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DAS ERKENNEN-VOGL.
(A Translation.)
A wanderer, with his staff in his hand,
Was coming home from a foreign land.

Dust covered his head, his face was sun-burned;
Pray who will first know his townsman returned?

He entered the town through the well-known gate,
And here at his task the toll-man sate.

In merrier years had the two been friends,
The goblet had oft for their cares made amends.

But lo!—in vain a welcome he seeks;
The toll-man recalls not the sun-browned cheeks.

A greeting curt and he farther goes
And shakes off the dust from his travel-stained clothes.

There stands at a window his sweet-heart, once true—
“My maiden, the happiest welcome to you.”

But, lo!—e'en the maiden remembers nought,
The sun on his face such changes had wrought.

Thus slowly he walks through his old home-place,
A tear-drop is seen on his well-tanned face.

His mother is tottering through the church door;
“God bless you!” he cries, but utters no more.

And, lo!—with a look that his chilled heart warms,
“My son!” she sobs, and sinks in his arms.

No matter what changes on him may fall;
The eye of the mother can see through them all.

—M. F.
The Poetry of Robert Burns

Henry V. Stegeman '12

[This article was prepared for a public program; hence its personal nature]

I desire to give you to-night some of the characteristics of Burns' poetry, as they appeared to me from a short study. Were it not for the fact that you are to hear several selections from the poet's works later in the evening, I should almost feel that the best way to present the nature of his verse would be to give you an array of selections, and allow these to speak for themselves, without any comment on the side. For the good qualities of Burns' poems are patent to all who read him aright.

First, let us note the meter. In reading the miscellaneous poems we find that Burns uses the iambic foot to a great extent, yet the length and number of the lines is variable, so that monotony in the long run is avoided. The poet has not the regular, dignified style of Milton; his rhythm is sweet and melodious. In his songs Burns departs from the set iambics frequently, and finds that Burns uses the iambic foot to a great extent, yet the length and number of the lines is variable, so that monotony in the long run is avoided. Without any comment on the style. For the good qualities of Burns' poems are patent to all who read him aright.

In his songs Burns departs from these iambics frequently, and offers us some exquisite gems, such as these—

"O fresh is the rose in the gay decay morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close,
But in the fair prescence o' lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose"—

and

"How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,
With green-spreadings bushes, and flowers blooming fair."

Certainly Burns was a master of technique. His verse is very perfect, pleasant and musical. He can depict the beauties of Creation most exquisitely to give you an array of things essentially apart from his inmost soul. Even as he describes the charms of the world about him, he feels that they are insufficient without the presence of some fair maid. This appears in the following lines—

"Now in her green mantle blithe Nature array's
And listens the lambkins that beat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilk green shaw
But to me it's' delightness—my Nannie's a' soul."

Human faces and the qualities of the soul appeal to him. Nature seems often to be the bright background for his deeper emotions. Burns' capacity for humor is clearly shown in 'Tam O' Shanter.' He seems fairly to bubble over with fun as he tells how Tam's wife Kate berates him for his love of the drinking-cup, as he tells of Tam's reckless carousal at the tavern, his ride through the stormy night, and his coming to Kirk Alloway, where Auld Nick is reveling with his company,—as he describes the surroundings and garb of the weird dancers, and narrates how Tam shouts his approbation to Nannie whose career has held him spell-bound, Tam thus bringing the spirit company in pursuit after him, and escaping at the expense of his horse Maggie, who leaves her tail behind.

There is a light-hearted spirit breathing through some of Burns' poems, which acts as a tonic to the reader. He had about him that "dount care" disposition which is bound not to worry and to enjoy life in the present. This can be seen in Tam O' Shanter.

The poet had a sense of the worth of genuine, sterling character, and the worthlessness of externals. The trappings of aristocracy were but tinsel in his eyes. As I read "The Cotter's Saturday Night," I was reminded of Gray's "Elegy" and Goldsmith's "The Deserted Village." As these writers gave recognition to the worth of true, unsullied peasantry, so Burns has done in this masterful effort. After sketching the peaceful, happy life of the cotter and his household, he exclaims:

"From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That make her loved at home, revered abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings!"—

and then he quotes:

"An honest man's the noblest work of God!"

Burns' sentiments were not always of the sweet and of the gentle, harmless kind. He knew how to assail cruelty and heartlessness with the battery of verse. The lofty carriage and conduct of the upper classes met his stinging reprove, and although he did not claim to be a model in the realm of religion and moral character, mere presence to righteousness galled him—

"They take religion in their mouth,
They talk of mercy, grace, and truth,
For what? To gie their malice shouk'
On some poor wight,
And hunt him down o'er right and ruth
To ruin straight."

Having come to the religious phase, we meet in Burns' works sentiments

By dint o' Greek.

Plain truth to speak;
An a' they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek!"

"Gie me ae spark of Nature's fire,
At the learning I desire;
Then, tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
At plough or cart,
My Muse, tho' homely in attire
May touch the heart."
which are very touching, which inspire in us a feeling of tender love for the poet, and of pardon for his faults and failures. How uplifting and sincere this petition—

"Thou know'rt that Thou has formed me
With passions wild and strong:
And listening to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

"Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty step aside,
Do Thou, All-good! for such Thou art,
In shade of darkness hide."

Professor Kuizenga once made a statement to this effect, that if Robert Burns had possessed a strong character, he might almost have written poems like the Psalms of David. This estimate has much of truth in it. Such lofty aspirations as we find here and there in Burns' verse if joined with his talent for the melodious and the sublime, could have obtained for him a still higher place as an inspiring, enabling poet, than he has actually reached.

The poetry of Burns presents a field too vast to be cursorily treated. We have merely given some impressions, which came to us from a short study. To these I would add this personal testimony, that this brief research has brought me a wonderful revelation. Heretofore I had known that Burns was a good poet, very much enjoyed by some,—I had known that he wrote some excellent poems, such as "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton;" yet now I know that Burns was a great poet, and in the future the Poets' Hall of Fame shall ever hold for me the name of the sweet singer of Scotland, Robert Burns.

A TWO O'CLOCK TRAGEDY.

It is quite common now-a-days for people to express the thought that cold-blooded murder, foul man-slaughter, and kindred crimes are largely things of a by-gone age. To correct this erroneous impression, I frequently relate the experiences which have befallen my lot as a detective, and which completely controvert this opinion.

It was but a short time ago that I was a visitor at the Missouri State Prison. By merest chance, I there encountered a man who related a narrative which, for bizarre detail and incongruous circumstances, is unsurpassed by any in my memory. I began by asking him on what charge he had been convicted and committed to prison. He replied, "My story is a long one, but I shall give it to you in its entirety. Fifteen years ago, I was employed as night-clerk in a resort-hotel known as Pleasure-home at Johnson, Missouri. This hotel, let me remark, had a most picturesque location on a low bluff beside the broad-flowing lawns and deep-shadowed groves made it appear the most innocent place in the world, and caused it to be the most popular summer resort in the state. Our hotel accommodated about 400 guests; hence my position was one of considerable responsibility. Everything had been the fairest of sailing until, on the night of the 30th of July—how well I remember that night!—there entered our hotel a portly, well-dressed gentleman of about 45 years, unaccompanied, except for two leather suit-cases which he bore, one in each hand. When he had registered his name as Jaques Brown, I assigned him to Room 31, and in person conducted him to it. I still remember that, from the number and value of the jewels he displayed, I sized him up as being a man of considerable wealth; but what impressed me most was the cringing ingratiating quality in his demeanor. This had the effect not only of filling me with disgust, but also of making me forbode strange ills, and I always kept a watchful eye upon the man.

However, nothing extraordinary happened during the first four days, for he attended strictly to his own affairs. which
were those of the ordinary ressorter, and left others to theirs. But, on the ill-starred night of the fifth day, I noticed that Mr. Brown had not returned at eleven o'clock, when the hotel doors were closed, nor at twelve, nor yet at one. At almost exactly two, as I looked out at the dark woods which skirted the hotel, I saw a flash of light illumine the forest, and, shortly after, came a sharp, though scarcely audible, pistol-shot. I cannot tell why, I only know that instinctively I connected that shot with Mr. Brown. Yet I could not decide whether it was he that did the shooting or was shot. Mystery was to darken the question until morning, since, as for me, my blood was congealed and I dared not move an inch from my enconcement in the office to investigate the gruesome problem.

While breakfast was preparing next day, one of the porters was horrified to discover Brown's ghastly body. At his report all became excitement and wildest confusion. The body was found in a dense thicket nearly seventy yards back from the building, and lay prostrate upon the damp earth, a bullet-hole completely piercing the head from front to back, and a stream of coagulated blood weltering from it. A timetable of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R. R. lay beside the corpse. The ground showed traces of what seemed to have been a furious struggle, but the most conspicuous marks were heavy footprints leading straight from the body to the hotel-porch. When the sheriff and coroner came, they took all the findings with care, but were wholly at sea regarding the cause of the crime. Had suicide or murder ushered this soul hence? The steps led to the night- clerk's office, it was true; but did that incriminate the night-clerk? Might they not have been made by some one else long after the crime? An immediate investigation of the night-clerk's belongings was ordered, among which, it was reported, was a 32 Colt. A deep pallor fell upon every brow when it was found that all the chambers but one were loaded and that the remaining one was smoky from a recent discharge. Involuntarily my head whirled about in a daze and I should have fallen in a swoon, had not a friend spoken encouragingly to me and said that I had nothing to fear. Yet my alarm only tended to increase the suspicions of the on-lookers. Said one, 'It he were inno-

cent, why should he tremble so? Besides, who else can be guilty?' One by one they all came to believe that I was guilty of the homicide. Then followed in a few days my trial. Be assured that I spared neither pains nor money to obtain an acquittal. I employed on the case three of New York's ablest detectives, whose unanimous verdict it was that the real murderer, if not myself, would and could, never be found. The utter absence of clues, they asserted, was unparalleled in their experience. The career of Mr. Brown was carefully scrutinized, and it was ascertained that he had been the managing superintendent of a Colorado railroad in prosperous circumstances, and of good reputation. Absolutely no reason could be assigned why anyone, except on the ground of personal enmity, or sheer robbery, should wish to do away with him. Here the case was dropped, and I was sent to prison, where you see me now, and where I have been lamenting the harshness of my fate for fifteen years. I have asked so many people to aid me in regaining my liberty that even the thought of again asking it has become distasteful.'

Thus he ended his sad story. I answered: "Your fate is tragic; yet the thread of one grave blunder runs through your narrative. Was no attention ever paid to the A. T. & S. F. time-table?" Mr. Stearns, for that was the prisoner's name, replied, 'No, not that I can remember." "There," said I, "you missed the hinge on which the entire solution swings. How thoroughly was the territory round-about searched for accomplices of the criminal?" "My detectives went over every inch of the ground with the utmost care."

This ended our interview. I now resolved to pay a visit in person to the hotel. This, together with the grove behind it, I found exactly as described. As I stood on the spot pointed out to me as the scene of the tragedy, my problem seemed more difficult than ever. Here were a few—a very few—facts,—that a man had been mysteriously killed, that another man, though innocent had been condemned to lifelong imprisonment, and that a railway bulletin had been found near the dead body—these were my sole data. Peering through the shrubbery, I could discern, not far away, what seemed to be a private dwelling. To this I went, and on inquiry found that a man had been taken by them in a buggy to the neigh-
boring city on the very night in question—July 30. Of his name, business, or home, they knew nothing, hence I was forced to abandon this clue and search for another. I then went to the thicket and fell to work with a spade, to unearth whatever it might be possible to find concealed. For long my labor was unrewarded, but finally near the root of a large oak, my spade disclosed a large sheet of white foolscap, neatly folded and very well preserved from decay by the fallen leaves that had been consummated, a railroad empire and the peculiar non-absorbent quality of the soil. Of course, I quickly opened the sheet and found just what I had been looking for—the key to the solution of the riddle. The following was the statement found upon the pages:

I, ———, managing sup’t of the Denver and Salt Lake City R. R., party of the first part, hereby make agreement with the Atchison Topeka and Santa Fe R. R., per Roger Randolph, party of the second part, to sell to them my right and title to said D. & S. L. C. R. R. for the sum of $———.

In Witness Whereof:

(Signed) ……………….. (Seal.)
Roger Randolph (Seal.)

It was now altogether easy to read the course of events.

Mr. Randolph had paid a secret visit to Brown, had employed every means in his power, whether foul or fair, to coerce him into a sale of his railroad, and failing had chosen rather to kill Brown than to give him an opportunity to expose his villainy, for such it was shown to be by the secret character of his visit.

A trip to the west not only exhibited to me Mr. Randolph still pursuing his iniquitous business, but also the strategic relation between the two railroads in question, and further, that had the deal been consummated, a railroad empire far exceeding E. H. Harriman’s would have been established. The manuscript evidence was found sufficient to secure a pardon or rather an acquittal for Mr. Brown, but not sufficient to convict Mr. Randolph.

W. WALLACE VISSCHER, ’12.
should be merely the starting point for the ideal student; it should not obscure his vision of other things. Class-work attended to, what are the demands upon your time. O worthy Freshman? Athletics, the literary societies, the Y. M. C. A. and last but not least, the Anchor, give you an opportunity for showing what there is in you. Here you can put into practice the knowledge you have gained in the class-room. According to your success in these organizations you can judge the broadening effects of your self-culture. Those who wait to test their abilities until they are graduated, find themselves distanced by less brilliant, perhaps, but more daring, class-mates. Our alumni invariably speak of their literary society in the same breath with their Alma Mater. What they have gained, we can gain. "There may be giants in our midst. Who knows?"

There is a good old English word which cannot be too well emphasized in college life; it is thoroughness. For, after all, who can succeed but the thorough? With all due respect for the "skimming which gets the cream," let us prescribe for ourselves the depths which can best be absorbed by drinking slowly. The things which are hardest to achieve are the most precious always. Not the books which we hastily review, but the thoughts carefully assimilated until they become part of ourselves, are most beneficial.

The most important attribute of the ideal student is attack. It is the ability to go ahead and do what you have planned to do; it is the antithesis of the spirit which makes one waste time idly thinking of unimportant matters when there is work to be done. Recently a certain choir was criticized for being out of harmony. A musician who was present heard the hostile comments and remarked, "They were not perfectly in harmony, but did you notice their attack? It was splendid. They will turn out all right." Attack, the spirit which runs through difficulties instead of being run over by them, results in success.

**OPENING DAY.**

The annual Opening Day of Hope College occurred Wednesday morning, September 21. A large number of visitors swelled the ranks of students so that both the chapel and Y. M. C. A. room were filled. The devotional exercises were conducted by Dr. Kollen assisted by the Rev. Edward Niles of Hope church, after which Dr. Kollen welcomed the new students with a few well-chosen remarks. He commented upon the fact that the religious atmosphere familiar to the students in their homes is present in the college as well.

Rev. John Van Ess, missionary to Arabia, was the first speaker. In an exceedingly clever and helpful talk he pictured for the student the life that is worth living. He said that one problem in geometry had always puzzled him. Why is it that while so many propositions end in Q. E. D., so few are followed by the letters Q. E. F. When he reached his field in Arabia, he concluded that in life as well as in geometry the answer was that of the many things demonstrated, so few were done. He urged upon the student the necessity for dynamic scholarship. Only so far as our learning enables us to accomplish tasks is it of value. This led to a discussion of the juxtaposition of science and religion, faith and knowledge. "Of late," said Mr. Van Ess, "the scientific spirit has become an obsession. Consistency is the bugbear of small minds. For example, if at some future time you lay the formula of your knowledge at the feet of your Creator, what would God reply? Probably, 'Yes, O man, I know that too. For I made it and I made you.'"

He then said that knowledge is only the beginning of accomplishment. St. Paul, probably, studied poetry in the university of Tarsus, but it did not become of service to him until he used it in his Mars Hill address. In closing he said, "Learn all you can, but sanctify it. Come to your Creator with souls rather than with knowledge."

Rev. W. I. Van Kersen, field secretary of Foreign Missions in the West, then gave an address well calculated to inspire the student in his daily duties. He made a plea for the church visible and urged everyone to become a citizen in it in order to feel the pulsations of new life and to retain a hold on Christ. He emphasized the fact that our latent possibilities must be utilized even while at college. The occupied life is the life that reaches others. "Any vocation," said Mr. Van
Kersen, “can be used for God’s kingdom provided it is used in the best way, and is fully consecrated to His service.”

The Anchor is pleased to welcome to Hope College the three new members of our faculty, Miss Elma Martin, instructor of English; Miss Forncrook, who has charge of the department of physical culture, and Professor Schlosser, who is to be our instructor in German.

THE LECTURE COURSE.

The Anchor wishes to call the attention of its readers to the Lecture Course of this year. The courses of past years have always been strong but this one, if possible, promises to be better than ever. A short outline of the numbers will suffice to give an idea of the course.

The first number is a lecture by Thomas B. Fletcher, a fearless and dynamic speaker, on some such subject as “The Martyrdom of Fools.” Mrs. Snowden of England, the first woman orator of the day, will also lecture. The Whitney Brothers will repeat their success of last year, and Edward A. Ott will also give one of his powerful lectures again. An operetta in chorus, “Priscilla,” will be given by Mr. Campbell and Miss Forncrook. A band of college girls, every one of them a star, will render some of the songs of the eastern colleges.

Once again, the Anchor staff desires to extend the right hand of fellowship to the new members of the college. Of necessity, each year takes away the oldest of us, but it also brings others to fill their places. These the Anchor especially welcomes to a participation in our college life. As the organ of a college is a peculiar representative of a college spirit, it would seem to be peculiarly needful that these newer students acquaint themselves with it. Such a paper is the record and index of college life and one of the most direct guide boards to the understanding of a college. Hear then the sum of the matter: Let every student, new and old, subscribe to his college paper. It is his duty as a student. Support your college.

H. E. Y.

HOPE COLLEGE RECEIVES GIFT.

Our new flag was dedicated after chapel Monday morning. This flag, the gift of Dr. and Miss Coles, was presented to the college by the Hon. G. J. Diekema. In truly patriotic style the Congressman of the Fifth District of Michigan praised the American flag. He said that an Englishman once made fun of our flag, saying it looked like a stick of candy. A loyal American replied: “In one respect the resemblance is true. The more you try to lick it, the sicker it will make you.”

He then emphasized the fact that the American flag stands for protection first of all, citing the instance of an American sugar planter in Cuba, who saved his life during the Spanish-American war by wrapping his country’s flag about him and shouting to the Spaniards “Shoot, if you dare!” “Moreover,” said Mr. Diekema, “this government stands for education. In the wake of the flag goes the school house and the Bible.”

Turning toward a few veterans who were present, the speaker continued: “The flag stands for sacrifice also. Young people, if these venerable soldiers were willing to die if necessary for the flag, how much more, in this era of peace, should we be willing to live for it.”

Dr. Kollen accepted the gift in the name of Hope College. He told at this appropriate time how much Hope College had been favored in the past by Dr. and Miss Coles. Not only the money which is used in debating and oratory prizes, but also several valuable works of literature and art are ours through the generosity of these kind friends. He then called for three cheers for the Coles, three for Mr. Diekema and the veterans who honored us with their presence.

In closing the song, “Our Country’s Banner,” written by Dr. Abraham Coles, father of the donor of the flag, was sung by the studentry.

TUG-O’WAR.

Friday noon, September 30, occurred the annual tug-of-war between the Freshman and Sophomore classes. The Sophs got the duching and professed that the waters of Black river were not so uncongenial as they had imagined. Com-
Complete preparations have been previously made, and when the tug started no one would venture any opinion as to the outcome. Because of the disadvantage in foot-holds and the unfavorable lay of the ground the Freshmen were permitted to have two extra men, so as to even up the pull. When the signal was given the Freshmen gave a united pull, but their experienced opponents had established themselves so firmly that one of the knots in the rope gave way. When the rope had again been tied the tug was renewed. Neither side would yield. Each man had fortified himself to the utmost, only to find his strength equally matched. Finally, after a long and continued pull, the Freshmen through united heavings brought the Sophs foot by foot. The water was their destined choice and in they marched. Coming to the opposite shore the Sophomores recognized their defeat and the yells of the defeated mingled with those of the victorious in rousing and happy cheers.

E. O. Schwitters, '11.

New students, have you joined a society? You will miss half the pleasure and profit which college life affords, if you fail to unite with one of our literary societies. One of Hope's alumni, in an address to the students last year, said, "Don't try to crowd four years of college work into three years, for it seems to me that the source of at least half of the benefit derived from a college education is college environment." Those students who join no literary society are missing much of the college-environment, and since college-environment is such an important factor in a college education they are not grasping the opportunities which college life affords.

Nearly every student in Hope College belongs to some literary society. In the past, these societies have produced literary work of the highest type; and judging from the fervor and enthusiasm already manifested, the motto of each society for the coming year is "Excelsior."

Our societies are not mere literary organizations, they also endeavor to keep up, along with their literary work, a proper social interest. The social functions engaged in by the different societies form the pleasantest recollections of college life. From year to year, when the time comes for the Seniors to leave, you will hear them say, "If I could only come back for society-meetings." So, new students, join a society soon! Don't miss our good times!

Y. W. C. A. Reception.

The annual Y. W. C. A. reception for the new girls was given Thursday afternoon, September 22, in Voorhees Hall. After a few fitting remarks by the president, Gertrude Hoekje, an interesting program of stunts was carried out. Refreshments were served and the informal reception made the new girls feel more at home.

Y. M. C. A. Reception.

The Y. M. C. A. reception was held Tuesday evening, September 27. After a few remarks by the president, Emil O. Schwitters, interesting talks were given by Dr. Kollen and Prof. Kuizenga. After refreshments, George Roost, '97, entertained the boys for nearly an hour in his own original manner. Needless to say, all heartily enjoyed the reception.

At the opening of college this year the students were addressed by two of Hope's alumni, Rev. John Van Ess, '99, and Rev. W. Van Kersen, '94.

The Anchor is interested to learn that Henry Vruwink, John Warnhuis, Anthony Ver Hulst and James Dykema of
the class of 1910 are studying theology at New Brunswick; Jean Vis, Henry Pasma and Arie Te Paske at the Western Theological seminary, and Nelson Dalenburg at McCormick. Harry Anker, John Wickers and Frank Hospers are to spend the winter in travel; Frank Hospers as agent for a western wheat company. Miss Pikaart is to remain at home this year. August Veenker is taking post graduate work in Chicago. Besides these the following members are teaching: Gerrit De Jong, Jacob Heemstra, Edward Huibregste, Anna Schuette and Benjamin Ten Pas.

Married on September 27, at Columbia, India, Miss Bernice Takken and Rev. Benjamin Rottshaefer, '06.

George Huizenga, '08, has returned from his ten weeks stay in Germany. While there he was under the care of a famous eye specialist. Treatments were begun there which will last for about a year, when it is expected a cure will have been effected. He will not attend the Seminary this year.

Mr. Richard D. Zeeuw, '06, who has been instructor in biology at the Michigan Agricultural College last year, has been promoted to the position of assistant professor in the department.

The Rev. M. Kolyn, '77, of Grand Rapids, will teach historical theology in the Western Seminary.

A memorial service commemorative of the life and work of the late Dr. G. H. Dufrink, '92, was held in the Third Reformed church September 28. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Dr. E. J. Bleekink, '83; Rev. H. J. Veldman, '92, and Rev. James Swemer, '70.

Rev. Benjamin De Young, '07, was recently married to Miss Martha Van Dyke.

Rev. J. P. De Jonge, '80, of Zeeland, Mich., has resigned that charge after a period of seventeen years, to accept a call to Alton, Iowa.

WHAT ABOUT HOPE COLLEGE ATHLETICS FOR 1910-1911?

To know what they have been, and how they have advanced in leaps and bounds, one needs only to turn to the records. An old German proverb says, "What man has done man can do." Will the present student body verify the proverb?

In the past several years Hope has had football teams second to none. Still, owing to our distance from sister colleges we cannot enter into competition with them. We humbled the Western Normals last season, however, and according to dope we were on a par with the other small colleges of the state. With the host of good material such as we now have here, the national college game should ever be on the increase.

The 1910-1911 basket ball five must defend an enviable record. From the birth of basket ball at Hope, we have been undisputed champions of Western Michigan. In 1908-1909 we held the A. A. U. championship of the state and last season we shared both A. A. U. and Intercollegiate honors with M. A. C. Our sister colleges cannot even compare with us in this branch of athletics. Since the time of our new gymnasium, defeats on our floor can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The team has hitherto seen but gradual changes, however, we must fill four regular positions. If we are to duplicate the past quintets every man in college must try for the team. Perhaps you will not be one of the five the first year, but you may be captain after you have played several seasons. Only through a hearty response and diligent, consistent practice can Hope maintain her prestige in basket ball.

Before we have entered the season of our national game
the base ball enthusiasts will have been in evidence. Hope College has seen more of this game than any other college sport. Some years have naturally been good years and some have not, but when this base ball season rolls around once more, there is no reason why we cannot have an A1 team as evidenced by the Fresh-Soph. game.

Track work is a new wrinkle in Hope College athletics. That it has thus far been successful cannot be doubted, that it will continue to be a success is vouched for by its enthusiasts. It is still in the primary department but the 1910 squad and a boost from the excellent material in evidence, cannot help but remove all signs of doubt in the success of 1911.

Remember the slogan of the 1911 track team, “Hope, for Holland’s trophy.”

LOCALS

It is with great pleasure that we welcome back several of our victims. We are especially happy to welcome Della Baker. What would the Anchor do without her?

Items for summer diaries.

Van Howeling—My uncle owns a spring that gives seventeen kinds of water.

Schmitters—My uncle owns a spring that gives soup.

July 7, 1910. Birthday today. Dad promised me $5.00 if I’d stop smoking. Stopped till 4 p.m. What’s the use of trying anyway? Sam Aelts.

July 26, 1910. Canvassed books all day. Tried to get acquainted with a bull-dog at one house. Bought a new pair of trousers later.—Jim Mulder.

August 2, 1910. Worked awfully hard today. Helped ma and mowed one-half of our lawn.—Butch.

September 1, 1910. Started canvassing today. Lady told me she was busy and asked me to come tomorrow.

September 2. Went. Maid came to door and gave me a bag containing a stick of candy and a quarter. Stung.—Dieters.

Scholten thinks that Hope College lives up to its reputa-

tion. Recently the Freshmen class induced the Sophs to become Baptists.

Van Zuyl declares that he hadn’t been in town two minutes before he knew where the brewery was.

After an hour of rather poor translations Prof. Sutphen said to the Sophomore class: “What’s the matter? Did you find it hard, or didn’t you find it at all?”

Prof. Nykerk in chapel: “Blow! Blow! I’m the only one who is blowing.”

Strange things he Juniors and Seniors tell us of in their translations. Irene Staplecamp tells of “ardent cannons.” E. O. Switters translates “Bach” by “little streamlets.”

The boy returned from colleg;

The farmer cried, “Alack!

I’ve spent a thousand dollars

And I got a quarter-back!”

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Recreate with fellows who give you laughs. A gloomy “matey” is worse than a gray November day.

To take less than six studies is a waste of time. If possible take seven.

Students of foreign languages will find Hinds’ and Noble’s interliners very helpful in making first class recitations. Prof. Dimment strongly recommends the books.

Skip chapel at least twice a week. It’s an awfully cute stunt.

Will next year’s “Fair day programme” be ruled by the law of precedent or by the law of a free country?

AT TUG OF WAR

Ida Danhof—What’s the name of this creek? When I com here again I want to know where to get off the car.

Irene Staplecamp (as the rope broke)—Why don’t they get some of these ministers to tie the knot right?

Dr. Kollen announced that on Wednesday there would
be an opportunity for every boy to obtain a locker. One of the college boys was heard to say: "I wonder if there's any chance of obtaining Mary?"

The 'phone rang. Martha Oseewarde picked up the receiver. "Hello! Is this 158?" "No, this is Yntema's." "Yntema's? I don't want you." "Well, I want you."

Colenbrander (explaining a passage in Pliny)—Pliny asked Caninius if he could do all the summer sports at once

Query 1. Don't you think Te Paske was instrumental in calling Flossie's papa to Alton?
Query 2. Don't you think Flossie was instrumental in helping her papa decide?

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