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OCTOBER
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H. R. BRINK

"The BOOKMAN"

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MONEY saved is worth as much as money earned, and if we sell you shoes for much less than they are worth, it must mean money saved for you. That's just what we are doing. As advertised we bought the Dillard Shoe Co's. stock of shoes from Grand Rapids, and are closing them out at *25 to 50 per cent* less than the regular price, as we must turn these goods into money at once. Scores of people have already secured some of the bargains we are offering, yet there is a good assortment left.

Remember if you can't find what you are looking for in this stock we will give 10 per cent discount from our regular stock.

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The door we unlock.
When you stop
In you flop
Out you hop
With work that's tip top
At our Barber Shop.

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Thanks to Columbus!

He discovered a pleasant spot for us—cut down some trees and “started things” by teaching the first Indians how fine good clothes really feel.

We’re in the clothing business almost 420 years behind his time—but just 420 years—and then some—ahead in style.

If skins were still the accepted apparel for mankind—some mighty hunter would capture the rarer animals, more than all others.

We do not rest until we have searched every “nook and cranny” for SOMETHING BETTER.

When the doors of each new Season are thrown open we know that our ambition—so far as that Season is concerned—has been realized to its fullest extent.

SUITS—Worsteds, Cheviots in exclusive patterns. Beautiful fabrics, \$10 to \$25.

OVERCOATS—Fancy Cheviots, Kerseys, Meltons, Vicunas, Chinchillas, and the new fancy mixtures. Self or velvet collars, \$10 to \$25.

P. S. BOTER & CO.
“WATCH-US-GROW”

The Anchor

“Opera in Bra”

VOLUME XXV

OCTOBER, 1911

NUMBER 1

An Autumn Thought

*“Alas! sweet summer is flown,
Sad autumn is here.
Bright beamed Hope's radiant dawn
When Life's New Year
Had come—now all is gone.”
For shame! why fear?*

*Much joy does autumn bring,
Ripe fruits display
Hope's measure filled; may't please
You come. Away!
Come linger 'neath the trees
While yet you may.*

*Give thanks to Him who bade
E'en youthful lives
Bring forth much precious fruit.
To him who strives
Is life beyond compute,
Which time survives.*

FRATER '12

THE WRITING ON THE WALL.



NE windy, rainy evening in March of 1905, having nothing to read, I decided to make a visit on my friend, Van Ryte.

He lived on the top floor of an old four-story brick building. Having climbed the rough, unpolished stair to his suite, I kicked the door open and said, "Hey!"

Van Ryte was of such a nature that if an earthquake shook the house down around his ears, he would straighten his necktie and take the cigar out of his mouth before he would begin to think about what had happened. Regardless of the fact that it was now nearly two months since he had last seen me, without even turning round from his work-bench, he called out, "Hello, Moses! Take a chair. I want to finish connecting up this thing and see how it works. It's a new kind of microphone which, held against a wall, renders the sounds on the other side perfectly audible. You remember the time I caught that gang at Holstead Park, I had to hide in a closet under danger of detection at any moment. This thing will cut out the necessity for that kind of business. Help yourself to the cigars. I guess you know where they are."

It was just like Van—always inventing something wonderful that could be of no possible commercial value. Having lit a cigar I hung over his table watching his long, slender fingers fly here and there over a confused mass of wires and instruments.

A mercury lamp in the center of the room gave a greenish hue to his skin and with his expectant smile and the black pipe between his teeth he reminded me of those old-time Alchemists you read about.

I had been there perhaps half an hour when the telephone rang.

This instrument, too, showed Van's ingenuity as well as his laziness. He had it so made that he could speak from any point in the room and at the same time hear the transmitted voice. When the bell now rang he reached up and pulled the cord that ran along the wall to the switch, and then going on with his work he said, "Hello."

"Hello, Van," came the reply. "This is Sergeant Carsten talking. There is a man found dead in his home at 1123 Southey avenue. It looks like heart-failure. It's rather puzzling, though, so I thought that you would like to know about it."

"All right, thanks, sergeant. Has the body been moved?"

"Not yet, but it will be soon," answered Carsten.

Van dropped his work and began putting on his coat and rubbers. "Have them leave it just as it is till I get there. I'll come at once," and slipping on his cravenet he jerked the cord and motioned me to come along. Down in the dark and wet street we hailed a cab and soon were whirling off on what would prove to be either a fool's chase or another adventure against crime.

While Van never did much detective work himself, he was at the head of a large force and often took those cases that proved too baffling for his subordinates or gave him some excitement. I had often accompanied him on his trips and so was somewhat familiar with his methods.

Our carriage stopped at a large, comfortable dwelling in the best residence district of the city. Hastening up the walk we were ushered into a long, elegantly furnished hall. Not stopping to remove our dripping coats, we were immediately shown through a door at the farther end of the hall into the library.

It was a large room with four deep French windows at one side. Directly opposite these was a huge old-fashioned fireplace in which a couple logs were burning slowly. At one corner was a kind of an alcove entirely filled by a big comfortable-looking divan.

But the object which at once arrested our attention was the corpse bolstered up in a heavy leather chair near the fireplace. It was the body of a man of from forty to fifty years of age. The head drooped loosely on the chest, while the heavy, pudgy hands hung limply over the arms of the chair. Directly back and a little to the left stood a small table on which were an ash-tray and a couple of magazines.

After taking in all the details of the room, Van walked up to the body and examined it closely. No mark or sign of a wound could be found on it. The legs were crossed, and,

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After taking in all the details of the room, Van walked up to the body and examined it closely. No mark or sign of a wound could be found on it. The legs were crossed, and,

except for a sardonic and utterly horrible grin expanding the face, it appeared as though the man had merely dozed off into an eternal sleep.

The sergeant, knowing Van well, remained silent until he had completed his examination. Then he rang the bell and told the servants to remove the body. As soon as this was done my friend seated himself in the chair and, turning to the officer, he said, "Now, Carsten, tell me all about it." "Well, sir," began the sergeant, "it's just like this. Mr. Arson, the old boy here, came in about seven-thirty and went into the library. Along about eight o'clock one of the footmen came in to poke up the fire and found the man dead just as you saw him now. One of his hands was twitching yet, showing that he hadn't died very long before. The servant right away gave the alarm and a doctor was called. The puzzling thing is that the doctor could find no cause for his death unless it were poison. He said that the man's heart had always been perfectly sound. Now, if he had poisoned himself there would certainly be a bottle or something lying around. He couldn't have done it before he entered the room because the stranger was with him then. And another thing, he had no motive at all for doing so. So either the doctor is wrong about the condition of the man's heart or the stranger poisoned him. For my part I think that the former is the correct theory. Certainly the poison could not have been administered without a struggle or at least cries from the victim. Yet the servants declare that no sounds were heard nor was any food or drink brought in. However, the autopsy will quickly decide whether he has any poison in him. I think it hardly worth while trying to locate that stranger." The sergeant spoke this with the assurance of a man who saw that he was absolutely correct.

All during the narration Van Ryte sat lazily with his finger-tips pressed together and his head thrown back. He now rose quickly and strode over to the windows, examining them closely. "One of these is unlocked!" he exclaimed, turning to the butler. "Was it locked before Mr. Arson came in?"

"Yes, sir," replied the butler, coming over towards him. "Those haven't been opened since last summer."

"Strange," muttered Van. "Just give the sergeant a com-

plete description of that man, will you, and see to it, Carsten, that the force is notified at once. Also telegraph the description to other cities. Tell Parkins to have my men lay for him. I presume that it is already too late if he has left town. That's our only hope."

Carsten, although surprised that Van did not agree with the theory that he had so nicely argued, knew from past experience that it was not wise to neglect Van Ryte's instructions, and so after taking the description from the butler he hastened out. Van then stepped out onto the porch to which the windows opened and made a close examination with his flashlight.

After questioning the family as to whether they knew of any enemies of the deceased or if they had ever heard him speak of any, and receiving negative answers, Van Ryte left the house, requesting before he went that they notify him of the findings of the autopsy.

On the way home he kept silent except to mutter now and then, "A strange case, Moses, a strange case." For my part I could see nothing strange about it and had made up my mind that for once my friend had missed his guess. Certainly a man wouldn't sit quietly with his legs crossed, while some one poured ferrocyanide or some such delightful nectar down his throat.

The next morning I stopped at Van's on the way uptown to find out about the examination. It was as I had thought. No poison of any description had been found in the dead man's stomach. While I felt rather sorry for Van, knowing that he would never hear the last of it from the self-sufficient police-officer, I couldn't refrain from teasing him a little, so I said jokingly, "Does a window blown open by the wind prove that a man has been poisoned?"

Somehow or other he didn't realize, that the joke was on him, for he smiled pleasantly and slipped on his dressing-gown. "Moses," he said, "wouldn't it be terrible if a man with real brains should by accident get into the criminal class? And wouldn't it be fine if by some freak of nature a few men on the police force should happen to develop the power to think and once in a while draw the right conclusion? By the way if you are going uptown I wish that you would stop into

a few newspaper offices and have this ad. inserted. Can you take a little trip to Flitson with me tonight? I want to see how Reddy is getting along on that new mercury lamp of his." "Sure thing," I replied as I turned to go. On the way down I looked at the advertisement which he had written. It read as follows: "Wanted—A good portable transformer weighing ten pounds or less. Am willing to pay a good price for the right machine. Call at 846 Stanton St., Flitson, between 7 and 9 p. m. Wednesday evening."

I had hoped that it would have some bearing on the events of the last night and felt somewhat disappointed that Van Ryte should drop the matter so quickly. However, I proceeded at once to forget about the case and went about my business.

At six-thirty in the evening I called at Van's home and we were soon on the train to Flitson, a suburb about five miles away. When we arrived "Reddy" was working merrily, while his parrot was chatting and swearing busily.

"I say, Reddy," Van asked as he seated himself at the desk, "you don't mind if I have another visitor up here tonight, do you?"

"Oh, no," sneered Red, "this is a clubhouse, you know—a hangout. Visitors always welcome. We all hold our meetings up here. Reddy just pays the rent and keeps things in order. Bring him along just so you don't shoot a hole through my telephone again."

"No, I hope it won't prove necessary to use such extremely coercive or rather forceful means in this case," replied Van as he laid his Colts down on the desk. "Just mind the lock when he comes in, will you?"

At that moment steps were heard on the stairs and soon a knock on the door. "Come in," cried Van, concealing the gun with his arm.

The door opened slowly. Into the room stepped a slight figure of medium height, dressed neatly and in the latest styles. Both coat pockets bulged widely. His small intelligent eyes wandered in a startled and alert manner from one to the other of us. As he closed the door Reddy turned a switch and the electric bolt slid noiselessly into place.

"Did one of you advertise for a transformer?" he asked, nervously removing his hat.

"Yes; have a chair," replied Van. "Have you the article with you?"

"I have," answered the man, drawing from one of his pockets a heavy boxlike affair and placing it on the desk. "I also brought a powerful storage battery along, which I thought you might possibly want to buy," he continued, and took out of the other pocket the battery mentioned.

Van appeared to carefully scrutinize the transformer and said, "Your cooling apparatus is unique and seems to be the result of a great deal of thought."

"Yes," replied the stranger, "were it not that I am in absolute need of funds I would wait and patent the machine rather than sell it. With that storage battery in connection I can obtain a pressure of 1200 volts."

Suddenly Van placed the mechanism on the desk, and looking squarely into the visitor's eyes, he said slowly, "Weren't you taking quite a risk in coming up here?"

The little man started and avoided the gaze while he stammered, "Sir?" I leaned forward intently, for it seemed that something was about to happen. In this, for the time being, however, I was disappointed. Van resumed his examination of the machine and turned this way and that, looking at it closely. Glancing up sharply he again addressed the now much perturbed inventor. "One of the burs is off."

"Yes," answered the stranger, quickly, "it must have come off in my pocket and dropped through a hole."

Van reached into his pocket with his left hand, at the same time picking up the revolver with his right, and suddenly leaning forward, asked, "Is this it?"

For a moment the man was discomposed. His glance wandered from the vicious-looking weapon to the door. "Ah! It looks like it might be—suppose you try it."

"Just keep your hands still!" cried Van as the stranger's hand stole towards the left side of his vest. "I also have here a rather artistic looking outline of a shoe which methinks would apply very well to one of those square-toed boots. Perhaps, Moses, you had better relieve the gentleman of that gun. It might go off and make a lot of noise."

I walked over and pulled a seven-shooter from the holster strapped under the arm of the frightened and surprised visitor. When this was done, Van laid his revolver down and leaning back, said in a gentler voice, "Suppose you tell us now why you killed Mr. Arson. I am not at all connected with the police and am only concerned with seeing to it that justice is done. If you do not explain, I shall immediately turn you over to the officers of the law, and then the law must take its course."

The man hesitated, shuffled his feet, and glanced about in a bewildered and distracted manner. He seemed so non-plussed, so staggered with the happening of what he had deemed the impossible, that I felt a sort of pity for the prim and refined-looking figure. Scraping his throat and brushing his hand across his forehead he finally began in a low voice, "It seems that the jig is up. I may as well tell it and relieve my mind of this terrible pressure that has been weighing it down. I will begin at the beginning." He smiled faintly. "Ten years ago that devil, Arson, ruined me in a business transaction. Perhaps it was my fault for allowing myself to be drawn into the deal. I should have known that the law permitted stealing when called financiering. At any rate I refused to sell when an offer was made and of course it was no more than right that I should then be driven out, ruined, and no prospects left. Since then I have worried along, working here and there at bare living wages. My wife, sir, unable to withstand the privation, died early and left a child of four years, who followed its mother in the space of a year. I became hard and embittered. I had nothing to live for now, but before I went I decided to balance my account with—Arson. It was wrong, perhaps, but I felt that I owed it to the little woman who had so early withered away.

"I was not afraid to die, but I dreaded the shameful hangman's rope. The problem was: Could I do Arson without being detected? I am enough of a scholar to know that where murder is evident the perpetrator can be found. Now, then, can a man be killed without leaving a trace as to the cause of the death?

"For weeks I pondered over this question. Then one day I read of the electrocution of a famous murderer. The answer

was found. It now remained to find the means. In some way a portable apparatus must be devised that would give me a potential of at least 1180 volts. You have there on your desk the result of twelve months' labor.

"Placing the battery in one large pocket, or more accurately speaking, bag, and the transformer in another, I wired them underneath my coat. A ground-wire ran down my trouser-leg to the heel of my shoe. A small switch in my vest-pocket turned on the current.

"With this outfit in readiness I arranged for an interview with Arson, trumping up a deal in Michigan timber which I wished to propose to him. He told me to call Tuesday evening.

"Coming up the walk to his house at about seven-thirty I met him just coming in and he took me into his library. Of course he did not know my real identity, and if he noticed my bulging pockets, he displayed no curiosity. As he sat thinking over my proposal I rose to knock the ashes from my cigar onto the tray just a little behind him. My opportunity had come. Swiftly drawing the electrode from my pocket I pressed it tightly to the back of his fat neck, simultaneously turning on the current. He shivered. His arms and legs stiffened out. In a minute he was dead. My score was settled.

"Not wishing to be seen by the servants, I stepped out through a window and went back to my apartment. In the morning the papers would be full of the sudden heart-failure of a prominent business man and after lying low for a day or so I would be absolutely safe. The papers came out as I had predicted. In the evening paper I also saw your advertisement, and saw an opportunity of disposing of the only evidence of my guilt. That is all. My plans seem to have been weak at some point. Where, I do not know, but you have evidently found it. Do with me now as you please."

With a tired gesture the murderer sank back in his chair. My companion rose and, going to the door, blew shrilly on his police whistle. Turning to Reddy he said, "The officer will take charge of the gentleman. Have him sent to the city, to be bound for trial. We have just time to catch the eight-forty, Moses."

On the train I lit a cigar and settled back comfortably to wait for Van to begin elucidating.

"In this world, Moses, every action is related to another. Every result has its cause. The criminal either seeks so to isolate an action or chain of actions from all other actions, that the relation cannot be found, or he attempts to conceal the cause from the result. The detective's duty is to ferret out the flaw in his plans and to establish the true relations." He took a long pull on his cigar and continued, "You and the sergeant, because you could not reason out the true cause, hit upon the most probable one and said heart-failure. Probabilities don't go in this business, Moses.

"Before I get through, you will admit that it was all very simple. In the first place, why did the stranger break open a window and take his exit by that way rather than through the usual passage? Secondly, you might have noticed that the cigar stub on the floor and that in the tray were both of the same length showing that the man had been there up to if not at the moment of the death of Arson. Again, imprints in the soft earth about the porch showed the stranger had walked around instead of following the porch to the steps. Furthermore the doctor's statements as to the condition of the patient's heart discredited the theory of heart-failure. All these are the weak points in the murderer's plan which he overlooked.

"Having established with reasonable certainty his guilt, the next thing to do was to find what agency had been used. It is that which was the most puzzling of all. No mark on the body and no poison within, and yet the man was dead. A peculiar situation, Moses. There was only one clew. You remember that the sergeant spoke of one of the hands still twitching when the body was discovered. This is peculiar muscular action continuing after death, and due to shock to the nervous system caused either by a severing of the spinal cord or by a charge of electricity. In case of the latter, muscular twitching may go on for three minutes after death. But to cause death by electricity takes a current of about 1180 volts potential. To carry a machine, capable of generating such a current, around in one's pocket is preposterously impossible. It must be, then, that the murderer had invented such a machine as I described in my advertisement. In this supposition, as you know, I proved correct. That I could induce the criminal to attempt to sell his machine I had little

doubt, as I believed that he trusted absolutely in the originality of his scheme to save him from any suspicion. However, in order to remove any suspicions he might have, I gave an out-of-town address and so," sitting up and slapping me on the back, "justice triumphs again."

GERRIT WARNSHUIS, Prep. '11.

THE Y. W. C. A. CONFERENCE.

"Lake Geneva's the place to go
For friendships true and fair,
Waters blue, and woodlands, too,
And girls from everywhere."



IRLS, if you ever have the chance, by all means go to a Summer conference at Lake Geneva. The Y. W. C. A. Camp is one of the very prettiest places in the country. It is ideal with all its natural beauties and its atmosphere of true, unselfish friendliness which seems to surround you the moment you arrive.

A Summer conference means more than one who has never experienced it can ever imagine. It means that within one short week you are made to feel how woefully narrow, uninformed, and ambitionless you have been, but at the same time how much there is in store for you, and in how great and grand a work you may have a share if you will.

In spite of the fact that so many types of girls attend a Summer Conference, there are, perhaps, two predominating motives that bring them there. One girl goes because she has been appointed and her friends are all anxious that she should go—so she merely follows the line of least resistance. Another girl has heard about the wonderful meetings and the inspiration which comes from them. She expects that great things are going to happen,—her old habits are going to fall away; her faith is going to be reconstructed for her; and she is going to lead a new life from that time on. Do either of these girls come back as they thought they would? It is true they are not the same; there has been a change but not a sudden one. Be-

lieve me, girls, when I say that those eight days which we spent at Lake Geneva were days of the most natural and, therefore, most wondrously happy Christian living we have ever experienced. Christ is alive and near each of us now, and we may have Him for our friend—we may love Him, serve Him, and be happy.

MAE DE PREE, '12.



THE ANCHOR.

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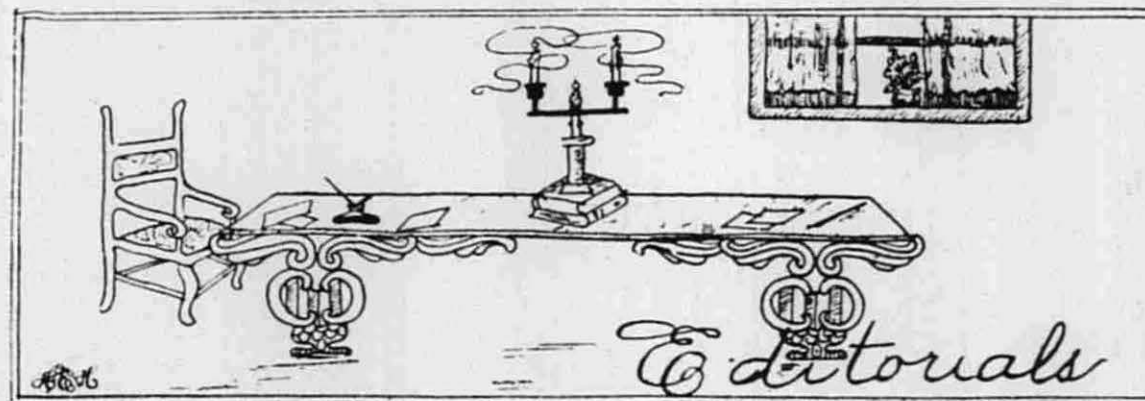
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"TOUCHING THE HIGH SPOTS."

"Touch the high spots." Have great ambitions. Ancient counsel, indeed,—and that to a band of buoyant boys and girls, to young people supposed to be full of keen hopes and naturally ambitious. Youth is always ambitious, they say; why then exhort you to be what you are already? Why give such stale, useless advice? Just a moment, and we will explain.

There is unquestionably plenty of ambition in the world, but how far does all this ambition go? There are aspirations

and aspirations, but not all are high aspirations. Here's the point—each one of us has particular ideals and goals, but some of us haven't placed them high enough. How often we say, "I passed that test, that's all I care for," or "So-and-so will beat me anyway, I guess I won't try." We set our limits too low; our eyes are not on the high spots. And beside us is a man,—perhaps of mediocre endowment—but aflame with lofty designs, and borne on by his aspirations to attainments that we ourselves might have won. Of course, the ambitious individual may not always reach the high spots on which he gazes, but the strain of going after them will place him higher than he was before, and the sight of his well-meant efforts will gladden parents and friends.

The beginning of the school year is a good time to locate our high spots. Preparatory student, there's a higher grade to get in geometry; Sophomore, there's a better chemistry record to make; society-member, write a better essay or a more clever budget than any one has done before; you of retiring habits, put on a smile and be sociable; athlete, play your very best, and set a high sporting standard for Hope. Now is the time to look up, fellow-students, and see the countless high spots, challenging your boldest endeavors. "Hitch your wagon to a star!" Get the aviator spirit. Dare to be a Wright or a Hoxsey!

STUDENT ACTIVITIES.

With the continual growth of our college the number of student organizations and student activities is yearly increasing. Every year some new organizations are launched and new pursuits entered upon by our students. This is as it should be. The larger the number of students the more extended will be the scope of their interests and the more varied their pursuits. Each one has his own particular work in which he takes peculiar delight and from which he secures profit. A desire on the part of several to enter upon some new work will naturally lead to co-operation and organization. We rejoice in the fact that there are no superfluous societies or clubs on the campus; we need them all and all are worthy of

our staunchest support, because they exist for a useful purpose.

But what should be the attitude of the student when there are so many opportunities to develop? Should he thoughtlessly plunge into countless activities and affiliate himself with every movement on the campus? By no means. It is not the function of every student to become interested in every organization and devote a fraction of his time to each. Our student life is becoming so complex that great discretion must be used to avoid this danger. Each one should seek to join a few organizations with whose work he is in sympathy and from which he can derive benefit for future usefulness. It sometimes occurs that students are so absorbed in affairs, good in themselves, but outside of the class-room work, that their studies become a side issue and suffer very seriously. This is wrong. Class-room work is first and foremost at all times, and whatever causes us to neglect this should be left alone. It is exceedingly fortunate that nearly all of us recognize the fact that we are here to study, but sometimes we become so engrossed with other matters, that we slight our lessons. Time is too valuable to be wasted in trivial things and if we fail to store up knowledge and power for the future, our coming here is purposeless, and it would be better for us to go back to our jobs. Our chief duty then is to apply ourselves diligently to our studies and then perform our part of the college activities which are helpful to the student body. This seems to be the proper attitude to take in this busy college of ours.

C. D.

RECRUITING FOR OUR SOCIETIES.

The multiplication of societies at Hope produces an annual membership rush, which is not in all respects pleasant. The new student has scarcely reached town, before he is harassed with glowing or depreciating accounts of the various societies and almost by main force turned toward some particular organization as the goal of his hopes. Meanwhile the intense desire for new members causes some campaigners to stoop to measures which they would hardly dare to lay bare, measures unworthy of students at a Christian school.

However, wiser ones among us desire to give the new student an honest deal. They ask him to visit every society, and after personal consideration of the worth of all, to make a bold, free choice. This plan is excellent theory, and surely it is most reasonable. It is necessary for its success that all the societies adopt it and co-operate to make it a recognized custom. Let us not corral the strangers into our societies, but allow them the use of their own judgments.

OPENING DAYS.



OPENING days were quiet, yet filled with important activities. On Tuesday, September 19th, the usual large number of new students was enrolled, and with the late arrivals, the contingent of strange faces is again very large. The opening exercises on Wednesday morning were of especial interest because our new president, Dr. Vennema, was the speaker, and all extra space in the auditorium was filled with townspeople and friends. The former president, Dr. Kollen, presided in the familiar way, and very aptly welcomed Dr. Vennema to his new office.

Dr. Vennema's address was unpretentious, yet very sound and helpful. After expressing his pleasure in the interest shown by Hope's friends, he laid before the students a few practical thoughts. He assured his hearers that no radical or disturbing change in the management of the school was to be feared, and very particularly made known his eagerness to become acquainted with the students and to receive their love, that he might be a helper and counsellor to them in every way. Education, he said, was the process of bringing out our powers and making us useful. For this, equipment and faculty were not enough. Personal application—hard study was the *sine qua non*. The students were to work hard at school, that their later record might be instrumental in bringing many new recruits to Hope. Finally, they should remember that Hope is a Christian college, realizing that in this reputation she has a most valuable asset. The audience received the address with prolonged applause. Rev. J. Brownlee Voorhees of the Board

of Domestic Missions, and Rev. A. Pieters of Japan, were present and assisted in the program.

LECTURE COURSE PROSPECTS.

The management of the Lecture Course offers a program for the season of 1911-12 at the same time attractive and strong. No effort or expense has been spared. The best musical and platform talent offered by our Lyceum Bureaus has been scheduled.

"The Anitas," a singing orchestra of national reputation, are coming with a repertoire of vocal and instrumental selections, with readings interspersed. The Choral Union will give Mendelssohn's "Elijah," the most popular oratorio in the English language. The Whitney Brothers, that most popular male quartet, will give us another program of their irresistible songs and stories.

Captain Jack Crawford, soldier, poet, man, founder of the Boy Scout Movement, and a peerless entertainer whom ex-President Roosevelt and Mr. William Jennings Bryan are proud to consider a personal friend, will bring us a message of purity, manliness, patriotism and religion. Captain Jack is a student of nature and a friend to man.

Another powerful man is Mr. William Elliott Griffis, author of "Brave Little Holland and What She Taught Us," "The Mikado's Empire," and many other books. Mr. Griffis is a man of extraordinary insight and keenness. His lecture on "Holland," the land of our fathers, will be particularly interesting to us, who unconsciously are influenced so much and so often by the customs and thought of our forefathers.

Gov. Hoch of Kansas, a mighty orator, a fearless prophet, a strong man in body and character, will come to us with a message from Kansas, the state that saved her consumers of oil millions of dollars, that cleaned her politics, that banished the traffic in liquor and accomplished many reforms. Mr. Hoch is a man you cannot afford to miss seeing, much less hearing. He is a direct, convincing and brilliant speaker, using pathos and humor at will, yet always for some worthy end.

The course is more than worth the price of a season

ticket. Purchase your tickets at your earliest convenience and get a good seat. If you can afford it buy two tickets and swell the Library Fund to which the surplus money of the course is devoted.



Extracts from the Report of the Necrologist of the Alumni Association for 1910-11.



NEVER has the well-worn proverb, "Death loves a shining mark," been more signally verified than during the past scholastic year, in the passing away of two of the most brilliant of the alumni of our college—Prof. Dr. Gerrit Henry Dubbink and Prof. Dr. John Ernst Matzke, both of them still in the prime of life and in the midst of their usefulness. No sons of Hope have reflected greater credit upon their Alma Mater than these brilliant men. Very unlike in many respects, they both achieved honor and success, and both rendered valuable and distinguished service to the generation in which they lived and wrought.

Gerrit Henry Dubbink was born at Overisel, Michigan, Dec. 3, 1866. From childhood he manifested that love of learning and goodness which so signally characterized his entire life. After the usual preparatory training, he entered Hope College in 1888, and graduated with unusual honor and distinction in 1892.

In the fall of 1892 he entered the Western Theological Seminary at Holland, Michigan, to prepare himself for the Christian ministry. Adding great diligence and conscientious application to an unusually clear and logical mind, he took high rank as a student, and was no sooner graduated in 1895,

than he was called to the important pastorate of the Third Reformed Church of Holland. For nine years he served this church as pastor with signal ability and great acceptance, gaining a commanding influence not only in his own church, but in the entire city.

In 1904 Dr. Dubbink was elected by the General Synod as Professor of Systematic Theology in the Seminary from which he had graduated only nine years before. Giving himself with full consecration of all his powers to this responsible work, he became very successful in it, and it was hoped that he would serve the church for many years. Being the students' spiritual adviser as well as theological teacher, and influencing as much by his character as by his instruction, he was no less affectionately loved than he was highly respected.

His mental vigor and spiritual power were greater, however, than his physical strength; for many years an insidious disease had been preying upon him, which though long resisted with great determination, finally laid him low, so that on July 26, 1910, at the age of 43 years, he went to be with God. His death was as triumphant as his life.

A man of very different type was Prof. John Ernst Matzke, whose death occurred suddenly in the City of Mexico, September 18, 1910.

Born in Breslau, Germany, October 20, 1862, he came with his parents to America while he was still a boy, settling with them in Illinois. Coming to Hope College in 1878, he soon manifested an unusual taste and aptitude for linguistic studies, and while attaining high rank in every branch of study, it was evident that linguistic research claimed him for her own. He was graduated with honor from our college with the class of 1882. This was in a very real sense only a "Commencement" of his life as a student.—(From Modern Language Notes, Baltimore, Nov. 1910.) "Having passed his examination for the doctorate at Johns Hopkins, he was successively professor in Bowdoin College and the University of Indiana and associate in the Johns Hopkins faculty, before assuming in 1893 the headship of the department of Romance Languages in Stanford University, where he remained for the seventeen years that have since elapsed. The forty-six books, journal

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articles and reviews that have appeared over his signature in the twenty-four years since he began to write bear testimony, by the notable evenness of their distribution through the time of his scholarly activities, to the steadiness and constancy of his investigations, while their ever-increasing grasp and penetration manifested that he would still have had before him his period of greatest maturity and productiveness. As the editor of text-books in French and Spanish, by his work in modern French literature, and particularly by his editions and studies in Old French literature, and by his researches in the field of French historical grammar, he has contributed in no small measure to the advance of Romance teaching and scholarship in the United States."

This is a remarkable record, and while we regret that Dr. Matzke was not permitted to live beyond the age of 45 years, we rejoice to know that Hope College has produced at least one scholar who has achieved a world-wide reputation.

MATTHEW KOLYN, '77.

Holland, Mich., June 10, 1911.

Alumni News.

Rev. John Van Ess, '99, and Miss Dorothy Firman were married at Oak Park, Illinois, on June 29. They will return to their field in Arabia this fall. On the same day at Cedar Grove, Wisconsin, occurred the marriage of Rev. William Walvoord, '08, to Miss Jennie Renskers. The Rev. John A. Van Dyk, '07, and Miss Carrie De Pree were married on August 16, in the Second Reformed Church at Zeeland, Mich. Heartiest congratulations to Hope's sons and newly-adopted daughters.

Three new pastorates are being entered upon by Hope alumni:

East Overisel, Michigan—Rev. H. Vander Ploeg, '92; No. Yakima, Washington—Rev. Berend Bruins, '02; Walden, New York—Rev. J. R. Sizoo, '07.

Rev. John Vande Erve, M. D., '95, has been elected to the chair of Physiology in the school of medicine in the University

of Alabama. For the past few years he has been pursuing a course in medicine at Rush Medical School.

Rev. H. V. S. Peeke, '87, is about to welcome back to Japan his wife and children, who sailed on September 6 from San Francisco for Nagasaki.

Corporal Manley Stegeman, Prep. '05, has successfully passed his examination for quartermaster-sergeant of the U. S. Marine Corps. He served in Porto Rico and recently has been on duty at the shartshooters' range near Boston.

Several former graduates have enrolled themselves among the number of full-fledged pedagogues. Mr. Arthur Misner, '08, will have charge of the commercial department in the High School at South Bend, Indiana. Mr. George Roest, '09, becomes principal of the school at New Era, Michigan. The chair of German in the High School at Monmouth, Illinois, will be occupied by Mr. August Veenker, '10. Miss Nettie De Jong, '06, is principal of the High School at Alton, Iowa.

Mr. John Niessink, Prep. '07, died at his home in Kalamazoo on August 3. In recent years he attended the Detroit College of Medicine.

On September 16 occurred the death of Rev. Peter Ihrman, '82, of Marion, New York. The death, due to heart-failure, came very suddenly. The Anchor extends its tenderest sympathy to the sorrowing families.



Basket ball at Hope received a severe blow when, at the opening of the school year, the faces of Hope's two star athletes, Vruwink and Stegeman, were missed. The former entered Northwestern at Chicago, while the latter is at Conrad, Montana, following the teaching profession.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association held Sept. 21,

Arthur Heusinkveld was elected athletic director, to fill the vacancy caused by the departure of Vruwink. G. Stegeman was elected to the office of secretary, which heretofore had been held by Heusinkveld.

Football.

C. Holleman was appointed football manager during the absence of Van Bronkhorst. The prospects for football are very encouraging and with the new material Hope should put out a winning eleven.

Fall Sports.

Cross-Country Walk.
Tennis.
Football.
Fishing at the Park.



Two of our seedy-looking fellows met in front of chapel the opening day of school. "Hello," Jack said to his friend, "you look played out." "Nothing new, Jack—nothing but work, work, work from morning till night," answered the friend. "That so? How long have you been at that job?" asked Jack.

"I start tomorrow," answered the student.

Van Zyl (to one of the new students)—"Where did you come from?"

New Student—"From Iowa."

Van Zyl—"What part?"

New Student—"All of me, of course."

After spending a night on board the steamer Puritan

several of our students went to a restaurant. After they were seated around a table, the waiter brought in the eatables and placed them on the table. One of the students asked, "What is that in the bowl, waiter?"

Waiter—"Oh! that's soup."

Student—"Well, for land's sake, here we've been traveling on soup all night and didn't know it."

We all like the Freshmen, but oh, that tug of war!

Heard at the opening exercises:

Prof. Nykerk—"I've heard her read myself, and I know she is good."

Kleinheksel—"All the D's, boys and girls, will please get together in that corner immediately after chapel."

Freshie (at the dorm.)—"What makes these potatoes so wet?"

Smart Senior—"My child, they were grown in the spring."

Our 1911 Alphabet.

A is for administration that's new.
B is for Beardslee, and Brush is back, too.
C is for Coleman, a housekeeper clever.
D is for Dimment and Durfee as ever.
E is for Elma whom we adore.
F is for Freshman, green to the core.
G is for Greer, so dark and spare.
H is for Holiday spent at the fair.
I is for Immigrants way from the West,
J is for Janitor, who works without rest.
K is for Kollen and Kuizie, of course.
L is for laziness, no malady's worse.
M is for More, who has learning galore,
N is for Nykerk, who would like to have More.
O is for Obstacles to baffle your brain,
P is for Patterson, the Pull, and pain.
Q is for Quiet we long for in vain,
R is for Raap, the River and Rain.
S is for Sutphen and Sympathy, too,
T is for Tugging the Sophs did do.
U is for us, may we have a fine year,

V is for Vennema, whom we still fear.
 W is for Wichers, but not yet for wife.
 X is for xamples we do in our life.
 Y is for Yntema, who is quite new,
 Z is for zeros, we hope you'll get few.

Senior—"When do spring and fall come together?"

Smart Freshman—"When the bed slats break."

What the Freshman would like to know—

If the Seniors talk Greek at the table.

If Van der Woude is as popular as he thinks he is.

Why we call Prof. Nykerk "Banty?"

If Van Zyl never shaves?

If Van Vleck boys never sleep at night.

If the dorm girls always climb in through the windows at night.

If there isn't an elevator in Van Raalte.

Why there are so many bachelors on the faculty.

Why they didn't build Van Raalte closer to Van Vleck.

When Prof. Nykerk said we could get our books in River street, we wondered if they were free to pick up and carry off.

Heusinkveld's argument for the value of criticism in a literary society: "None of us can lay an egg, but most of us can tell the difference between a good one and a bad one."

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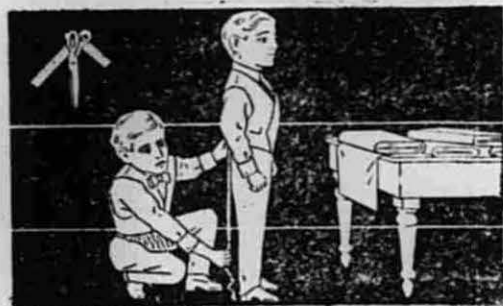
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