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On the Resignation of President Kollen

Thou guest, yet reluctantly we part
With thee; we cannot calmly acquiesce
In this departure: thy kind watchfulness
And tender care endeared thee to each heart.
Thou guest, but thy noble soul must smart
To leave the youth whom thou didst greatly bless
With counsels wise and warnings numberless;
Nigh indispensable to us thou art.
And yet thou art not gone. Although deprived
Of thee, who after years of anxious toil
Retired from the vast, oft-traversed field,
We linger still where we have grown and thrived,
And oft when hardened with our mental mail,
We'll seek thy counsel with experience sealed.

ROBERT KROODSMA '14

Resolutions on the Resignation of Dr. Kollen

Holland, Mich., April 27, 1911

Whereas, The resignation of Dr. G. J. Kollen tendered to the Council of Hope College has been accepted; and,
Whereas, the work that Dr. Kollen has done for the institution cannot be estimated, and,
Whereas, We believe that Dr. Kollen could still be of valuable service to the institution for many years, therefore
Be it resolved: That we, the student body, express our sincere regret for the action taken by our beloved President; and, further,
Be it resolved: That we express our hearty appreciation of services rendered in the past; and, further,
Be it resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Dr. Kollen; also that a copy of these resolutions be published in The Anchor and in the local papers.

Signed:
The Student's Council,
Herman J. Stegeman, Wm. G. Hoebke, John Bennink,
Committee
THE LEGEND OF THE PINE.

It was twilight when little Wanona wandered to the lake shore. The tall lone pine, on the crest of the hill across the lake, which moaned and sighed in the breeze, again seemed to beckon her on. The voices of approaching night for some time enraptured the little Indian girl, but her thoughts ever turned towards the dark, drooping pine. Here amid her fancies and her dreams she heard the step of her grandmother, old Kenala, whom she quietly drew down beside her that she might hear the legend of the sighing pine tree.

"Many, many moons ago," Kenala began, "our fathers smoked the pipe of peace with the treacherous tribe beyond the great river. That bond of friendship might be stronger, their chief sent to our fathers, as a pledge of his good-will, a hostage, none other than his own dear son. Among our people he grew strong and bold, and surpassed our young men in games of running, with the bow and arrow, and in deeds of daring. He grew up among our people and with fair Pinewa, the only daughter of our great chief. They grew up beside each other, ever looked upon each other, and their hearts from early childhood beat forever with a longing and a joy that whispered only deepest, truest love. They were always seen together, happy ever one in the other, until one dark day his father dug up the hatchet and no longer smoked the peace pipe. Then the handsome lover of Pinewa disappeared from among our people, and she, languishing and sighing for the love of her departed, pined away into that pine tree, where she now waits until——" Here Old Kenala took the wondering face of Wanona in her hands and gazed into the handsome, sympathetic eyes; perchance for an answer. However, she arose with a weary sigh, and silently led the wondering Wanona to her wigwam. Through the whole night Wanona tossed and dreamed about the unfinished legend, and all the while the secret of the dark lone pine grew more and more fascinating.

As usual Jacques, whom a roving French trapper some thirteen years ago had quietly abandoned at the chief's tent, awoke the camp at an early hour. Before Wanona appeared he had already gathered a heaping basket of berries, but he eagerly accepted another opportunity to wander through the hills with her. First they gathered berries and flowers, and then he performed deeds of skill and daring, much to her admiration and his joy. Thus through the days of the chief's daughter and the chief's adopted son rambled in playful glee, but when evening came, that weird, enticing influence drew Wanona to the lake shore. The call of the lone pine ever overpowered her at twilight, and here she bowed to that magnetic force, which day by day poured something into her soul which fashioned her character. She still hungered for the completion of the legend, but the patient old grandmother skillfully turned aside every inquiry.

Thus Wanona grew, and in beauty and grace far outshone her Indian sisters. Jacques called her a lily for her purity, grace, and sweetness; but like her lone dark pine, she was enshrouded with a something, which seemed to bewitch her friends. But she was only the lily to one, and his warm, romantic French spirit eagerly responded to her beauty and affection. From early childhood they were thus drawn to each other, and with the years the ties of friendship ripened into love.

In peace and quiet the Indian village rested upon the shores of the big lake. Except for the occasional visits of several missionaries and trappers, the white man had not yet entered this region. Its rare beauty and ideal location, however, soon lured him on, and before the Indian realized, he found a settlement of white men located several miles above his village. First the Indian looked with disfavor upon his neighbors, who so unceremoniously had planted themselves at his door. It demanded most persuasive action to prevent Jacques and the young men from falling upon these insolent intruders. After some time, however, this outburst of indignation passed away and earrings the Indians were frequent visitors in the village. At first Jacques loathed the place, but the innate desire for companionship of white men and civilization drew him on. His education, however, differed from that of the settlers, and this caused him much uneasiness, and even disgust. Then frequent relationship awoke in him a
longing, a craving for something of which he had been so long deprived. The music and dancing at the village fired his blood with a deliciousness of which he had never before tasted. His visits became more and more frequent, and the ties of the Indian village snapped, one by one. To Wanona, his sister, however, he continued to return with the sentimental fervor of his French blood, but even she somehow now seemed to be different. Then his life became the life of the settler, and Wanona—? In the conduct of her lover she discerned the cry of blood; realized with bitter anguish that her lover could never become an Indian; and, with her sweet, forgiving disposition, smiled in sadness and turned to the lake and her pine tree. Here was now the only consolation for her sorrow, and before this inanimate object she opened her heart, and then returned to her tent, comforted. Thus she passed her weary days, and her life became life with the pine tree.

Kenala watched her continuously, and often in the dead of night the old grandmother wandered to the lake shore and gazed at the pine, murmuring, "It is true! It is true!" She noted Wanona's restrained sorrow, and with a mother's anguish saw her slowly fade away as a lily before the cold of winter. Then, as she desired, they buried her beneath her pine tree, whose branches now seemed withered and lifeless.

Even now, with wonder, the people of the village relate how Wanona in her last hour arose with outstretched arms and cried, "O, Kenala! I have seen the end, and with Pinewa I will finish now the journey." Kenala whispered to herself, "It is true! It is true!" and saw the dark lone pine suddenly droop as if its soul had then departed.

JOHN VRUWINK, '13.

WILLIAM CAREY.
1761-1834.
(Awarded Mrs. Samuel Sloan Foreign Mission Prize in 1910.)

OD'S ways are marvelous and past finding out. Not the rich, nor even the most intelligent, did He oftentimes use for the spreading of His Kingdom, but His most consecrated servants were found among the poor and needy. It is wonderful, indeed, how God "exalted them of low degree." A humble miner's son began the movement of the Reformation; a lowly tinker wrote Pilgrim's Progress; an unpretentious cobbler became the instrument in God's hand to lay the foundation of our modern missionary enterprise, so that since Paul's preaching the world has known no greater apostle of the faith than William Carey. Nor was he the only one who used the cobbler's bench as a stepping-stone to higher attainments. If Coleridge's statement be doubted that "shoemakers have given to the world a larger number of eminent men than any other handicraft," a great galaxy of reformers, divines, poets, and scholars might be pointed out to support this statement. But among all these noted names, none stands out more boldly, none is more brightly illuminated by fame's never paling halo than the name of William Carey. Posterity has recognized his greatness; Christianity claims him as her own. Or who can fully appreciate the honorable epithet which is forever inseparably connected with his name, a title as comprehensive as it is deserved, "Father and Founder of Modern Missions?"

In one of the midland shires of England, in the village of Paulerspury, in the year 1778, William Carey, a youth of seventeen years, was apprenticed to one of the many shoemakers of the district. Up to this time the boy had revealed none of the dormant powers which might betray a genius. It is true, he cherished a strange love for insects and botanical specimens, but even while attending the village school his knowledge did not rise above mediocrity. Born from humble parentage, his father being first a tammy weaver, afterwards schoolmaster and parish clerk, the young William had little
or no opportunity to acquire even a taste for study. However, the shoemaker's shanty became Carey's college. It was while working at the bench that he first engaged in religious discussions with his master, a Dissenter; it was while plying the awl that he studied "Jeremy Taylor's Sermons," and became acquainted with a "History of the Synod of Dort"; it was during his lunch-hour that he studied a New Testament Commentary and stumbled over the Greek characters, which aroused a desire to master that language. But it was especially a little book, "Help to Zion's Travellers," which explained to him the doctrinal, experimental, and practical religion, and which proved a strong factor in his Christian career.

At the age of nineteen, his active work for Christ began. In spite of the prayers of his parents and friends he now left the Established Church and its lethargy, and turned to the much despised, but enthusiastic dissenters. With the aid of his fellow-workmen he laid the foundation of a new church at Hackleton, a neighboring village, where, much to the satisfaction of the members, Carey conducted the services. Nevertheless, he did not neglect his trade. Married at twenty, he soon hung out his own sign-board, which is still preserved. Through sickness and consequent financial failure, he was only saved from starvation by the help of his brother who secured him a shoe-shop at Peddington, where in addition to his manual labor Carey also taught school. Again he was called upon to preach. His course soon attracted attention. Being advised to become an ordained minister of the Gospel, he was after due examination admitted to this high calling in 1785, and sent out by the Baptist Church "to preach wherever God in His providence might call him." For six years he served the Church at Moulton and Leicester under financial straits which we may read but never can appreciate. Suffice it to say, that since the poor congregation could not pay his small stipend he was obliged to increase his remuneration by teaching school and repairing boots. Even in these days of poverty and distress he asked himself and put the question to others, whether the command "to teach all nations" was of less power now than at the beginning of the Christian era? Being met with scorn and contempt, through his never failing spirit he at least succeeded in calling the Ministers' Association to the necessity of spreading the Gospel among heathen nations. Through Carey's enthusiasm, through his eloquence and fervent prayer, his sermon about "The Enlargement of Zion" was so blessed that after the meeting nearly sixty dollars was collected to start the great movement. A committee was appointed, officers were elected, Carey's incomparable "Inquiry" was published, and the Baptist Missionary Society, the first and greatest of its kind, was duly inaugurated.

Carey believed that preaching minus practice is perjury. When no one could be found to enter upon actual missionary work, the ardent founder of the society offered his own services, only asking that Fuller, Sutcliff and Ryland, his staunch supporters, should "hold the rope." Alone, practically without precedent, sneered at by his contemporaries, this dauntless soldier of the Cross went forth to plant his Master's banner amidst India's hostile hosts. After a dangerous journey of nearly five months, in November, 1793, Carey landed at Calcutta, one man to convert a continent.

The reason why India was selected is obvious. In the first place it was subject to the British Empire, which guaranteed, if no positive aid, at least a much needed personal protection; besides this, the fact that both tradition and history indicate that Christian influences had been exerted upon India's population, made the selection of this part of the world seem plausible. Tradition tells us that Thomas, one of the Twelve, was sent by Jesus to evangelize India. Whether this be true or not, on sound historical authority we know that in the second century Pantaenus, principal of the Christian College at Alexandria, preached Christ among the Brahmins, but with no lasting results. The Goan Inquisition eradicated the fast decaying roots of Nestorianism, and not until the Dutch expelled the Portuguese in 1652 were actual missionary efforts of any avail. The Dutch East India Company, succeeded by the Danish-Hall Mission, undoubtedly laid the foundation for future work. However, regarding the little heaven by which this vast territory with its countless millions had to be wakened, and furthermore considering that God's blessing could not rest upon Christianizing efforts
which were mainly mercenary, we may readily infer that Carey reaped but little fruit from former sowing; yea—in many cases met with a spirit strongly prejudiced against the Christ of his message.

Nor were the first attempts encouraging. His wife and children were attacked with the so much dreaded dysentery; his former poverty was even set at naught; his bungalow in the jungles made him dream of his English cottage as a palace. But his holy courage never flinched. While working in an indigo factory, he became self-supporting to such an extent, that he refused all financial aid from the homeland. Meanwhile he acquired the fundamental principles of the Bengalee language, which he needed to preach the Gospel and translate the Bible. Having overcome the barrier of the vernacular with marvelous facility, new obstacles were laid in his path when the East India Company frowned upon the missionary movement and refused passage to new missionaries from England. Through the courtesy of an American, Mr. Wickles, the re-enforcement consisting of eight assistants arrived at last to support Carey. Now the government interfered. To escape the hostile attitude of the Governor-General the small band was obliged to seek shelter in the Danish settlement of Serampore, fifteen miles from Calcutta.

This persecution, however, proved a blessing in disguise. After the king of Denmark promised protection and donated a large house, a most successful period followed. The Serampore station became the heart of religious activity. Ward and Marshman proved valuable assistants. The translation of the Bible went steadily on, and the interest of the natives was constantly growing. Carey’s little colony, having all things in common, worked and worshiped with their benighted brethren with never cooling ardor. So they toiled and prayed, till, seventeen long years after Carey set foot on this foreign shore, the first Hindu, Krishna Chandra Pal, openly renounced his “debrahs” and accepted Jesus Christ. How this glorious event filled their souls with gladness! Truly Carey could thankfully exclaim: “The door of faith is opened to the Gentiles; who shall close it? The chain of caste is broken; who shall mend it?” When more converts followed, the many apparently unfruitful years were forgotten, and with renewed joy and courage Carey and his assistants continued to instruct those who were “perishing for lack of knowledge,” despite all dangers and difficulties.

And these indeed were many and manifold. Not considering the opposition of the followers of the false prophet, the Hindu triad, and the three hundred million “debrahs” of the Brahmans, the low moral character of their gods and the subsequent influence upon the adherents stands like a gigantic obstacle in the path of Christianity. But the greatest barrier is the caste system. Not only that the Brahman, Kshatrya, and Vaishya castes have no communion with the despised Sudra, but even this caste is subdivided into forty castes which refuse to intermarry, yea even to eat together. To dine with a Christian was to break caste, which was the most heinous crime conceivable. Can we realize Carey’s task to preach Christ, instead of their idols; to break down caste pride and speak of the only true God, who “made of one blood all nations of men?” Others followed in his wake; others continued where he left off. Carey blazed his own trail. Carey began the great world-wide movement, whose influence is felt unto the four corners of the globe, whose banner is now floating from Cape Comerin to the Himalayas, from Calcutta to Karachi, with Carey’s motto as its tenet—“India for Christ.”

A true missionary of the Cross is necessarily a social reformer. And who has done more for civic elevation, who has been a greater philanthropist than William Carey? It was Carey who introduced the first printing-press in India; it was Carey who caused the abolition of child sacrifice; it was through his efforts that the immolation of widows on the funeral pile was prohibited; it was his sympathetic labor that resulted in the erection of the “Benevolent Institution” for poor children, which today still stands as a lasting memorial of the greatness of his soul. Under Carey’s supervision even in 1817 more than forty schools were established. But where shall we stop? To cleanse the leper, to uplift woman, to release the slave, was ever his high ambition. Humanity’s cause can find no greater ally, India’s downtrodden and oppressed claim no greater emanicipator than William Carey, the shoemaker of Northamptonshire.

Carey’s linguistic achievements stand unexcelled in the
history of the world. The case with which he acquired the Bengalee, and the realization of the necessity to address the natives in their vernacular, resulted in a thorough study of the various dialects. With the assistance of learned "pundits" and "mooneshees" a grammar was composed and an extensive vocabulary compiled. Nor must the difficulties of translating the Bible be under-estimated. The Sanskrit and Hindostanee versions were directly translated from the Greek, the Bengalee from the Hebrew text. In many instances Carey's translation was the first prose written in that tongue; in every case new words as media for the representation of new ideas, like salvation, holiness, et cetera, had to be created. Only his determined efforts and ardent zeal for Christ can account for the prodigious labors performed by this man. Besides the languages just mentioned, extensive parts of the Old and New Testament were translated into Orissa, Mahratta, Telunga, Kunkuna, Multane, Assam, Bikaneer, and Kashmeer tongues, which only formed the foundation of forty distinct dialects, in which before Carey's death, and largely through his incomparable genius, the Bible was translated. Truly a stupendous achievement representing 90,000 volumes, containing more than 31,000,000 pages, printed in more than twoscore languages! The human mind can never grasp the astonishing erudition; but if we consider that all these laborious, painstaking hours were spent in bringing the glad Gospel tidings to the untold millions of the Indies; if we in some measure can appreciate the illustrious merits of a Luther and a Wycliff who first revealed God's mercy to one nation, what laurel can worthily crown the sublime task of lighting the Gospel torch to forty different tribes, bringing them from utter darkness to the wonderful Light? Recognition of his work did not fail. He was appointed professor at the Government College at Fort Williams. Kings and emperors sought his favor. But whatever of fame might be his share, Carey never stepped aside from his one, his highest ideal, to lay India at the feet of his Savior.

Had Carey in his boyhood days displayed embryonic proclivities of a naturalist, in the midst of his busy career these tendencies were not extinguished. His garden in India was a collection of the most wonderful and most accurately arranged botanical specimens; his Flora Indica is still an authority. On account of his extensive research and thorough knowledge of mineral ores, the Geological Society bestowed upon him an honorary fellowship. It has been truly remarked that aside from his merits as a missionary, Carey deserves a high place on the world's roll of honor because of his successful scientific investigations.

The crowning event of Carey's life was the founding of Serampore College. After the first Hindu had accepted Christ, Carey was well aware of the fact, that although many converts might be made, the preaching by English missionaries could never be the final goal, for as the history of India conclusively proved, the mere making of converts resulted in "Sine Christo Christiani." In addition to this, he realized that the vast Empire was so populous that no supply of English missionaries, no matter how great it might be, ever could suffice. Therefore Carey's object was to furnish the converts an opportunity to be trained for evangelistic work, and to be sent out as native itinerants. After long years of faithful work and due preparation, the doors of Serampore College were opened in 1817, which school God so abundantly blessed that within ten years after its erection more than fifty native workers had gone forth to labor for the Master. This College, whose strong influence for Christianity and far-reaching usefulness for preparing native pastors even up to the present day, can never be over-estimated, stands as a lasting monument to its humble founder, its main supporter and its first Doctor of Divinity, William Carey.

The picture of Carey's character presents a very interesting study. His untiring zeal for learning, added to his unfailing energy of purpose, his power of observation, and his marvelous memory, would have made him an intellectual force in any sphere he might have selected. Yet his aspiration was not to be a bookworm or a stoical savant; on the contrary, he was a man full of activity and eminently practical, burning with enthusiasm and inspiration. However, all these forceful currents ran through one channel—he was a man with a single aim. And since that one aim was the glory of God, all his knowledge, all his ambition, was directed toward that goal, the extension of Christ's Kingdom. Neither fame nor honor would
repress him in that purpose; worldly interest he considered far below his task. European politics might shake the nations; Napoleon's conquests might make and unmake empires; his was a higher calling, for he was laying broad the foundation of the Kingdom that shall never pass away. And how abundantly did God bless his unceasing labor! Many prominent men of his day are forever forgotten, but the name of William Carey, the Father and Founder of Modern Missions, will always rank high on the roll of the Celestial Knighthood. Yet, no matter how many triumphs of God's truth and grace might be exhibited in this wonderful man, his lowliness of mind, his simplicity and unselfishness, are the most admirable traits in his character. His great success he counted as nothing. He always displayed that humble spirit, which was unaware of its own greatness, and which ascribed all his marvelous achievements, according to his own words, to his zeal to "attempt great things for God."

Carey never went back to the homeland. Since his ambition, nay his passion, was "India for Christ," he wished to die in the land for which he had lived and labored. He was seventy-three years when he passed beyond. He had toiled for no earthly recompense, and he had gained nothing save his Master's praise. He carried down into his grave the unfading wreath of unselfish devotion, Christian love, and humble spirit.

Beneath the slender palm trees of Serampore an unpretending tombstone marks the place where sleeps this soldier of the Cross. No empty, selfish praise mocks his final camping-ground. No cold record speaks of his many battles won. Realizing his own weakness and insignificance and the all-sufficiency of his Savior, beneath his name he had asked these words to be engraved:

"A wretched, poor and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall."

Was Carey's ambition ever realized? Was not his work in vain? In vain—when such heroes as Judson, Gordon Hall, and our own illustrious galaxy of Scudders and Chamberlains took up the Banner, so that now five thousand foreign missionaries in India are preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ? In vain—when instead of one, today more than a hundred Missionary Societies, among which are thirty-five American, are laboring there for the Master? In vain—when more than one million of India's sons and daughters daily bow their knees to King Jesus? But figures form only a meager representation. He who can measure the power of Christianity leavening the Empire; he who can conceive of the glory of India's "cloud of witnesses" gathered around the Throne, can only begin to realize what wondrous works God wrought through the humble efforts of William Carey, the "consecrated cobbler" of Northamptonshire.

JEAN A. VIS, '10.
OME ten years ago the lower floors of Van Vleck Hall, the Oggel House, and the present Fraternal-Meliphone Hall were all used for recitation purposes. Prof. Nykell “held forth” in the northwest corner of Van Vleck; right across was Prof. Winter’s room; and immediately below the good English professor’s lecture-room, were the Hope College laboratories. Prof. Mast sang out his sarcasm in the present

The Anchor, while Prof. Veghte, with the help of his cane, made daily excursions to the Meliphone Hall. Instead of a dormitory, the coeds of that day had no place where to lay their heads. But in a brief ten years all this has changed mightily, and upon the resignation of Dr. Kollen we take occasion to say that it is largely owing to his vigorous and efficient administration that the students of today have such tremendous advantages over the students of a decade ago. These last ten years formed a critical period in the history of Hope College, for the question of whether she was to forge ahead to the van of colleges of her kind was then settled. One has but to look over the campus with the gymnasium, Van Raalte Hall, and Voorhees Hall, and their splendid equipment, to convince himself of the striking progress Hope College has made. To Dr. Kollen belongs much of the honor of guiding the affairs of the school into their present prosperity. Trained by a long connection with the college—practically since her founding,—having served as a member of her faculty for many years, he came to the presidency in 1893, peculiarly fitted for that position, and for eighteen years served with distinction as chief executive. Now he has resigned that position, and we believe he has earned his rest.

Not only for his guidance of the administrative affairs of the college would we speak of the Doctor. Those of us who know the kindly personality, the hearty manner, the practical wisdom which are his, realize that these have been his chief asset. To understand and influence young men and women requires perennial youth, and this is an element of his personality which has stood him in most excellent stead. The erect figure, the hearty handshake, the cordial manner, the grasp of situations, do not bespeak old age, even if the Doctor is on the better side of threescore, indeed, he has well put Dr. Osler to shame. Speaking unadvisedly one would venture an opinion that he would easily be good for ten years more. Let us thank our president of so many years for giving his time, his gifts, and his personality towards making Hope College a modern educational institution of no mean rank.

S. T. F.
THE COUNCIL'S CHOICE.

On Thursday, May 18th, the Council elected a successor to our esteemed president, in the person of Rev. Dr. A. Venema, pastor of the First Reformed church of Passaic, New Jersey. Dr. Venema is a graduate of Hope College, thoroughly acquainted with the conditions of our community and with the constituents of the college, and well-known in the Church both in the East and in the West. We are rejoiced at his election and sincerely hope he may accept the position.

THE VALEDICTORY.

Within the last few years the method of electing the valedictorian has been changed. As it is now, the honor is bestowed upon the student who has the highest class-standing. This, in our opinion, is not a commendable criterion by which to judge. There is a disparity between courses; some are more difficult than others and require greater application. This, we think, already condemns the present system as unfair. But there are other more salient reasons.

We are cognizant of the fact that scholarship is paramount, but we likewise affirm that there are other phases of college life which should not fail to receive recognition. Is he or she the ideal college student whose chief aim is to obtain a high class-standing, and who disregards all student activities merely to attain to that end? Let us glance at a few features of student life which ought to be weighed in appointing a valedictorian.

General participation in the various college activities and energetic work in the literary societies should be considered. Mental combats in oratory, in debating, in the writing of prize essays, and in competitive examinations, are of great import and helpful to the development of the student, and these, in our opinion, should by no means be left out of consideration. Some estimation ought to be set on athletic honors. There are manifold duties in college that must be discharged. The performance of these tasks, which concern the welfare of the student body and the college, requires much time and attention and is worthy of acknowledgement.

A college education should aim to make the all-around man. To pronounce that student the valedictorian of the class, who has received the highest class-standing, and to base the honor merely on that, is not conducive to the making of the all-around man.

We suggest that all the various activities of college life that are important be given a certain amount of credit. The plan in vogue in the Rhodes Scholarship Examinations is excellent, and the general features of it are worthy of imitation. Scholarship, athletics, general character, and initiative receive recognition. We emphatically indorse the policy of giving the foremost rank to scholarship, but under the present system the valedictorian will gradually become an empty honor and tend to make the student who strives for it, selfish and self-centered.

C. D.

THE LADIES' CONTEST.

We have set the ball a-rolling. On the afternoon of May 8th, a ladies' oratorical contest was held in Winants Chapel. The event was part of the program in honor of the birthday anniversary of Mrs. Elizabeth Voorhees, for whom the ladies' residence is named. A very flattering audience was present. Miss Bata M. Bemis, '11, spoke in her characteristic way on "The Strong Arm of the Law." Miss Bemis is bound to make a place for herself some day as an original, straightforward speaker. The subject chosen by Miss Agnes Visscher, '13, was "A Plea for the Aesthetic." Miss Visscher's delivery is very pleasing; her voice is strong and yet winning. Miss Delia Ossewaarde, '13, eulogized Florence Nightingale as "The Angel of the Crimea." This speaker was not perfectly at ease, but her voice, being of a fine quality, made a good impression. Miss Helen De Maagd, '13, won second place with heroration, "Concerning Charlotte Corday." Her composition impressed us as excellent. With her clear, commanding voice she should yet achieve great success as a speaker. First honors were given to Miss Irene Stapelkamp, '12, who spoke on "The Law of Altruism." She is to be our representative in the State Ladies' Contest at Olivet next year. Her excellent experience as a speaker, together with the same hard study that she has already put forth, ought to make other
schools take notice when the contest occurs. We are glad that oratory has been revived among the college girls. The local contest has shown that that field is not a forbidden one to the gentler sex.

**COLERIDGE-TAYLOR'S "HIAWATHA."**

On April 21st the 1910-11 lecture course was concluded by the Choral Union, which, after months of instruction under Mr. Francis J. Campbell of the College School of Music, rendered Coleridge-Taylor’s "Hiawatha" in a very creditable manner. Mr. Campbell had the chorus under admirable control, and both chorus and director deserve our compliments on the successful execution of this celebrated composition. The solo parts were taken by the following Chicago artists: Madame Idal Burnap Hinsaw, Soprano; Mr. Francis Hughes, Tenor; and Mr. Charles La Berge, Baritone. Their work was indeed praiseworthy, particularly that of Miss Hinsaw. Mr. La Berge could perhaps have entered more into the spirit of his parts. His technique we cannot criticize, but emotion and feeling seemed to be lacking. Acknowledgment and praise are due to the indefatigable chorus accompanist, Mr. Arthur Heusinkveld, and to Mrs. E. D. Kremers, solo accompanist.

**“BREEZY POINT”—A PLAY.**

Tuesday evening, May 16th, witnessed the rendering of "Breezy Point," a play given by the young ladies of the college. Without exception the roles were carried out with remarkable art and aptitude. Breezy Point is a seaside resort where some astonishing **affaires d’amour** take place in rapid-fire succession. The stars were Miss Anna Ossewaarde, Miss Cora Van Beek, and Miss Charlotte De Pree.

The Minerva girls are justly proud of their society. Within the recent past they successfully showed the rest of the college that their society is doing work. On Thursday evening, April 20th, they gave a public program in Winants Chapel. Literary and musical numbers were given, and the program ended with a play. The audience was highly pleased with the entire program.

On Friday evening, May 5th, the Delphi Society entertained their friends at a banquet given in Van Raalte Hall. The rooms were beautifully decorated with banners and pennants. The friends of the Delphi girls are all greatly pleased with the success of the society.

The Seniors celebrated Arbor Day as usual this year by planting a tree. But instead of allowing the spades and pails to be carried off by the Freshmen, they planted their tree in the early morning before the sleepy "Freshies" had time to lay their plans. But the ire of the Freshmen was aroused, and during the whole day the Seniors were teased and tormented by the indignant Freshmen.

The last traces of enmity between the Freshmen and Sophomore classes of 1908 were wiped out when the Juniors entertained the present Senior class on Thursday, May 11. The first part of the evening was spent informally. Then delicious refreshments were served, after which toasts were given by members of both classes. The classes report having had a time which is "rarely equaled and never excelled."

The Minerva Society gave a banquet Friday evening, April 28th, in honor of their friends. The girls proved to be as good hostesses as can be found, and the guests showed themselves very appreciative.

As officers for the year 1911-12 the Student Volunteer Band has chosen Henry V. F. Stegeman as president, and Bert Van Zyl as secretary. This small band has had a successful year. In addition to the work of the members, addresses have been given by Miss Anna Brown and Mr. Philip A. Swartz, traveling secretaries of the Volunteer Movement.
Dr. Thoms of Arabia, Mrs. Peeke of Japan, and Rev. Pieters of Japan.

De Van Raalte Letterkundige Club hield Woensdag, 19 April, haar gewone jaarlijkse banquet. De zaal was schoon versierd. De president, vice-president, en secretaris gaven toasts. Een goede maaltijd werd opgediend, zoo als Hoffman Bros. dat alleen kunnen doen. Op een laat uur gingen alle leden voldaan huiswaarts, en de banden tusschen de leden van de Van Raalte Club waren weder zeer versterkt.

The new Student Council has elected the following officers: Stanley T. Fortune, '12, president; Lambertus Hekhuys, '13, vice-president; and Clarence Holleman, '14, secretary and treasurer.

Rev. Gerrit Tyse, '04, was installed as pastor of the Reformed church at North Holland, Michigan, on May 5th. Following other addresses, the charge to the new pastor was given by his classmate, Rev. W. J. Van Kersen, '04.

We note with pleasure the attendance at chapel service recently of several of Hope's Alumni. During the past month Rev. John A. De Spelder, '70, Rev. Ame Vennema, '79, Rev. Peter Moerdyke, '66, and Prof. James Sterenberg, '03, have led chapel services.

On account of ill health, Rev. Ralph Bloemendal, '86, of Grand Rapids, is obliged to resign his ministry, after having seen service for twenty-two years.


Mr. James J. DeKraker, '08, is to be installed as pastor at New Hurley, N. Y., after graduation from the New Brunswick Theological Seminary.

Mr. John Roggen, '07, and Mr. Anthony Havekamp, '08, will take charge of churches at Conrad, Montana, and Monroe, South Dakota, respectively.

Accepting the invitation extended to him to preach to the American tourists who visit The Hague during the summer, Rev. Matthew Kelyn, '77, will sail from New York for the Netherlands June 20th. He will return about the middle of September.

Prof. Herbert G. Keppel, '89, who occupies the chair of mathematics in Florida University at Gainesville, Florida, has been elected Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Mr. A. J. Kolyn, '06, a junior law student at the University of Michigan, has been elected one of the editors of the Michigan Law Review.

Mr. Nelson Dahlenberg, '10, has brought honor upon his Alma Mater by winning first prize in English Bible at the McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago.

The Wheaton College Record for May is a girls' number—and a pleasing number it is! Two of the best articles are, "The Young Woman's Call," and "The Guise of Wisdom."
Deep psychology underlies the essay, "The Power of Touch," not the psychology that can be gotten from books, but just the wisdom that naturally comes to the sensitive, observant spirit.

The Record's jokes are likewise excellent.

Some interesting stories are contained in the Argus. "A Trying Experience" is an entertaining narrative of a love-affair broken off, and suddenly and surprisingly renewed by the romantic possibilities of the automobile. A long story for a school paper is "A Drama of the Tropics." With its swiftly moving plot and careful composition, it is more than satisfactory. But may we not suggest that this paper change its cover decoration from time to time, good though the present one may be?

Admirable dashes of local color are displayed in "A Scene at the Rainbow," in The Red and Black. As a bit of imaginative play upon the characters in Silas Marner, it is truly superior. The poem, "A Typical School Day," reflects the thoughts of all too many of us. The versification is in accord with the spirit of the piece. These trips into the realms of poetry are much to be desired in the busy work-a-day twentieth century.

We came upon a mine of inspiration in the Spectator. Just when we felt almost "down and out," we read "Grouch and Cheer," a poem, and lo! - a new world was ours. No more the dissatisfaction, the discontent!

"We're eating and drinking—enjoying good health—
Have reasons galore to be glad."

A fine sketch of Bismarck is contained in the essay, "The Unifier of Germany." Disciples of Chio, the chance is yours to read it!

Purple and Gold, your poems are of the right kind and your ghost-story is excellent. Peter Coddle is fearful of ghosts and asks a friend to pass the night with him. The friends play an exciting game of checkers, but while the game is at its height, a shadow is seen in the room, and there is heard "a low gurgling moan." Upon search the ghost is found to be only a swaying limb of an apple tree, rubbing against the house.

In Said and Done for April are several remarkable short sketches. "Was Tolstoi's Life a Failure?" is keen and striking, though we do not concur in all the conclusions. For instance, we do not agree that Tolstoi's attempts to live up to his ideals were futile. Of course, presumably, no man lives up to his ideals, but that does not signify that his attempts are futile. The writer himself apparently retracts his statement when he says that "at least the results of his mighty genius will live long after him, and his name will rank high among those who have contributed to the world's best literature."
Wykhuizen-Karremans Trophy was held Saturday, May 6th. Almost every class was represented, the greatest number of entries being made by the Freshman and Sophomore classes. At the beginning of the meet, it was clearly seen that the contest for the prize lay between these rivals. These two did their utmost to carry off the trophy, but the latter had a shade the better of it, since Vruwink, Hope's star athlete, alone made thirty-nine points for the "Sophs," being awarded first place in seven events, and second and third in two other events. Holleman was the Freshmen star and great credit is due him for his remarkable showing. Of the other classes the "B's" and "C's" made the best showing.

Thus for the second time the present Sophomore class received the Trophy, having scored 62 points, while the Freshmen were forced to be content with second place, having scored 50 points.

**Baseball.**

Great interest is being shown in the baseball schedule as drawn up by the officers of the Athletic Association. Each society has a team in the field, and one game is played by each every week. A close race is expected, since each team is determined to win the championship. The Meliphones are captained by J. Verhock; the Fraternals by L. Hekhuis; the Knickerbockers by H. Stegeman; and the Cosmos by J. Riemersma.

The classes in the "prep" department make up another league. A very close race is also anticipated in this league, the result of both leagues is watched with interest.

The names of the Athletic Association are as follows: Director, J. Vruwink; Secretary, A. Huinkveld; Treasurer, C. Danz. Managers—J. Van Stirren, Basketball; J. Riemersma, Baseball; A. Van Bronkhorst, Football; G. Steininger, Track; W. Visscher, Tennis.

Mae De Pree the other evening loaned an umbrella to Gertrude Hoekje, which was returned the next morning with thanks, by Mr. Schwitters:

M-rdy-k: "You subscription manager, John?"
B-n-ik: "Yes."
M-rdy-k: "Do you keep track of the dates?"
B-n-ik: "Sure, do you want me to keep track of yours?"
Ruth forgot her laboratory key the other day and asked permission to go back and get it.

"Where do you room?" asked Dr. Godfrey.
"Van Vleck," answered Ruth promptly. Oh, Ruth!

Prof. Nykerek recently called Mr. Jacobs "the Child of the Reformation!"

Said a Sophomore after Botany, "I expect to have some pressing engagements this spring."

Prof. Patterson: "I want you all to be looking out for the daisies."

Nykerek: "A little while ago I met a lady who was very enthusiastic about Bernard Shaw. Well, I smiled at her."

Brink, on the back seat: "Did she wink?"

Said Helen when asked her favorite song: "Mein Lieb ist grün, Oh, you Freshmen!"

Translation in German poetry: "And her head fell over his shoulder. If you laugh at this you’re silly. It is really very beautiful poetry, and if you can’t appreciate it, ask Prof. Schlasser."

When the eighth graders were going through the building Prof. Schlasser was somewhat mystified and the matter had to be explained to him.
"I think we could leave the door open to let them see us, too?"

"Why you might go and stand outside, and they would be sure to see you," responded the professor politely.

Each evening a good-looking Mr. Comes round for to visit my sr.

One night on the stairs.

He, all unawares,

Put his arm round her figure, and kr.

The college is open to the Sioux, it is trious.

And the students think they like these things nioux.

But what will they do...

When the frolicsome Sioux

Swoop down on them, scalp them, and cut them in trious.

(Wallace and Agnes Visscher sitting in front of window in Biology room.)

Vnuwink: "There's the Visscher family in front of the window.

C. Lokker: "Yes, but where's Brush? He belongs to the family, too."

For Sale—A pea-shooter. Apply at J. Weurding.

While surveying Flight discovered the compass needle in the transit.

Accts— to French Student: "I understand you can speak the French like a Frenchman."

"No," replied the student. "I've got the accent and grammar pretty well down, but Mrs. Durfee hasn't given us all the gestures yet."

Prof. Kleinheksel— to surveying class: "What does Dr. (direction) stand for?"

Duiker: "For Doctor."

Prof. Kleinheksel: "What does D. M. D. stand for?"

Duiker: "Doctor of Medicine."

Dr. Godfrey in chemistry: "Mr. Kooler, can you tell me the difference between a standard and normal solution?"

Mr. Kooler: "Why, they are alike."

Dr. Godfrey: "There is some difference between you and an animal, isn't there?"

Mr. Kooler: "Oh, I know that."

"Van Wamken talks quite loud, doesn't he, Nelly?"

Nelly: "Yes, sometimes, but he can talk soft."

We wonder why Charles Pret always finds it convenient to return his surveying instruments to Prof. Kleinheksel's room while the "B" class is reciting geometry.
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