THE ANCHOR

Elizabeth R. Voorhees
Girls' Dormitory

OCTOBER -- 1907
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The East India Passenger—a Story from the Seaside.
(By Henry K. Pasma, Jr.)

If one today should visit one of the many thriving villages scattered along the northern coast of Friesland, he could see many monuments of long past ages. Centuries ago, when side by side Frisian and Saxon battled here with the unbridled elements, lofty earthworks or thors were thrown up, where on in time of need the tribesman could find a safe retreat. But after pagantry had laid down its reactionary scepter, industrious monks adorned these thors with sturdy churches and bellries around which soon clustered a few peasant huts, the nucleus of the village of today. At the same time strong, massy dikes were built, that securely fettered the ancient foe.

It was on the foot of one of these dikes that, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, after a fierce autumn gale had spent its fury and claimed its many victims, an urchin, lashed to a ship-hatch had been washed ashore. Nothing, save the initial B upon his fine underclothing gave any trace whatsoever of the child's origin. Consequently it was brought to the house of Burgomaster Jay Van Weteren, whose kind hearted wife took compassion on this little Moses, against the will of her miserly husband, who alleged that poorhouses were established to provide for cases like this. But even Jay Van Weteren cleverly refuted his arguments; and upon the repeated questions of her little daughter Matilda, as to the name of the little boy, named him Bernard.
Happily the years glided by for these two children, until Matilda had grown up into a beautiful maiden. Then came a change. One afternoon Mynheer Van Weteren called Bernard into his office. What was spoken between these two no one ever knew; however, soon after this incident Bernard left the roof, that had so long and lovingly sheltered him to work for Lazarus Huick, a neighboring farmer.

His behaviour toward Matilda now strangely altered. The unrestrained abandon of a brother toward a sister seemed never to have existed between them. In her presence he was shy and bashful. But when on Sunday nights, after he had spent the day at the manse, he had returned to his poorly furnished room at Lazarus Huick's, he often gazed long and earnestly upon Matilda's portrait on the wall. And many long hours of the night he spent in sad meditation, unable to sleep, until nature, that merciful mother, soothed his heart with care dispelling slumber.

About this time a young seaman, Peter Lamberts, came to H. to attend the navigation school. As he was an orphan and had no relatives and but a few acquaintances in the village, it was small wonder that the burgomaster's lovely daughter attracted him strongly. She was a superb type of the Saxon race; tall, somewhat proud in demeanor but graceful as a queen; possessed of a wealth of golden hair and a pair of blue eyes that could twinkle like silvery stars, or flow over with the tenderness of a dew-kissed daisy.

The young sailor was a handsome, well-built youth, lithe and nimble in all his movements; and it needed no practiced eye to see that "on his cradle also had shone the Northern star." The young maiden rather liked the open hearted lad; and so hardly ever a morning passed, when under some pretext or other she did not escape the notice of her gentle mother as she stole away to the little garden, watering the marigolds or cutting a bunch of holly-hocks, when Peter Lamberts went by on his way to school.

All this, however, escaped not the leering eyes of the burgomaster. With growing resentment he noticed the acquaintance of the two young people grow into a strong friendship and finally ripen into love.

"I must put a stop to this," grumbled the old man. "for

how could this young brat, who not even knows his father and mother, ever be a match for our Matilda! Love? bah! it is money that makes people happy!"

Consequently one morning, instead of the lovely young girl, the unsuspecting Lamberts met the enraged old magistrate. The ensuing conversation was short but to the point. The angry Van Weteren threatened with the law, and in powerful language forbade the young seaman all intercourse with his daughter. The stubborn Lamberts, his eyes flashing fire, assured the old gentleman that with the girl's consent he would marry her, in defiance of all the laws of Holland, and against the wills of a thousand burgomasters.

The night before Peter Lamberts was to sail as second mate on the barkship Adigillus, bound for the East Indies, witnessed a sad parting at the burgomaster's gate.

"Take heart, darling," bravely spoke the mate, "things may change and time flies. Two years from now I'll be back safe and sound."

But his feelings seemed to belie his words. Several times he tried to leave. So they lingered until the dull timid of a boat, striking the sandy beach with its keel, roused them from their love-dreams.

Ah! then they felt that sorrow and grief are inseparably linked to the sweetest and divinest moments of our lives; for when we but raise the cup of joy to our lips, sorrow pours her vial of bitterness into the breaker.

The splashing of the water, the regular beat of the oars soon fell upon the ears of the sad Matilda. It was the boat that bore her lover to the Adigillus. She heard the rasping and grating of the chain as the men weighed anchor. Now the gentle sea-breeze wafted to her ear the song, pouring forth from the strong throats of the sailors:

"Stand all hands around the capstan,
For your cable is all clear;
Merrily onward, gallant vessel,
For East Indies we will steer!"

The tackles shrieked, the huge white sails, glistening in the moonlight, clapped, and slowly at first but gradually swifter and swifter moved the Adigillus over the rippling waters, like a giant bird of passage seeking the milder zones.
For a long time Bernard Van Weteren had noticed that little by little the young sailor had taken possession of the object of his love. Tonight he had witnessed the whole scene from behind a stout linden tree. That sight “curdled the milk of human kindness in his veins.” Like lightning a thousand plans of vengeance flashed through his brain. Finally, wavering whether he should follow up his rival and beat his neck upon the stones below, or fall upon the unprotected girl, he lost heart and fled homeward. As is pursued by a legion of demons he fled home, through the weird moonlight, through the strange stillness of the night, over fields and through meadows. Love, hatred, frenzy, despair, all struggled for supremacy in his raging breast. Presently he caught sight of Matilda’s portrait. He snatched it from the wall and threw it into the fire. Eagerly he watched the flames consume it. The sight somewhat soothed the rankling pain in his breast. But when at length there was nothing left but a black shrivelled leaf, a dreadful desolation came upon him. He was alone, all alone. Darkness crept slowly over his soul. Reason, transgressing its boundaries, glided into the sphere of the twilight of the mind. He moaned sadly, and, feeling like one drunk, fell heavily on the floor.

When in the morning we find our fireplaces extinct, our chambers also are cold and cheerless. But far more forlorn and desolate becomes the human heart when the sacred fires of love have died out before its vesta.

Day and night Matilda watched by the sickbed of her brother. Her heart was stirred with compassion for poor Bernard, though she knew not the cause of his illness. Many of the mansions of her heart she yielded to him, but one there was, she guarded with a jealous care. It was the chamber that sheltered her love for Peter Lamberts

CHAPTER II.

Eight bells was being struck on board the Adgillus, now on its way from the East Indies to the Dutch port of Textel. A quarter of an hour before the starboard-watch had turned out with a rather unusual alertness, the more strange, because the rain could be heard pattering upon the broad decks. But eagerly the men had put on their rustling oilskins, and their “What’s the latest, Pete?” inquired the blowzy boatswain, merry clatter mingled with the stamping of their heavy boots, while he endeavored to drink a mug of hot coffee.

“Just sighted the Maas, boatswain,” sprightly retorted Mate Lambert, “and if she keeps this up it means the Texel before night. However,” added he after a short pause, “I hardly trust the westing. It’s banking for fog, or perhaps something worse.”

“O pshaw! don’t be so anxious, Pete,” rejoined the optimistic boatswain, “the bride will be all the fairer, the wedding all the more gay; and as far as the wine and beer are concerned——”

“Ha, ha, ha!” burst out the cabin boy, “I’d like to see the boatswain sail a cargo of wine and beer!”

“Get you gone, you harlequin!” angrily exclaimed the insulted officer, “tomorrow I’ll tie you to your mother’s apron strings. You’ll look exactly like an ape upon a grind organ!”

Peter Lamberts went on deck again. Going to the weather side he noticed the little sunburned passenger from the East Indies. “It is a strange man,” Peter Lamberts thought, for during the latter part of the voyage he seemed to have watched the mate with a more than ordinary curiosity. Now again, the gloomy, somewhat melancholy eyes turned upon him as if drawn by a magnetic force. The stranger advanced as if to begin a conversation; but Lamberts feeling a strange spell cast over him by the old man, turned away to his cabin to snatch a few hours’ rest.

His sleep, however, was far from being undisturbed. At first Matilda stood before him, lovelier than ever in her bridal gown, but soon she vanished and the East India passenger loomed up before his eyes, his sunburned features now pale as if in death. In his outstretched hand he held a package, but when the mate tried to take it, his arm was paralyzed. And then a heart sickening sight struck his eyes. A hand, which Lamberts thought was a skeleton’s, was laid upon the old man’s shoulder. The passenger slowly turned his head. His deadly pale countenance became whiter still, and while he uttered in hollow and sad accents these words: “Why now?” he vanished.

Peter Lamberts started violently. Still under the influ-
ence of his dream he went on deck to search for the stranger. But nowhere did he see the East India passenger.

Meanwhile more swiftly darted the Agdillus over the waves of the North sea, while the southwest wind veered a few points and increased to a moderate gale. A thin misty rain hid entirely the coast so frequently by the eyes of the eager crew.

Suddenly all were aroused by the order of the first officer:

"Take in your flying-jib! Ruffle the top gallants! Fasten the gaff-topsail!"

Like bees the men spread through the rigging and executed their work in automatic order. Soon the vessel eased under less canvas.

"What's your opinion of it, Mr. Peer?" asked Captain Smith of his first officer.

For a while the latter scanned the western horizon with anxious eyes and contracted eyebrows and then an-swered shortly:

"I don't like it, sir. I don't like it at all!"

"We'll keep her out a point or two!" said the captain; and turning to the helmsman, he commanded:

"Nor' by east a half east!"

"Nor' by cast a half east it is sir!" echoed the sideward fellow, without raising his eyes from the compass. The steering gear creaked and grated as he turned down the helm; and louder whistled the wind through the rigging as the vessel hugged the luff.

With the waning of the day the storm grew in strength. Already the Agdillus was off the Banks, but no thought of entering the channel, that, winding through the shoals, led to the safer inner sea, entered the captain's mind. Duty and the sense of preservation banished all dear thoughts of wife and home.

Like greyhounds the white-capped waves assailed the noble ship. Now, foaming with wrath they burst against her sides; then, rolling clear over the bulwarks, for a moment held the vessel in their avaricious grasp; but as the steed of the Russian steppe shakes off the hungry wolves that assail it, so the Agdillus shook off the green, envious waters.

Shorter, however, grew the runs. The wind shifted to the northwest; there was no room anymore to steer; the dreaded breakers neared gradually, till at last, while the hurricane collected all its forces and all powerful smoothed down the mountain seas, the harrassed ship was brought to bay.

With a long, low shriek that sounded in the ears of the frightened crew like their death-knell, the vessel struck; then it leaped high like a wounded charger, struck again, and the following moment, roaring and tearing, one after another the angry waves boarded the doomed three-master; they gnarled and hissed and hurried to and fro, and not finding any more to devour and destroy, burst over the leeward bulwarks, dragging along their victims into their watery grave. And mockingly each succeeding billow grasped the bell-rope of the Agdillus, tolling in muffled tones the passing-bell as the envious deep carried its dead to their last resting place.

For surely, a sailor also receives his burial, and deitably treats the sea her children; but, oh, the grave of those that slumber in the deep is so lonesome and chilly, and the cradle of the billows is not rocked by a mother's tender hand.

(To be concluded in the November issue.)

THE CRITTER-PATHS.

What joy to tread the critter-paths
That wind around the corn,
To walk the narrow grassy lanes
The cattle took at dawn.
To trace within the forest road
The tracks the rabbits made,
To find a tiny partridge trail
Half hidden in the shade;
To follow, follow after them
Throughout the long sweet day.
To lose yourself awhile upon
Each labyrinthine way,
To let your spirit dance along
Where yellow leaves are whirled,
To drink the color carnival
Of all the autumn world;
And then to take at evening tide,
Within the deep'ning gloam,
The pretty little hidden path
That leads you safely home.

—Cornelia Channing Ward in October Lippincott's.
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THE PSYCHOLOGICAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MY CHILDHOOD.

The fascination of childhood never grows old. The memory of those days has a charm about it which is all its own, and the farther we get on in life, the more does “distance lend enchantment to the view.” In the dreary long night watches, when the weary adult, fatigued by a hard day’s work, rests his tired frame upon the couch, and his jaded mind in silent meditation, how his thoughts love to revert to the days of his childhood! Then all the old charm returns and under its spell he lives over again the careless, happy days of the long ago. Thus at least the memory of my childhood days appeals to me, not that they were without their perplexities and petty griefs, for many such have left their indelible impress on my mind, but because then play was the object of life and no yearning for the attainment of a productive result, which always recedes as we progress, and beckons us to higher heights beyond, was at that time constantly nagging us and urging us to still further and greater exertions. However, we would not be understood to say that life has lost its joy now that it is seen to be real and earnest, for at this stage of the game it would certainly be nauseating if it had no purpose, and now the farther back the veil of ignorance is pushed and the more light is admitted, the more the spirit of the damsel pioneer grows on us and gives us an inkling of the satisfaction beyond. But the charm of childhood lies rather in this, that then “ignorance was bliss,” while now much study is but a “weariness of the flesh.” Then, we always lived in the happy anticipation that all things would be made clear as we approached maturity and that the unknown would enroll as a scroll, and we were anxious to grow old and gain the mastery. But now, when we are alive to the realization that we cannot know and live, the prize has lost some of its value since it must be bought at such a price, and since we know now that we cannot know the unknown without going into that unknown ourselves.

But, to return to the concrete, we shall have to leave off philosophizing and relate some of the recollected psychological experiences of the past. In doing this we are not aware of any very definite line of psychological development in our life, but of this perhaps others can judge better than one’s self.

In the first place, some things that I did in infancy, which have been related to me by my parents, have, perhaps, some psychological significance. The first three years of my life were spent in serious illness and on several occasions I all unconsciously hovered between life and death, to the infinite anxiety of my loving parents whom I didn’t know even then to recognize. During this siege, my medicine was administered by one of my aunts who stayed at our home at that time. I disliked the medicine very much and would fly into a rage whenever I even saw her, and, it must perhaps be confessed that I have no very great use for her even today. As a baby I was very quiet and sometimes never uttered a sound for hours together. At one time a certain blind lady who was visiting my mother and was sitting on a sofa right next to me, inquired whether the baby was at home, although she had been sitting next to me for over an hour. This period of my life is perhaps best described in the lines of Will Carleton:

He lay and calmly debated,  
When average babies cry,  
And seemed to be pondering gravely  
Whether to live or to die.  
But, prejudiced on that question,  
He grew from day to day,  
And finally he decided  
That he had better stay.

I never walked till nearly four years of age, but had by that time perfected an elaborate method of crawling, by means of which I got about with remarkable agility, for even such places as the top of the piano were not forbidden territory.

My first recorded photograph is worthy of a place in any museum. I have often thought that photographic plates must have been made of more substantial material in those days. My head was then not much smaller than the rest of my body and my eyes took up about half the area of my face. It is a standing joke in our family that I was born with the art of making “goo-goo eyes.”

I was raised on cod-liver oil and developed such a taste for it that I would steal the bottle and perform the Milwaukee-act with huge satisfaction. At one time I swallowed over half
the contents of a large bottle much to the anxiety of the doctor who worked over my saturated anxiety. Thus early did I develop the local propensity and ever since I have been a firm believer in the saying that one can get used to anything and I have every reason to believe that this conviction will stand me in good stead in the years of matrimony to follow.

The first distinct recollection of pain that I have is of a bad ear-ache on the day of my grandmother’s funeral. I was then about four years old. The only recollections I have of my grandmother is a vivid picture of her while ironing in the kitchen, and again when in her coffin. At the time of the funeral I had no realization of what it meant and wondered why everybody was crying.

During childhood I had a great deal of tooth-ache and took an almost uncanny delight in pulling out my first set of teeth. I have some quite vivid recollections of dreams which I dreamt at that time. In one particularly I dreamt that a large colored glass marble which I had lost was under the bureau in the bedroom. The next day I had the bureau moved and was filled with consternation to find that it was not there. It was the first time that I was brought face to face with the unreality of dreams, and I found it a very unpleasant experience. Again one night I dreamt there were robbers in the house and set up such a cry that I woke father, who came and comforted me and had to pull me to sleep again. Another night I saw a soldier, finely uniformed, standing rigidly erect, in the doorway of the bedroom, and again my father had to be reminded of parental cares. I can see that soldier distinctly even today.

One Christmas day my generous father brought me a fine large rocking-horse, but when I first saw it I ran away in a terrible fright and would not go near it for several hours. I think I was frightened by the idea of seeing a horse in the house, rather than by the size of the horse. However, afterwards I loved it dearly, would try to feed it, would take long jealous about any of my brothers ever riding on it.

The myth of Santa Claus never had a firm hold on me. rides on it, to Germany and other distant lands, and was very probably because my parents never tried hard to delude me, and also because I awoke one Christmas eve, and, seeking my parents, strolled innocently into the parlor where they were busily engaged in trimming the Christmas tree. On another occasion, up in the attic, I discovered the box in which my parents stored the Christmas-tree decorations over the summer, and then the secret was out for good. However, this did not take away the joy of Christmas or spoil it for me in the least. I early conceived of Christmas as a time when all parents gave their children gifts, and I anxiously awaited the arrival of the day, never expecting or demanding presents at any other time excepting on my birthday. I remember that one day while playing hide and seek with my brother, and attempting to hide in an out-of-the-way place, I crawled way below the bed in the spare room and there discovered several toys which mother had hidden, preparatory to Christmas celebration. Of course I immediately forgot all about the game and commenced playing with the toys; my brother, unable to find me, gave up the search in disgust and I was not discovered till a family search was inaugurated to bring me to dinner. When mother found me and told me that those toys were not to be used till Christmas day, I obediently put them back under the bed and never teased for them till the great day which, fortunately, was not far off. The toys I enjoyed most were a small trunk in which I kept everything from pictures to cookies, and a toy fire-engine. My ideal vocation was that of the fireman. The reason, I think, was because of the risk and daring it involved. No play was quite such fun as playing fire-man. I remember I told monstrous lies to my playmates about my father being fire-chief of the city and riding on a magnificent real fire-engine, when in reality he was patiently wending his way over the state as a regular old-time drummer.

As a child I was very bashful and held myself aloof from all strangers. The only way to get me to go to school was to send me to a kindergarten where my aunt taught. After being there a year I refused to go a class higher because the teacher there was a stranger. So I stayed in the kindergarten another year, with the result that when I was finally promoted I made five grades in three years without ever noticing it. One time I swore in kindergarten and the teacher washed my
tongue with soap and water. I think this was an excellent thing, for I have never cared to swear since, and the utterance of an oath by any one else is especially repugnant to me.

In eating I was the greatest miser on record. Everything I got for dinner I mixed in one mass on my large plate specially provided to keep the table clean; and after playing with it for a while I always ate the whole conglomeration. My parents experienced great difficulty in breaking me of the habit, and even when they watched me I slyly made use of every cessation in their vigilance to pour my tea over my potatoes or empty the sugar bowl on my plate. I believed that as long as things were to be mixed up inside anyway, they might as well be mixed first as last. The mystery of the self never bothered me much. I simply considered all people as hollow and that they ate until they were full up to their necks and then had to quit. What my head, above my mouth, contained never presented any problem to me.

The phenomena of nature never interested me much. Thunder I was told was caused by the clouds bumping together and this explanation satisfied me for many years. I do not believe I was a very pertinacious questioner. I relied for my information on books, and long thought that whatever was in print was gospel truth. Such are my recollections of the psychology of my childhood.—Paul E. Hinkamp, '97.

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STUDENTS! STOP!! LOOK!!! LISTEN!!!!

The Anchor Association has begun an active campaign to increase its subscription list. We are planning this year to give you a better, more newsy, more up-to-date Anchor than ever before. Plans are under way for some surprises in the future. Subscribe for a paper to send to the people at home and let them know what we are doing. Give your seventy-five cents for a subscription to Mr. Gouwens and see him smile. It's worth the money. You need the paper. We need the money. Let's exchange.
so many advantages as there are to be found as at Hope, both for physical, mental and spiritual growth; where the greatest good-will and helpful fellowship exists not only among the students themselves but also between faculty and students. May Hope become as dear to you as she is to us!

We are glad to have back among us the head of our English department, fresh and vigorous from contact with the master-minds at Oxford, and we extend a hearty welcome to Dr. McLaren, who has begun his work among us in the science department.

For our President, professors, and fellow-students, from D's to '08's, we wish the highest possible success in the coming year's work.

HOPE'S OPENING EXERCISES.

Hope is still progressing. With an enrollment of over 125 new students our Alma Mater greeted her sons and daughters and smiled upon her patrons. By nine o'clock on the 18th of September the Chapel and the Y. M. C. A. room were filled with anxious spectators, who would witness the opening exercises. While our president, Dr. Kollen, Congressman Diekema, Dr. J. D. McLaren, Rev. A. Oltman, D.D., and Rev. A. T. Luther were taking their places upon the platform, the boys and girls made the old walls echo and re-echo with yells and cheers. After the reading of Scriptures by Dr. Kollen and prayer by Dr. Oltman, the president gave a heart-to-heart talk. He spoke on "The Attainment of Power." His remarks were in a happy vein and contained some good and wholesome advice. He closed by introducing the Hon. G. J. Diekema as the orator for the occasion.

Mr. Diekema first proved very conclusively that this is the age of the college bred man. Then he talked about the effects of knowledge. He said, "Knowledge brings sorrow, but it is a blessed sorrow. It is the sorrow of the open eyes, of the enlightened vision and the chastened heart. No man can be either great, good or wise who has not sorrowed. The sunlight of knowledge must shine through our tears in order to produce the seven-colored rainbow of a beautiful life."

After this magnificent and eloquent address, Dr. Kollen introduced Dr. J. D. McLaren, who will fill the Biological chair during the absence of Dr. S. O. Mast. He was greeted by an arousing college yell, which made him feel at home in his new surroundings. The benediction was spoken by the Rev. A. T. Luther and our college was formally opened.

VORHEES GIRLS' DORMITORY.

At last the girls of Hope have a home on the campus, and a beautiful and comfortable home it is, too. Vorhees Girls' Dormitory was formally opened Tuesday evening, September 18, when the first dinner was served in the well-appointed dining room, presided over by our dean, Mrs. C. Van Raalte Gilmore. Many of the girls are enjoying life in the attractive rooms on the second floor and the girls' societies have already taken steps toward adorning their society rooms on the third floor. The boys show just appreciation of the privilege granted them of dining with the co-eds and enjoying the well-served meals prepared under the direction of Miss Townsend, who has already found a place in the hearts of both the young men and young women of Hope.

We are all justly proud of this magnificent addition to our college and hope it will be the means of bringing many more women students into our midst, and by giving both the young men and the young women opportunities of acquiring culture and refinement within its walls add to the development of true manhood and womanhood.

STAFF NOTES.

There have been some changes on the editorial staff since last June. We regret to lose Miss Mildred Weston, who helped Mr. Dykema write the things we were supposed to laugh at last year. We also miss Mr. H. DeKruif, our former staff artist. Miss Helene Keppel takes up Miss Weston's pen and no doubt will earn our gratitude for many a hearty laugh in the future. Mr. DeKruif's place has not been filled. Such talents, as were his, are hard to equal on the campus. We shall be glad to hear from any undiscovered genius among our students and we promise you speedy elevation to staff
honors as soon as your genius and ability becomes known to us.

HOPE'S LECTURE COURSE FOR 1907-'08.

Among the many privileges of college life no feature stands out more prominent than that, which offers us the opportunity to hear and see America's greatest leaders from every profession and walk in life. Our ideas and ambitions are stirred and molded, to a very great extent, by the men who have been and are such a power for the moral uplift and aesthetic culture of American life. Men and women whose desire is not only to please but to educate, it will be our good fortune to listen to this fall and winter.

For the past few seasons the Hope College Lecture Course has presented the best and most artistic program of entertainments in this part of the state. But this year the committee has left some of those well beaten paths. Through the active agency of Professor Nykerk, the talent which will be presented there was secured only after the solicitation of many of the friends of the course had been considered. The lectures promise naught but the earnest expression of great lives. Mr. Bryan and Will Carleton and others, not only deliver a message but they exert a personal magnetism which carries the hearers captive.

The program is not unequally balanced through the absence of music, readings and impersonations. We have but to mention Katherine Ridgeway, who is conceded to have the most popular organization upon the lyceum platform. Miss Ridgeway is without doubt the best known reader of the present generation.

The glorious old south is to be represented in the person of Mrs. Fenetta S. Haskell. Her stories of the old southern life are bright, true to life and real. The lovers of music will be pleased to hear of the coming of Miss Josephine S. Jacoby and her company. A reliable critic has said of this company that "you seldom see such a star combination as that headed by Mrs. Josephine S. Jacoby. Four such voices are seldom brought together in one company, and in their concerted work the effect is truly wonderful." Mrs. Jacoby has been with the Conried Metropolitan Grand Opera Company and her career was a succession of triumphs. Every honor possible in the domain of music has been accorded to Mrs. Jacoby.

The lecture course as a whole is the best combination of attractions ever offered here and owing to the fact that the seating capacity has been enlarged, this entire list of high class talent is presented at greatly reduced prices. No one who desires education and culture can afford to forego the pleasure and profit that this series of entertainments will yield.

ATHLETICS.

Interest in football has not entirely disappeared at Hope. Manager George Roost has succeeded in creating enough enthusiasm to organize a team. On September 26 they met the local High School eleven, but were defeated 6 to 0. It was a hotly contested game from start to finish, both teams playing clean, fast ball. The High School eleven had the advantage of better training. Their veteran coach, Professor Helmers, at quarter, led his boys to victory by scrappy, scientific plays.

Four boys were determined but out of condition. The older and more experienced men at Hope were not in the game, nor did they even give encouragement. We realize that without the support of faculty and students the gridiron cannot be a marked success. The practice, however, will put some of the candidates for the basket ball team in good condition.

On October 1, the gym was opened for regular basket-ball practice and calesthenics. George De Kruif, who conducted the classes so efficiently last year, is again in full charge. Freshmen and "D's," for whom the courses are compulsory, will begin work the second term. Special classes in gymnastics have already been organized by the physical director. The courses are being vigorously and enthusiastically pursued by all classes of College and Preparatory departments. During the winter term the physical director hopes to give an exhibition.

The predominating sport, however, is basket-ball. Pleume, Veenker, Oltmans and the Vrumink of the regulars are back determined to make even a more brilliant record than last year. De Kruif, our star forward, will not play. This year he will be the official coach. His influence in this capacity will
very probably more than counter-balance the loss.

An official schedule has not yet been completed. Manager Van Houten is negotiating with directors from all parts of the country. Two games are certain. During the winter term, the Tannenbaum Hall five from New York stop at Hope for one game. A contract with the Muscavine team, for three years the undisputed champions of Iowa, has also been signed. Last season the latter defeated the Crescent Five, by whom we were beaten, in two games. These contracts mean that Hope is scheduled to play the best teams in the country. Our prospects are good, but we are not over sanguine. Our visitors will be veterans who have played together many seasons. We are comparatively young and inexperienced. Our five have played together only one season. But they are determined. They realize that success will depend largely on hard, persistent practice. But that is not enough to assure victory. Every man in school must try to make the team. No one is sure of a place. There will be an opening for any one who merits a position. Fellows, come out and try, and try hard.

If you cannot play, you can encourage. Last year's team appreciated the support of faculty, alumni and students. That support was one reason for their success. The enthusiastic backing of fellow-students goes a long way in winning a close game. There will be many more hard battles this year than last. Come out and root. The players will need you.

FRATERNAL SOCIETY.

From present indications we cannot but augur a year of great success for the Fraternal Society. The success with which the first two programs have already been rendered is an indication of the enthusiasm of the old fraters. These, reinforced by a strong addition of new members, will undoubtedly make this a banner year.

COSMOPOLITAN SOCIETY.

The Cosmopolitan Society this year has started out well. With its splendid hall and beautiful furniture it is today, undoubtedly, the finest society hall on the campus. A number of new members have been added to the membership list and this year, as in previous years, the society has started doing things immediately. We hope that it may continue to flourish and prove a help to students.

THE ULFILAS CLUB.

The Ulfilas Club has again renewed work in earnest. The first meeting was held September 23. The members are greatly encouraged by the increased interest shown in the Dutch language. This serves as a new impetus to commence the work with untiring zeal and earnestness. The prospects are encouraging, and the members look forward to a year of unparalleled success.

MINERVA SOCIETY.

The Minerva Society begins the new year with promise of a bright future. The membership is increasing and, in all probability, will be very large this year. The society is anticipating the delights of their beautiful new hall in the Voorhees-Girls' Dormitory. The old members are filled with the society spirit and show even more interest and enthusiasm than last year. In the past the programs have been very interesting and characteristic of much original work and we feel confident that this year's work will show great improvement over previous years.

MELPHONE SOCIETY.

With this year the Meliphone Society enters upon a new era in its history. Last June the fiftieth anniversary of the society was appropriately celebrated. Encouraged by the past, the Melophonians are determined to begin this new era with a year's work which shall surpass any previous standard.

SOROSIS SOCIETY.

Under very auspicious circumstances the Sorosis Society held their first meeting of the college year. After a pleasing program each member told of her struggle to obtain her little "mite," which should go to sustain, improve and extend the work of the Sorosis.

This, however, was but the opening, and now that the Sorosis is under way the members have determined to make this the banner year in its short history. With the enthusiasm
that works wonders, the Sorosis Society sets forth, and its literary work is going to be so arranged that nothing but good can come to each member. The social side also will not be neglected, and together these two elements will work for the good of its members.

BUBO'S NOOK.

Although we regret the continued absence of Bubo, we take pleasure in announcing the receipt of a letter from our esteemed friend and in publishing herewith such portions as we think will prove most beneficial and pleasing to our friends and patrons.

Queenstown, Ireland,
Sept. 13, 1937.

My dear Boys and Girls at Hope—Greeting:

"Valhalla en skorvenje brunehdelik
Ni skldaven jor nordjeskjolde"

"Didst thou ever pop
Thy head into a tinman's shop?"

So sang the Icelandic bard, Skalholt, many centuries ago as he sat on his walrus hide camp stool enjoying a tid-bit of whale-blubber and sighing as he thought of the approach of the long, long night and the tremolo of the aurora borealis.

I am very sorry that an unpardonable error was made and that as a consequence I am not with you today. The whole matter in a nutshell is this: I had secured passage in the steamer Lusitania, but one of the officials thinking that O. Bubo was a hurried error on the part of the purser for O. Bunk obsequiously corrected the supposed mistake when Mr. O. Bunk inquired whether his valet had properly attended to the booking of his name for passage.

When I applied for steamer accommodations I was met with the statement that my name was not on the list. The booking had closed the week before, the valet stoutly maintained that he had performed his duty and pointed to the steamer's roll, the purser could not explain but offered to assist me as much as lay in his power to secure passage. He must have been a baseball player and acquainted with the meaning of the term "assist" only as it is used on the diamond

or else he had little power. How truly the poet speaks:

"Turn, turn my wheel, all things must change
To something new, something strange."

I enjoyed my visit to Ireland and my pleasure was enhanced by the genial companionship of a parish priest, Father Dolan, at whose apartments I resided while in Benwee Head. I laughingly recall an incident in which my jovial friend acted as an interpreter and enjoyed a hearty laugh at my expense. We were walking through the outlying districts of Benwee Head and there happened upon two sturdy little fellows, one of whom held the other by the scruff of the neck and was belaboring him industriously with a short club. I sprang to the rescue and was relaunched by the victor himself, who with a frown upon his ruddy brow exclaimed:

"'Bain yo faith the cead munragh oumadan."

"We are playing policeman, it's his turn next."

The native Irish girls can easily be recognized by their soft blue eyes. Black eyes are very common among the men.

I had the misfortune to stumble into a peat bog (consistency about two) and upon emerging was greeted by the observation of a sturdy son of Erin, who freed himself of the following: "You remind me of an Irish potato since it is a rather peaty soiled product and has eyes but sees not."

The chief products of Ireland are peat, potatoes and freebles superinduced by "mountain dew."

My sojourn in Scotland was none the less pleasant and I disliked exceedingly to leave the land of fen and moor, the land of "the banks and braes o' bonnie Doon" and the "Cotters Saturday night."

Poverty rules among the inhabitants of the lowland and the poorer districts of Caledonia's borders, but what a blessing is poverty! What a gem of poetical creation it has given to posterity in "Robbie" Burns' immortal song of the joys within the cot of the lowly, of the humble dependence of the children of the soil, of the love that sings
"Scanty fare for one will often
Prove a royal feast for two."

We know not how poets are inspired, how the well
springs of rhapsodical song ripple and splash in anima
cantoris, how the surging billows of emotion white-crested
rise and fall in tumultuous disorder, how the fragrant blos-
soms (excuse abrupt change of figure although the one is a
concomitant of the other) of tender love and affection
bourgeon and bloom in pectoral poetry. Is it mere caprice to
say that poets are the incarnation of the spirits of deep souled
men and women whose lives like the rose

"Born to blush unseen"

have gone out in obscurity and silence, but whose spirits find
expression in the lives of others? Could not the spirit of
some humble cotter have longed for full expression and its
desires have found voice in the poet of Ayr? How noble to
feel the soul yearning of the cotter, succinctly gilded, mag-
animously surveying the evening repast of one "meatie" on
a wooden platter, with a subequal ratio staring him in the
face. Who better than the poet can portray his feelings as he
seeks for visual proof of the benefits of the division of labor
theory and an increase geometrically in the produce market
because of the exigencies of the existing laws of supply and
demand.

Yes, what a blessing is poverty. Remember this, dear
boys and girls.

I have secured passage on the steamer which leaves
Queenstown next Saturday, and this time my name is on the
steamer’s roll to stay. Perforated letters.

As ever your friend,

O. Rubo.

SMILE WITH US.

Where there are big effects there are big causes.—The
Strand Magazine.

What’s that? Oh, I see! Yes, yes.
Here’s the equation. Bee in grass equals man plus tumult
The daily consumption of matches in the United States

averages ten for each man, woman and child in the country.—
Boys’ World.

Funny: We have asked some of the girls in the laboratory
for a match to light our Bunsen burner, but it seems as if
their decimal quotas never reached their pockets. Get your
ten today?

There is more sentiment in a boy, though he conceals it
in the depths of his soul than in seventeen girls, though they
proclaim it to the heavens.—Ian McLaren in S. S. Times.

Don’t you care, girls. If one girl’s sentiment satisfies one
boy then it’s a sort of a 17 to 1 standard and anyway Ian
McLauren is a grown up boy himself and naturally would stick
up for the boys, so there!

Balloonists who ascended about ten thousand feet in
Europe the other day found a temperature of twenty-seven
degrees below zero.—The Watchword.

Huh! Wish they would bring their balloon here and
ascend five thousand feet in our football atmosphere. It would
be about four degrees less for that attitude alone we think.

Iowa is said to produce 600 carloads of popcorn per
annum.—Boys’ World.

Upon reading this statement we thought immediately of
our friend, the business manager, and had it been South
Dakota instead of Iowa the idea of environment would have
offered sufficient reason for the similarity in the slow but sure
warming up and popping modus operandi of the two.

Peanuts contain more nourishment than beefsteak.

Evening Lamp.

(Commissary of Vorhees Dormitory kindly N. B.)

At that rate, why really now, we might dispense with the
ordinary method of breakfasting and take our morning repast
in the class room between seven and eight o’clock thus adding
both to our physical and mental store. “Two birds,” etc.

The chief objections doubtless would arise from the instructors
and Mr. Bloemendal, the former alleging lack of time to
munch the Arachis Hypogaeae while classes were in session and
the latter protesting because of additional sweeping as some
unscrupulous persons will insist on making work for the
janitor.

Cheese at thirteen cents a pound is more economical as
food than meat at the same price.—The Watch Word.

(Commissary of Vorhees Dormitory please N. B.)
If you could think of something better than you have ever tasted
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