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EEN AVONTUUR OP EENEN ZOLDER.

I.

ET was een warme Augustusmorgen. De zon liet hare vriendelijke stralen in de gezellige woonkamer van eene kleine villa te Zeist schijnen en kuste de rozig wangen van een slank zestienjarig meisje, dat bezig was de tafel te zetten. Haar lang goudblond haar werd van achteren alleen door een grooten donkerblauwen strik bij elkander gehouden.

Plotseling schrikt zij op; door het open venster heeft iemand haar toegeroepen. Een glimlach verheldert haar gezichtje, wat hare gultige helderblauwe oogen doet schitteren en een kuiltje in hare rechtcr wang toont.

"He, Jet, toch gekomen," zegt zij, "hoe leuk, ik verwachtte je al niet meer. Gijs is daareven al aan' t station gevest, een jaar ouder en draagt een grooten donkerblauwe omhelting hare gezichtje, wat hare gezien, iemand haar toegeruipen. Ecn is Jet binnen gekomen, heeft haar koffertje neergeset en gestalte maar heeft je niet want ze moeten al heel slecht zijn donkerblauwe maar morgen kon't hier een luitenant, die ja'llui vaar in een echt weg oog.

"Ja, Molly, ik kon 't zonder jou in Amsterdam niet meer uithouden. Gijs mag zijne oogen wel eens laten onderzoeken, want ze moeten al heel slecht zijn als hij mij, die toch niet zoo klein is, niet zien kan."

De meisjes begonnen hartelijk te lachen. Ondertusschen is Jet binnen gekomen, haar koffertje neergezet en omhelst hare vriendin nu. Ze doet hare hoo'd en mantel af, valt in eene lichte stoel neer en roept: "Oh, wat is 't hier gezellig! Maar waar blijft je broer toch?"

Ze is ook goudblond, iets kleiner dan Molly, met groote donkerblauwe oogen, waarin dezelfe schittering is. Ze is een jaar ouder en draagt het weelderige haar al in eense loose wrong in den hals opgestoken.

Daar gaat de deur open en een jongmensch van rijzige gestalte en bijzonder knap uiterlijk treedt binnen.

"He, Jet, jij hier, toch gekomen, hoe gek, ik heb je niet gezien, ik moet blind zijn geweest. Jammer dat ik zoo gauw weg moet en niet lang van je lieve gezelschap kan genieten, maar morgen komt hier een luitenant, die jellui dan wel zal amuseeren."

"Ja?" roepen de bakvisschen met een echte meisjesachtige belangstelling, "dat is gezellig. Wie is hij en hoe ziet hij er uit?" "Het is een neef van tante Corry, die onverwachts overkomt en hoe of hij er uitziet, weet ik niet, daar vragen wij jongelw niet naar," antwoordt Gijs.

Ze gaan aan tafel en 's avonds als de meisjes in bed liggen wordt er nog lang over gesproken hoe of "die interessante luitenant" er wel uit zal zien.

II.

Den volgenden morgen moeten de koffers voor Gijs gepakt worden. De twee meisjes zullen het doen met behulp van het dienstmeisje Joh, dat alles aandraagt. Ze zitten juist wat uit te rusten. Het is een aardig tooneel op dien zolder. Jet, zittend op eenen zak linnengoed, haar eene been over 't andere geslagen, terwijl ze haar pantoffeltje op de punt van hare voet laat balanceren. Molly hangt met hare armen over een drooglijn in eene ongeneeneerde houding. Beide zijn in een eenvoudigen rok en blouse gekleed, die er door al het bukken niet netter op zijn gaan zitten. Achter hen op eene oude wijnmand onder een paar grooakte hammen zit Joh met het cricket-bat van Gijs te spelen.

aardige houding en zitten in de pijnlijke wat ze doen moeten als ze, beneden komende, in tantes bijzijn den luitenant weer zullen ontmoeten.

Gelukkig viel dit nogal mee. De meisjes lachen echter nog altijd als ze er aan denken en als ze maar in de verte een luitenant zien aankomen.

—HELEN ROELOFS, Delphi Sorority.

ANTONIO MACEO.

CUBA'S history has been an unending record of carnage and cruelty. Her oppression, endured throughout the long period of Spanish rule, has justly won the sympathy of the world. But the intense sufferings, caused by her struggles for independence, have been hallowed through the noble heroes that died for her salvation. From every loyal son of Cuba Libre there breathes a spirit of intense devotion and gratitude to her heroes, dead and living. Here, as never before, Creole, mulatto and white fought side by side, and poured out their life blood at the altar of Liberty. In the galaxy of their heroes the Cuban reads the names of such men as Marti, Gomez, Masso, Rivera, and Miro. But no Cuban, in whose heart flows but one drop of blood, warm with his rescued "Pearl of The Antilles," speaks without deepest reverence the names of that illustrious family, completely dedicated to the cause of liberty, names loved by the very tongues of infants—those of the Maceos.

The family tradition of the Maceos is a noble one. As in the "lion's brood" of Hamilcar Barca, every son was sacrificed for Carthage's salvation, and as the five heroic sons of Maccabees were sacrificed to regain Judaea's lost splendor, thus this father, a mulatto of Santiago de Cuba, dedicated his family of ten sons to relieve the lot of the slave and that of his own race. The Ten Years' War demanded the lives of five sons. Of these ten, two, Jose and Antonio Maceo, have become famous, and have merited a place among the world's great heroes. The latter, through his tact and generalship, his unswerving fidelity, and his tenderness of character, deserves commemoration in art and song.

Cuba, when Columbus found it, was truly an earthly paradise. He declared it to be the most beautiful land he had ever seen. Its beautiful shores, its productive plains, and its majestic mountains and forests, rejuvenated the spirit of the sturdy mariner. But its very beauty and fertility was the cause of its oppression. As it grew in wealth and its plantations became among the richest in the world, the insatiate greed of the Spaniard became unbounded. The lot of the slave became intolerable, and life for every Cuban too miserable to be borne. Led by Maceo and others, men of intelligence, character, and purest patriotism, the Cubans rose in rebellion in 1868. Inspired by the righteousness of their cause, and defended by the mountains and marshes, a small army of 15,000 resisted for ten years a host of 120,000 Spaniards, fighting until diplomacy did what arms could not do, namely, secure the liberation of the slaves and the promise of self-government.

Even in this Ten Years' War, Antonio Maceo showed masterful generalship. Entering at the age of 20 as a private insurgent and without any martial training, his natural ability as a soldier and his personal magnetism soon placed him in the highest position next to Gomez. His defeat of Campos, his tactful campaign in Baracoa in 1878, and his utter rout of Santaeclases at San Ulpiano, are his three most important services in this war.

Maceo was the only general who refused to sign the peace of Zanjon. Refusing to live under the hated Spanish rule and foreseeing the failure of Spain to keep her promises, he kept up a two months' brave but hopeless effort to continue the struggle, and then went into voluntary exile. With a few more generals he toured the United States and other parts of America to gather funds and to prepare for a new struggle. For, instead of justice, Spain gave redoubled oppression. Exorbitant taxes were imposed, human rights were ignored, and the blood of cruelty flowed as of old. Finally, with a cry of intense despair, Cuba rose in revolt in the spring of 1895. Then Maceo, the last to leave, was also the first general to set
foot on his beloved isle, to wage another mighty struggle for liberty.

The marvelous deeds of Antonio Maceo in this revolution seem too wild and strange to be believed. When upon his arrival, Gomez came to confer with Maceo, Campos with a large army hemmed them in, boasting that he would keep them in Santiago. Maceo, by making a feint on a part of the line, drew the Spaniards towards him, and left an opening for Gomez to escape. Then while Gomez harasses the enemy, he kept them busy around Santiago. Three armies were sent by Campos to capture Maceo. These he defeated in turn, and in the great battle of Bayamo nearly routed Campos' main army. Campos continually changed his camp, only to find himself outflanked. When General Iglon was sent against him with a large army, Maceo led him into an ambush and almost annihilated his army. The Spaniards, to limit the field of battle, had built a trocha, or line of forts, north and south, across the island. This was defended by 60,000 men, and considered by them invincible. Maceo resolved to break through this trocha and to ravage the towns of the west. For this he prepared with consummate generalship. He organized the patriot army of the mountains of Pinar del Rio and strengthened the prefectures with provisions. Then, breaking through the trocha with scarcely any loss of life, for one year he successfully resisted both Campos and Weyler. He dynamized railways, entered nearly every town of the west, and even threatened Havana. Finally on December 2, 1896, he determined to break through the trocha once more. In a dashing raid he accomplished this, and was joined by several hundred men. Then, confronted by a Spanish army, he charged them, saying to his men: "This goes well, al Machete." Leading, on his fiery war-horse, he fell pierced by twenty-three wounds. His body, captured by the Spaniards, was robbed, tied to a horse's tail, and dragged about. His followers, upon recovering his body, buried it secretly and swore not to reveal his grave until liberty was won.

But what was the personal character of Antonio Maceo, who was an inspiration, a fire-brand, a torch, in these dark and wavering days? It was that of a Toussaint or of a Lafayette. His heart was as full of mercy as that of Weyler was full of cruelty. While Weyler, the true son of Spain, starved to death 400,000 innocent women and children and cruelly tortured the captive soldiers, Maceo tenderly cared for the wounded Spaniards and the captured dead. When, after the battle of Bayamo, he found thirteen dead Spanish officers, he brought them into the nearest Cuban homes and returned them safely to Campos. His appeal to the people of the United States is a picture of his nobility of soul. Though he did not like to have American blood shed for Cuban liberty, yet in behalf of the pure and innocent lives that the wild beasts of Spain butchered, he sought American intervention. With an earnestness and nobility that was sublime, he appealed to Weyler to change his merciless policy, writing: "Is it thus that Spain, through you, returns the clemency which we, the redeemers of this suffering people, have exercised in like circumstances? What a reproach for yourself and Spain! Your name will be forever infamous, here and far from here, and remembered with disgust and horror! Retrace, I invite you, your steps, if you admit your guilt, or repudiate these crimes with a heavy hand, if they were done without your consent. At all events, take care that not one drop of blood be spilled outside of the battlefield."

In Maceo, the bleeding and slain, whether friend or foe, ever found a tender friend. Through his pure soul and stainless character, he has become the idol of his people and the admiration of the world. As the "Apostle of Cuban Liberty," he stands first in the record of Cuban patriots, but in true heroism, devotion to the people and their cause, and in sympathy with suffering, he has few superiors among the world's heroes.

A. E. LAMPEN, '11.

THE PEREGRINATIONS OF A PERIPATETIC PEDESTRIAN.

E. TOOK a west-bound train from Chicago on the day after Commencement. The boys from the Hawkeye state were happy because they were going home, and I was heartsick, apprehensive of the loneliness that might come after the party disbanded. Jack and I didn't take a sleeper; it was a long time before we would meet again. We crossed the Mississi-
sippi together, and parted. Jack continued his way homeward while I entered my territory, which was mine only if my ability to sell books gave me possession.

Dubuque being filled with carnival-goers there was no room at the inn. I was compelled to take an attic room, but there were compensations. It was warm and contained a lamp filled with a liquid I had never seen before. My first impression of that oil was that it was a good omen, and that curily I had reached a land of corn and wine. That night I slept the sleep of the just.

The next morning we crossed the Mississippi on a "lay train." It actually stopped for a half-hour to let a freight train pass. One not accustomed to the accommodation train might mistake it for a tourists' special, and such a decision would not be unjustified. Those who have travelled along the river above Dubuque know its beauty. The river islands seem to float downstream as you pass by. The bluffs which tower above you are decorated with fichens and vines. Toward the prairies are the pictured rocks striated with more than twenty varieties of limestone. In the words of an Easterner, this section of Iowa is the "New England of the Middle West.

Everyone but an automobilist finds travel slow in these regions. The only substitute for an auto is the accommodation passenger coach, so called because it is the only coach on a freight train which accommodates passengers. At the speed of ten miles an hour we crept around the hills, and finally reached Turkey Rivers, an Alpine town at the end of a stub line, twenty miles from civilization.

The next day being Sunday, I took a stroll down the river, and after scaling a bluff surveyed the Canaan before me. Below lay the county-seat; in another week all the teachers of that county would be coming to the institute held there. Beyond the town were fertile farms. Surely these wealthy farmers would be interested in my work. But this proved to be an illusion. Monday I began my conquest and found that the county-seat had been thoroughly canvassed with my work the week before. That week I made four dollars, the second skimming.

On the Saturday following we reached Cornville, the richest town in northeastern Iowa, and the sleepest. People live and die there without seeing a railroad. A stranger has rare privileges; in the hotel he is given an east room containing an organ for twenty-five cents a day, and the best German meals are served at cut prices. If you visit this town Bill Schumacker will entertain you. After playing "Die Lorelei" and "Stille Nacht" he will ask you to drink the "yellow golden wine" which he learned to make on this side of the Alps. He is the proud possessor of a sheepskin passport given him by Blaine which gave him audience to the "Pabst" at Rome. When he tells you of his trip with eyes glistening, you are not sure that he has been in Rome, but are convinced that he is the friend of a certain "Pabst," at least.

The nuns and sisters, while not as hospitable as the "pater" are nevertheless good lovers. One of the priests found us down town on Saturday night and invited us to play checkers with him. Long ago he had been a salesman himself and had a fellow feeling for those engaged in the work. We left his home with a picture of his church and an invitation to call as often as we wished. Such is the inimitable hospitality of the West.

The mark of the Fatherland is still on the people; it is seen in their language, dress and architecture. Among the country churches are several worth from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars. Medieval in style, the mural paintings and sculpture are exquisite. All the church services are impressive. On a feast day one might well imagine himself in Germany, so faithfully have these country people kept the customs of their ancestors.

The standards by which they judge a stranger are many and varied. To one you are a teacher or professor; to another, a college man coming to enlist students. One farmer who had read that Kermit Roosevelt was coming West, imagined he was an honored host when I presented myself. A woman told her neighbor that we were inmates from a "cracked-nut" factory near by. Again, you are mistaken for a "candidate" and are led to preach a sermonette. At the next place, perhaps, you are taken for a tramp and treated as such. Some forget that a canvasser has the same feelings and emotions that other people have. However, this class is an exception; most men and women like to entertain you if they can do it in their own
way. To the old veteran you are another victim to whom he can tell the story of “The March to the Sea.” Another old gentleman leads you to the abandoned sugar camp of years ago. Mothers bring you the chicken pies their daughters have made, or let you taste their new bread dipped in three-year-old sorghum which tastes more like the product of rye than of the sugar cane.

Economy is a favorite subject with many a squire. I am including a recipe that is genuine. To make two pounds of butter from one, dice a pound very thin, warm it gently, add a pint of milk, a pinch of salt and a drop of dandelion juice. Beat the whole with an egg-beater for five minutes, and you will have a butter that spreads farther, is more digestible and will save a pound of butter for every pound used.

Did you ever hear of the ice cave? Our professor of physics will probably ascribe this phenomenon to the action of air currents. It is located in the base of a large hill; an opening of ten feet leads within to a cavern where many icicles hang from the roof. The cave is thirty feet deep and in summer is always full of ice. The unusual peculiarity of the cave is that ice formation increases in the proportion that the temperature rises, and in winter the cave is comparatively warm. On the fourth of July we took our freezers into the cave to freeze our cream, but were compelled to leave the entrance because we were getting cold feet.

These are a few of the experiences of a summer salesman which he will not exchange for gold. They are lessons which he will not need to learn in later years at greater risk and expense. How to deal with your fellow men is the great problem of life and meeting people in their work-a-day natures makes you proficient in the art. Kipling says that it is the knowledge of human nature which makes the Oriental a better businessman. canvassing will bring you that knowledge, which coupled with the advantages of travel and a little hard coin are the reward of the salesman.

K. R.

The Little Boy's Version of Thanksgiving

Yes'm on Thanksgiving the's nothin' ter do
But eat en eat, Oh my!
The's a great big turkey, big en brown,
En heaps o' pumpkin pie.

En mince pie tock'en cranberry sauce
The beat you ever seen
Why, when I get through, I jes' feel like
A stuffed up eatin' machine.

Las' Thanksgiving I et a lot!
I thought I was mighty big
Till my ma she jes' kind o' looked at me
En sez: “Why, you little pig!”

En the night I had some awful dreams,
Thet skeered me out o' my wits
A great big speak of a turkey came
En gave me the jumping fits.

Thet ghost of a turkey was mighty thin
He was nothin' but skin and bones,
En he looked at me with goo-goo eyes
En gobbled some awful goons.

En then that gobbler went fer my face
En pinched my little nose,
En that awful thing jes' not on me
En clawed me up with his toes.

En all ter once my ma she called
En I jumped way out o' my bed,
En she sez, "You get right up,
Er else—you know what I said."

A Little Boy
"WORLD CORPORATION" BY KING C. GILLETTE.

After twenty years of labor, King C. Gillette, author of "World Corporation" has evolved a system which he thinks will solve the industrial problem. Governments have risen and fallen, and will continue to rise and fall so long as "the disease which sooner or later reaches the heart of a nation and destroys it" is not cured. "The disease is individualism, that form of individualism which recognizes competition between individuals or nations for individual possession of the material wealth produced by labor.

According to Mr. Gillette our present system of government is a failure. "Our government is the only co-operative part of our industrial machine, but it takes no part in the organization of industry or in directing industrial effort." Thus there can be no disinterested politics; the men who are in poli-
tics being unbusiness-like, and their clumsy attempts to control industry only hamper it.

Mr. Gillette finds no danger in corporations or trusts, as such. In "World Corporation" he finds a solution for all present-day economic problems. It is the competitive spirit which hampers and kills industry. Using the Standard Oil company and the Steel trust as examples, he commends their beautiful system. Within such organizations all is order. No lawyers are required to adjust the mechanism of their systems. It is only when the Standard Oil company comes in contact with the competitive system that it requires legal assistance.

Mr. Gillette argues that since the corporate system causes trusts to live and increase in power even after their founders have died, a corporation composed of all the people of the world surely will have the power to manage its affairs without friction, without waste.

According to the author of "World Corporation" ninety per cent of our wealth is wasted in tributary industries which in no way contribute to our welfare. These tributary industries—life insurance, law, banking, and politics—exist because of the competitive system. If competition could be destroyed, these industrial leeches would vanish.

Mr. Gillette does not propose to attempt anything through the slow process of legislation. His plan is to combine education, industry and government in one system, "bringing all nations into one corporate body possessing one corporate mind."

"World Corporation" has been incorporated in Phoenix, Arizona. In brief, the object of the organization is to acquire by purchase or subscription, securities or capital stock; to purchase, sell or transfer these securities and to exercise all rights of ownership. World corporation stock is on the market for $1.00 per share, cash. The shares are to be issued upon demand, to all applicants. Therefore shares cannot rise above par in the speculative market; and as provision is made for redemption of all shares at par, they cannot fall below par.

"World corporation will displace all governments. Nations will be helpless in its grasp. Absorbing, controlling and eventually directing industrial life, it will tear down the bar-
riers of caste and nationality and combine in one brotherhood
all the people of the earth for one common purpose,” such is the cold-blooded prediction of the author of the scheme.

The work shows that Mr. Gillette is a keen critic of industrial affairs past and present; moreover that he has great imaginative power. He says: “World Corporation—Not a Dream.” However, in his chapter entitled “Metropolis,” he pictures a consolidation so centralized that all the people of the United States live within a radius of forty miles from Buffalo, in a city composed of 10,000 sky-scrapers accommodating 10,000 people each. All towns are to be abandoned, farming communities are the only excuse for towns, and all the farm work is to be done by armies of workmen who tour the country in the summer and return to the ‘Metropolis’ for winter.” heaven forbid.

The Anchor will watch with interest the progress of World Corporation.

MISSION RALLY.

The joint missionary rally of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. was held October 11. After a short song service the chairman, Mr. Luidens, introduced the speakers of the evening, Mr. Van Kersen and Mr. John Van Ess. In his talk Mr. Van Kersen gave the reasons why a college man should study missions: first, because mission study is a part of a liberal education; second, because missions have a claim on every Christian; and third, because a study of missions will enable us to find our places in the world.

Mr. Van Ess gave an inspiring address on “The Call of the Invisible.” He expressed his joy in mission work because of the “exhilaration of attempting the impossible.” What is impossible from a worldly point of view is daily being accomplished by missions. He urged everyone who wished to be happy to choose the missionary life.

After the meeting, several classes were organized. Mr. A. T. Laman and Hubert Kuiper have charge of the college men’s classes, while Miss Martin has consented to teach the college girls. The three classes among the preparatory students are taught by Frederick Van Dyke, Eldred Van der Laan and Anthony Luidens. Mr. Schwitters will teach the young ladies of the preparatory department.

HOPE MONOGRAM CIRCLE.

A society has recently been organized upon the campus called the Hope Monogram Circle. The motive of the society is to give active encouragement to athletics.

Only those who have proved themselves efficient in athletics and possess an H are eligible to membership. The society is planning to renovate rooms in the Oggel house in order that athletic trophies may be placed on exhibition.

Annual Joint Reception.

The annual joint reception of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. was held in Carnegie Hall, Thursday evening, October 13. A very fine opening address was given by Mr. E. O. Schwitters, president of the Y. M. C. A. Miss Irene Stapelkamp, in her own pleasing manner, gave two humorous selections, “The Classical Parson” and “The Lost Art.” Mr. Hunsinkveld then rendered a piano solo which was so enthusiastically received that he was obliged to respond to an encore. The next number on the program was a reading by Miss Fornrok, the new instructor in elocution and physical culture. She gave a most artistic and pleasing rendition of Dickens’ “The Chimes.” As an encore, she gave “When a Man’s in Love.” The students hope they may have the pleasure of hearing Miss Fornrok often. Our alumni know that the program would have been incomplete without remarks by Prof. J. E. Kuizenega. As in former years, he gave a most inspiring talk, well-spiced with humor.

Prof. and Mrs. Kuizenega Entertain.

On Friday evening, October 14, Prof. and Mrs. Kuizenega most pleasantly entertained the young ladies and teachers residing in Voorhees Hall. The chief entertainment of the
evening was progressive bean-bag under the captainship of Prof. Kuizenga. Dainty refreshments were served and the evening passed all too soon.

Class Parties.

On Thursday evening, October 9, the “B” class were entertained by their classmate, Edward Mulder, at his rural home. It was a typical hard-times party. It was held in a barn fixed up for the occasion and hard-time refreshments were served.

On Wednesday evening, October 5, the Freshman class was pleasantly entertained by their former classmate, Alice Smallegan, at her home in Forest Grove. An elaborate six o’clock dinner was served; and music, games, and stunts furnished amusement for the evening.

ATHLETICS BOOMING AT HOPE.

Shall I punctuate the above sentence with an interrogation or an exclamation point? Were I speaking in regard to the men on the gridiron I would hastily add the exclamation point, in fact two. Why need I hesitate when I think of the man not in the game?

As a college sport, football is second to none, and, as such, challenges the dormant college athletic spirit of every person at school. If you pass the football season unimpressed we can only hope for supernatural influences to intercede. We want you, your yelling and your colors, to help the team win the remaining games on the schedule.

Now, should one of our interrogated fellow-students stroll down to the gridiron some afternoon between 2 and 4 he would find more than two elevens practicing faithfully for Hope’s football record. The team, with scarcely any coaching other than that of the captain, has already clinched two victories. The first, on October 15, when we met the Saint Alphonsus of Grand Rapids. The new game again proved its superiority when Hope forward-passed 20 points over the goal while the Saints plunged in vain. Captain H. Stegeman handling forward passes carried the ball over for all our gains.

October 22, Hope met the team from Wayland. By double and triple passes, fake formations, forward passes, and straight football, Hope carried the ball for five touchdowns. On the defense our again proved impenetrable. G. Stegeman jolted the ball by forward passes and took it down for three touchdowns. “Flaky” Verbeek made a 25-yard run for a first and Holleman added the fifth. Score: Hope, 21; Wayland, 0.

Much interest is now manifested in the basketball league. How the scores will end no one knows. Who will try out for the first and second teams is also a question. Naturally the men who win up in the present league will make up the 1910-11 basketball team. Every one has an equal chance and each individual hold his own. Let the one team be the试点 team and the other the first team. Remember, there can be but one letterman for each position to play.

Are you planning your trip to the class on its Christmas trip?


The Rev. George Hankamp, “07”, of the Reformed church at Hamilton, was surprised by his congregation and given a gift of $100 in appreciation of his services.

Rev. and Mrs. H. S. Nies, “73”, of the Reformed church at Paterson, N. J., are visiting friends in the city.

Dr. C. J. Kollen, “08”, is visiting the east in the interest of Hope College.

The Rev. T. E. Welmers, “03”, was installed as principal
The Anchor

of the Northwestern Classical Academy, Orange City, Iowa, on October 23.

The Rev. and Mrs. S. Rieplma, "00," of Oklahoma have instituted a new domestic missionary prize of $25.00 at Hope. The purpose of the prize is to arouse an interest in Domestic Missions. The prize is to be called the "Mary Elizabeth V. Z. Rieplma Prize," named after the infant daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Rieplma.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized in the old Tower Clock church at New Brunswick, N. J., on October the 27th, when Miss Margaret Pockman became the wife of Rev. John Van Zanten, "07," of Metuchen. The church was beautifully decorated with autumn leaves. A large number witnessed the ceremony, about a thousand invitations having been issued. Mr. Peter Pleune, "09," acted as one of the ushers.

Rev. Sidney Zandstra, Ph.D., "03," has been appointed by the Board of Domestic Missions of the Reformed church as a missionary among the Hollanders at Ellis Island, N. Y.

EXCHANGES.

Fellow Hopeites, how much do the exchanges mean to you? Are we not in danger of slighting them? There they lie, see the reading-room desk literally smothered with bright periodicals. Think how these papers come to us from high-schools and colleges far and wide, and how they may serve to link these various institutions in one glad sisterhood. In the exchanges you can read excellent stories, essays, poems, and orations, whence you can derive legitimate inspiration and suggestion for your own literary work. Again, these school papers tell about the society doings, about their ambitions and their strivings. From this source we may draw lessons for local society proceedings. Watch the exchanges, and see how athletics are recognized and boosted at other institutions. Give a moment now and then to the rich store of jokes right at hand. Recently a student from Calvin College told how our own paper was so eagerly combed by his college-mates, that after a time it barely hung together. Let us in turn show some of this spirit toward our exchanges. Those marked with blue or red pencil contain some remarks about

the Anchor. Let us profit by this outside comment and criticism.

The September "Spectator" is to be commended for the broad range of her articles. "Cecil Rhodes" is a brief, candid, and withal interesting discussion of the character of this great world-figure. "Capital and Labor" reveals a serious purpose. The writer seems to be somewhat biased, however, owing, perhaps, to inadequate information on the subject. The language, though it suggests the terse, "Rooseveltian" English, is in a measure uncoekt, and suggests the want of an ample vocabulary. In "Opportunity for Effort" we find a re-statement of popular truisms, hence a lack of originality. The space devoted to the controversy between science and the Bible is an unwarranted digression. "A Study of the Development of the English Language" opens up a profitable subject for deeper investigation.

In the Decaturian for September appears a good story, entitled "From the Lips of a Child." The story appeals by its sweet simplicity and tender pathos. As yet the author shows an incompletely developed style. Personal pronouns are used too freely and ambiguously.

From the Collegian we learn that Prof. Frank B. Meyer, instructor at Hope in 1908-09, is now assistant professor of Latin and Greek in the University at Wooster, Ohio.

We praise the writer of "The Political Situation in Pennsylvania," which is a number in the Aerolith. Some phases of the conditions might have been more clearly delineated, but enough information is given to make the essay instructive and entertaining.

Several of the "Sage Hints for Freshmen" in the Pleiad may with profit be digested by other classmen and in other schools as well. Here are a few of these bits of irony:

"Don't take the Pleiad. It doesn't need the support of the student body. It doesn't cost anything to run a college paper.

"Don't try to enter the preliminary debates. It wouldn't be becoming of you to compete with upper classmen.

"Don't boost for Albion. It pays to knock. It makes everybody more congenial."
To the Junior class in English literature we eagerly commend the piece, “One Day in the English Lake District,” which appears in the Manketanian; likewise the appreciation of “Jane Austen” and “Vanity Fair” in Red and Blue.

The July number of Red and Blue is college paper and Year Book in one. It is verily a wonderful piece of work, rivalling many modern magazines. The photographic cuts are clear and most attractive, making the issue a worthy sample of art in college periodicals. Some one of our literary societies might be pleased to stage the bright face, “An Amateur Butler.” The exchange comments, candid and thorough, come from a man who has taken his work seriously, and was bound to make it worth while.

We enjoyed your editorials, Mirror. It was a good idea to devote the first issue to vacation impressions. Several of these little productions betray rich humor and artful personality. Such faculties lend charm to all efforts, however simple and unassuming they may be.

As usual, Said and Done is exceptionally attractive in cover and typographical execution. The cuts are truly dignified and artistic. But we protest again against her manner of scattering the literary material in such scrap-book fashion throughout the paper. Keep it together, have one strong, concentrated literary department.

LOCALS.

Girls, don’t you wish Professor Kuizenga was still a college student? Who’d be the best?

A good tonic for those who are back in their studies—”ketchup.” Anchor ’02.

H. V. E. Stegeman (reading) — “What avails the sceptred race?”

Prof. Nykerk — “What is meant by the sceptred race?”

Stegeman — “Woman.”

Latin Prof. — “Have you been through De bella Gallica?”

Freshman — “Yes, but I went through at night and didn’t see much of the country.”

Bessie Fellows has finally decided to take the “honey bush” (briars and all).

Charlotte Boer became very much interested in Art Heusinkveld’s playing one evening and asked: “What are you playing, Mr. Heusinkveld?”

Art, looking up, gave her one of his sweetest smiles and answered, “My heart goes out to you.”

Did Agnes S. enjoy the talk Miss Anna Brown gave to the students?

Sayings of Faculty Members.

Prof. Godfrey — “I thought ‘pear’ was a gentleman’s name.”

Mrs. Durfee — “It’s funny I can’t say the man I want.”

Prof. Nykerk — “Don’t retard till you get to me.”

Prof. Sutphen — “Poetry has nothing to do with the truth; it generally deals with love.”

Miss Forncrook — “Give, oh, give us—what?”

Young Lady Student — “Amen!”

The following is an excerpt from a medley arranged by one of our alumni:

Oh! say, can you see,
In the shade of the old apple tree,
How the mocking bird is singing
My love is like the red, red rose.

When the lights are low,
I cannot bear to leave thee,
Tell me what I want to know,
Queen of my heart, queen of the earth.

Say not farewell my own true love:
’Neath the blue Kentucky skies
I’ll be waiting and watching
For the girl I left behind me.

Hensie (finding a note at his plate) — “Did you write this, Helen?”

Miss Roche — “No, you know my hand, don’t you?”

Herman Steegeman pleasantly surprised Prof. Kleinheksel recently by explaining a problem in Trigonometry.

Let the good work proceed.

P. S. Boter & Co. sold De Motts a new hat since he returned from Toronto.
Our idea
Of nothing to do—Taking Trigonometry.
Of nothing to enjoy—Chemistry exams.
Of nothing to get excited over—Miss Thomas’ hobble skirt.
Of nothing to listen to—Chapel led by Prof. Patterson
Of nothing to brag about—Our intercollegiate athletics.
Of something to do—Writing jokes for the Anchor.
Of something to enjoy—Midnight lunches.
Of something to get excited over—Heusie’s case.
Of something to listen to—The Glee club.
Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: “Flunked, by hell!”
He—“Yes, I always sleep in gloves; keeps your hands soft, doncher know?”
She—“Really, and do you sleep in your hat, too?”
And then he fled.—Ex.
Prof. Sutphen to Sophs.—“For light on this passage you might draw ‘Translation of Pliny’s Letters’ from our library.”
We wondered why Moerdyk looked so uneasy.
October 31 Miss Estelle Kollen spent the wee small hours reading “Pilgrim’s Progress.”
Prof. Beardslee (discussing character in Ethics)—“You know, Mr. Schwitters, your character will be changed ten years from now; at least I hope so.”
While Prof. Nykerk was reading the paper at the restaurant, Prof. Dimment stealthily purloined his pie and ate it. We missed Prof. Dimment in chapel next morning.
Why do they call Van Zyl, “Boaz”?
As our professors and parents would have it: “This, ladies and gentlemen, is the sole surviving specimen of that one time popular animal, the knight of the pig-skin. It was formerly his delight to worry his parents and friends by aimlessly kicking, etc.”
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**SOMETHING NEW**
Of interest to Hope Students will be announced in the next issue of the Anchor. Watch for it.

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