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Hope College

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# THE ANCHOR

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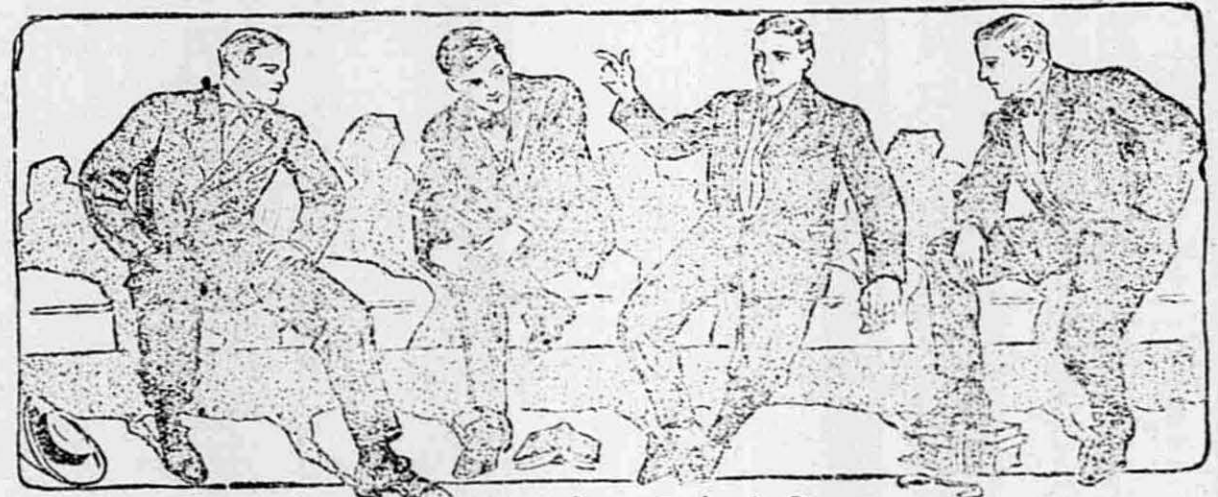
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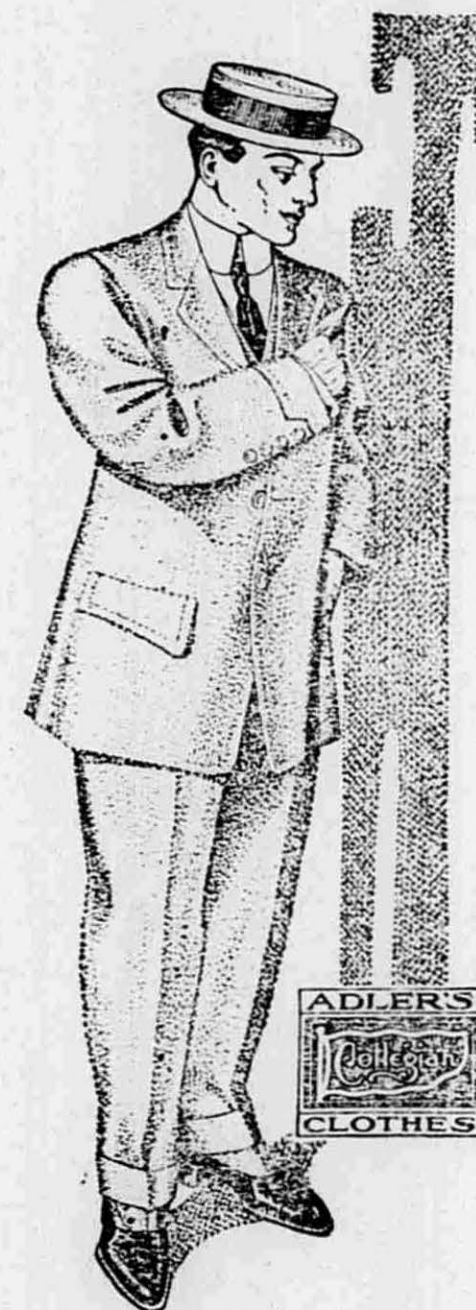
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# The Anchor

"Spera in Deo"

VOLUME XXII

MARCH, 1909

NUMBER 6

## FATHER DAMIEN

This Oration Received Fourth Rank in the State Oratorical Contest held at Kalamazoo, March 5th



THE PATIENT servant of humanity is ever clad in a garment of simplicity. For him courtly mansions and majestic palaces open not their gates of brass; but the huts of the lowly welcome him as a friend. Royal treasures in vain hold forth their glittering charms; his reward he finds in the empty hands of the poor, whose dying breath whisper a benediction greater than the praises of kings. The blinded eyes of an indifferent world know not this stranger; even heaven seems to frown upon him; earth holds forth no reward,—and posterity, will it too be silent and heed not his unselfish deeds?

Peacefully enshrined amid the blue waters of the Pacific lies the island of Molokai. A solemn stillness broods over its fertile and fragrant hills, for Sorrow has marked it for her own. Its ivy-mantled shoulders tower into azure clouds; its lowlands are washed by a sapphire sea; Nature here is arrayed in all her grace and beauty, yet everywhere there is loneliness. Under stately, vine-clad cliffs cluster the brownish huts of wretched, evil-fated men. A church spire may be seen pointing heavenward above the blossoming tree-tops in the distance. About it are white dots of houses wreathed in green. An Eden in appearance, but the houses are the whited sepulchres of a living death, for the cottages are leper homes, the church a leper church, the island a leper colony.

The story of this island is the story of one man,—not a

king, not a statesman, nor even a warrior, yet one whose brave and noble deeds must needs inspire and sway the hearts of men. In him burned a fire not kindled by fastings, by stripes or the buffeting of the body, but quickened into flame by the breath of God. In his soul was the zeal of St. Paul, in his heart the spirit of Christ. His lot among men was hardship, sacrifice and death. Let me tell the short and simple life-story of that humble servant of humanity, Father Damien.

Scorning ease, the youthful Damien came to the Hawaiian Islands at a time when leprosy like a vampire had spread its wings over this beautiful kingdom of the sea. As in centuries past the peaceful valley of the Jordan resounded with the dismal cry, "Unclean—unclean," so here, from every island of the group, that piteous wail ascended. In the Mosaic Law lay the nation's only hope. The stricken lepers must be banished to a neighboring isle. At even-tide, with the golden glow of sunset about them, they utter their sad farewell to those whom they may never again see in this life. In the night a small craft bears them away from the homes of their youth and the love of friends, to spend their days, like death itself, upon "an island as serene, as solitary, as silent as dreamland—mournful Molokai." These unfortunate exiles of earth, however, were not to live their lives without the touch of God. In the hour of their deepest despair heaven is not unmoved. In distant Louvain the fever of service throbs in the breast of the young man Damien. He leaves the useless penance of the Belgian cloister for fruitful labor in the islands of the South Pacific. But not there is he to find his life task. Molokai lifts up to him its voice of lamentation. To him it is a call from God. This plain, uncouth, obscure peasant priest, by one sublime resolve makes himself a hero, than whom the world has not seen a nobler, for, in pity for the lepers' wretched state, he offers up his life, and lays his body, a willing sacrifice, on the altar of Brotherly Love.

When Damien came, Molokai was the home of eight hundred lepers. Though the government tried to do its duty, pitiful conditions prevailed. Supplies came but seldom, and often the lepers lacked the barest necessities of life. All the horrors, of the bottomless pit met the gaze of each leper as he came to his living tomb on Molokai. Cottages could not be

supplied to all, and the bed of many was but a mat beneath the trees. There they lived, with the sun each day growing dimmer before their clouded leprous eyes, the roar of the sea becoming fainter to their diseased ears. But while their living bodies underwent the sickening decay of the grave, their hearts still kept throbbing, and their brains still ached with the thoughts and memories of the past. This lingering death left many a face a ghastly horror from which to turn in loathing. Even their souls grow foul with disease, for, into the ears of each arrival they preach the poisonous heresy, "In this place there is no law," and seek the peace of Lethe in the lowest dregs of vice. A very gehenna, and in the ghostly, grinning, distorted features of its victims each newcomer reads the fatal words of Dante.

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here!"

But not even the awesome shadows of the valley of death could stay the feet of this messenger of salvation. Undismayed Damien entered this hopeless night as a physician of soul and body. Simple was his life, and few are the words needed to write its story upon the hearts of mankind. Arrived on Molokai, his only comfort at night is the protection of a punhala tree; his bed a mat amidst his wasting brethren. Daily he went about doing good. He had no narrow conception of his duty, for his labor of love brought pure water from the mountains that all might bathe; it took him into the homes of the lepers, as gardener and cook, to ward off gnawing hunger from their diseased bodies; it made of him a teacher and a judge, so that above the ruins of their flesh the torch of reason might yet burn brightly. By his hands a church and homes were built. The hands which administer the sacrament to the dying leper, also wipe the death dew from his brow; and as the kindly priest tenderly lays him away in his narrow bed, the tears of a brother fall upon his desolate grave. Damien's cup of loving service was always full. Lowly and faithful was his ministry—this against an ever-swelling, insolent tide of immorality, disease and death.

Voices of the past tell us that the noblest hero is often a martyr to his cause. Though his life be one of self-sacrifice, his reward is death. Thus it was with the hero of Molokai. For more than a decade his flesh suffered no corruption. Then

slowly he began to feel the weight of the cross of his own leprosy pressing down upon his shoulders. This cross was heavy, and, like his Master, he bore it alone. The road to his Golgotha was long and steep. Three years he was on the way to his crown. Already within the very door of his own sepulchre, his mantle a shroud, he yet toiled for this flock cast off and rejected of men. For sixteen years he labored in such wise as he might, until the shadows thickened and night came on; his eyes grew dim, his feet heavy; still he trod his weary way,—patient, untiring, faithful even unto death.

In the minds of men there are various estimates of greatness. But what is the true test that determines a man's place among his fellows? A man's deeds tell merely of what he has accomplished; his motive, only, marks his greatness.

Is true fame to be ascribed to such as Napoleon? His name conjures up only the thoughts of an indomitable will and the bloody scenes of battle. He was a master in war, but a slave to ambition. His was merely the greatness of lawless, despotic accomplishment. England points with pride to her Gladstone; Germany to her Bismark. Theirs is a greater type than that of Napoleon. The insignia of greatness rests upon them because they mounted to their fame through noble deeds done under the most complicated conditions. Theirs is the greatness of lawful, legitimate accomplishment. But the greatest glory comes neither to the colossal monster of will-power, nor yet to the diplomatic champion of a nation's honor. A truer greatness is given to him who, by deliberate choice, sacrifices self for mankind and for duty. You have heard the story of Damien's life. What shall we say of his motive?

Glance first with me at the names of those who were moved by love, and note the verdict of the years upon their deeds. There is Lafayette, who left his native land that he might aid his struggling friends; today his name is linked with that of Washington. There is Lincoln, whose name a grateful people revere because he "gave his last full measure of devotion" that our Union might endure. There is Florence Nightengale, whose look of love was imaged by the last flickering light in many a dying soldier's eyes; her glory can never fade, for into the lust and hate of war she bore the

banner of purity and love. It was love that opened up Africa, and David Livingstone, like Columbus, has a continent for his reward. Unto these and unto the vast army whose hearts' blood flowed for love of their fellows, there comes, from the lips of the humble, from the seats of the mighty, from the very graves of the dead, a glad, resounding paean of praise. Earth vibrates with the song. They live in the hearts of men.

But what of Damien? Long centuries ago, on Galilee's shore, his Master taught men how to live. It is said of that Master that He went about doing good. On the sacred page is traced the story of how He loved the poor and the lowly; how He gave to mankind His message of love, of truth and of faith; how He died in shame and dishonor that others might live. It is enough for Damien that amongst the struggling men of earth he gives a new fulfilment of his Master's words, "In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." To every man comes a call to shape such love as Damien's into deeds of tenderness and truth, into acts of justice and mercy, into lives of purity and peace. From Molokai's mournful shores comes a voice that bids men wake to deeds of love; it is the voice of the Nazarene, speaking to your heart and mine.

Only two decades have gone since Damien passed to his reward. That sad, beauteous isle which knew him in life now covers his sacred dust. No sculptured mausoleum mars with mocking dignity this hero's humble grave; only a simple cross marks his bed among his brethren. He sleeps among those he loved where luxuriant foliage, emblem of immortality, bursts into a foam of blossoms about his tomb, and heaven's candles in the dome above keep silent vigil. A peaceful sea moans a lasting requiem. Soft and gentle breezes, murmuring a tender tribute, lightly kiss his hallowed grave, and across the rolling billows waft into the hearts of all mankind the sweet fragrance of that beautiful life of love.

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Write it in your heart that every day is the best day in the year. A day is a more magnificent cloth than any muslin; the mechanism that makes it is infinitely cunninger, and you shall not conceal the sleazy, fraudulent, rotten hours you have slipped into it.—EMERSON.



## FAITH.

If I could feel my hand in Thine,  
Then faith I could regain;  
If I could touch Thy garments fine,  
Then trust I would again.

If I could hear Thy voice of love  
Speak words of life to me,  
If I could talk to Thee above,—  
Believe I would in Thee.

If I could see Thee, Lord, today,  
With eyes could Thee behold,  
Then, Lord, I could not but obey,  
As did the folk of old.

If I could tread the paths Thou tread'st,  
And walk close by Thy side,  
If I had heard Thee when Thou said'st,  
"In Me thou must abide,—

Then evermore, dear Lord, I'd strive  
Truly Thy love to see,  
To do each day Thy will through life—  
In faith to follow Thee.

ZORA I. BARNABY, Prep., '09.

## THE VALUE OF MUSIC.



HERE is scarcely a phase of life in which music does not play some important part in one form or another. We might almost say that life is made up of music. You have only to go to nature, if you will, for the verification of this statement. If you will but listen you can hear the very sweetest music which God has given you in the singing of the birds, the chirping of the crickets, and the whistling of the winds. Poets have sung to us of the quiet and soothing music of the little brooklets, of the powerfully sounding cataracts, and of

the grasses swaying to and fro in the breezes. Think for a moment of the music in the voices of the children. Listen to their laughter and playful words. How like the sweetest music do these sound to the loving mother's ear!

I think I can safely say that there is nothing in this whole universe which has stood the test of ages as has music. Generations of many centuries ago have found their most enjoyment and greatest satisfaction in it. They found in music the only expression of their soul, the only solace of their heart. In music they found to a certain extent the explanation of that mysterious world into which God had brought them. And in music, they found that soul-inspiring element which prompted them to attain the higher things in that life which He had created for them.

It was with music that the birth of Christ, Himself, was heralded to our world of sin and degradation. Never was there sweeter theme, than that which ushered in the Savior of the world. Sad to say, music has deteriorated since then, and we have it now in only a stage of inferior excellence. It is only now and then, that we catch a faint echo of those strains which were the sublimest the world has ever known.

But even in this stage of deterioration, it is a power in our lives which cannot be surpassed by any other. It is the means of communication from a higher to a lower, from a lower to a higher life. It is the one redeeming feature of our earthly life; it is the only heavenly element remaining in life.

We find music everywhere. We find it in social life, in military life, in the home, in the church, in sorrow, and in joy. Music is the one element, which, more than anything else, helps to develop in the individual the qualities that fit him for a pure and useful life in church and society. In military life, it is the one element which can cheer the sick and disheartened soldier and bring to his mind the glory of his campaign. In the home, it produces an environment which is the purest and worthiest. In the church, it is the only true means of worship and reverence. And how soothing the influence of music in sorrow! We cannot explain the charm it has upon us in sadness. It expresses that which words cannot express. The songs of our departed friends from a link of union between them and us which could not be supplanted by anything in memory. In joy, too, it is the purest and most natural expression of our feelings. It is music which gives life and cheer to everything.

Surely you will agree with me that music is an element in life which is worthy of the highest development and careful study. If this be true, let us consider for a moment how we fail to do all in our power to accomplish this. Consider first of all, the church. If music is the only true means of worship and reverence, do not our Protestant churches fail to make use of this means to its fullest extent? Should we not have more music in the churches? I do not maintain that it should take the place of prayer and Scripture study, but it should hold as prominent a place as these, for it brings us near the Infinite. Why not, then, use this influence which music is able to exercise? Why should we not grasp every possible means and, therefore, the very possible means of bringing souls into the church and to a closer union with God?

If, as was said, it produces the purest and worthiest environment in the home, why are so many homes without it? We will all admit that the influences of home-life upon the child mould, to a great extent, its character. Note, then, the possibilities of a home with a musical environment! What but music could be a more fitting and ennobling entertainment for the children in the home? But it is not merely entertaining. It is also, and above all, a means of bringing the members of a family close together in love and good fellowship. By means of it, friendships may be formed in the home which could find formation in no other way. Why not, then, introduce into our homes the power of music to create that love and feeling of good fellowship which is so sadly lacking around many of our American hearths?

In some of our schools, too, the want of music robs the child of the very element which will help him to a higher appreciation of purity and nobility. Here are laid the fundamental powers upon which he builds up all the others. Are we not, then, doing the child an injustice by withholding from him the study of music?

And how decidedly deficient is our own college in the good it could accomplish by means of giving a course in the study of music! Instead, is she not doing her students an injustice by requiring so great an amount of other work from them that it is almost impossible to take up music as an extra study, should the student so desire? Why should it not hold a place by itself in the curriculum? Why should it not be a required study in at least some of the courses? Why should languages and mathematics be required while music is not?

I hear you say that the former are more practical. Perhaps so but therefore not more important. Music is the language of the soul. And does not the soul after all play the most important role in the lives of men and women? You cannot but answer in the affirmative. Indeed, music is as important, if not more so, than any study in our college courses.

And so we might go on to enumerate the ways in which music plays only a secondary part. But it is unnecessary. We are fully convinced that it should hold a leading place. We are confident that good music has the deep moral value of a wholesome novel; that it cultivates power, grace, beauty, and simplicity beyond all other elements in life; that it leads to all that is good, just, beautiful and inspiring. In music, to the exclusion of everything else, we find the expression of our hearts and souls. Should we not then consider it our duty to further and better the cause of music? Is it not our duty to thank God for a Schubert and a Beethoven and a Bach? For the great symphonies, and oratorios? For the "Moonlight Sonata," the "Creation," the "Elijah," and the "Messiah"?

JENNIE E. PIKAART, '10.

### A RIDE IN THE DARK.

To me there is always an element of lurking mystery when I ride away from the protection of electric lights and the thickly settled town, into the inky blackness of a starless night. I have, for the moment, the feeling of an explorer, the expectation of entering the unknown, and withal the feeling of exhilaration that always comes with the knowledge that here, under these impenetrable depths, I am choosing my own way, or trusting to the unerring animal instincts of my faithful horse. As the unearthly shadows of my road-wagon and horse, cast by the weird light of the last electric street lamp, precede me for some distance, I feel that insufferable loneliness that one often experiences upon suddenly awakening in the middle of the night, and I long for the twinkling of that light which never fails to appear at a certain bend in the road. Until I catch that first glimpse, I cannot throw off that loneliness, but that brave little light, shining out into the night, always sends with its bright beaming the thoughts of a home and a happy fireside. As I drive on and hear the screech of an

oncoming train, my hand tightens upon the rein, and my horse starts into a brisk trot. She seems almost to know that, until I am safely across that railroad track, she must not jog along in that sleepy dog-trot; when once across she slackens her pace, and we pass through a long weird stretch of road flanked upon either side by willows. Then of a sudden we find ourselves upon the brow of a small hill, and my first look is toward that other faithful beacon-light of mine, shining out brightly upon that distant ridge, and it always reminds me of my childhood home in old Missouri. My horse does not pause for reminiscence, however, and I prepare myself for the start that a certain wretched dog always gives me as he rushes out at my horse's head. He gives us a few farewell yelps as we rattle across the wooden bridge, and on we jog across a little stretch of that fast disappearing abomination, a corduroy road. Another railroad, and the last quarter of a mile the horse herself catches my spirit of eager anticipation, and in a very little while the lights of my own dear home shine out to greet me, and the next moment I hear the voice of my mother saying at the open door, "Is that you, girlie?" And my three mile ride is over.

BLANCHES A. HOWELL.

### GO, WINTER!

Go, Winter; Go thy ways! We want again  
The twitter of the bluebird and the wren.  
Leaves ever greener growing, and the shine  
Of Summer's sun—not thine.

Thy sun, which mocks our need of warmth and love  
And all the heartening fervencies thereof,  
It scarce has heat enow to warm your thin  
Pathetic yearnings in.

So get thee from us! We are cold, God wot,  
Even as thou art. We remember not  
How blithe we hail thy coming—that was O  
Too long—too long ago!

Get from us utterly! Ho! Summer then  
Shall spread her grasses where thy snows have been,  
And thy last icy footprint melt and mould  
In her first marigold.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

## THE ANCHOR.

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With this issue the Anchor staff of '08-'09 quietly severs its official connection with the college paper. After a more or less successful period of work they close their books, turn out the office lights and silently go home to pleasant dreams. Like the banquet speaker who said that the best speech he ever made was the one he repeated to himself while going home in the cab after the banquet thinking of the things he ought to have said but did not, so the best monthly edition we have published is not found among those you have read. We planned much but the troubles of an editor are many and great. We, however, enjoyed the work, and are thankful that, because of the loyal support given by the students and friends of the college, we are enabled to pass from office leaving no debt to burden the mind of the new staff. The incoming staff, the personale of which assures a prosperous year for the

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### THE STATE CONTEST AT KALAMAZOO

When at midnight, March 6th, Hope's orator, Mr. Pleune stepped on the platform of the spacious Congregational church at Kalamazoo, every Hopeite present felt confident that if Mr. Pleune should only speak in his usual graceful way Hope would, at its worst, take only second place. However, when at 12:30 A. M., Mr. L. L. Bond, president of the Oratorical League, announced the decision of the judges, small satisfaction could be felt by the Hope delegation, for Mr. Pleune certainly outdid himself when delivering his oration on "Father Damien," and if the undivided attention of an audience that already had patiently listened to eight orators, be the criterion of an effective speech, our disappointment over the ultimate decision can be readily understood.

However, this does in no way prevent us from congratulating Albion upon its new laurels. Mr. Goodwin may be assured of Hope's hearty wishes for the most of success in the coming inter-state contest.

The ladies' contest in the afternoon also was quite successful. The orations given by the five contestants were well worth listening to, ranking in excellence with those delivered at the men's contest. Miss French of Hillsdale was awarded first place.

With the early dawn of day the Hope special, with 250 tired but loyal Hopeites, pulled into Holland station. All aboard were unanimous in the praises of the cordiality experienced from the hands of the studentry of old Kazoo College, and of the unstinted hospitality of the citizens of the Celery City.

—H. K. P.

### DR. HARRINGTON'S LECTURE.

In the evening of March 1st, Dr. Harrington of Oberlin College gave his reading on Browning's "The Ring and the Book." A severe cold rendered Dr. Harrington's voice less clear than usual, and this, perhaps, was the cause that some few in the audience showed less appreciation for classical poetry. Also, Browning might prove a trifle too deep for the Philistine mind to grasp. We are assured that a man of such scholarly attainments, marvelous memory and refined interpretation as Dr. Harrington, is always appreciated by lovers of classical literature.

### THE PRESENT NEED OF HOPE.

Hope College has, during the last few years, advanced rapidly along every line. This is particularly true in athletics. But a great need is still unfulfilled. We are in need of a cinder-track for our track-team. A part of the furnishings for such a team are on hand. The students are enthusiastic and willing to come out. The manager, Mr. Pasma, is of the right stuff. Our coach, Mr. Conger, enjoys an enviable reputation. But in addition we desire the co-operation and sanction of the faculty. Individually they stand somewhat like this. Our professor of English attended the Olympian games held last summer, and is very enthusiastic about what he saw. Our instructor in Bible favors athletics, and constantly uses illustrations such as "They which run a race—." The professor of Modern Languages has personally offered his services in the past. From the chair of history we learn the value of the Olympian contests. Greek has aroused our enthusiasm for the passing laurel by showing us the respect which Socrates contributed to the winner of the match. Read "Symposium." The chemistry and gymnasium are now very close together. All this is but to show that the faculty members individually favor these things. Why not collectively?

Here is the solution of the "race" question. Let the fellows support and boom the track-team. Will the faculty endorse the propositions of the manager? Many of this body favor us secretly, why not in the open? An honest confession is good for the soul (solé). That means the rubber shoe of the track-team. In addition can the council be interested in this work?

They have aided us before. We have also declined their assistance when not in need. It is a new departure for Hope. Then allow us to compete with like institutions. Who will help us? We desire a good stiff course in Greek—track work.

JAMES VERBURG, '10.

### ATHLETICS.

The first fielder's mitt has been seen on the campus. The "fans" are coming. Exit the basket ball. How clumsy it seems. The base ball fits the hand so much more snugly. Tigers! Sox! Cubs! Yep, I've met 'em before. Rheulbach is helping De Paul? Sure we beat De Paul last winter in basket ball. We can't get them here for base ball; it doesn't pay. We haven't got an enclosed field between the game and a man's fifteen cents.

We may forget the basket ball itself, but we cannot lose sight of the brilliant record made with the "has been" ball—the clear slate of 1,000 per cent. and the distinction of ranking very favorably among the best teams of the country. That this means much to us is felt by all who take even a minimum amount of pride in Hope a la athletics. That it may justly mean much can be argued on two points. First, our success has been achieved by work of the dyke-digging type. It was determination plus determination minus the parenthetical expression, competent coach minus an open field for inspiring rivalry. (Kindly excuse poor mathematical expression. We cannot demonstrate even the Y. M. C. A. triangle of body, mind, and spirit); second, it shows the possibilities of any Hope College organization. What we have done in one phase of College life we believe can be done in any other. Determination and work are the two ever-potent forces that can be applied here at Hope. They never fail in results.

Great credit is due Manager Henry Vruwink for his ambitious energy in securing games of a high class, for thus the record of the season was made a possibility. But what would we have done without "Germany" Veenker, the "forward, never backward"? What of Center John Vruwink, who made a decidedly hard opponent for Branston, the champion center of Michigan? What of the excellent "passing" of "Plunger" De Pree, and the steady floor covering play of "Henry" Vruwink? What of "Toodles" Laven, who shot

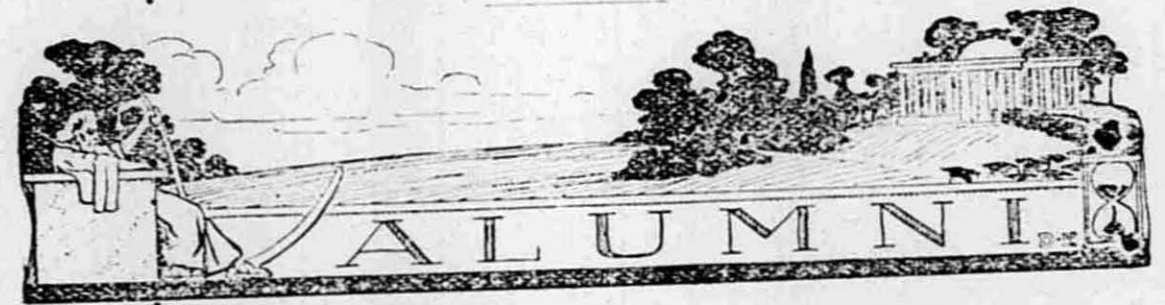
baskets and proved a sliver in the hand of his ambitious basket shooting opponents? Hurrah for the team that did things! Hurrah for the spirit that has spread the name of our College into new territory! Nine "rahs" for Germany! Nine for the "Plunger"! Nine for the Center! Nine for the manager who played on the team! Nine for Toodles! Any Hopeite who feels that a megaphone is not inadequate to voice his sentiments when the "rahs" are sounded certainly is a model of conservatism. We are proud of the team; we are happy in its record; we are proud of Hope.

February scores:

Jackson Y. M. C. A., 46; Hope, 32.

Detroit Y. M. C. A., 36; Hope, 37.

Armour Institute, 24; Hope, 40.



Among the loyal Alumni who attended the State contest at Kalamazoo were Mrs. J. M. Vander Meulen, '04; A. J. Kolyn, '06; Rev. C. Van der Mel, '03; Rev. G. Hondelink, '00. and Rev. G. Kooiker, '97.

Rev. J. G. Meengs, '98, of Schenectady, N. Y., mourns the death of his wife.

Rev. J. Hoekje, '73, who has been seriously ill for some time, is able to be out again.

Mr. Andrew Stegenga, '06, of the Western Theological Seminary, has received a call from the Reformed Church of Clymerhill, N. Y.

Rev. S. C. Nettinga, '00, has accepted the call extended to him by the First Reformed Church of Englewood, Chicago, Ill.

Rev. J. M. Van der Meulen, '91, recently spoke in Grand Haven and Zeeland on behalf of local option.

Mr. Wm. D. Van Eyck, '93, who has held the office of city clerk for twelve successive years, has decided to relinquish that office in the spring.

Prof. J. E. Kuizenga, '99, recently completed a series of five lectures at the Grand Rapids Bible Study Association.

## SOCIETY NOTES.

Some time ago, too late to be mentioned in the February Anchor, the Y. W. C. A. planned and gave a Japanese social, at which everything was conducted in the best Japanese style. All those who attended the social, not only thoroughly enjoyed themselves, but helped the girls of the Y. W. C. A. in their work.

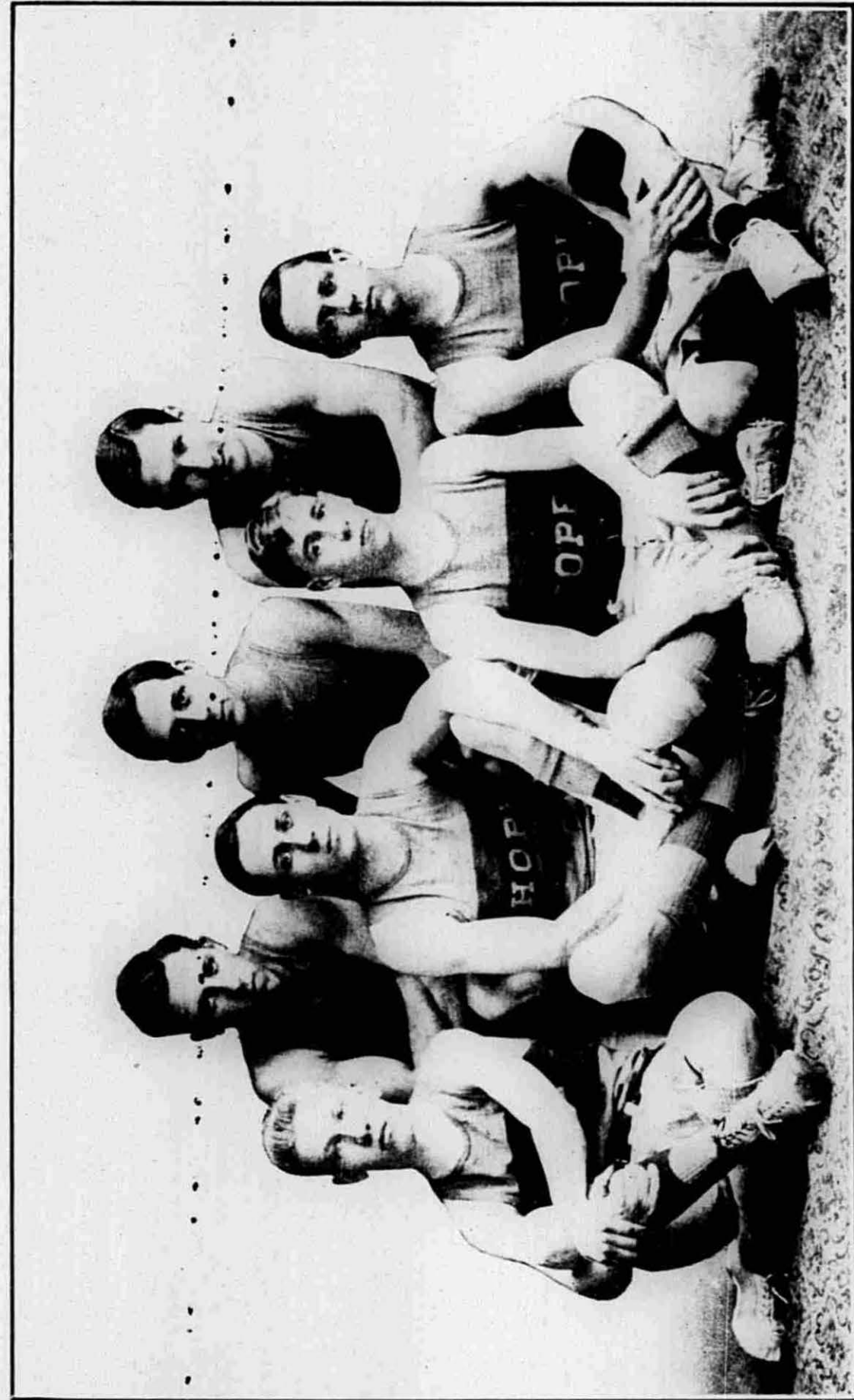
The joint debate between the Cosmopolitan Society and the Debating Club held in Winant's Chapel February 3, was won by the former. The question of "The Closed or Open Shop" proved an interesting one. The Cosmopolitan debaters, Henry Rottschaefer, John Vis and J. Heemstra, were the exponents of the "closed shop plan." Their opponents were George Roost, John Warnshuis and A. Van Houten of the Debating Club.

The members of the Fraternal Society and their lady friends enjoyed a sociable time on the evening of February 19. A fake oratorical contest, participated in only by members of the Freshmen class, was the feature of the evening. The hall was attractively decorated with pennants and the colors of the society. An excellent supper and a social time completed the enjoyment of the evening.

The Junior class, accompanied by the sweet singer, Jennie Veneklasen, celebrated a part of Washington's birthday in Forest Grove at the home of their class mate, Jennie Pikaart. A long wagon ride, a big supper and a literary and musical program were a part of the fun. A more enjoyable evening could not be imagined. Only one member was found missing, namely, C. Evers, who was unable to attend because of a family reunion occurring on this date.

The Ufilas and Van Raalte Dutch Clubs had a joint meeting Wednesday evening, February 24, and were addressed by Editor Masman, a staunch friend of the Dutch Clubs.

On Friday evening, February 19, the Meliphone Society and their friends enjoyed their annual banquet in Cosmopolitan hall. C. Dame, as president of the society, acted as toastmaster and called upon several of the members to respond to toasts. One more Meliphone banquet has passed by to join the countless throng of Meliphone reveries of the past.



HOPE COLLEGE BASKET BALL TEAM  
 De Pree, Guard  
 Kleinheksel, Sub.  
 J. Vruwink, Center  
 H. Vruwink, Guard  
 Veenker (Capt.) Forward  
 Laven, Forward  
 Bronkhorst, Sub.

**EXCHANGES.**

It is interesting to note in school papers the increasing interest in basket ball. Not only is every paper full of it but great enthusiasm also displays itself in the write-up of the games.

The retiring Exchange editor feels that he should take this occasion to say a brief word for the Exchange department, now that such a plea is no longer in danger of being construed as an appeal for recognition of himself rather than his department. His is the most thankless work of all that goes into the making of a paper. If he's a man with a conscience he must work hard to present a good column, all the time knowing that perhaps one out of ten will read what he writes. And yet if the students would but awake to the fact, they would realize the importance and the possibility of this feature of the paper. One thing the Exchange department requires is the support and the interest of the entire student body and not of the select few. And so if the retiring editor may be permitted to urge one thing upon the supporters of the Anchor, it is that they will help his successor faithfully by reading his criticism and occasionally glimpsing through the papers on the table.

The chief criticism we have to make on The Mirror is the brevity of its articles. In other respects it presents a very good paper especially in the spirit it displays in its editorials.

The Blue and the Gray is very attractive externally but there seems to be no method whatsoever in the arrangement of its departments and articles.

We urge Albion College Pleiad by all means to continue that department, "With Our Neighbors." It is the nearest approach to an Exchange column you seem to wish to make. Your paper is always good, but also always very local in its character.

The department headed "Student Forum" in the Olivet Echo is unique in college papers. It is a desirable feature especially if so well supported, as it is. The letter entitled "Courtesy at Entertainments," finds a broad application; an article we would like to recommend for perusal.

Red and Blue gave a decidedly good issue in February. The absence of advertising in the front part of the paper makes a neat appearance, very pleasing. It contains a large amount of reading matter and every department presents a completeness and unity too often lacking in our college paper. The Exchange column is very well conducted.

## FEBRUARY—SHORT BUT SWEET.

- Feb. 1—Y. W. C. A. entertained with a "Japanese Night."
- Feb. 3—Cosmopolitans victorious in debate with the Debating Club.
- Feb. 3—Charter of Dean's table at Voorhees Commons granted to the Seniors by "Divine Right."
- Feb. 4—"D's" table at Voorhees Commons maintained, "No taxation without representation."
- Feb. 8—Leeland T. Powers in "The Taming of the Shrew."
- Feb. 9-12 No recitations in Bible or Pedagogy.
- Feb. 12—Lincoln memorial in Chapel.
- Feb. 12—The Frats make merry with their co-ed friends.
- Feb. 13—Everybody happy—Hope 46; Jackson "Y" 33.
- Feb. 18—A gala day—Hope 37; Detroit "Y" 36.
- Feb. 19—No classes in Latin.
- Feb. 19—The Meliphoneans become dignified and have a banquet.
- Feb. 22—A "free day."
- Feb. 22—The Juniors have a class party.
- Feb. 24—The basket ball team again victorious—at the photograph gallery.
- Feb. 27—Hope 40, Armour Institute of Chicago 24.

## LOCALS.

In D class Bible Study, "Prove from the Bible that no man should have more than one wife."

Rietveldt: "No man can serve two masters."

Ver Hulst says that the most striking example of absent-mindedness that ever came to his notice was when Prof. Van Der Meulen sat his umbrella down in his chair and placed himself in the corner.

Hoebeke, in English: "Their conversation was entirely illegible."

Weurding, translating Homer, "They stood, prone in the dust."

Jennie Pikaart, describing Kazoo contest, "We sat in wrapped attention."

There was some doubt as to whether or not "Vic" Blekkink would make the baseball team. All such doubt has been dispelled by his being elected to the captaincy. Excuse us again, this is athletic news.

Oh, yes; being local editor is a peach of a job. A fellow hands you what he thinks is a joke. The following may result:

1. You don't see the joke and therefore do not give it to the Editor-in-Chief. The fellow gets sore.
2. You hand it in, but the Editor-in-Chief thinks it poor. You get called down.
3. The Editor-in-Chief allows it to be printed. The readers think it slush. They knock on you.
4. It turns out to be a slam on some girl. We refrain from stating the consequences.

## Kazoo Notes.

'Tis said that Professor Nykerk had his kicks on the decision all ready a week before the contest was held. It is always well to be prepared for the inevitable.

As usual, James Mulder came around after everything was over, with an "I told you so." It is remarkable what wonderful foresight and prophetic vision some people possess.

While going through one of the public buildings at Kazoo, Julia Heines remarked, "How vicious these insane people look."

Whereupon the attendant replied, "I beg your pardon, ma'am, but this is not the asylum; this is the State Normal School."



Miss Krell: "What places of interest did you visit?"

Vera K.: "Oh, we went to all the moving picture shows."

Another conversation has been overheard at Van Vleck Hall. It took place last Wednesday at 7 P. M. between Tillemma and Cornelius De Jong.

Till.: "Say, De Jong, are you going to the skating rink tonight?"

D. J.: "Yes, but wait until I've smoked this cigar."

Till.: "I wouldn't smoke too much if I were you. It might hurt your eye for basket ball."

D. J.: "Well, seeing it's you, I'll quit. Have you looked at anything for tomorrow?"

Till.: "Yes, I studied over half an hour."

D. J.: "Good for you. I wish I was as industrious. I haven't been to class this week. Last Friday I visited Geometry."

Till.: "If you don't look out, your parents will be notified concerning your absences. Say, tomorrow night Bakker is going to give a marshmallow roast. Shall we go?"

D. J.: "Sure thing. But let's hurry off to the skating rink. The girls will be getting anxious."

The Anchor box has been tampered with. When opened last the contents were found to be a safety pin, a well-chewed chunk of gum, and a laundry bill. Wishing to give the next staff some material with which to start, we will not publish these articles in this issue.

The A class looked as though some person or persons unknown had cornered the idea market, when they came to Bible class one morning, so Kuizinga started gently with the question, "What is the lesson today?" Nobody answered for a while, and then Johnny Hyma woke to the situation and said placidly, "Ananias and Elvira."

It goes without saying that everybody had a good time at Kalamazoo. We kept track of 3,723 times that we heard people joke about not daring to go to the asylum for fear they wouldn't get out. Each one knew that 3,722 other people had said it, but nobody cared and everybody laughed as heartily as though it was new and straightway went off and said it to somebody else after they were through perpetrating it on us. After the 3,723d time we lost count.

Henry Heusinkveld and Abie Van Houten never knew before that they were so "passing fair." It seems there was

a small riot among Kalamazoo femininity when these Hopeful specimens of perfection struck the town.

Even Sunday school teachers get "mixed in their judgments" sometimes. Recently there was a lesson about Philip and the eunuch, which we heard one teacher designate to another as "Philip and the unicorn."

The other day we saw Zandstra going down the street, looking as though he had lost his last cigar. Pretty soon he met Abbink, who asked solicitously what was the matter. Zandstra groaned: "It's my birthday and I've got to go down town and celebrate," he said, "and gosh! how I dread it!"

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*Yours as ever*

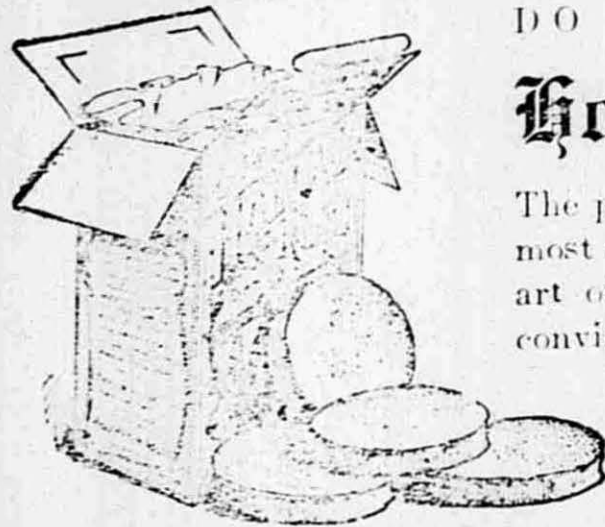
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