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The Anchor.

MARCH



HOLLAND, MICHIGAN

CONTENTS

Scotchman	
The Arch-Champion of Truth	
To Night	
On Hearing Somebody Whistle	
The Mission of the Post	
Editorials	
Annual Notes	
Among the Societies	
College Settings	
Retiring Staff of The Anchor	
Page	92
"	108
"	108
"	103
"	107
"	101
"	111
"	105

It was a transition period. The new era had dawned. Jewish nationality had laid a foundation and then perished. The Greek had fulfilled his mission and ceased from action. Rome was master of the world. The government swayed the scepter of absolute despotism. Religion was tossed about by the waves of superstition and idolatry. Society was wallowing in the mire of moral putridity. The noble qualities of honor and respect were corrupted by the reign of vice. The tender feelings of love and pity were hardened by the most bloody scenes. Cruelty, bigotry and immorality held the citadel of the soul. Truly, humanity was a chaos of corruption.

Such was the condition of the world which witnessed the birth of Christianity, as also the growth to manhood and the devoted labors of its greatest apostle. What an occasion for a great reformer, for the illustrious apostle of Truth! Look not for him among the followers of Christ. Find him not even in a Stephen, the man of God. But find him among those who were consenting until Stephen's death. Find him in the persecutor, Saul. What! are the beauty, richness and power of the Master's teachings to be revealed through Saul? Must Christianity gain its first foothold in this world of corruption through the instrumentality of Saul,—Saul, born a Hebrew of the Hebrews, reared in the center of pagan philosophy, educated in the school of the greatest of the Pharisees; Saul, the strictest of conscientious Jews, imbued with an inbred prejudice against the new religion, raging with an indomitable spirit of persecution; Saul, the very man intrusted by the Sanhedrin to utterly uproot and exterminate Christianity? Shall he become its greatest apostle? Reason would answer,—No! "But there is a divinity which shapes our ends, and it was making Saul the great polished shaft for God's quiver." Unconsciously, he had been prepared for a great work. The very power which he had acquired and was now using against Christianity, was to be transformed into the strength of his apostleship.

Trained to be a Rabbi, he left the school of sacred learning to fulfill the law and thus gain the crown of righteousness. Out he goes to oppose the new faith, uproot the strange teachings and persecute those who were laying waste what to him was most sacred. But let us not scan the black page of his life's history. He is on his way to Damascus. Ah, Saul, thou art struggling with one mightier than thou! Thou canst not exterminate the genius of Christianity. Thy very acts are but added fuel for the ardor of its genius. Little wonder if the pangs of conscience torture thee. The believers at Damascus are praying. A flash of light, surpassing that of the meri-

dian sun,—and Saul's eyes are blinded and his purpose is shattered. A voice like that of thunder, yet full of love,—and the keynote of his new life is sounded. After three days his lost sight is restored and his mission is announced. Saul, the persecutor, has become Paul, the apostle. With his character transformed, his spirit transfigured, and his soul regenerated, he enters upon his stupendous work for Christianity. And now his life of suffering begins. But shall persecution cause him to falter or retreat? No! forth he goes among Jew and Gentile, the leader of Christianity, the Prophet of Truth, the mighty Apostle of God.

In genius, Paul surpassed all his predecessors. The world has received precious legacies of thought, but it remained for Paul to unfold the sublime truths of Christian doctrine. Religion there was, but taste and intellect were its fundamentals, and these only led mankind through the misty haze of superstition and ignorance into the blackness of corruption and sin. With Socrates, the Greek mind had been led to investigate moral truth, but pagan philosophy failed to supply humanity's need. The world needed a philosophy of truer, nobler, higher life. The ruling principles of Stoic pride and Epicurean pleasure must give way to the principles of Christian virtue. Paul lived as seeing Him who is invisible and as a prophet he gave to mankind the real, though, in some cases, unpolished, diamonds of truth. To him was revealed the great mystery of God's universal love, and the unravelling of this mystic web was to usher in a new era, far better than the world had ever seen. Though Paul wrote especially for his times, nevertheless, his Epistles were destined for the enlightenment of all ages. As they grow older by time, they grow stronger in influence. For centuries they formed, as it were, a smouldering fire which at last burst forth in the blaze of the Reformation. The light of his truths dispelled the long night of the Dark Ages, and with the dawn of the new era, Europe emerged in all her splendor. A golden age began, the zenith of whose glory is still unreached.

The great truths which Paul revealed are embodied in the very man. They picture to us his majestic mental and moral personality. As he was the prophet of true religion, of a nobler life and of a new civilization, so also was he their apostle. One purpose animated his life. Amid perils and sufferings, even in the face of death, he must live and preach, and thus spread the doctrines which he had spurned. Before him lay the world of Greeks and Romans, Jews and Gentiles. But mindful of his past, he strove ever harder to conquer that world. There was within him a huge nature, full of courage

and noble enterprise, a rich tact in dealing with men, and an untiring and unselfish will to adapt himself and his message to their minds and hearts. He was all things to all men. The missionary spirit burned brightly within him to the last. His devotion was ever ardent. His spirit never flagged. His zeal was never quenched, and thus it was that he laid in Asia Minor, Macedonia, Greece and even in Italy and Spain, the first foundation stones of true religion. Thus it was that in the very centers of learning, culture and trade, which were the hot-beds of vice and the strongholds of error, he planted the seeds of virtue and truth. And from these small beginnings did spring those glorious results, which in their growth have changed the face of Europe, revolutionized the course of empires and modified the destiny of the world.

Not only was Paul's life a life of service, but also, and pre-eminently, one of sacrifice. His pathway led through the darkness of Gethsemane, and in the dim future he foresaw the Calvary towards which his destiny was beckoning. Words can but faintly picture the peerless martyr. Behold him, a scarred and wounded soldier of the cross,—his feet torn and sore, his limbs weary and trembling, his body lacerated and bleeding, his hair silvered and his face furrowed and marred. See him on five occasions with back naked, still raw with the wounds of previous scourgings, receiving that awful "forty stripes save one." Behold him at Lystra, stoned by an infuriated mob, his body mangled and crushed, dragged out of the city and left upon the cruel earth, apparently dead. Think of him, ahungered and athirst, cold and naked, often in damp and murky prisons, in shipwrecks frequent, in perils abundant. Follow him on his last visit to Jerusalem and feel the pang of his soul's grief, as he is spurned, pursued and exiled by the friends of his youth. Gather within your own bosom the piercing arrows of his mental agony as he feels the care and considers the unstableness of all the churches. Then add to all these sufferings, the trials of his last days in imperial Rome, and his sad fate at the hands of Nero.

Behold! Paul, a precondemned victim, before Nero, the violent licentious judge. What a contrast between the bigoted emperor and the noble prisoner! In the one we see arrogance, cruelty and immorality; in the other humility, love and purity. The one an unscrupulous, despotic tyrant; the other a firm, courageous sufferer. Deserted by every friend, Paul must plead his cause alone. He combats the forces of error, but for the last time in his earthly life. The prisoner is condemned. The sentence is pronounced. Paul must die a martyr's death. As the executioner's sword performs the

bloody deed, Paul's soul takes its victorious flight to receive its crown, and the champion of Truth becomes its martyr hero.

Thus was his end; but shall we say that his life was a failure? A failure, when the transformation of his character from a bitter persecutor to an incomparable apostle shows to the world the power of Christianity? A failure, when he broke down the Pharisaic bulwark of self-righteousness and set in its place the mighty stronghold of Christian doctrine? A failure, when, in spite of every suffering, he went on to proclaim to a lost world the great sublime truths of salvation? Was it a failure when he gave to mankind a matchless type of Christian character, a life rich in love, heroic in sacrifice, sublime in devotion? If it be the mark of success to fulfill one's mission, then crown Paul's life with the laurels of victory. Commissioned an apostle to the Gentiles, he planted in the very centers of heathenism the standard of the cross, and unfurled its banner of redemption for Jew and Gentile. He diffused into the homes of philosophy the benign dew of altruism. He instilled into the coarse heart of cruelty the refining influence of love. He pierced the thick veil of superstition and skepticism with the arrow of Truth. He infused into the foul mass of national corruption and social degradation the principle of purity. He directed the westward march of civilization, and as a result, America stands to-day fulfilling the accumulated longings of ages.

But Paul's influence did not end with his life. To mankind he bequeathed a new world of thought, the influence of which has been felt throughout the centuries. His truths inflamed a Luther and aroused the whole of Germany so as to carry to success the Reformation. They inspired a Wycliff and a Savonarola, a Swingli and a Calvin, a Wesley and a Knox, a Beecher and a Brooks to hurl themselves against the evils of their times and to kindle in the bosoms of their people a new ardor of Christian devotion. They live among us to-day inspiring man to a nobler life and pointing out to him a brighter future.

Through all the coming ages, the example of Paul's life will continue as a star of hope for suffering, sinful humanity, and his teachings will remain a beacon light illumining the pathway of Truth, till at last their brightness will fade only as the shades of night give way before the dawn of eternal morning. Then men shall lay at the feet of Paul their tribute of love, and crown him among the greatest benefactors of the race,—Paul, the Arch-champion of Truth.

C. VAN DER MEL, '03.

To Night.

Oh night! what lends to thee thy sacred charm?
 What goddess doth herself in thee disclose?
 Why doest thou cast a spell o'er thoughts that swarm
 Thro' heated brain, o'er toil that craves repose?
 Why movest thou in sable garments dressed,
 While countless stars as diamonds bright contend
 With thy dark shades? Why doth the moon, thy guest,
 That stately queen of light, on thee attend
 So faithfully? Oh night thou mistress, grand
 and beautiful! Thy mission 'tis to lay
 On human thought and deeds, on heart and hand,
 Thy spell, cast a mantle o'er the weary day,
 A veil if milder thought, that we might see
 A higher life and man's true destiny.

HARRY VIS, "A."



On Hearing Somebody Whistle.

On the twilight wind so silent
 Come those joyful notes of glee,
 Sweet as on a lovely headland
 Sounds the music of the sea.

Strangely mingled with the west wind,
 Thrilling in sweet harmony,
 Blither than the robin's pipings
 Come those low tones unto me.

Imitating all the songsters,
 That have whistled in the morn:
 The sweet warbling of the bluebirds;
 Of the whip-poor-will forlorn.

Thrilling every tender heart string,
 Sometimes calling forth a tear;
 While I gaze upon the meadows
 Float those sweet tones on my ear.

And I think of one who whistled
 When his heart was light and gay;
 But his voice has long been silent,
 Like the birds' at close of day.

ARNOLD MULDER, "A."

The Mission of the Poet.

This world is a world of excitement and strife. Every age has had its contentions and civil upheavals. In these conflicts there have stepped forth heroes that, for gallantry in battle, for daring in onslaught, for excellency in the destruction of human lives, have immortalized their names. Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar, Napoleon and Grant have been exalted to the highest positions attainable among their fellow-men. The world looks upon them as heroes. Our own American people still retain much of the hero worship of the ancients. We have but to reflect upon the triumphal entry of Dewey into our metropolis, to see that our ideals are much like those of Rome and Greece. Truly, we owe much to these military heroes, and we would not belittle their valor nor minimize their deeds. But there is one who is more worthy of universal praise than is accorded the military chieftain; who is doing a silent work for the nations of the world, exercising a silent influence over the children of men. It is the moral hero, the poet. What is his function in life? What part does he play in the great universe? He is a revealer of nature; an interpreter of life; the prophet and guide of the nation.

The poet lifts the veil that hides the beauty of the world, and he throws over commonplace and familiar objects the glow and the halo of a rich imagination. To him nature is a pregnant textbook; to him it is "beauty to the eye and music to the ear." How insignificant, how commonplace would be the pleasant rivers, the fruitful trees, the babbling brooks and the sweet-smelling flowers were it not that the poet had called our attention to these, the perfect handi-work of God, and made us realize that the Divine loves the beautiful. Who, when the cares of life depressed him, when toil caused the spirit to droop, has not found these sorrows cast off when the poet transported his soul to thoughts of the fresh air, the bright sun, the murmur of the woods, and the rippling of the water? 'Tis in these scenes that we find the poet inspired when he speaks to the hearts of men.

It is said that when a stranger once asked permission to see Wordsworth's study, the maid said, "This is his library, but he studies in the fields." No wonder then that nature has been said to return the poet's love:

"Call it not vain:—they do not err
 Who say that, when the poet dies,
 Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
 And celebrates his obsequies."

—Scott.

But he does more for us than reveal the beauties of nature.
 He interprets life.

In the poet's verse we read the lesson he has learned from living. His message is always warm and live for people in every day and age of the world. Life, with all its sorrows, its despairs, its hopes, its joys, its exaltations, will be solaced and made more beautiful by him who has thought profoundly about existence. The poet feels deeply and strongly about life, and he is able to speak from a great fund of thought and knowledge, and from a great fund of sympathy and emotion, and he is able to communicate his thoughts, his experiences, and his life in words that heal the broken heart and buoy up the soul cast down.

His view of life came to him not through a freak of nature, not through heredity, but through a gradual disclosure of an experience which is rationalized and interpreted by habitual meditation. In his verse we read the lesson he has learned from living. We feed upon the thoughts of a sensitive and receptive soul. We see because he saw. We feel because he felt and because there is within us a sense of the beauties of the divine which lay dormant until stimulated by the artist's hand, and we were bid to "consider the lillies, for they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." The poet is the master of the universal movement of life, the man of all time, the seer, the philosopher, the exponent of the full and free play of all the forces of personality. He stands not for the occasional altitudes of human experience, but for its broad, general, productive movement; for large, varied, many-sided, fertile life, with full play of instinct, passion, emotion, thought and will. He looks upon life in its immense range of conditions, the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the beggar and the king. He beholds the antagonistic elements at war in society—all these judgments touch the poet with a great compassion and appeal to his sympathetic heart.

While the poet is the revealer of nature and of life, he is more than that. He inspires the nation with ideals of justice and truth. He is its leader, its guide. Parliaments may pass bills, legislatures may enact laws, council chambers may suggest measures for the body politic, but the poet's mission is to give laws to the soul. He addresses the divine in man. He is what the ancients called the priest, the vates. Where, for instance, can you find a civil injunction which compares in moral significance to that given by Shakespeare?

"The quality of Mercy is not strained,
It droppeth like the gentle dew from Heaven,
Upon the place beneath,—it is twice blessed,—
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The throned monarch better than a crown."
Well does Marston say:
"Wence does the State its inspiration draw
Of mercy? 'Tis the poet frames the law."

Does not Shelley tell us, "Poets are the acknowledged legislators of the world?"

The poet is the warrior, too. What hero ever led his men to battle to such strains as those of Bruce to his army from the pen of the Poet Burns?

"Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled!
Scots wham Bruce has oftimes led,
Welcome to your gory bed!
Or to glorious victory!
Now's the day, now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward! chains and slavery!
Wha would be a traitor, knave?
Wha wad fill a coward's grave?
Wha sa base and be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw—
Freeman stand or freeman fa"—
Caledonians on wi' me!
By oppression's woes and pains!
By our sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall—they shall—be free!
Lay the proud usurper low.
Tyrants fall in every foe,
Liberty's in every blow
Forward! let us do or die!"

What American youth is not inspired to triumph over any foe when he hears the soul-touching "Star Spangled Banner"? Who does not repeat from the depths of his heart, the national hymn, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee"? What lover of country would fail, with all the power God has given him, to ring out, "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue"?

Tennyson says:

"And here the singer for his art
Not all in vain may plead;
The song that nerves a nation's heart
Is in itself a deed."

The poet is forever at war with the great foe of man, Evil. No matter in what shape the monster comes, Falsehood, Tyranny, Persecution, Superstition, Hypocrisy, Selfishness—he dauntlessly attacks it in all, and, with an ardor compared with which the enthusiasm of the soldier sinks into insignificance, he fights under his sacred banner, enduring sorrow and defying death. The high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of patriotism, of virtue are his, and these soaring toward heaven, rise far above all mean, low and selfish things and are absorbed by one soul-transporting thought of good and glory for his country. His patriotism and love of virtue have caught an inspiration from on high, and, leaving at an immeasurable distance below, all lesser, grovelling, personal interests and feelings, animate and prompt to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion, and to death itself.

Who can estimate the vastness of the service that the poet has done and is still doing for the world? Who can sufficiently point out the effect of his chivalrous patriotism, his pure benevolence, high philosophy, his sound morality, his universal sympathy, his glorious aspirations to nobler and better worlds than this?

The poet links man to man by the holy tie of sympathy and brotherhood; a tie which no authority, no force can break. He engraves his glory so deeply on the world's affections, that, until the heart of man perishes forever in the grave of time, that glory shall be fresh and ineffaceable.

"What were virtue, love, patriotism, friendship; what were the scenery of this beautiful world which we inhabit; what were our consolations on this side of the grave and what were our aspirations beyond it, if poetry did not ascend to bring light and fire from those eternal regions where the owl-winged faculty of calculation dare not soar."—Shelley.

So long as human hearts are depressed with sorrow; so long as tyranny and serfdom and misrule and oppression are elements in our body politic; so long as the rhodora, the dandelion, the wild poppy and the daffy-down-dilly scatter their sweet fragrance; so long as the bluebird, the bobolink and the skylark carol their sweet rhymes; so long as we hear the eternal roar of the Oregon and the distant thunderings of Niagara; so long as the illimitable stretches of prairie shall witness the ploughman and the sickle; so long as stillness hangs over primeval forests; so long as the everlasting mountains shall penetrate the canopy of heaven and gaze into the ethereal realms above—so long shall the poet's mission be a revered and sanctified one and shall its grandeur outshine the splendor of all others.

L. BOEVE, '03.

EDITORIALS.

With this number, the staff of 1902-03 has its leave to retire. The responsibility of its duty with its pleasures and pains is laid aside. Although the work often seemed laborious and arduous, still we claim that the pleasure we derived from all our labor eclipsed the pain to such an extent that all our troubles have rested in our nether consciousness. In view of the fact that we have left a mark upon the scrolls of the history of the association, we naturally look back to see if it is as bright as it might have been. That improvements could have been made, as we now see it, is readily admitted; and that it has fallen far short of the ideal is also plainly visible, however, we wish to claim that everything that has been presented to the public, has been done with a firm conviction that it needed no apology. For the loyal support and ready aid that both students and alumni have extended, the staff offers it heart-felt thanks. In behalf of our successors, we do earnestly advocate a still stronger support, since upon the student body, as a whole, the standard of the paper depends. Let faculty and alumni also freely bring forth their offerings. Further the staff desires to affirm that all criticisms made were welcomed, but in the spirit in which they were given, in the same were they received. All critics should remember the lines of the poet,—

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

With the spirit that criticism is offered and support held out, with the same spirit is the paper endowed to stand as a representative of its senders. The retiring staff therefore desires that everything offered may be done with a sincere earnestness, for such will bear the best fruit. May, then, THE ANCHOR ever grow nearer to the ideal and ever increase in strength, beauty and tone, so that it will leave an influence wherever it is read, and influence that shall characterize it as a paper that comes from a Christian school where simplicity and beauty home.

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Oratorical Contest.

The Sixth Annual Oratorical Contest of Hope College was held on the evening of Friday, February 27. A large audience was present to hear the four contending orators vie

with each other for the honor of representing Hope at the State Contest at Olivet in March. The contestants were Messrs. Van der Mel and Karreman, Seniors; and Messrs. Muste and Muyskens, Sophomores.

For fully an hour before the time set for opening the contest, the Sophs and Seniors cheered their respective men, and jeered each other. Finally quiet was sufficiently restored to allow the chairman, J. J. Steffens, to make known to the audience in a few well-chosen words the purpose of the contest, and to introduce the first speaker, Mr. A. Karreman, whose subject was, "Cuba and the United States." Mr. Muste was next introduced, and his subject was "John Sobieski." Then followed Mr. Muyskens, whose theme was, "Toussaint L'Oeuvre." Mr. Van der Mel was the last speaker, and his subject was, "The Arch-champion of Truth." The audience was also favored with an instrumental solo by Miss Amy Yates, and vocal solos by Miss Grace Yates and Prof. J. B. Nykerk. Eager partisans availed themselves of every opportunity to yell and cheer.

While the judges on delivery retired to the council-room to deliberate, and to decide upon the winner by averaging their rankings with those of the judges on thought and style, the expectant and impatient audience was held in control by Prof. Kleinheksel and Prof. Bergen, who were called upon to make a few remarks. Dr. Beardslee reported that the highest markings had been given to Abraham Muste. Hope's representative at Olivet was carried out on the shoulders of eager classmates.

The orators all acquitted themselves well. Mr. A. Karreman was earnest in his delivery, but due to a rather weak voice, it failed to bring a perfect effect. His subject, as treated, was full of interest, showing that the speaker had the welfare of the Cubans at heart. Mr. Muste, who spoke on the Pole, John Sobieski, had a neat and well written oration. It is an oration which shows study and thought. Not many here can claim to have written productions of equal value in original thought. His style also is oratorical. His delivery was pleasing and polished; and remarkable earnestness was shown by the speaker from beginning to end. The audience was kept spell-bound throughout his entire delivery. Then followed Dick Muyskens. He was very sincere, throwing himself into the spirit of a negro-loving advocate. His composition had prominent marks of a Sophomore, for which he was criticized by the judges on thought and style. He deserves commendation for the willingness to do all that lies in him to give us an enthusiastic contest. In

bringing Toussaint L'Oeuvre before us he showed what a negro can do if given an opportunity. The last orator was C. Van der Mel. His deep, strong, musical voice held the audience entranced during his whole delivery. His subject was treated in a style that was truly oratorical, and it was this, his style and delivery, that caused many to expect that he would be the winner. If the judges on thought had been the judges on delivery at the same time, he undoubtedly would have taken first place, as did Mr. Brook in a previous contest.

Keep awake, since now aroused, ye Sons of Hope. Keep kindled the college spirit that dwells within you, for our man will not fail us.

x x x

The Gifford Concert.

The Gifford concert, which was given here on the evening of February 23, was like playing "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out. Miss Electa Gifford, the star of the company, lay ill at Cleveland, Ohio. At almost the last moment Prof. Nykerk was informed that she could not appear. When he began to cast about for a substitute, he immediately thought of Mrs. Longmans, formerly Miss Myrtie White, who at a previous time had given great satisfaction. Although we must admit our disappointment at the non-appearance of Miss Gifford, we, nevertheless, agree that no better substitute could have been found than Mrs. Longmans. Her deep, rich contralto voice captivated the audience. Her enunciation was almost perfect. The lullaby which she sang was charming.

Mr. Marx, the violinist of the company, demonstrated that he was a master of his art. He made his instrument speak to the audience. At times it sighed and sobbed, and then again it sounded the note of joy or raised the paeon of victory. Mr. Marx is a very promising young violinist, and comes almost up to the standard of a Leonora Jackson. The pianist, Miss Ferguson, did not seem to be a great favorite with the audience. We must say, however, that her playing was excellent. Mr. Warner well earned the title, which was given him that evening, of being the best accompanist in Michigan.



Will Carleton.

A large audience greeted Will Carleton, the Michigan poet, on the evening of March 4. Mr. Carleton is not at all a stranger to the people of Holland, since he appeared on a previous lecture course. The patrons of this year's course, therefore, knew what to expect when Mr. Carleton's lecture was announced. It is needless to say that he fulfilled the highest expectations. He spoke on the subject, "The Chain of Success." After giving his definition of success, he called attention to the different links of which the chain of success was composed. His explanation of these links savored of sound common-sense. Now and then, he would recite one of his poems to illustrate the point he was discussing. At times these poems were humorous, and then again pathetic, always practical and sure to touch the heart of the great mass of people. These qualities have endeared the author and his works to many an American home, where in many cases his legends and ballads constitute the whole library. In reading his poems, Mr. Carleton entered into their spirit. He made the scene live before our eyes. There is this advantage in having an author read his own works, that he is able to extract the meaning much better than the reader, and that we look at the productions from the view-point of the author.

Alumni Notes.

Mr. S. F. Riepma, '00, has been called to the Reformed church at Detroit.

Mr. S. C. Nettinga, '00, has accepted the call to Spring Lake.

Rev. H. J. Veldman, '92, of Milwaukee, gave a reading Monday evening, February 16, before the students of the Western Theological Seminary, on the subject: "The Bible as a Literary Work."

A few weeks ago Rev. A. Vanden Berg, '85, of Overisel, was called to Chicago on account of the sickness and death of his sister. In his absence of one Sunday, Mr. A. DeYoung, '00, occupied his pulpit.

Rev. J. Vander Meulen, '91, of Cordell, Oklahoma, has declined the call to the Second Reformed church of Englewood, Ill.

Prof. H. G. Keppel, '89, of the North Western University at Evanston, recently spent a week's vacation at his home in Zeeland.

Rev. H. Kremers, '90, of Algona, Iowa, visited relatives and friends in Holland a few weeks ago.

On Friday, February 27, Rev. G. Te Kolste, '99, of Ebenezer, died at the home of his wife's parents, Rev. and Mrs. J. F. Zwemer, of this city. The funeral services were held on Monday afternoon. The Anchor expresses its sincere sympathy with the bereaved relatives.

Rev. A. Klerk, '98, of Greenleaf, Minn., has declined the call to Waupun, Wis. He was in town to attend the funeral of Rev. Te Kolste.

Dr. A. Oltmans, '83, of Japan, is at present studying at the University of Chicago.

Mr. J. H. Straks, '00, occupied the pulpit of the Reformed church at Hamilton, February 15, in the absence of Rev. T. Rozendal, '97, who preached at Lafayette, Ind.

Miss Coba Van Farowe, Prep. Dept. '01, recently spent a Sunday here with relatives and friends.

x x

The Meliphonians.

The Meliphone Society is as usual in a flourishing condition. At the beginning of the term it was resolved to make the meetings successful by making the programs both instructive and entertaining. Consequently the members are putting forth strenuous efforts to accomplish the high ideal set before them. From song and story, eulogy and oratory,

and dream and soliloquy all and each are able to find something to interest, something to inspire, or something to arouse the dormant talents of the members.

x x

Fraternal.

The Fraternal society is doing earnest work in oratory. In addition to the usual work in the writing, delivery and criticism of orations, the society is making during this term a specialty of extemporaneous speaking. At each meeting three members are given topics upon which they have but thirty minutes to think. After the time has elapsed each is expected to speak for five minutes upon the topic assigned. The speech is to have a plan. Its diction is to be concise, its thought coherent and its delivery natural. This exercise is found very beneficial and often is productive of surprisingly good speeches.

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Y. W. C. A.

On February 14, the Y. W. C. A. completed the second year of its existence. The report of the retiring president showed that earnest and successful work has been done during the past year. The average attendance at the twenty-five prayer meetings held during the year has been twenty, out of a membership of nineteen active and six associate members. Twenty daily keep the quiet hour.

The association sent three delegates to the Student Volunteer Convention at Toronto, one to Lake Geneva and one to the State Convention at Ypsilanti. Five social gatherings have been held, and the spirit of Christian fellowship daily breathes throughout the college life so that no girl can long feel lonely at Hope.

In the line of missions, the association has held six missionary meetings. During the summer several did work for the Summer Sewing Guild for India. Pledges have been secured for the support of Ephraim Souri in India, and missionary prayer cards have been circulated.

The new officers are:—

President—Lottie M. Hoyt.

Vice-President—Mae M. Veneklasen.

Secretary—Margie Keppel.

Treasurer—Esther Fortune.

Cosmopolitans.

It might perhaps be presumptuous on the part of the present members of our society to say that they had attained to the high ideals set by the worthy founders, and eagerly pursued by their noble successors. No, we would not claim to have reached the ultimate object of our ambition; the farther a true man has progressed and the nearer he has attained to his ideal, the farther he will project it into the realm of the unattained. However, the Cosmopolitans are earnestly striving to make good the promises to the graduated veterans, and are anxiously preserving the charge laid upon them. The spirit which has moved the father still hovers over the heads of the children to inspire the soul and whet the wits.

The work of the society is so various that it would be unfair to illustrate it by a single program. By all the several phases of literary work the ability of each member is tested. Each member appears on the program at least once in three weeks—the membership is too large to accommodate more than a third at meeting—either as orator, debater, essayist, eulogist, critic and etc. The debate, however, is a constant feature. Questions of political or social interest, not only worthy of but requiring the consideration of college students, arise weekly. It is true, the debaters derive the most benefit from such work; especially the one that takes the negative side, for he must refute the arguments presented by his opponent; and since this compels him to speak and present the refutation spontaneously, he derives invaluable drill in retort and witty response. Still, all the members may receive direct profit, since after the appointed debaters have had their turn at the crank, the shaft continues to revolve at the hands of other members, and, at times, on account of the rapidity of the revolutions, a blaze of oratory issues forth, making intense the already bright light.

With the highest moral and intellectual aim, with the happiest and most pleasing environment, and with the profoundest respect for, the kindest affection towards, and the most congenial sympathy with each other, the Cosmopolitan society hopes to attain, at least, in some degree to the high ideal of useful service which is the highest criterion of successful living.

x x

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. has just completed another year's work; the majority of its officers have vacated their places on the cabinet, and new men have taken up the work. Tuesday,

February 10, was the day set for the election of officers. As usual, on the annual business meeting, the various committees reported on the work done, and some gave suggestions for improvement along certain lines.

From the reports read it appeared that the Y. M. C. A. is in a good condition. This, too, has been demonstrated throughout the year by the increased interest and large attendance upon the weekly meetings. What might have appeared at the beginning of the year as a retrogressive step, when the Thursday evening lecture system was abandoned, has proved a step in the right direction. It has resulted in a larger attendance upon the Tuesday evening meetings; a greater interest in Bible study, and a doubling of the number in the mission class. The average attendance this year at the Y. M. C. A. prayer meetings was fifty-four. The lowest, that on Thursday evening when the lecture system was still in vogue at the beginning of the year, was sixteen. The highest attendance was ninety-five. Twenty-six new members were added, twenty-two of which are active and four associate members.

The occasional appearance in Holland of missionaries, both from the foreign field and from our own frontiers, has been profitable to the Y. M. C. A. These men have almost without fail responded to an invitation to address either the missionary class or the Y. M. C. A. The mission class, consisting of members from both Christian associations, are planning to give a public program in the near future. This is given with the object especially of arousing a greater interest in the study of missions among the students.

During the year three delegates attended the great missionary convention at Toronto. Three attended the Y. M. C. A. conference at Lake Geneva, and three attended the state convention at Pontiac recently.

The Y. M. C. A. has received two visits from State Secretary Charles D. Hurry. We are pleased to learn that his services for another year have been secured at the recent state convention.

The following are the officers elected at the annual business meeting: President, Jac. G. Brouwer; Vice President, Anthony Walvoord; Recording Secretary, C. Van der Schoor; Treasurer, Willis Hoekje, and Corresponding Secretary, Abraham Muste.

College Jottings.

Alone! Alone !! Alone!!!

"That's right, professor."

Stagenga—"I have a friend who is studying pharmistry."

Prof. to Bosch—"You must have an exhaustless amount of goddesses in your mind."

Prof.—"Have you been sick?"

Pennings—"No, I've been to a convention.

"Keep still, boys, Bergen wants to talk."

Prof.—"What Cicero has put together, don't you put asunder."

"Stillman, you are an honest boy if we can only get you started."

The Sophomore class has decided to take English by the absent treatment.

Prof.—"Will you review this book and report to me?"

Bosch—"Professor, I am afraid that book will be dry."

Ruissard does not like to have the contest take place in winter time, at least, not when he is expected to sit with his class.

Miss Bottume says there is a fine reading room at South Haven. She will undoubtedly need to make use of it.

"Romea, won't you please play sub?"

By, By!

Muste, Muste, you bet, you bet!

You're sure to win at Olivet.

"Oh darn— it anyway!"

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Ruisaard says, the pleasantest time of the year is "winter."
His next poem will be on that subject.

Duven would like to know how he would look when he gets lean.

Isn't Bush swell?

"Keep still, boys. Bergen wants to talk."

Is Muste growing a beard?

Welmers is going to Princeton, notes and all.

Dr. S.... lost his hat,

Have you seen the twin caps of Wasdyke and Miss P—?

Ruisaard was the young giant in the rush.

Does the Dr. know of Boeve's frequent visits? If not, will some one please inform him?

Ask Melly about his "tootsy, wootsy."

Who hid the Soph's and Freshies' clothes at the contest?

Wubben says that when he was at the convention he wanted to go to the insane asylum, but his fellow delegates would not let him. No wonder that Brouwer asks if insanity is quite prevalent among all classes.

Prof. Bergen—"All right, Mr. Liar."

Did anyone fail to notice, from the last Anchor, that the L. L. L. are manufacturing corsets?

Prof. Stuphen to Stegenga—"Go—on translate."

Stegenga—"May you return to heaven too late?"

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Prof.—"I hope you will."

Kruizenga says, "No single men are liars." He is single.

Prof. in French to Buursma—"What is the feminine of beaux?" Buursma—"It-is-a-belle."

Prof.—"How do you arrive at the conclusion?" Buursma—"From experience."

The seniors recently skipped Prof. Bergen to go up town to get some "spirits." As a witness, the Prof. has in possession pieces of the broken bottles, and worst still, a broken record.

"If you refuse me!" said Dalenberg to his lady friend, "my blood will be upon your head. I cannot live without you!"

She—"Well, self-preservation is the first law of nature. I simply couldn't live 'with you.'"

Thirty-two pieces of the Soph.'s banner have been found in the different rooms, but still they claim the honor of saving it.

Mart says he has no jokes for this issue.

Lady friend of Kruizenga—"Why, I could live on bread and water with you."

Kruizenga—"Well, I'll get the water. You see to the bread."

Poppen and Muyskens, the outlaws.

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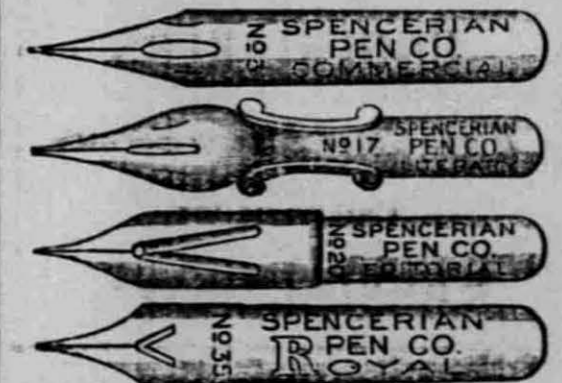
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