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The Anchor

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SEPTEMBER
WHEN EVERYTHING'S JUST RIGHT

WELCOME! thou month when everything's just right;
No shade and sunshine both afford delight;
Now Summer's sultry, stifling heat has passed,
Not yet has come the chilly autumn blast.
Nocturnal frosts and constant showers by day
Have not appeared to make a permanent stay.
Of equal length are now both day and night,—
This is the month when everything's just right.

No heat or cold at night prevents our sleep,
Refreshing now our slumber, sound and deep.
No dust nor mud upon the road is found,
While soft, new grass again decks the ground;
The orchard trees a heavy burden bear
Of luscious, mellow fruit, and still they wear
Their summer garb of leaves, fresh, green, and bright,—
All hail the month when everything's just right!

The hurry of the harvest days has ceased,
From sweat and toil the farmer is released;
His barns are filled with plenty for his flocks
And herds. Next winter's month of need he mocks,
For on his farm he's grown a bounteous store
Of fruits and greenstuffs for his cellar floor.
The apples, melons, grapes, a tempting sight,
All crown the month when everything's just right.

Now school-bells ring again their "dong, ding, dong"
To call the children back where they belong;
Now mothers from a load of care are freed,
And teachers labor for their monthly meed.
Each student now resumes his proper place,
Refreshing and strengthened for the mental race;
Each one is eager to renew the fight
In this glad month when everything's just right.

Now pastors to their charges have returned
From summer trips and holidays well-earned.
Attending service wearies us no more
Since hot and sultry summer days are o'er.
Soon Autumn's chilly rains will come and go,
Soon Winter will be here with ice and snow.
September's days will soon have reached their height;
Then farewell! month, when everything's just right.

—Kroolama '14
The Anchor
"Spera in Ide"  
VOLUME XXVI  OCTOBER 1913  NUMBER 1

BIRCH CRESCENT

AR OUT in the uncertain west there appeared, as it were in a night, a seemingly ideal city. Ideal, not because of its phenomenal growth, but because of its model government, in which respect it surpassed old modern up-to-date cities. Ideal also on account of the high, distinctive qualities found in its inhabitants. This city, as all other cities, portrays in a unit the characteristics of its individual citizens but with the better or more refined far in the foreground.

The streets of this city are wide open ways between rows of houses and other buildings designed in perfect architecture. The buildings are decorated very artistically with real painting, or if constructed of brick, with a foliage of pure green. The trees along the streets are maples. Those planted here and there in the neatly kept lawns, dotted with beds of fragrant flowers, are a species of the willow bending down their weeping boughs to mother earth. The parks within are beautiful beyond description. The whole city with its numerous beauty spots offers an outward sense of satisfaction to its citizens, who are permitted an undisturbed life in a place where all conveniences are common. Even the birds flitting about from tree to tree sing their notes of nature music in contrast to the humdrum of noises found in places where all business is manufacturing and the chief aim an accumulation of wealth with a disregard for personal enjoyment. Birch Crescent is a place where only nature loving people can unroll their mystic books of life and be content.

The location of this city is such that it shows a trait of forethought on the part of its builders who planted the city at the junction of two railroads, each penetrating the distance through small valleys. These sever in different directions the surrounding high mountains. It’s position is such that Birch Crescent is in immediate connection with all parts of these United States in which it has gained prominence.

But what is the meaning of all this description? Has this city won its importance through its beauty? No! Indeed, if the above described beauty were but the real characteristic found in its citizens, it would have a different history. It might then on the other hand be a city, as many are, left in obscurity and unnoticed by all. It seems as if among many good points, there must be one trait of devilishness working its way and playing the part which makes such histories interesting. And if it is in this way that this city has in its history of short duration a story to tell, a story which none but keen observers and those well acquainted with its inner life can relate.

Among the youth of this town, in its early history, was a boy named Lionel Lonzo. He was a bright chap, a genius in respect to his inventive ability. He was admired by all and readily accepted by parents as a suitable companion for their children. Although a boy with a double personality, he was never caught displaying those traits which in so many cases lead men early to such disreputable destinies.

At the age of nineteen he graduated from Birch Crescent College with high honors. Being mechanically inclined, he entered a university in a neighboring city where he could work out his special inclinations. Great was his interest in the work he pursued and all at home encouraged his attempts. While there, he made acquaintance with a rich man’s son, Charles Grinkley. They became fast friends, mutual in all things.

It happened that at the time of his graduation Birch Crescent was in need of a mechanist, for which position Lionel was chosen. His future seemed settled; for being blessed with such advancement immediately after graduation and at so early an age, life could bring for him nothing but high honors.

Things went on smoothly for a time, when suddenly the town was startled with the death of Mr. Bartley, the richest man in town. He was found dead early one morning just as his partner in business returned to his office. His body was lying but a few steps from the door. Upon examination it was found that the deceased sustained no injuries, the body being unmarked with the exception of a small soft place, showing a deep red color in the back of his neck. An inquest was
The Anchor

held but the case dismissed, death being pronounced due to heart failure.

The morning after this man's funeral two more bodies were found, both affected in the same way and both of the wealthy class of people. Both were marked with the same spot although located at different places on their heads.

The people of the town were puzzled and alarmed and began to investigate. Never before had anything like this occurred in their city. Detectives were engaged and all possible means employed to clear the mystery. The strangest part of all was, that a body had been found in the country, and that the manner of death corresponded to those in Birch Crescent. A strange death had also occurred in a neighboring city.

Several weeks passed by and business went on as usual. City affairs were in a flourishing condition. Private bank accounts as well as those of business concerns were growing, and especially that of Lionel Alonzo as was discovered by some business men who heard part of a private conversation between the cashier of the bank and a stranger inquiring after Alonzo's credit. It became known that he intended to invest money in a large tract of land for speculation. Some thought it quite strange that the bank should be so free in allowing credit for such an undertaking, and to so young a man, whom they knew not to be wealthy. It could not be that he had sufficient to buy a house for himself after investing money in thousands of acres of land.

Just when these questions were of the greatest interest, it became known that Lionel had accepted a position on the police force. This action on his part created general suspicion. What could induce such a remarkable young man to throw away his envied position and choose to work his way as a common police officer? "Think of the difference in salary. Above all, how was he going to make good his investment in land?" were some of the questions on the people's lips. All Birch Crescent was excited, for nothing of this kind had ever before happened in the city's short history of sixteen years. It was known that in two years this city had grown to its present size and had remained in its flourishing and peaceful state until these recent mysterious events had roused it into a turmoil.

One morning when Lionel was walking his assigned territory as a policeman a strange gentleman stepped up to him, and handed him a letter which he immediately recognized as bearing his own handwriting. At the same time the stranger informed him that he would have to arrest him.

Upon further explanation the unexpected news spread that Lionel Alonzo was the important actor in all the recent happenings. A letter had been found by the detectives which furnished the clue to all the mystery. This letter had been sent to Charles Grinklely, who was foreman in a nearby mining camp, and who had recklessly dropped it on the street accidentally. In this letter were found the names of four policemen including Lionel Alonzo and a few men in neighboring cities. It stated another attack upon some rich man whom they knew to be out alone at the time appointed.

All these were immediately arrested and kept in closest confinement.

A few days later it was found that they faced a complicated situation. Lionel was proven to be the leader of a gang of murderers including the police at Birch Crescent and Grinklely at whose home they had their headquarters. Their object was wealth which they obtained by means of a machine invented by Lionel Alonzo and his closest friend, Charles Grinklely. The machine was an aeroplane built so as to be able to support an invention with which to shoot rays of radium from a distance in the air to its victims beneath. This device caused immediate death and left no marks but those afore mentioned.

With this mystery solved we also have a glimpse of the undesired character of our city. All that seemed so beautiful and great, proved to be but an outward appearance; while from the career of Alonzo we find that a mean and double personality will find its way to the surface sooner or later.

A. LUBBERS, '15.
FROM AN ALUMNUS

To The Anchor:

AM sending this snapshot of myself, not that you may see how seraphic my face is after my ordination as a "finished" product of an eastern seminary, but that you may pity either the Apache Indians here or myself. In this costume I would not hesitate to baptize, in my riding knickers, to officiate at a wedding, to bury the dead, to make social calls, to preach, or to perform any rite or duty peculiar to or incident to my office herself.

Now, just before leaving Chicago I purchased a pair of rubber boots. The first time I wore those boots was at the baptismal service of little Martha Sombrero whose father, a government policeman, was stationed in this canyon. Rev. Harper and I drove fifteen miles to perform the service, and when we reached the camp, rain was falling again. It had been falling throughout that fifteen mile drive, and boots had been put on and were on to stay. There were seven of us in the little tent that served as a house for the little Apache maid, and nobody thought of form or convention. Surely the old Indian grandmother, who crouched at the door of the tent, did not grow lachrymose or wax dewy spiritually because I wore rubber boots and a "slicker" and because Rev. Harper was dressed no better.

Rain, hail, thunder, lightning, beds on the ground, make this work here anything but a Prince Albert ministry. And again, if ecclesiastical virtue resides in a Prince Albert, then my stock of that commodity hangs in a closet at 6726 Emerald Ave., Chicago, Ill., and I perhaps am anathema to these New Mexican Apaches.

I am up here in a canyon between the White and the Sacramento mountains. "Up" means an altitude of 6,627 feet, and that signifies thin, clear air, days not too warm generally, and nights just right for sleeping—two covers are rarely amiss. Thin, clear air! With the naked eye I have seen a double star in Scorpio that required a glass in New York and New Jersey to see. With a glass I have found stars in the Pleiades that were not to be seen with that same glass in New York and New Jersey. The sky on a dark night is simply diamond-studded. Such brilliancy and such twinkling I have never seen before.

But! Clouds will gather and rain will fall. When rain falls here, it falls regardless of "Who's Who in America, and Why." Lightning flashes too, and the way it lights up these dark spots in the canyons is a trifle weird at times. Then sometimes it twists a spiral of bark off from a pine or fir, and at time it is content to split an ambitious towering pine on the mountain side. And then, how the thunder rumbles and roars through these mountain passes! You hear things; for these canyons are as quiet as the tomb. I rode through a rain and hail storm the other day, and had it not been for my big riding "slicker" that covers me and my saddle, I'd be damp even now. I had ice on my rein hand, and my horse's neck was crooked like this? as he faced the storm.

However, I enjoy this "roughing it" life. I feel strong when climbing a mountain with my horse or when riding through the rain and hail. There's that about this life that feels like honest fighting, and one's heart and muscles respond. It is great to get off your horse after a rainy ride, to throw down the reins and let your old faithful graze while you throw your "slicker" on the ground and then get get busy with the "grub." You feel like a man, and your blood flows fast when you cut down the pines for a corral and hear the tree crash to the ground. There's a bigness here that somehow touches the soul; there's a freedom that is not license; a rubber boot conventionality that seems to make one breathe easy.

There's a wilderness here that is wild only because we cannot see the freedom of God in it. I stood on a mountain summit a few weeks ago, and looked off to the southwest. I was up perhaps 8,000 feet, and from my point of vantage I could see the San Andreas mountains, forty miles away. Between me and the San Andreas were peaks and peaks. They were scattered in reckless abandon, so it seemed, and as I stood there I could almost believe that these mountain monsters were calling to each other. It seemed as if there were voices calling across the canyons and echoing from summit to summit, rumbling, crashing voices that made sport of the puny men in the canyons. Oh it all seemed so terrifically wild, yet there was a peace over all the scene. The blue, purple, red
and gray haze hung quietly above the canyons and around the mountain sides, and then when I listened for the voices again they were gone. No, it was not wild; it only seemed so to me, for I could not see and hear the God-freedom in it all.  

* * * * *  

Beeshee, Old Beeshee, for he's the oldest Indian in the tribe, was formally introduced to me one day at an ultra swell dance. Beeshee was a guest. I was more or less of an interloper, but the "rubber boot" democracy ruled here too, and I was welcome. Now, Beeshee was tired and the tepee pole against which he was leaning didn't mind. Neither did I. Beeshee had been up all night at the dance, and tepee pole and minister excused the comatose pose of the game old Apache. One of the first details that meets one's eye when visiting Beeshee is his left ear. This is slit along the rim and the unorthodox section hangs over the orthodox portion of the left hearer. How Beeshee got the pendant is best answered by asking no questions. I will say, however, that nine counts vs. one it is due to Apache deviltry, the which, in the language of the Theological Seminary, is called sin. In crude days men married each other's features and physiques; in our refined age we mar each other's character and reputations. Doubtless Beeshee's antagonist would just as soon have marred Beeshee's "rep," but he didn't have time for analysis with his dirk; he was not concise nor precise enough. That ear is an odd organ attachment. I was thinking as I sat there, and this is what I thought: Beeshee has an artificial pedometer. That pendant must hit the rest of the ear when he walks. If it hits the ear, then Beeshee can hear himself walk. Thus he can count the steps he takes, and the number of steps known and the length of his stride measured, he can tell how far he walks each trip. "It's an ill wind, etc."

Old Nitche, Geronimo's valiant lieutenant, is now a member of our church. Nitche's nature has not been destroyed by his twenty-three years as prisoner of war. It still lives, though its force and tendency have been altered and directed by Christianity. When Nitche prays I can hear him calling to his warriors, and giving his blood-curdling Apache war cry. Were you outside of the church and ignorant of the fact that Nitche was praying, you would think that verbal warfare was in prog-

ress and muscular trouble abrewing. His speech is rapid, decisive; his voice is strong and well modulated. When Nitche talks to God, God must listen to an Indian whose hands are stained with blood, and who still is a warrior, through Christianized. Nitche today is a conscientious government policeman. (New York police papers please copy.)  

* * * * *  

The other day we rode fifteen miles over the mountains to a canyon called the Rinconada. On this trip we struck those steep trails and the ledge passageways where a slip sends one with his horse "rolling down to Rio" clear to Kingdom come.  

**We rode to visit an Apache named Juanita Carillo. Juanita** has a Pueblo wife and, incidentally, five healthy, happy children. Juanita has a truck garden bordered with real old-fashioned holly hocks. We visited, and then the inevitable—lunch. While Juanita and we were visiting, Mrs. Juanita (the Pueblo woman) fried eggs, made biscuit, and brewed a pot of tea. Now we had taken our own lunch, and a big thermos bottle kept our coffee just right. Though that tea was not as good as our coffee, I "downed" two cups of it; our bread did taste better than Indian biscuit, but I ate biscuit. When we had eaten, I slipped a biscuit into my pocket—and nobody saw me do it. I wanted to diminish that pile of biscuits by one more, and I acted a lie to do it. I wanted that Pueblo Indian woman to feel that her kindness and hospitality were appreciated, and I'll take a chance on Beulah Land any time to act that lie again in that canyon tepee home. Some people say that an Indian is "no good," "treacherous," "unreliable," etc. Well—what's the use of talking! While we were visiting, one of the Juanita boys (aged 7 or 8 perhaps) passed in front of Mr. Harper—the little Apache said, "excuse me." I gasped, but it wasn't the thin air that made me do it. Later, one of the little fellows accidentally dropped the shaft of his little express wagon at Mr. Harper's feet. Again came an "excuse me." I did not hear him say it, but Mr. Harper told me about it later. Had I heard him I might have suffered a stroke of some kind. Well, the holly hocks and the polite children speak well for Juanita and wife.  

* * * * *  

Old Beeshee is a type, he's past the age of redemption,
humanly speaking—you'd think so if you saw him. You see in him what a man can devolve into if left by himself, and Beeshee isn't exactly all to blame.

Nitchie and Juanita and Mrs. Juanita and the five little Juantanis? Oh, they have heard a voice. I guess Beeshee never heard it in time.

* * * * *

Doesn't it seem strange that the government has kept some of these Apaches prisoners of war for twenty-three years, while Indian agents and Indian storekeepers were allowed to run free? Isn't it inconsistent to make old Mrs.—— spend her days pulling weeds as punishment and pass her nights in the "lock-up" because she made tiswin for her people, and to let Mr. White Man Brewer sport his 1913 auto or 5th Avenue? Of course, he'd get into trouble—maybe—if he sold his liquor to the Apache, but he does get a license to sell liquor to white folk.

This is the country where men shoot perfectly good men like Lincoln and McKinley.

Sincerely yours,

Mescalera, N. M.

"JIM" DYKEMA.

THE BOY MUSICIAN

8. HASKINS and his son were very close friends. Both were great lovers of Nature; and when Mother Earth was garbed in verdure, they often took long walks together. Sometimes Parnell would even accompany his father when he went to call on some member of his flock. Both loved to roam through the woods so magisterial and grand, there to see the squirrels and chipmunks, to hear the melodious songs of the birds, to look for violets and other Spring beauties. Indeed, they had many things in common.

Mr. Haskins, a scholarly and influential pastor, although he spent much time with his son, whom he loved so dearly, had many duties, which required his time. As a consequence Parnell would often be left to himself, he was unfortunately an only child. Parnell's father though wise and liberal minded in many respects, had sad to say, unwisely chosen a profession for his son. It was his earnest desire that Parnell should enter the ministry, for he thought that this was the work in which his son might accomplish the most good for humanity. Parnell, who generally agreed with his father, did not do so in this instance. He desired to study music.

The boy's uncle who was a talented musician, had given him a costly violin when he was still very young. Parnell had only a hazy remembrance of this gift and knew not whether it was real or imaginary, and he dared not ask his father. But, one day he made a wonderful discovery. He found in the attic the idol of his dreams, a real violin. Parnell did not tell his father of his singular discovery; for he well knew this pleasure would soon be taken from him if he learned of it. Those hours which were so long, now since his mother was no more there to cheer him, were shortened by those sweet melodious tones which consoled him so much; for truly he loved music.

Parnell, now cared little for the pleasant trips through the country, the beautiful river scenery which he otherwise enjoyed so much. Instead, he looked forward to the hours when he would be alone. Little did his father realize why he prized home so highly these days. He never for a moment thought of the violin, although he knew that his son was a great lover of music and apparently talented in that direction. He himself enjoyed music too, but deemed it an unnecessary luxury. What good could any person who would devote his entire time to music do for the betterment of his fellowmen.

Parnell, however, was steadily progressing. The tones from his instrument were ever becoming sweeter and more melodious. Parnell became very enthusiastic about music, but could not tell his father with whom he otherwise shared all his joys and sorrows, for he knew it would prove disastrous. But it was so hard not to have any one with whom to share this great joy.

One beautiful autumn day, when the earth was decked with a most gorgeous robe, Mr. Haskins was called to a neighboring hamlet, and as Parnell had several little duties which demanded his attention, he was permitted to remain at home. An entire day and alone! No one to hinder him from playing.

Parnell had many friends, especially among the grown-up, more mature young people, and in particular, the quaint
Frenchman, who had been so very kind to him in all his sorrows. Why not share his joy with him? Mr. Grenald, who was very fond of music, would certainly be greatly pleased to learn that his young friend had found an instrument which brought him so much joy and happiness. So it happened that early in the afternoon, he left the house to visit his esteemed friend. After a few general remarks, Parnell told Mr. Grenald of his wonderful discovery and offered to play for him. Parnell's friend, so devoted to him, marvelled at the beautiful music from the violin of our young musician. Indeed, so wonderful that it attracted the attention of those passing by, and strange to say one old gentleman even stopped and ventured to come in. The boy was astounded when Mr. Grenald ushered into the room his own father. Many were the thoughts which came to Parnell's mind, when he saw the face he loved so much, and at times also feared; especially, when his countenance was so stern and calm, his mouth so firm and determined. He was not at all surprised when his father said, "My son, from this time on, you are not to touch the violin." Parnell, although he knew his father did not wish him to play, had never been told not to, although he feared such might be the result, should his father find out. Now all his hopes and ambitions were crushed, and much as Mr. Grenald, his faithful friend, might plead for his young friend all attempts were in vain. "I desire my son to enter the ministry, to become a useful helpful man," said the father after he had heard the earnest entreaties of his friend. Little did he realize that there were other means by which his son might be of more help and comfort to mankind.

Months passed. Parnell ever obedient to his father's commands seemed no more the happy boy he once was. Father and son, though they traveled the same roads, roamed through the same meadows and woods they formerly had, lived no more in each other.

Parnell's day-star was continually sinking, ever growing more dim.

Early the following Spring Mr. Haskins and his son were called to the bedside of a very dear friend in a neighboring village. The drive was a long, but not unpleasant one, for the scenery was ever changing, showing the wonders and grandeur of Nature in one continuous picture.

They found Aunt Mary, as ever, cheerful and patient. She had grown much weaker since they had last seen her, her cheeks, otherwise rosy, had become pale and white. Parnell and his father were both sad to find their friend so ill. "Is there anything I can do?" asked Mr. Haskins in his friendly manner. "No, there is really only one thing I desire," she replied in a calm sweet voice, "and that—what is it? asked Mr. Haskins eager to grant that, if it were in his power. "O, now since Sidney has gone to his heavenly home, no one is left to play for me."

Parnell, who had already discovered the violin in the corner of the room, looked up to his father with beseeching eyes. The father nodded his approval and Parnell, with beaming countenance took the violin and began to play,—and such music!

"Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast
To soften rock or bend a knotted oak."

Smiling and happy Aunt Mary listened with eager ear, and said, "Indeed heavenly music," and was content. Then all wondered at the skill of the boy musician. The father realized his mistake in having chosen a profession for his son and also in thinking music, the food of love, of no avail.

Happy and content were both father and son as they returned home that evening. Soon afterward Parnell was sent to a large city to study with a distinguished instructor who was much impressed with the boy's talent and predicted for him a famous career.

MARTHA BOLKS, '15.

THE REV. JOHN ABRAHAM OTTE, M. D.

T HAS been left to the department of medical missions to supplement and prepare the way for evangelical and educational work in the great propaganda of foreign missions which has for its aim the evangelization of the world. This has been the history of missions wherever established. The missions of the Reformed Church of America in the district of Amoy, China, conducted evangelical and educational work ex-
clusively from 1842 till 1888, when medical work was established, and has exerted such tremendous influences, that it is hard to conceive of the success of this station without the medical work.

When Dr. John A. Otte was appointed to this work, anyone who had predicted such success for this undertaking would have been considered a madman. At that time Dr. Otte was a young man who had just graduated from the University of Michigan. He was born at Flushing, (Vlissingen), Netherlands. While he was still very young, the family crossed the seas and settled in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Young Otte was educated at Hope College, and graduated in 1883. After graduation he entered the medical school at Ann Arbor. This almost broke his mother's heart; for, since he lost his voice, he had given up the idea of serving in the ministry to which office she had dedicated him since his birth. Increasing joy came to her when he determined to go as a medical missionary to China.

Great determination and perseverance were required of the young man before he could undertake his beloved work, but every obstacle overcome gave to him the joy of success achieved. With an appointment for China, but without prospect of successfully beginning his work, we find him in 1886-87 in the Netherlands studying surgery. Since he made his home at the Neerbosch Orphanage, he had many an opportunity to speak to the children about China, and strange enough, he here received the first contribution to his work. One evening, after he had addressed the children, a little girl came up to him, and with a happy smile on her face handed him five Dutch pennies, saying, "Doctor, this is for the sick children in China." This was all the little orphan had, and as it was her birthday gift, received from an uncle the day before, it must have been a great sacrifice to the little one. No money ever increased more rapidly than these five insignificant pennies did. They offered Dr. Otte a subject, which not only made him eloquent, but set other hearts on fire in the Netherlands as well as in America, and before a year had expired, friends from these two countries had furnished sufficient funds to build a hospital.

A happy and courageous young physician reached Amoy in January, 1888, and immediately plans were laid to build a hospital at Siokhe, about sixty miles inland. This undertaking became another testing point in Dr. Otte's life. The Chinese officials showed him a great kindness at his arrival, and soon a site for the buildings was secured. No sooner, however, had the work begun, than the natives, urged on by superstition and their antipathy for the foreigner, came to drive them away. A second attempt was made with the same result. They did not want the "foreign devil, with his degrading civilization" to get a firm foothold in their country. After some delay a third site was secured, and now the building went on unmolested, as a result of which, 1889 saw the Neerbosch Hospital completed. The ignorance and unreliability of the Chinese workingmen were very trying to Dr. Otte, but great encouragement came from the Chinese Christians, who came long distances to help in building.

With the hospital completed and opened, the real work was begun in the midst of opposition, enmity, prejudice and misunderstanding. The most absurd tales were told regarding the foreign doctor. Most cases brought for treatment were long-neglected and ill-treated diseases and injuries, often beyond hope from a human viewpoint. But Dr. Otte was a man of prayer, and after he had done all he could, would present his case to God, and thus wrought many wonderful cures. Strong opposition came from the native practitioners. Chinese medical science consists practically of nothing but superstitious practices, and tortures for the sick person, while all sanitation is absent, and medicine, diet, and general care, are just the opposite of what they should be. Small wonder they opposed the foreign physician, for he undermined their material prosperity. In time, however, all prejudice was removed, and Dr. Otte became the most beloved and honored person in that region.

Another foe to effective work, was the indescribable filth and grime in the dwellings everywhere. These insanitary conditions and the arbitrary use of any medicine for any kind of sickness, not only caused disease of every description, but also made restoratives of little or no effect. At times when few patients required attention at the hospital, Dr. Otte found time to visit distant towns and villages, preaching and applying the
healing art. On these tours he had to make use of the Chinese inns, of which he says, "A Dutch pigpen is a fine place in comparison." Among such conditions Dr. Otte labored with the utmost faithfulness.

As early as 1891 he conceived the idea of building a hospital in Amoy which was very much in need of medical aid, and seemed to offer a larger opportunity for service. On his first furlough, in 1896, he again endeavored to interest friends in his beloved work. His success was shown by the fact that in 1898 the Hope Hospital for men, and the Wilhelmina Hospital for women, were erected on the island of Kolongsu, in the Amoy harbor. How large the opportunity was for service, can be judged from the fact that soon over 10,000 patients were treated by him every year.

According to Dr. Otte's own description, the work was divided into four parts. "First, there is the Dispensary. Five days are given to this a week. To these clinics, patients are admitted free of charge."

"The second part of the work is connected with the inpatients. To these everything is furnished free, except food, for which a nominal fee of ten Chinese cents (five American) a day is charged. The ailments vary from tumors weighing more than the patients from whom they are removed, to those they think they are possessed of demons."

"There is one glad note that drowns the cries of misery which often fill our hearts with woe. It is the fact that to all these sufferers the Gospel is preached. This is the third division of the work of the hospital."

"Another phase of the work, the fourth, is that of teaching. To this nine hours a week is given. The course extends over five years, when a certificate is given to those who pass the examinations. No graduate has ever left the hospital without being a church member."

Thus Dr. Otte, like his Master, went about doing good. Wherever he went he tried to relieve physical suffering, but he was equally, nay, more anxious to bring relief to sinladen souls. If we consider the large practice he had, which in 1910 had grown to more than 15,000 patients with over 900 operations per year, then we wonder how he found time at all for preaching. Still at evening he was always eager to go out preaching to the crowds in the streets, and on Sunday the largest portion of the day was spent in telling of Jesus' love. Many a student seeing the example of his teacher, was stirred to more consecrated service. All wondered at his extraordinary capacity for work.

One feels inclined to ask whether all this was appreciated. The Chinese repeatedly showed their high esteem for him by donating large sums of money, or by bestowing honors upon him. They knew him not only as a skilled physician and preacher, but also as an architect. Many a building was built according to his plans, as well as all the hospital buildings. Other appreciation found expression in the liberality with which they contributed to the hospitals. The people knew, too, that these gifts were never put to personal use, but for improving the hospitals. Wards for consumptives, buildings for opium refugees, and a home for the incurable blind,—these were Dr. Otte's ambitions. Nearly all modern improvements, such as the water supply, and the electric light plant installed in the hospitals, were secured by private contributions.

In the midst of large plans for extension work, and further improvements, Dr. Otte was suddenly taken away. When the plague had just broken out in Amoy on its annual visit, he was called to attend a sick man, whose case he at once diagnosed as pneumonic plague, "the most virulent form of that disease." This was on the 6th of April, and in the evening of April 14, after a heroic struggle he succumbed to the same disease. For months he had been looking forward to his coming furlough in 1911, when his life of loneliness should have an end, since Mrs. Otte was again to return with him to the field. However, much earlier and other than expected, he went home, bewailed here, but welcomed there.

The sorrow of the Church, and especially of the people of Amoy knew no bounds. They felt that they had lost a friend, who loved them and cared for them. For more than twenty years he had sacrificed ease, comfort, home, worldly advancement, and finally life itself. Some of Amoy's citizens said, "Had half of the population of Amoy died, they could not have measured up against the loss of this one man." Dr. Otte's work remains a splendid monument. In the medical world he was known as a surgeon of rare skill, and in a heathen nation
there are countless numbers whose transformed lives testify to his service and faithfulness as a preacher of glad tidings.

Whether we measure the greatness of men by their ability and external success, or by the change wrought in the characters and lives of other men; by heroic deeds performed, or by noble self-sacrifice; submit the character and life of Dr. Otte to either of these measurements, and he will appear a giant among his fellows. Not the men of large wealth, nor those of marked ability are great, but those who came “into the world not to be ministered unto, but to minister.” The world may forget Dr. Otte, but the Chinese people will remember him as long as Christianity and Christian service shall be found in China.

B. VAN DER WOUDIE.
On Wednesday morning, September 17th, the doors of Winants Chapel were thrown open to welcome students, both old and new, and all friends of the college. After an address of welcome by the president, Dr. Bruske of Hope Church gave an interesting address. Following that, Dr. Vennema introduced our new professors and initiated them into their work by inviting them to stand on the platform for general inspection.

The Y. W. C. A. extended a cordial invitation to all the girls of Hope, to spend Tuesday afternoon, September 23rd, from three to five o'clock, with them at Voorhees Hall. After a short program, all sorts of novel and successful devices were used for the girls to get acquainted with each other. The Y. W. C. A. girls are always glad to see new girls at their meetings.

The Y. M. C. A. was not far behind in hospitality. On Tuesday evening, September 23rd, they invited all the new boys to spend a social evening with them. A pleasing program was given, after which all busied themselves with getting acquainted. Then each one received his longed for and expected refreshments. The evening closed with the ever-ready college songs.

On Wednesday afternoon, the Sorosis Society entertained the girls of the freshman class in a very agreeable way. An interesting program was given, after which the girls spent a very happy time. Dainty refreshments were served, after which the girls left, very much pleased with the society spirit.

Wallace Visscher, '12, is at the head of the Romance Language Department at Hillsdale College.

Rev. John Warnshuis, '10, recently left for the Arcot Mission in India, where he will serve on the mission field.

Arthur Heusinkveld, '12, is taking a post-graduate course at the University of Chicago.

George Scholten, '11, has given up his teaching and has entered Princeton Seminary.

During the summer months three "Hope" weddings were solemnized. The parties concerned were Rev. John Dykstra, '09, and Miss Irene Stapelkamp, '12; Rev. Anthony Ver Huist, '10, and Miss Irene Brusse, '11; Rev. Arie Te Paske, '10, and Miss Flossie De Jong, '11.

The alumni of 1913 are scattered far and wide. Miss Visscher holds a position as professor in Olivet College. Miss Susan Soerens has gone to the Kentucky mountains to work among the mountaineers. Alec Van Bronkhorst, Richard Vanden Berg, Berend Vander Woude, Henry Colenbrander, George Heuvel and Lambertus Hekhuis have entered the Western Theological Seminary, while Clarence Dame has entered McCormick Seminary at Chicago, and Gerrit De Motts, New Brunswick. Miss Hendrine Hoppers is on her way to the mission field in Japan. The Misses Mae La Huis and Delia Ossewaarde are teaching in the public schools in Zeeland. Henry Pyle, Gebhard Stegeman and William Leenhouts are taking up post-graduate work in science. Miss Helene De Maagd is teaching in the high school in Coopersville.

Miss Grace Hazenberg, '09, has left for Anam, China, under the auspices of the Christian Missionary Alliance.
Now all these numbers don't really mean anything, but our coach gets so angry if we show the slightest disregard for mathematics—therefore, the long string of numbers.

Twenty-eight men responded to the first call and it surely was gratifying to both coaches and manager to see so much interest. Professor Eidson, acting head coach, together with Coach Van Putten are undoubtedly good omens for a winning tear. Putty, who has been in charge this past week, means business and let me tell you that the boys are working hard—they like him—his method—they respect his knowledge of the game. Appreciation for the services of both coaches is on every player's lips.

The schedule is being made up for the season and thus far Kalamazoo College and Kalamazoo Normal have accepted dates, October 18th and 25th, respectively. The C. C. H. S. of Grand Rapids will meet our boys in the opening game on Saturday, October 4th. We want this to be a good season and Captain Van Strien asks that the students play their part in this game. Come out and help us win.

Locals

Ruth—"Isn't it funny? I haven't thought about the boys at all yet this year."

Dr. Godfrey (in Chemistry class)—"Yes, I know that burning sulphur has a disagreeable odor, but maybe it would be a good thing if some of you got used to it."

Professor—"Lockouts and strikes always go hand in hand."

Bright Student—"Maybe that is why there is always a lockout at the dorm, when the clock strikes ten."

Who put the door in dormitory anyway?

Dr. Delano—"When I was a boy, I once had a monkey who committed suicide by eating matches."

Professor Fareis—"Did you find him in pieces?"

Dr. Delano—"Oh, no. They were safety matches."

Who Should Worry?

We should worry like a book and get red (read).
We should worry like a sardine and get canned.
We should worry like a door and get jammed.
We should worry like apples and get paired (pared).
We should worry like a knife and cut up.
We should worry like nuts and get cracked.
We should worry like an ice box and keep cool.
We should worry like a banana and split.
We should worry like our watches and be on time.
We should worry like the dormitory clock and be a little slow.
We should worry like a rope and break.
We should worry like a carpet and beat it.
We should worry like cream and be whipped.
We should worry like a peach and get stoned.

Wednesdays are Stein's Jonah days. (?)

If thy mustache offends thy dearest friend, cut it off.

For Sale—A book of interurban tickets from Grand Rapids to Holland and return. As I have no further need of these tickets for the next nine months, at least, I will sell them at a bargain.—John Van Strien.

'Raus Mit 'Em

White shoes on faculty members.
Gymnasium fees.
Elocution.
Van Der Woude's cat.
The Anchor

The German department evidently needs re-adjustment judging from the frequent meetings of the German instructors.

Professor Hoffman—"Did you know that the P. M. train was mentioned in the Bible?"
Professor Fareis—"No, I did not. Where?"
Professor Hoffman—"Where it speaks of all manner of creeping and crawling things."

Mrs. Durfee (at the dinner table)—"I called on Mrs. Sooy today."
Professor Fareis (dropping his fork and looking up with interest)—"Any relation to Chop?"

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