN

On Friday evening, April 17, the Cosmopolitans entertained
the Fraternal Society in the Cosmos hall. A short
musical and literary program was rendered, after which re-
freshments were served and games were played. The even-
ing was enjoyably spent, and more than this, the friendly spirit
between the sister societies was once more demonstrated.

EXCHANGES

An editorial in the Almanian, quoted from the Normal
News—it escaped our notice after the original—is a good
article for every new staff to read. Looking through college
and high school papers, one quickly notices the lack of indi-
viduality in them. Many of them show clearly, that the
highest ideal which the staff has in mind is to have a certain
amount of copy ready by a given time. Such papers are
scarcely worth notice in exchange columns. Others aim to
make their paper interesting and pleasing, with the result
that the paper runs to stories and humor, neither of which
are of a very high order. Now, can't you see, you whom the
cost fits, that readers of your paper are not primarily seek-
ing to be entertained, are not looking for a cheap imitation of
"Judge"? But what they want is a school paper, exactly what
the above-mentioned article describes. Such a paper cannot
but be pleasing and attractive likewise. Make it your aim to
reflect your school and to stimulate its activities.

We should like to see more uniformity in the way in
which E. O. H. S. News divides its pages.

Why don't these college newspapers brighten their pages
with a story or something else besides mere news? This
applies to the Hillsdale Collegian, which is rapidly assuming
the character of a weekly.

The Whetstone is as good as its neat looking cover, but
there is not enough of it.

The Shield might improve on its arrangement. Group
your short articles separate from the long, and don't scatter
your jokes throughout the paper.

Cooper Courier is a strong paper and it seems to be im-
proving on its goodness each succeeding month. We dare not
"size you up," because next month the criticism would not fit.

We were pleased to note the delicate compliment paid
to the Anchor by the Banner, who printed "The Siege of Ley-
den" for their "Home Circle" readers.

Undergraduate
Optimism

"Spring at last has come to stay.
Last year's leaves are cleaned away.
Other annual signs are there,
'Donkey' has lost his crop of hair."

After skipping all four of his classes recently, Van Strien
was seen to weep, because there were no more classes to skip.

The fact has been noticed, and commented upon, that Mr.
Plasman, Miss Brusse, Mr. Misner, Miss Schuelke, and some
others, seem to have a particular fondness for Professor Brush's courses. We've lately discovered, that he teaches the Romance languages. Oh! but we must be slow!

Small boy in the D class to small girl in the same class—"If you guess how many sticks of gum I have in my pocket you can have all three of them."

A certain professor declares, that all the world loves a lover but laughs at him and said, "the fication"

Stegenga, in Bible class.—"On the second day "fermentation" was created."

Hekhuis, in Elocution.—"Down went the Cumberland, all a wrack"— — — (Blanks indicate that his memory failed him). Professor Nykerk—"I think, that you had better follow the Cumberland's example."

We found out the other day, that it is the "law of gratification" that makes things fall to the ground, instead of to the sky.

Miss Staplekamp was criticising a character in a play, one day, and said, "I think he talks too much."

"My wife thinks I do, too," said Professor Brush.

When the buds begin to grow, every student on the campus apparently feels, that they need his or her personal supervision. Too bad, that the faculty doesn't think so too!

Henry George Roost, making a speech to Holland voters just before the recent election: "Latin is dry, French is dry, German is dry, why shouldn't Holland be dry?" (Tremendous applause).

Senior class, valiantly endeavoring to yell: "Ralvoski-vitch! Rahoskiwait! We are the class of naughty-eight!" The '08 Preps. from across the chapel: "So are we!"

The latest innovation at Hope is the walking club. The officers are:

Zandstra—Praetor (one who leads).
Van Single—Quaestor (one who inquires whether the roads are muddy or not).
Rusticus—Cunctator (delayers).

Rule I.
The members of this club shall be known as Pedites.

Rule II.
No stealing will be allowed. If a kind-hearted agriculturist sends his bull dog after the peaceful invaders, they shall let him go his way and do his duty, provided the misguided animal does not persist therein. If absolutely necessary, they shall harrass the beast with sticks, without hitting him in any part of him whatsoever, until he returns to his definite master.

Rule III.
While passing through the fields the members shall not walk too near the ground, for fear of trampling on some harmless bugs or insects, and thereby violate the sacred rules of the S. P. C. A.
To relieve the monotony, we have established a Question Box. Q stands for question, and A stands for answer.

Q. "What does 'whatto' mean, anyhow?"
A. "At first it was thought to be Choctaw for 'bum decision,' but as was later ascertained it is a combination of the first letters of the words of the seventy-second line of Thanatosis, viz., 'Why do we always have eggs for breakfast?'"

Q. "What is the topic of conversation between Bessie and Joe every morning?"
A. "We think it must be the weather."

Q. "What is the topic of conversation between Bessie and Joe each noon?"
A. "Lessons, perhaps."

Q. "What is the topic of conversation between the same two each evening?"
A. "Possibly further discussion of the weather."

It has been noticed, that the time when Dalenburg misses his hair the most, is directly after service on Sunday evenings.

Even Veenker is beginning to believe that Sunday is the best day of the week, and that Grand Rapids Sundays are best of all.

Have you noticed that a common interest seems to have enwrapped Blekkink and Dykstra? Of late, they are never seen apart, and there is always a dreamy look in their eyes. Both, also, prefer driving in a two-seated carriage to playing base ball. So absorbed were they, during their last ride
together, that, though it was broad daylight, the loss of one of the rubber tires of the carriage was not discovered until after the ride was only a pleasant memory.

Miss Krell is of the opinion that Hope College can lay claim to a second Mark Twain. Recently, when she asked a class to write a theme on laziness, Gerrit John Warnshuis offered, as his best effort, two blank sheets of paper.

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