10-1-1900

The Anchor, Volume 14.01: October 1, 1900

Hope College

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Vol. XIV--No. 1.
October, 1900
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THE ANCHOR.
"Spera in Deo."
PUBLISHED BY THE ANCHOR ASS’N, HOPE COLLEGE, HOLLAND, MICH.

Entered at the Post Office at Holland, Mich., as second-class matter.

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VOLUME XIV.
OCTOBER, 1900.
NUMBER 1.

“Arabia: The Cradle of Islam.”
BY REV. J. M. ZWEMER, F. B. S. G.

It is not often that we are given the privilege of reviewing
the literary labors of any of our alumni. We are proud of such
a task now before us and we hope to do the author justice
for the splendid work he has accomplished.

"Hope" has every reason to feel proud of the author of this
new book, which is to be, without doubt, the authority on Arabia
for many years to come. "Hope" is proud of Rev. Zwemer, not
merely because of this venture into the field of literature, which
promises to be so successful, but most of all because of the
glorious record which the author has made as a soldier of the
Crescent in the land of the Arabian Desert.

Rev. James S. Dennis, D. D., the great authority on mis­
sions, says of the author in an introductory note, the following:

"The author of this instructive volume is in the direct line
of missionary pioneers to the Mohamedan world. He follows Ray­
mond Lull, Henry Martyn, and Keith-Falconer, and Bishop
French, and, with his friend and comrade the Rev. James Cant­
tine, now stands in the shining line of succession at the close of
a decade of patient and brave service at that lonely outpost on
the shores of the Persian Gulf. Others have followed in their
footsteps, until the Arabian Mission, the adopted child of the
Reformed Church in America, is at present a compact and reso-
lute group of men and women at the gates of Arabia, waiting on God's will, and intent first of all upon fulfilling, in the spirit of obedience to the Master, the duty assigned them.

"These ten years of quiet, unfailing service have been full of prayer, observation, study, and patient survey of the great task, while at the same time every opportunity has been improved to gain a foothold, to plant a standard, to overcome a prejudice, to sow a seed, and to win a soul. The fruits of this intelligent and conscientious effort to grasp the situation and plan the campaign are given to us in this valuable study of "Arabia, the Cradle of Islam." It is a missionary contribution to our knowledge of the world. The author is entirely familiar with the literature of his subject. English, German, French, and Dutch authorities are at his command. The less accessible Arabic authors are easily within his reach, and he brings from those mysterious gardens of spices into his clear, straightforward narrative, the local coloring and fragrance, as well as the indisputable witness of original mediaeval sources. The ethnological, geographical, archeological, commercial, and political information of the descriptive chapters brings to our hands a valuable and readable summary of facts, in a form which is highly useful, and will be sure to quicken an intelligent interest in one of the great religious and international problems of our times.

The first is that of the missionary work of the Arab. We know it by hearing the stories, by reading the accounts, but this does not necessarily mean that it is unfair, or untruthful, or lacking in scholarly acumen .... The spirit in which our author has written of Islam is marked by fairness, sobriety, and discrimination, and yet there is no mistaking the verdict of one who speaks with an authority which is based upon exceptional opportunities of observation, close study of literary sources and moral results, and undoubted honesty of purpose.

"Let this book have its share of quiet opportunity, and it will bring to us our knowledge, and deepen our interest in themes which will never lose their hold upon the attention of thoughtful men."

Relative to the purpose of the book, the author himself says, "The purpose of this book is especially to call attention to Arabia as a field of missionary work for the Arabs. We have sought indications that Arabia will not always remain in its long patriarchal sleep, and that there is a future in store for the Arab. Politics, civilization and missions have all begun to touch the hem of the peninsula and it seems that soon there will be one more land—or at least portions of it—to add to the white man's burden." History is making in the Persian Gulf, and Yemen will not forever remain, a tempting prize, untouched. The spiritual burden of Arabia is the Mohammedan religion and it is in its cradle we can best see the fruits of Islam. We have sought to trace the spiritual as well as the physical geography of Arabia by showing how Islam grew out of the earlier Judaism, Sabeanism and Christianity."

Almost every topic of interest with regard to Arabia is discussed. Aside from the general physical, geographical and political descriptions, there is an exhaustive account of the "prophets of Islam" and his followers, an interesting study of the Arabic language and its literature; and a description of the Arab, his manners and customs, his art and his sciences that fears the unmistakable imprint of the most careful personal observation.

The last eight chapters are devoted to the history of Christian Missions in Arabia from the days of St. Paul to the time of those whom we know as our friends.

In the closing chapter the author shows himself as he is best known to us, the missionary who has unbounded hopes for the ultimate redemption of his adopted people, and who is willing to suffer and brave death that that hope may be realized.

Witness how he meets the argument that would have him abandon his work:

"Two views are widely prevalent regarding the hopelessness of missionary work among Moslems generally, and although these views are diametrically opposite they are agreed that it is waste of time and effort to go to Mohammedan lands, that it is a forlorn hope at best. The first view is that of those who are within of the kingdom, and who shut its doors against the Moslem, saying: Experience has proved it to be not only useless but dangerous to meddle with the Moslem and his religion. Their faith is good enough for them; it is suited to their ways. They do not worship idols and have a code of morality suitable to the Orient. A man, says, 'Moslem! I know the Orient and I do not want to be judged by an alien people.' The second view is that of those who are outside of the kingdom, and who feel that the Moslem is, they say, wrapped up in self-righteousness and conceit; even those whose fanaticism is overcome dare not accept Christ. It is better to go to the heathen who will bear. Missions to the Moslem world are hopeless, fruitless, useless. It is impossible to Christianize them and there have been few, if any, converts.

"That both of these views cannot be correct is evident, since they are contradictory. That the first is false the whole history of Islam demonstrates. "By their fruits ye shall know them."
THE ANCHOR.

"Neither God's Providence nor His Word are silent in answer to the second view. First we have the exceeding hopefulness of results of recent missionary work in many Moslem lands; then the sure promises of God to give His Church the victory over Islam; and lastly the many exceeding great and precious promises for Arabia the cradle of Islam in particular."

The whole closes with that irresistible evidence of faith with which we were all so impressed when Rev. Zwemer was with us recently while on his furlough:

"But Arabia, although it has all this wealth of promise, is not a field for feeble faith. Yet we can learn to look at this barren land because of these promises with the same reckless, uncalculating, Defeat confidence in which Abraham 'without being weakened in faith, he considered his own body now as good as dead' (R. v.) 'but waxed strong through faith giving glory to God.' The promises are great because the obstacles are great; that the glory of the plan as well as the glory of the work may be to God alone. Arabia needs men who will believe as seeing the Invisible. Six hundred years ago Raymond Lull wrote: 'It seems to me that the Holy Land cannot be won in any other way than that whereby Thou, O Lord Jesus Christ, and Thy Holy Apostles won it, by love and prayer, and the shedding of tears and blood.'

A lonely worker among Moslems in North Africa recently wrote: 'Yes it is lives poured out that these people need—a sowing in tears—in a measure that perhaps no heathen land requires; they need a Calvary before they get their Pentecost. Thanks be unto God for a field like this: in the light of eternity we could ask no higher blessedness than the chance it gives of fellowship with His Son.'

"The dumb spirit of Islam has possessed Arabia from its childhood for thirteen hundred years; the teareth and he foameth and gnasheth with his teeth and pineth away.' And He said unto them this kind can come forth by nothing but by prayer and fasting.' 'If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.' (Mark ix. 14-29.)

"Life for Arabia must come from the Life-Giver. I believe in the Holy Ghost, therefore mission-work in Arabia will prove the promise of God true in every particular and to its fullest extent. 'O that Ishmael might live... as for Ishmael I have heard thee."

A Leap for Liberty.—(An Engineer's Tale.)

I had been engaged as engineer of a locomotive for many years. I had learned to love my engine and felt myself quite at home upon its platform. True, we are not respected as highly as the captains of large steamers, perhaps too, because we do not wear nice uniforms, but yet we can claim, as well as they, that when we hold the throttle hundreds of human lives are entrusted to our care. This responsibility produces in us a love for our engines.

In England the railroads are far better regulated than in other countries and accidents are not nearly as common. One precaution taken against collisions is the great number of double parallel tracks—one for fast trains and the other for common transfer. Trains going in the same direction often overtake one another and then we engineers experience some difficulty in restraining ourselves from giving indications of the pride we feel for our engines. Such a double track runs between Hull and Liverpool and one day I made the acquaintance of an unexpected passenger who told the smoothest tale I have ever been deceived by.

It was autumn of 189—when an extra train ran from Hull to Liverpool. I was to take back that train to Hull. We started at 5 o'clock and did not have to stop at all along the road. For certain reasons, which I do not now exactly remember, we took the left track. At 7 o'clock there is a fast train from Liverpool to Hull which, of course, could easily pass us.

We had covered about one third of the distance when I heard a train coming up behind us and in the next minute it was at our side. I tried to keep up and succeeded for a considerable distance. All at once I saw that a window in one of the cars was being opened. A passenger, the only one I saw in the train, climbed out and before I could design his purpose he jumped and landed on my engine. We quickly seized him and my fireman whispered to me: "I believe that man is crazy."

After a little while I turned to the stranger. He was yet a young man of medium stature. He was well-dressed and his bearing told me that he was not of the lower class of people. He trembled and was very pale and I could easily see that the platform of an engine was not a very much desired place for him.

"Do you know, that you made a very dangerous leap?" I asked him. "Why did you do it?"

"I was compelled to do so," he said.

"Compelled? By whom? There was no one in the car besides you."

"True, but notwithstanding I had to make that jump and I'll tell you why—I must escape and this was the only way."

"Speed on, ye heralds, bringing Life to the desert slain; Till in its mighty winging, God's spirit comes to reign From death to new begetting, God shall the power give, Shall choose them for crown-setting And Ishmael shall live."
"Why? Are you pursued by the detectives?"

"No, not that, I am not a criminal. Listen to what I will tell you."

"I was member of a secret anarchist club; I shall not relate how I joined it. But when any one once becomes member it is hard to get back his liberty. I did all I could to become a free man again but failed. One evening we had a special meeting. It had been decided to assassinate one of our rulers, whom, I cannot now tell you. We were to draw lots as to who should be the assassin and the lot fell upon me. I begged of them to relieve me of this terrible duty but they laughed at me. I offered them money but they despised it. "The lot has fallen upon you and you have to fill the place," said the president. There are two ways from which you can choose—to do or to die. You cannot escape. You will be watched everywhere. You will take the 7 o'clock train to Hull Tuesday and from there the steamer to Rotterdam and so on to Paris. Do not think that you can stop the train along the road and escape. Two of us will be constantly with you. At Paris a few others of our brethren await you, who will further take care of you. You cannot shun your duty, as you see.

He stopped. Unaccustomed to ride upon a platform at so high a speed he had become tired. His breath wellnigh failed him and great drops of sweat were pouring from his forehead.

"Were you sure that your spies took the same train with you at Liverpool," said I.

"Yes, I am. A slip of paper was thrown into my seat and called my attention to it."

"Have you that piece of paper yet?"

"No, I told you that I entirely lost my wits and did not know what to do. I wanted to jump from the window when I saw your train. While I was waiting to pass you I saw that you kept up with us for a short distance and then I hit upon a better plan. I took the risk and I succeeded."

"You have reached your purpose very well so far, but what do you intend to do now? I may not keep you on this train neither can I in any way help you."

"I assure you solemnly that I told you the whole truth and nothing more. Moreover no one knows that I am here. If they know that I have escaped in this way they will pursue me and will not hesitate a moment to kill me. I have enough money to go to Australia or the America's."

He looked at my fireman who nodded to me. When we had nearly reached Hull and waited for the usual signals, I helped the stranger from my engine and told him to effect his escape. He was evidently very thankful and offered me a few gold pieces which I promptly refused. Some days passed. One day I was off when my fireman came to me and showed me a daily paper.

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**College Opening.**

Long before the hour set for the opening of another year of work at Hope College, many students, old and new, had gathered before the portals of Winants Chapel. Old acquaintances were renewed and enlivened by many a happy remark that called up scenes of the past. There was, however, room for the new to share the merriment of the old student, and the former were put at ease by the hearty welcome they met everywhere, while the Y. M. C. A. committee had already preceded this by offering the helpful hand all along the line of the new student's path.

Shortly after nine o'clock the students filed into their seats, and with the cheerful college yell greeted the Professors as they marched in.

The exercises were opened by President Kollen with reading of scripture; Dr. J. W. Boardseel, of the seminary, offered prayer; after which Rev. D. J. Scudder, of the Arcot Mission of the Reformed Church, was introduced as the speaker. Dr. Scudder's words were timely, and students and friends had their attention riveted upon him, for they understood from the start that they had before them one who was drawing from experience and observation alike. His references to his own college career in Princeton as also to the methods in vogue in India served well in emphasizing the meaning of his subject: "Opportunity of Education."

Among other things the speaker said: "The great question

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In the middle of a column I saw an article marked with a blue pencil and to my great surprise I read the following:

**Mysterious Disappearance of a Swindler.**

"Tuesday evening the president of the Union Banks, who was found guilty of extensive swindling, has mysteriously disappeared. Detectives were sent out and discovered his tracks. They found that he took the fast train for Hull Tuesday evening. One of them took the same train to follow him but when the train arrived at Hull the suspected person was gone. The train had not stopped along the way. It is that the swindler knowing that his flight was discovered, jumped from the car although up to this time no clue has been found of his whereabouts."

"What do you think of that?" asked the fireman.

"That we must shut our mouths," I answered. "But I must say that I have never met any one who could tell such stories as our unexpected passenger."
confronting one who stands at the opening of such a course of study is, "How shall I best improve the opportunity before me?" If the purpose, ideal and motive are right, much benefit will be received. In India the ideal is often a pouring into the mind—a process of cramming. Their mind is but a funnel. One idea among us here is to equip ourselves so that we may solve the greater problems of the future. But there is a still higher ideal, inclusive of the other, and effective on the whole life, the building of a character that will enable us to meet all the responsibilities of life. This is a Christian institution and above all you will come into contact with the greatest and noblest of characters, Christ."

During the course of his remarks, the Dr. spoke very highly of the ennobling influence of the strong characters in literature, and placed great stress on the force of the living example of the instructors: hence they should be reverenced. He closed his remarks with the beautiful story of Indian contrasts, showing the difference between the frog who only sat and croaked beside the beautiful locust plant, and the bee, who, knowing the usefulness of the plant, delved deep into the cup of the plant and drew forth the honeyed sweetness. He expressed the desire that the students might follow the example of the bee, get the good out of the course, and avail themselves of their grand opportunities and be of use for the future.

Dr. Kollen thereupon welcomed the old and new students and emphasized the fact that duty called them to study is, "How shall I best improve the opportunity before me?" If the purpose, ideal and motive are right, much benefit will be received. In India the ideal is often a pouring into the mind—a process of cramming. Their mind is but a funnel. One idea among us here is to equip ourselves so that we may solve the greater problems of the future. But there is a still higher ideal, inclusive of the other, and effective on the whole life, the building of a character that will enable us to meet all the responsibilities of life. This is a Christian institution and above all you will come into contact with the greatest and noblest of characters, Christ."

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Dr. Kollen thereupon welcomed the old and new students and emphasized the fact that duty called them to begin work today, not tomorrow. He next introduced Rev. A. W. De Jonge as the new professor of Dutch. The usual routine of assigning lessons followed, and the machinery for work was once more in motion.

We trust it may prove another prosperous year. The older students are eager for work, while the thirty or more new ones are meeting with no opposition for doing all the work they desire. That large pile of brick on the campus also points toward advance in the project of building a memorial science hall. Let the good work go on and the good influence of Hope encircle the globe still more.

XXX

The Lecture Course.

The lecture course of the season 1900—1901 is of an exceptionally high standard. It offers an intellectual treat such as is rarely offered in this place. Nevertheless it will also be entertaining.

The first lecture will be given on Oct. 31 by Fred. Emerson Brooks. Mr. Brooks is a poet, an orator and a genius.
ing of Varied Industries. It not only deserves the prize it received but is also regarded by many as the finest representation of any one line of goods in the American section.

Athletics for the Coeds.

In a rather indirect way the young men of Hope have been informed that the "Coeds have been given permission to engage in athletics." The information came in the way of a polite warning (very warranted of course) that "they would come upon the head of any luckless curious one of the 'male persuasion' who should venture too near the sacred precincts of the 'gym' while the two hours a week, set aside for the ladies, are on the program. Of course, like all laws originated by able and far-seeing legislators, the penalty of transgression accompanies the law. Here it is: "He will be unmercifully 'squeezled' by the girls and it will be considered a point of honor to shower humiliation upon his path." What a stringent measure! How fearful to be "squeezled" by the "coeds"! How will you ever bear such ostracism?

Of course, fellows, such a warning would be unnecessary under ordinary circumstances, but there are to be extraordinary attractions, especially when the young ladies play basket ball, for there will be "nine MEN" on a side. So be warned, fellows, we repeat it, for "the gym ladies' day will be as sacred as the girls' parlors in Van Vleck Hall," and a transgression, besides the terrific indignity already given, may result in another grand bonfire with an effigy for fuel, or in a pummeling, or what not.

"Flying" Secretaries.

Hope college recently had another dose of that nondescript article, a traveling secretary of the Volunteer Movement. Time was, when the visit of a traveling secretary was looked forward to as an occasion for an inspiration. Then the men who came to us were worthy of a hearing and not only reflected great credit upon the movement they represented, but they left in their path troubled souls that strove with their destiny and came from the furnace of self-searching the refined spirits that surrendered themselves to lives of self-sacrifice, with all the dross of worldly ambition consumed.

But that spirit which transfers zeal and challenges that is no longer marked, at least it has not been among the last half-a-dozen "flying" secretaries who have visited us. The students are beginning to realize this and the special mission meetings called to hear the "talks to the fellows" by some "outside attraction", who is at best but a novice, are serious breaks in our regular attendance. These special meetings are now considered hindrances to our regular work, and we are eager to have as few breaks as possible.

Formerly these workers accomplished great things, for they came among us with some new and stirring thought and they had the ability to leave that thought behind them. If the present secretaries cannot do that, let them stay away, for by so doing, they will reflect greater credit upon the cause they represent.

Opening Questions.

The coming college year will certainly be a stirring one for many of our American students. Several events, at least, conspire to make it so. There is a host of subjects for essays, orations, literary articles, debates, etc. Every frame of mind may find its working material. For, the the Transvaal war may now draw to its close and Swinemund's prayer be well nigh fulfilled, China and her clash with almost every civilized nation of the globe has furnished a hundred and one topics of interest. China had stirred the world, has caused grave men to give their views on serious matters and most complicated situations. Sages and emperors have spoken, experience has given its advice, and it may be profitable for a student to wrestle for an honor or more with some of these giants. It will open our eyes, strengthen our mental fibre, if we fight well and make college life interesting by offsetting some of the heavy routine work.

But the event which now supremely tries us, is the presidential campaign. This arouses every true patriot, in mind and heart; and rightly so. Who does not feel the importance of the right of the American franchise is unworthy of American citizenship. Where the weal or woe of seventy or more millions is at stake, there is no room for dallying or "a little more folding of the hands to sleep." But especially ought the student to keep his eyes open during his preparatory period of his life. For as soon as that brief section of his existence is passed through, he at all events, will be called upon to face the questions of life and pronounce his views.

Y. M. C. A. Notes.

The Young Men's Christian Association has entered upon the new year with renewed zeal and courage. New work has been planned for and the old work has again been taken up as heretofore. At the first meeting of the year a manifest christian spirit was present among the old as well as new students. If that meeting was a forerunner and example of meetings that are going to be held this year, then truly our association will not
suffer for lack of spiritual enthusiasm. We all crave for college
spirit and if that spirit is carried into the Y. M. C. A. there will
be no longer be a chance for any one to say, "the meeting was dry
and unfruitful." The lectures opened this year with an add-
dress on Foreign Missions by Rev. Combich, of the Red Board
of Foreign Missions. He urged that we study, not so much the
cause as the reality existing in the country. It is that was
done we could more fully realize the urgent need for men and
money. Mr. G. W. Leavitt of the Student Volunteer Work,
also addressed us on the necessity of choosing a life-work. Al-
together the meeting made an impression that will not soon be
erased.

Among the other plans that the association has made are
provisions for a Mission study class and three Bible study classes.
The Mission class will again have as its leader Prof. Dim-
nent. No single text book has been selected for the year, still
the study this year promises to be interesting as well as useful.
Membership is open to all young men and women, seminary
students and professors. The time of meeting has been changed
from Sunday morning to Saturday evening.

Bible study classes have been arranged as follows:
- "Studies in the Life of Christ," with Mr. Van Zante as leader.
- "The Gospel according to Mark," with Mr. Nettinga as leader.

These courses were recommended at Lake Geneva last summer
and to the man who enters into them with the intention of gain-
ing some knowledge of God's Word, they will be full of practi-
cal lessons.

G. K.

XXX

News from Arabia.

When I last wrote I was in Bahrein looking forward to the
time when I should go to Muscat. After spending six months
at the former place—time most pleasantly and profitably spent
in acquiring Arabic and in becoming acquainted with the Arabs,
some of whom I have learned to love with all my heart—I took
the steamer down the Gulf to enjoy (1) the voyage of some 700
miles with the hot wind driving us on. Muscat is altogether dif-
ferent from Bahrein. The latter is one broad sand-pla in 30
miles in length with a single break caused by a volcanic erup-
tion in the long ages gone by forming an elevation which I found to
be 400 feet above the sea level and known as Gbel Dukhan, or
"The Mountain of Smoke." The former place, however, is ex-
actly the opposite in character. The city of Muscat is serenely
in the embrace of mountains which jealously guard her on all
sides. Around the city is a wall, while numerous watchtowers
dock the summits of the mountains. To climb the mountains is
a favorite and profitable pastime. From these mountain tops,
as far as the eye can reach, the same rugged view presents itself,
while here and there the wadies a village may be seen. It
was my privilege to make a tour into the interior of Oman,
which I wish briefly to describe in the light of my former letter,
namely, in regard to the peculiar man we need for Oman.

On the 18th of August, I left Muscat to cross over to the
neighboring village of Mutrah where I found my servant and
donkeys awaiting me. About three hours before sunset we left
Mutrah, being told we would reach our destination at sunset.

We followed the wady—the highway God made between these
mountains—passing caravans and Arabs on the way. Thus we
traveled on and on long after the sun had set, till finally we
reached Bosker where we decided to spend the remainder of the
night. My servant looked about for a place to lay our heads.
Suddenly in the darkness of the night we saw an Arab hard by,
with gun on his shoulder and his wife, together with a pack of
dogs, at his heels. Learning that we had come in peace he pro-
vided a place for us. After partaking of some refreshments,
consisting of chick ens, eggs and milk, we retired for the night.
I was just beginning to enjoy sweet dreams of rest when I was
awakened. I arose and found that all was ready for the march.
It was three hours before dawn. I got on the donkey with no
little difficulty and the difficulty with which I kept my seat was
even greater. To the uninitiated such traveling for many hours
offer few charms. So I bethe myself of my tobacco and this
causd sleep and weariness to flee away for a season. But only
for a season; for soon I was more sleepy and weary than ever.
Then the only remedy now was to walk. In this way we reached
Hamam a few hours before noon where we were most gladly re-
ceived and most hospitably entertained by the Arabs. However
we departed at midnight because of the intense heat, setting
our face toward Ghoba. By this time I had become somewhat
hardened so that I could enjoy that nights ride. On the road we
passed a caravan. Imagine the moon just peeping over the
mountain tops casting their shadows into the valley beneath.
Against this background picture camel after camel, the Bedu-
perched on top nodding his weary head in unison with the state-
ly and more graceful than ugly motion of the camel—with gun
on his shoulder—and you have the picture of a caravan as it ap-
pears at night. Weary and sleepy tho be, he still bids the
passer by - "Balam aliskem: "Peace be to you." Or it may
be, if he thinks the passer by unprotected and inferior in number,
that he meditates an assault. Whatever they may have shot of
us, they allowed us to pass unmolested. None of our party was
armed for God is our protector. We arrived at Shobra at dawn
The Second Reformed church, Grand Rapids, has called the Rev. M. Flippe, '90.

Rev. H. J. Pietenpol, '90, of the Reformed church of Leota, Minn., has declined the call of the church at Carmel, Iowa.

The Reformed church of Milwaukee, Wis., has called Rev. H. J. Veldman, '92, of the First church, Pella, Iowa.

Mr. Gelmor Kuiper, 89, of Grand Rapids, has been appointed attorney for the Pere Marquette Railroad Co.

Rev. J. F. Zwemer and family, have just arrived here from Grand Rapids. They will make their home at 231 Central ave.

Rev. B. Hoffman, '95, having declined the call to Hamilton, the church has now extended a call to Rev. Wolvis, '93, of Bay View.

The Rev. R. Joldersma, '81, has received a call from Hull, Iowa.

We have just heard the good news that Rev. A. Livingston Warnshuis, '97, and wife, have arrived safely at Nagasaki, Japan, and will go from there to Amoy, China.

Rev. J. Moerdyk, '97, is now on his way to his field of labor in Arabia.

J. E. Kuizenenga, of the class of '99, has been appointed Professor of English Literature in the Orange City Academy. This speaks well for the English course at Hope College.

Next week Wednesday, Oct. 10, Rev. E. S. Schilistra and Mill Talsman, of Jamestown, will be united in marriage by Rev. N. Boer. After the wedding Rev. Schilistra will go to his new charge at Sayville, New York.

Alumni Notes.

Collegiate Notes.

"Bricks."

"Hallowe'en"?

"Now cheer up boys".

Boys apologetically—"Whhh-e-e!"

Cooper is industriously pressing a few suits.

Blocker figures it this way:

To lecture course ticket ................................................... $2.50

Ditto lecture course ticket saved ........................................ $2.50

Argal.

The Hope College Sympathy Club, under the efficient management of Mr. J. Straks, has resumed business at the old stand.
Hast thou seen Jimmy V-D. H-de and his big tie? It is quite frequently away, navigating itself around Jimmy's collar like a playful dog after its tail. Jim says plain (d) board was served at the saw mill where he labored this summer.

Van der Mel—"A'! the coast is clear. Ed is gone, I've carried her valise once and—well I would if I durst, but I durs't."

After the hayrack party—"Say Dan, did you have a good time at the party? Dan—"Why yes; there was a lot there to have fun with."

The Baby Masonic Lodge has developed cannibalistic propensities. It has swallowed up an only brother and unlike the lean ears, has become quite fat.

"The Prof's questions are not so embarrassing. They are plain enough. But the answers, "'Ay there's the rub."

Dominie Hangkamp to himself—"It takes twenty-five years to turn out a minister." Whew!

Bert Wnt-r and Lugers spent the summer at the park. They must have idled away a greater part of the time for from the trend of their remarks they "did'n't do a thing."

A key with each jokelet would have relieved the painful expression on the faces of many who attended Rev. Conklin's recent lecture.

When one of the Lemur Lunar Leagues looks at the moon she invariably sees a man dar in.

The Juniors mourn the loss of one of their ablest men in the class, J. Schaap, who is now busily engaged in the theological preparations at Grand Rapids. The class has extended an invitation to him to preach their baccalaureate sermon.

Another boarding club has been organized, composed exclusively of seminary students. Their principle diet is "hot stuff."

E. Stanton, of the Sophomore class, has been appointed principle of the Beaverdam school, while John De Young is pulling the chain for his brother.

Our foot-ball team has had four applicants for "full back", but only one for "hump back."

Van der Mal, Stanton & Co., residence at "Park View."

Henry Van der Flocq, '93, was engaged during the summer in giving private instruction in several of the college branches.

Any one who is looking for his services as private instructor can call on or write to him at 331 Colamhia ave.

Sayad has been promoted to the position of quarter-back on Michigan's foot-ball team.

"Come on the table! Eating is ready."
THE ANCHOR.

Score a tie. You did well "Preps." You have more "beef" and with a little training you'll repeat the good record of last year.

"She's worth half a million."

The good showing made by our foot-ball team September 29 against the city team, augurs well for some good games this year. If we take those "best players" from the other team, we can beat them without a doubt.

A number of changes have been made in the ANCHOR staff. J. Wayer, formerly assistant editor, has taken charge of the subscription department, and L. Boeve has been chosen in his place as assistant editor. A. C. Dykema has been appointed to the local editorship, left vacant by the non-return of Miss Veneklasen. The vacancy of Society editor, formerly held by J. J. Hoffman, will not be filled for the present.

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