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The Anchor

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early nineteenth century, says, "A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market." First of all, as a health preserver, humor and laughter possess greater value than any drug. An after-dinner speech helps an overloaded stomach more than does any laxative or digestive fluid. How often have we heard it said, "Laugh, and grow fat!" A hearty laugh after a hearty meal is the best dessert imaginable.

Sterne, one of the humorists of the eighteenth century, says, "I live in a constant endeavor to fence against the infirmities of ill health and other evils of life, by mirth. I am persuaded that every time a man smiles—but much more so when he laughs—it adds something to this fragment of life." Another writer says, "There is certainly no defense against adverse fortune, which is, on the whole, so effectual as an habitual sense of humor." Edwards, the compiler of the Dictionary of Thoughts, says, "For health and the constant enjoyment of life, give me a keen and ever present sense of humor; it is the next best thing to an abiding faith in Providence."

However, as hard-working students have a corresponding need of aid for mental digestion and assimilation, mental recreation and relaxation. No wonder that students always try to give a humorous interpretation to every classroom incident. No wonder that most students turn first to the locals on the college exchanges. No wonder many often look first for Mutt and Jeff or "Smatter Pop" in their daily newspapers. The solid and substantial foods dished out for our stuffed, crammed, and restricted minds needs a generous dose of spice and condiment to render them palatable. "Humor is the saving salt of a sane mind." Apropos, the poor, insane William Cowper was in a terrible fit of melancholy at the time when Lady Austin told him the story of John Gilpin's ride. This proved to be better than medicine, for all night long, while Cowper was composing this poem, chuckles and suppressed laughter were heard in his bedroom.

What humor has done for individuals, it can also do for society. In this public capacity, the man of humor acts more as a week-day preacher than a physician. Says Thackeray, "The humorous writer professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness,—your scorn for untruth, pretension, imposture,—your tenderness for the weak, the op-

pressed, the unhappy," No man, I think, has succeeded better as a week-day preacher than Joseph Addison. This eminent humorist and essayist of the eighteenth century "despised shams, but never lost faith in humanity; and in all his satires there is a gentle kindliness which makes one think better of his fellowmen, even while he laughs at their little vanities." The literary tendency of his age was to make virtue ridiculous and vice attractive. Addison set himself squarely against this tendency. "To strip off the mask of vice, to show its ugliness and deformity, but to reveal virtue in its own native looseness,—that was Addison's purpose; and he succeeded so well that never, since his day, has English literature seriously followed after false gods. To an age of fundamental coarseness and artificiality, he came with a wholesome message of refinement and simplicity. He attacks all the little vanities and all the big vices of his time with a kindly ridicule and gentle humor which takes speedy improvement for granted." What the serious Sunday parson fails to accomplish, that the humorous week-day preacher often succeeds in bringing about.

From the moralizing humorist we take one step farther down, and find that no one uses humor to better advantage than the politician on the stump. Who is the successful candidate for a public office? Is it not often he who can crack the best jokes, and can place the opposite party in the most ridiculous light? Many a man in Congress or other governmental position owes his success to some clever or amusing remark given at the critical, psychological moment. Perhaps no better illustration of this fact can be found than the whiskey incident between Lincoln and Douglas. On one occasion Douglas sneeringly referred to the fact that he once saw Lincoln sell whiskey. "Yes," replied Lincoln, "it is true that the first time I saw Judge Douglas I was selling whiskey by the drink. I was on the inside of the bar, and the Judge was on the outside; I busy selling, he busy buying." This had perhaps a greater effect on the audience than if Lincoln had spent an hour talking about temperance in general and his own temperance in particular. This incident also illustrates how a sally of wit and humor in repartee will extricate one from a perilous predicament. "Wit and humor also help to float a heavy speech and give wings to solid argument," says Champ Clark very facetiously.
Closely allied to political stump speaking, but differing greatly from the same in purpose, is the popular platform lecture. As the chief end of the ordinary lecture is entertainment, humor is an indispensable element in every successful lecture. What would there be left of Mr. Cook’s lecture if we took from it the humorous poems about the German optimist, the English pessimist, and the Irish iconoclast, the three Little Tot Poems, and “The Young Man Waited”? While the lecturer aims first at entertainment and interestingness, he has remote and higher motives also. In fact, the lecture of December 9 was a typical week-day sermon of the Addison type. In it we might notice the gentle satire on the foibles of man-kind, and the kindly sympathy for the misjudged and the oppressed. A more profitable kind of public speaking can hardly be imagined than the interesting, entertaining, impressive, and purposeful popular lecture.

The same sense of humor that makes a platform lecturer popular also makes a man popular as a private friend. Think of Oliver Goldsmith, the genial, generous, and greatsouled poet, beloved by all who knew him. Think at this point of the tribute paid by Dr. Dosker to Professor Boers as a man possessing the faculty of humor. I shall never forget the genuine joke that Professor Boers played on me some years ago. While taking English History with him the fourth hour, I was sometimes addicted to drowsiness in his room. One day he caught me in the very act of nodding, and said, in a kind and genial mood, “Kroodsma, I don’t like to see you nod assent to everything that is said.” This kindly rebuke only increased my respect and admiration for our departed friend. Why did he have so many friends? Why do all genuine humorists possess so large a circle of friends? Because, along with their sense of humor, they possess the other virtues that make men lovable,—humility, sympathy, generosity, sincerity, and reverence. As pathos and humor go hand in hand, so does the man of humor feel both the sadness and the happiness in life. It takes the humorist to obey the injunction of St. Paul, “Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.”

To lengthen our own lives and the lives of others, to fill their lives and ours with the joy of living, we need as much as anything else the ability to create laughter, the sweetest music that ever fell upon the human ear.

Then let us have not less food, but more laughter; not easier lessons, but more pleasantness; not less Sunday preaching, but more week-day sermons; not less argument in politics, but more dashes of wit and humor; not less substantial and serious thought in lectures, but more amusing anecdotes and gentle satire; not fewer sober-minded friends, but more hail-fellows well-met.

A New Year’s Meditation

When I contemplate how I have defaced
The image of the year gone by, and spoiled
Its plastic form and features, now disgraced,
Disfigured, mutilated, marred, and soiled,—

With shamefacedness I seek myself to hide,
My harrowed mind is vexed with vain regrets,
My better nature doth severely chide
My carelessness, the sense of guilt besets

My troubled conscience. How dare I appear
Before my Master thus?—But now, behold!
He comes to me, and gives another year
For me with greater carefulness to mold;—
Resolves oft broken I again renew,
While He remains indulgent, patient, true.

COSMOS ’14
THE UNKNOWN WOMAN

The last stars of night were fading away, and the sun had not yet appeared above the eastern horizon. The doves were cooing, the roosters crowing, and the pigs grunting for their food.

Now and then could be heard from the barn the stamping of horses impatiently waiting for oats. Drags and seeder were standing ready for the day's work. Two little pigs, which during the night had escaped from their pen, were chasing across the yard. A cat was sitting at the back door of the house; and a medium-sized shepherd dog, just returned from chasing a strange cat, was standing in front of the door awaiting his master. Such was the scene of a country home in Eastern Wisconsin on an early April morning.

A minute later Mr. Klompenhouwer, the owner of the place, opened the back door of the house. He was a medium-sized American Dutchman, who still had the custom of wearing wooden shoes during morning chores. The dog leaped up to his master to bid him good morning. Klompenhouwer, after greeting his dog, walked toward the barn. On his way he noticed the tracks of pigs; and then a strange wagon track caught his eye. Immediately he hastened to the granary, followed by his faithful dog, and in a few seconds came rushing to the house in great excitement. Just then the back door opened again and Klompenhouwer's son, a boy of about nineteen, appeared.

"George! Hurry! Hurry! They have stolen our oats," called out Klompenhouwer as he entered the house to rid himself of his cumbersome wooden shoes.

This was not the first time that things had been stolen at Klompenhouwer's. Chickens, geese, and ducks had often disappeared. Yes, potatoes, gallons of lard and even jars of preserved fruit had been missed from cellar. Within a radius of a mile it was a common thing to hear of things having been stolen, but nowhere had so much stealing been discovered as in the near neighborhood of Mr. Klompenhouwer. And now even oats had been taken, oats which the day before had been prepared for seeding.

No longer impeded by his wooden shoes, Klompenhouwer, assisted by his son George, began to trace the track of the wagon; for on the soft roads in springtime it could easily be traced. They followed the track to the first corner, where it turned to the right. Here Klompenhouwer sent George to call Mr. McGann, the first neighbor to the left, while he kept following the track. Klompenhouwer had advanced only a few steps, when he saw Mr. Rauchenburg, a German neighbor living to the right, rushing from his yard to meet him.

"Day—day have stolen swanzig bu-bushels of hav-oats. De-de track comes von here, turned around on-on mine yard und comes back," stammered Rauchenburg almost out of breath.

"All my seed oats is gone too," added Klompenhouwer, and together they then traced the track to Mr. McGann's yard. Here it entered the yard from the right, led up to the barn, made a circle, and turned from the yard into the opposite direction. However, the track did not appear clearly enough so as to give complete satisfaction. As they approached the barn, Mrs. McGann, an old lady, was standing in the door-way, and in great excitement told them that oats had also been stolen from them and that his son and George were following the track. Still, the great enthusiasm with which she tried to hasten these men to overtake her son and George, did not seem quite genuine.

Mr. McGann was a shrewd Irish bachelor living with his mother and widowed sister at the famous McGann's Grove. This place, situated on the Onion River, is a beautiful place for picnics and so has become famous as McGann's Grove. Mr. McGann was a great politician and was known and trusted by every man in the Township. For years he had been the chairman of Town Scott, and on election day his man was always victorious.

For two hours the four men followed the track, sometimes losing it and again finding it. At last, six miles from their home the track turned into the yard of a well-known drunkard. At the barking of the dog the drunkard came from the barn and approached them.

"Good morning! What do you want?" he asked.

Mr. McGann spoke up, "Last night oats was stolen in our neighborhood. We have followed the track and it enters here. You are the man."

"I—I—the deuce! I—I—was home all night. My con-
founded Hank (his hired man) was gone with this rig—all night. Come home an hour ago. He couldn't walk so I—I carried him to bed. Not even a bottle of whiskey did he bring along for me. He drank it all himself," said the drunkard much excited.

"Never mind," said McGann. "Let us see your barn."

"I—I—confounded no—all right, all the oats you can find you may have," said the drunkard.

They searched the barn and house, but did not find as many kernels of oats as whiskey bottles. They left the place and returned home suspecting the drunkard, but in their hearts feeling that he was the wrong man.

The entire neighborhood was aroused, and all suspicion was cast upon the drunkard. For the next few weeks all conversation was about the stealing and the drunkard. But Klompenhouwer and George were not content with talking. This stealing had gone too far and the thieves must be discovered. After considering the matter for some time, the three neighbors agreed, at the suggestion of McGann, to watch for the thieves on various nights.

Weeks passed by and nothing had been accomplished. Their watching had proven a failure and was soon abandoned.

On a beautiful night in July, George Klompenhouwer returned rather late from his sweetheart, whose home, unfortunately for George, was over ten miles away. The position of the stars showed that it was already past midnight. Here and there some roosters were beginning to crow. George was almost asleep and his horse, aware of it, was walking along very slowly. They had already passed McGann's Grove and were about a half mile from home, when suddenly the horse stopped. George straightened up and shouted "gid-dap." Then looking around to see where they were, he noticed a figure ahead of them. Slowly it approached. It was the figure of a human being. George became uneasy and the horse would only advance very slowly. Yes, it was the figure of a human being—of a woman. Nearer and nearer she came. A woman,—but who could be out at this time of the night? Who might she be? She was already near the horse,—now opposite the buggy. Yes, it was a woman with an apron thrown over her head to conceal her face, and carrying—what could it be?—two creamery cans. Who could this woman be? Fear seized the heart of George, and the silence of the night, together with this incident, caused chills to creep over his back. He urged on his horse and soon arrived home.

The next morning George told his experience to his father and mother. A woman,—a woman with two creamery cans appearing at two o'clock at night,—could this be the thief? But, how could a woman steal bags of oats? Klompenhouwer knew not what to say. The story was told to Rauchenburg. It was too mysterious for him. They told McGann, who, after much pretended thought and denunciation of evil characters, said that she might be the thief. Soon every one of the whole neighborhood knew the experience of George Klompenhouwer, and that the thief was a woman. Who could she be?

A few days later a brother of Klompenhouwer unexpectedly arrived from the State of California. That evening the entire conversation centered about the unknown woman and the thief. The brother advised that they watch from night to night, with which plan George was well pleased. But Klompenhouwer claimed that they had watched, and that then the thief never came. He also thought that, if they desired to watch, they ought to get their two neighbors to help, and it was too late for this. Further, he stated that McGann had said that it was too difficult to watch from night to night, and McGann's word had a great influence with Klompenhouwer. The question of watching that evening was finally decided by Klompenhouwer's concluding argument, that McGann as Chairman of the Township must attend the County Board meeting on the following day and so could not watch that night.

The conversation of the evening made sleep rather difficult for Klompenhouwer's brother. He had fallen asleep once, but was awakened by a strange dream. It was already past midnight, but the longed for sleep did not come. The sudden noise of oats caused him to rise and approach the window. The oats had ceased their noise, and he could hear in the distance only the screeching of an owl and the barking of a dog. Then looking toward the sky, a strange figure advancing along the road suddenly caught his eye. Slowly it approached. As it reached the gate it turned upon the yard. It was the same woman with creamery cans, whom George had seen a few
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nights before. Just then a buggy was heard in the distance. The woman stopped. The horse and buggy were coming up the road and were almost in sight. Placing the creamy cans in front of her, she stretched out her full length upon the ground. The buggy had soon passed and was out of hearing distance, but it had aroused the medium-sized shepherd dog, who through his barking kept the woman in her position on the ground.

The brother had soon awakened Klompenhouwer and George, while the dog, still barking at his echo, was keeping the woman in her uncomfortable position. But the echo was not sufficient inspiration to keep the dog at barking very long. The three men were prepared for the thief, as the woman advanced toward the milk cans standing near the barn. And while she was busy at her task skimming the milk, they rushed upon her before she was aware of them. A fierce struggle followed, for this woman had wonderful strength; but the three were too powerful for her. Yet, who could this unknown woman be? To the extreme surprise of all it was Mr. McGann, the Chairman, who, through wearing woman's apparel, had escaped all suspicion.  

COSMOS, '14.

THE MANUFACTURE OF BEER.

Beer from the scientific standpoint of methods of manufacture and preservation is a very interesting commodity. As one visits the brewery and sees the grain change from one form to another, he cannot help but wonder at the process. The precision and exactness of it all is surprising.

Beer is made from malt, starchy materials and hops. The malt is sprouted grain and generally, though not always, made from barley, as this yields a higher percentage of diastase than any other grain malt. The starchy materials that are used are obtained from corn, rice, and other grain—unmalted.

The processes or subdivisions of beer manufacture are malting, washing, fermentation, and bottling or barreling.

Malting is the process of cleaning, softening, sprouting, and drying of the grain. The cleaning is accomplished first by revolving fans through which is blown a strong blast of air. This takes out the dust and the light kernels, unfit for malting. The next step is washing, which is accomplished by revolving tanks holding about two thousand bushels. Through these tanks water flows at the rate of one hundred gallons per minute. To wash two thousand bushels takes about twenty to twenty-five minutes.

The grain is then steeped by soaking for two or three days in wood-lined tanks or cemented cisterns. In these the grain is frequently stirred. The dead kernels float and are removed. As the water extracts soluble matter from the grain, it becomes colored and is frequently changed. The grain increases one-fourth in size and one-half in weight. When sufficiently soft, the grain is coughed, or in other words spread out twenty inches in depth upon the floor in a rather dark but well-ventilated room. The temperature is never allowed to rise above 15 degrees, for a higher temperature causes excessive root development and mold. The grain is kept moist. After a few hours, the grain sweats and germination begins. Couching takes from twenty to forty hours.

It is then spread over the floor to a depth of ten inches, and is frequently stirred to prevent too rapid heating as well as to promote an even root development. The grain is thus constantly brought to the top, and as the process goes on, the layers are spread thinner and thinner until they are only four inches deep. This usually is done about the tenth day when germination is complete. Sprinkling is then stopped, and, for lack of moisture, the germ withers. The grain is then dried at 50 degrees C or at 100 degrees C, depending whether the malt is intended for a light or dark beer. The rootlets after drying are brittle and easily removed by passing the malt through cylindrical sieves containing rotary brushes.

During the process just described two ferments are formed—diastase and peptase. Peptase is of little direct importance but diastase is the enzyme that converts into a sugar—maltose—by an intra-molecular action.

Washing is then begun. When the malt is stirred up with water, diastatic fermentation sets in—the forming of the maltose from the starch. The product is a yellowish liquid known as wort. It is usually filtered, and after that, it is boiled for the purpose of concentrating the wort, destroying foreign ferments, sterilizing and thoroughly mixing with the hops.
which have been added at this time for flavoring and preserving purposes.

The wort is then rapidly cooled by means of a Bodelot cooler or beer fall, consisting of a coil of pipes cooled by ammonia; and at the same time a current of filtered and sterilized air is passed through the wort. After cooling, the liquid is drawn into fermentation butts made of oak and lined with pitch or asphaltum. A certain amount of pure culture yeast is then added, and the temperature kept from 5 degrees to 18 degrees C for a lager or stout beer respectively. When fermentation begins, foam comes to the top and carbon dioxide is given off. And let me here illustrate modern methods. This carbon dioxide, a gas, is siphoned down from these tanks and drawn into a purifier and then compressed into liquid carbon dioxide; but later again released and put into the beer, that it may have a fresh taste and a lively effervescence when the bottle or cask is opened.

After ten days, fermentation ceases. At this time the beer is drawn into storage vats carrying with it some yeast which causes an after fermentation that is supposed to improve the flavor. The temperature is kept just above freezing, and the beer is aged in this condition from three to six months.

The final operation is bottling or barreling. The bottles are soaked ready to be washed. One by one they enter from a moving belt the washing battery which holds fifty at one time, and, as the bottles go around this battery, they are washed by an automatic bottle brush and also rinsed each time. From here they are carried on a moving belt first to the filling battery, then to the capper, sealer and labeler.

The beer is now ready for consumption. Its constituents are carbon dioxide, alcohol, glycerine, succinic acid, amides and peptones, with a slight amount of dextrin. Phosphoric, lactic, and acetic acids are also present. All these except carbon dioxide and alcohol are called the extract. The extract gives beer its peculiar flavor and it is claimed, its "slight" nutritive qualities.

COSMOS, '14.
ROUND us, stretching far and wide on every side sparkling the ripples of the mighty Pacific kissed by the morning sun. Above us and seeming to meet the expanse of ocean far off in some imagined limit smiled the sky in its violet-like blue-ness. Below us, to where the green grass of the island met the sand of the mighty ocean's shore; was nothing to be seen save here and there, groups of queer shaped volcanic rocks, and between them, possibly, small patches of woody brush or even green grass with which all the shore was fringed except in one mariner-favoring spot which boasted of a small boy or inlet surrounded by woods and within which lay our private steam-yacht at anchor.

Upon this scene our eyes fell when first we dared to gaze around after our hazardous climb up the steep and treacherous slope of the volcano. For truly we were on a volcanic isle and had reached the summit of the volcano.

For a long time I had been studying volcanic foundations and extinct volcanoes. Even when I was a boy, I had read with great interest such tales as Venus' "Mysterious Island," and ever since had nourished the desire to study craters, both active and extinct.

Through the kindness of a great uncle, I have been left very rich, rich enough to buy a steam yacht or anything else which I desire. But that is neither here nor there. It is sufficient to know that I had the steam yacht with a faithful crew, and was out in the middle of the Pacific, looking for extinct volcanoes.

I had found one, and Jim Hackley, my first mate, was with me, way up the side of the mountain at the very crater's edge.

Jim seemed to read my thoughts and without a word was fixing our ropes, preparatory to making a descent. It was not long before we were on our perilous descent. Soon all I could see below me was gloom, and above me a point blue light. The emotions I experienced are hard to describe. We were nearing the resting-place of some sleeping Cyclops and for a moment my fingers grew stiff with superstitious horror, as I thought I saw his gleaming teeth set in a mouth of disgusting
blackness. Nearer those jaws we came. Less apparent the illusion of a huge mouth became, till we reached the base of that gloomy abyss, and learned that what we had imagined to be the giant’s mouth, shining with a phosphorescent gleam, was only a subterranean body of water, for a brief extent exposed to the terrestrial atmosphere.

We gazed around us in amazement, scarcely thinking of the furthering of science by our investigation but only desiring to satisfy that innate curiosity so firmly rooted in every sane man’s nature.

What was most astonishing to us was the fact that the water seemed to be absolutely motionless, yet emitting no odors of decayed vegetable or animal matter. Another cause for wonderment was the fact, that although the stream was without any apparent current, still the banks of the river so far as I now can recall, were worn and eaten away, exposing rocks and other formations which could less readily be carried or washed away by the current’s swift power. This proved to us that at some time or other there must have been a swift, rushing stream instead of a seemingly placid lake.

For a few brief moments we tarried on the spot, delaying as long as possible, for only those who have experienced the suddenness of a tropic sunset can realize how peremptory was the need for our return to terra firma and our departure from subterra firma. A glance at our watches aroused us to the startling fact that it was already after noon. And so with the intention of revisiting the crater on the morrow, or the day after, to explore the mysterious stream, we began our afternoon’s labor of climbing.

The next day we spent in preparation for a very extended cruise, for who could tell the vastness of the unexplored regions which we were about to penetrate?

On the morning of the 24th of June, 1894, we once more stood on the brink of that mighty crater and gazed down into the almost impenetrable blackness. With a folding canoe strapped upon my shoulders and a considerable amount of provisions, ammunition, lanterns, etc., strapped to Jim’s, we began the descent for the second time.

Two hours of struggling and scrambling again brought us to the banks of that placid river and in that many minutes we were afloat upon the seemingly oily waters.

For a while we progressed rapidly through caverns sparkling like a mikado’s treasure chamber, with the reflections of our lantern’s beams. Every stroke of the paddle revealed, now mighty veins of coal; again, gleaming streaks of metal shining like silver or gold; or fountains which seemed like monstrous diamonds in that lurid light. Our paddle blades seemed dripping with sparkling jewels intermingled with molten gold. Ah! thought I, if ever a man shall be rich, I shall surely be.

But somehow or other we advanced more slowly, pulled back as it seemed by some strange force. Involuntarily I looked behind me, straining my eyes in that semi-darkness to behold if possible that mighty hand which seemed to hold us. Harder and faster we worked our blades, but with no evident result, still that irresistible impulse swept us back in spite of our utmost endeavors. Overcome with fear and almost frenzied, we strove like mad-men but to no avail. Backwards we were swept by the current. Human strength was futile.

Scenes which we had passed in our upward journey flew by like gleaming phantoms. A sudden burst of light told us that we had been swept past our launching place and were being swept off into regions of unknown perils.

As some people can see a joke in a death bed, so there came to me that oft repeated saying of my childhood, “Absence of body is often better than presence of mind.” It hardly seemed a joke to me, though. Would I laugh if I were being carried into Pluto’s realms? Ah, yes, “this is death,” I thought, “and Pluto has got me.”

But faster and faster we were swept down that mighty Niagara, while fearful and more fearful became the thoughts which surged through my brain. Lying flat in the boat we awaited that dreadful moment when our frail craft should strike some hidden rock and we should be hurled off into eternity. Jim’s foot touched my head and I shrieked out in horror of the terrible image which it aroused in my brain. And the next moment became unconscious of my surroundings.

How long we continued in our mad flight I do not know. It seemed like a night only. But what a night! As long as I live, may I never pass another like it. Dreams of Pluto’s realms so vivid that I believe I shall never forget them. Suddenly they ceased and I seemed floating on an ocean of air;
wings of ether seemed to lift me up through atmospheres of blueness and, I awoke.

My eyes gazed stupidly upward, at first involuntarily blinking to shut out the bright light of the sun, but soon foolishly awakening to the fact that there was no sun to blink at and that the bright light didn't come in rays from the sun.

What next drew my attention was Jim's unconscious form stretched at full length in the rear of the boat. Almost fearfully I crept up to him and touched his shoulders. A sigh which came nearer an expression of infinite bliss than I have ever heard elsewhere, escaped him, and Jim opened his eyes to experience in his turn, the return to consciousness in a new world. As he afterwards told me, he dreamed that my touch was that of an angel's hand in paradise.

In wonder and admiration we gazed around. Ahead, at a vast expanse of glowing water, and in our rear and to the side at a scarcely distinguishable mountain, as it were, rising up and up to infinite heights, with a streak of golden coast line stretching away from it as far as the eye could see.

As was natural we at once tried to explain the cause of the remarkable light which permeated all things. Our only deduction was this, that, in this unknown region, presumably the center of the earth, there was a peculiar element or chemical, largely akin to phosphorous or radium, which on account of its immense luminating power caused all things to glow and to produce a brilliancy similar to that of our own luminary planet.

In haste lest we should be drawn far out into that body of water, for still that mysterious current had us in its grasp, though with greatly diminished force, we urged our skiff towards the shore line and soon had landed on the pebbly strand.

You can scarcely imagine with what a sense of relief we threw ourselves upon its welcome sands. Minute after minute passed, but only to leave us utterly oblivious to time's rapid flight. But again our animal natures got the better of us and like starving creatures we fell upon the food in the boat.

But after a time even the lion disdains the sight of food and, in like manner, we once more stretched ourselves upon the golden sands, physically satisfied if not mentally.

Exploration became our next desire and after we had offered up a prayer of thanksgiving, for our escape thus far, and a petition for future safety, a duty which had so long been neglected even in our deepest need, we struck out along the shore to explore the country and to find people if there were any.

For perhaps an hour we trudged along, continually headed for a hill which promisingly offered an extended view of the country. The goal was won, and we beheld before us, the city which was soon to weave in our experiences, happenings fraught with the greatest danger as well as rich enjoyment. From our elevation the city appeared like a vast gathering of pearly structures; like a jeweled rug of some magic-fingered Persian weaver. From afar, each street appeared to rival a stream of silver for beauty, reflecting in it mirroring surface the image of its beautiful borders.

We determined to enter the city without hesitation and to seek our fortunes, so to speak. So, putting our best foot foremost, we soon drew near and were given an opportunity to gaze upon this marvelous example of the beauty of nature aided by man's sometime powerful hand. As we entered the city and noticed the streets, paved with a pearl-like stone, I said to Jim: "A fellow would be apt to think that he was walking on pearls, wouldn't he?" But, Jim with a humorous grunt replied: "Who knows, maybe we are in a great big oyster, but I wonder what in the world—I mean the inside of the world—this stuff is." I also was filled with wonder. But as I afterwards learned and saw, all the stone, used in building, was quarried from a hillside near the city, and consisted of a silicate of lime acted upon by some strong external force, possibly the all permeating glow.

"I wonder where all the people are," I thought to myself, but on rounding a corner in the street, I broke into Jim's similar train of thought, with the expression: "Ah! there they are now. It looks like a parade of some sort, and they're coming this way, too. Let's step aside to let them pass."

Nearer the cavalcade came, and as it was passing us, suddenly an order from a pompous old gentlemen astride a caparisoned, white horse, it stopped.

Evidently they wished to see who the two tall strangers were. For in comparison with them we were almost giants.
wings of ether seemed to lift me up through atmospheres of blueness and, I awoke.

My eyes gazed stupidly upward, at first involuntarily blinking to shut out the bright light of the sun, but soon foolishly awakening to the fact that there was no sun to blink at and that the bright light didn’t come in rays from the sun.

What next drew my attention was Jim’s unconscious form stretched at full length in the rear of the boat. Almost fearfully I crept up to him and touched his shoulders. A sigh which came nearer an expression of infinite bliss than I have ever heard elsewhere, escaped him, and Jim opened his eyes to experience in his turn, the return to consciousness in a new world. As he afterwards told me, he dreamed that my touch was that of an angel’s hand in paradise.

In wonder and admiration we gazed around. Ahead, at a vast expanse of glowing water, and in our rear and to the side at a scarcely distinguishable mountain, as it were, rising up and up to infinite heights, with a streak of golden coast line stretching away from it as far as the eye could see.

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Evidently they wished to see who the two tall strangers were. For in comparison with them we were almost giants.
The tallest personage present seemed possibly little over five feet tall. Indeed we had discovered a race of pigmies.

The pompous little leader came near us and started to address us in some sort of a jargon. Wonder of wonders! Jim was answering him in his own tongue. Gee! but that talk sounds familiar, I thought. Ah! I've got it. He's talking Homeric Greek. He asked me "Who are you?" and I was able to answer him in his own language. We are men from the earth. "Blessed be the day that I learned Greek," I said, and from my left there came the answer, "Amen."

To say that we were received kindly would be saying very little. If a man from Mars should come to the earth, would we treat him well, or not? Wouldn't we do the best in our power to "show him a good time?" As we would receive such a stranger to our planet, so were Jim and I received by the people in the center of the earth. We were taken to the palace of the king, for it was the king's retinue that we had met.

In the palace nothing was too good for us. We were urged to eat of daintier morsels than ever man before us had eaten. At least we thought so. Who wouldn't think as we did, if he should get the opportunity to curb the fierce cravings of his hunger with the delicacies of a new world? Possibly the people there would have thought the same if they were on our part of the globe for the first time.

After we had eaten, we told them all about the upper world, as far as we were able, and of our journey to their country. They in their turn told us about their world.

The next part of the program was the "Ladies." Could they be called "ladies?" Ah! if ever nature had consummated her scheme of beauty it was in these women. For me to describe them would be as foolish as if I should attempt to conceive of the ability to effect the supernatural. They were beautiful beyond description. Their's was not what might be called transcendental beauty, but rather an awful loveliness.

To me the princess "Ilylay."—Lily in our language—whom, as I afterwards learned, was considered the most beautiful woman in the realm, first addressed herself. She spoke in a pleasing dove like voice, and, without any evident embarrassment or reserve, told me that within her maidenly breast the love spark had already been kindled.

To my great astonishment she touched her fingers to my cheek. I asked her what that meant. And again, in those gentle dove-like accents, she said, "When I touch your cheek like that it means that I love you." I noticed that Jim was watching me, from his seat midst a group of old men, and therefore partly to shock him and partly for my own enjoyment, I gave Ilylay a resounding smack.

But the hour was growing late and the time had come to retire, so Jim and I were shown to our room. And we stretched our weary limbs upon the fragrant sheets.

To even attempt to tell you of all the wonderful happenings in that land would be impossible and therefore let me briefly tell you of how we came to leave the place and how we returned to the earth's surface.

To these people, a kiss was indeed an oddity, and when Ilylay received that first kiss, she awoke to the fact that there are more pleasant ways of expressing one's love than by patting one's loved one on the cheek. So, lo and behold, the next day found us the instructors in the art of kissing. Maidens from all over the realm came to be kissed and to learn the new art.

Such an influx of pupils to our school, for indeed we had in time set up a school for the teaching of that noble art, soon aroused jealousy in the hearts of the men of the place, and the natural consequence was that our stay was doomed to an abrupt end.

One night, after we had heard rumors of a plot to kill us, we stole out to the shore of the lake in the dark with the intention of escaping to the other side of the lake, where we had heard that another tribe dwelt.

We launched our boat and started paddling. We had not advanced far when again we felt that peculiar current, seemingly take us in the grasp of its mighty tentacles. "Jim," I said, "we're going back home." Gradually that current drew us along faster and faster, but instead of taking us out into the lake, it carried us toward the cliff which we had noticed on that eventful morning so long before. Swifter and swifter we flew, till with a rush and a roar the mountain seemed to rise up before us, and we were traversing its watery bosom.

Nature surely granted a blessed boon to man when she placed unconsciousness among his physical and psychic states. To us did that gift lend a peculiar favor, for by it we escaped
the terrors of a Hades. We woke up to find ourselves once more in good earthly cots, on board ship.

The tale of my adventures has been briefly told. It only remains for me to give my theory of the cause of our peculiar experiences, and to tell you how we came to find ourselves on the deck of our good old yacht.

I believe that the river, upon which we were borne along, was only acting in accordance with the physical fact that water always seeks its level. I believe, that this river flowed into the center of the earth when the earth was inclined at the proper angle, and again when the earth had made one-half of a complete revolution it was caused to flow back over the old course. When we launched upon it for the first time, it was noon and the bed of the river was on a level or rather on a horizontal line. As the earth gradually revoked, the water flowed with ever increasing speed till it reached its reservoir, the lake, in the middle of the earth.

Again, when we launched upon the lake it was night, and soon, the water, returning to the earth's surface, had us in its grip.

To tell you how we were saved from the returning current's awful power, is simple. When Jim and I failed to return, it was no more than natural that a search should be made for us.

As fortune would have it, the searchers had reached the river at the crater's base, just as it was in its terrible downward course, and realized by what means we had been spirited away.

Camp was pitched at the stream's bank, in the hope that soon our bodies at least would be washed back in the eccentric current. And although almost a month had elapsed since our departure, the camp was still maintained.

As it happened, on the morning that we in our unconsciousness would have passed by the threshold to safety, one of my faithful crew was watching the current as it swept by him. You can imagine the rest. The gradually diminishing current landed us almost at his feet.

The one phenomenon for which I have no theory is the fact that, although the inner world has a light of its own manufacture, still its nights are as regular as ours.  

COSMOS.

THE KANSAS CITY CONVENTION.

The great international Student Volunteer Convention, which occurs once in the life of every student generation, was held in Kansas City, December 31, 1913, to January 4, 1914. From every part of the United States and Canada, and from many parts of Europe and Asia, college men and women gathered, and for five days were subjected to the greatest bombardment the college world has ever received. It seemed as though God tore away the veil of distance, and gave them the "vision splendid"—the vision of doors open, of nations in a plastic condition, of the hearts of men ready for the living word of the living Christ.

"Never before were Christian students exposed to such a flood of light on the needs and opportunities of the less favored lands and races of their generation. Never before did so large a company of educated men and women assemble with so great latent energies to place at the disposal of Christ for the accomplishment of his world-wide purpose. Every one there had to face the question whether his devotion to his Christ was limited, or whether it was "thorough going, absolute, and complete." The call of the new-christian world, which was presented by the great teachers, tried men's motives and ideals as by fire, and exposed relentlessly all insincerity and hypocrisy.

With convincing earnestness the speakers laid bare to the student world the present need. Like some great Drama, scene after scene, the nations of the world were shown—all struggling into wakefulness, surrounded by crumbling ideals, and worn out civilizations, grasping eagerly at whatever of good or evil our western world has to offer. Clearly and simply it was revealed that the forces of Christianity faced unprecedented opportunity, danger, and urgency. The lack of response in former years in Russia, the Turkish Empire, Arabia, India, Ceylon and Burma, Korea, Japan, China and Latin America, and the pitiful eagerness of these countries to-day to hear of "the wonders of the love of Christ Jesus" was drawn with telling power. There was no direct emotional appeal. The simple facts were presented, the need was made clear,—and the need was the only call necessary!

The challenge which was given appealed to what is heroic in modern studentry. It summoned them to a "stern, rugged
In this way the habit is that in that path, home ward in a of the st udent w orld to acti o n -action at home and abroad, Evangelization of the world in thi generation.’’

Perhaps the wonderful moments of intercessory prayer will remain as the most precious memory to the delegates. Each one felt the presence and boundless power of the Almighty, as, unitedly, the thousands interceded for the nations of the earth, for the men and women upon the field, for the colleges of our land and other lands, and for each other. Those were vision forming periods, in which self was forgotten, in which God spoke clearly to the land.

The five days are over—the delegates have scattered throughout the length and the breadth of the land, but the influence of the experience goes with them. They have seen “the King in His beauty, and the land of far distances”; they have heard of the world-wide triumphant force of Christianity from such heroic men as Zwemer, Mott, Speer, Horton and Eddy; they have felt the purifying power of the Spirit of God in their own lives. And now they have returned to their colleges and to their places in the world to bear witness of what they have seen and heard and felt “on the mountain top.” Infinite possibilities go with them of arousing the masses of the student world to action—action at home and abroad, and to make real the watchword of the movement, “The Evangelization of the world in this generation.”

CORNELIA BOUMA.

It is during the winter, when the ground is frozen that we are inclined to make short cuts across the campus, thinking that we will not injure the grass. In this way the habit is formed of leaving the walks whenever it is convenient. The result of this tendency is, that our campus is badly marred by a number of ugly paths.

There was a certain farmer whose cows used to come strolling homeward in a straight line through the center of a valley. They made a deep and narrow path, and when the spring thaw came, the water flowing through this path threatened to form a deep ditch. The farmer, to avert this evil, and to keep the “hossies” from going in that path, laid a couple of fence posts across it. They took the hint and never again strolled in that path. The path problem has not been so easily solved here on the campus. Dr. Vennema, and Dr. Kollen
before him, both have entreated and remonstrated, and even had threatening obstructions placed across the forbidden paths, but their entreaties have been disregarded, their remonstrances have been spurned, their obstructions have been torn down, and the paths have been made broader and deeper and more numerous than they were before.

We fear that if those persons who make these short-cuts carry this haste into all their work, they will never hold out until the day of graduation. They will break down with nervous prostration. This is not their greatest danger, however. He who persists in going contrary to regulations and to what is right either has no highly developed moral sense, or if he has that, he is rapidly destroying it. If the gravelled and cement walks on the campus are not laid out as they ought to be, an arrangement should be made with the authorities to have them changed. But so long as they remain where they are and their positions are undisputed, they should be used exclusively.

We are attending college to train ourselves for leadership in a democracy; and the greatest danger in a democracy is a disregard for law and authority. However, no people should have a greater respect for law and regulations than the citizens of a democracy, because here these restrictions are self-imposed. In like manner because we are allowed a great deal of freedom on the campus fellow students, resist the temptation to make cross-cuts. Do it because it will improve your character; do it because it is right; do it for the sake of the college.

**DR. ZWEMER.**

On Thursday morning, January 8, Dr. S. M. Zwemer, one of our most noted alumni, conducted the chapel services. He was introduced by Prof. Kleinheksel, the vice president, who related a few reminiscences of Dr. Zwemer as a boy and as a student in Hope College. After the devotional services, Dr. Zwemer addressed the students on the subject of the will. The strongest thing in a man or woman, he said, is the will. "*In order to attain the highest degree of success in life, this will must conform to the greater will of God.*" He suggested three principles by which the will of man may be brought into harmony with the will of God. They are: surrender, a new standard of judgment, and humility. If these rules are carried out in the life of a student he will find what is the will of God. Dr. Zwemer closed by impressing upon the students the necessity for workers on the mission fields, and the opportunities offered for a life of service. He also emphasized the need of mission study for all those who intend to enter the ministry or missionary work.

**Society**

On Tuesday evening, November 25th, the C class spent a jolly evening at the home of one of their class mates, Christine Cappon. An interesting program was given and refreshments were served. The remainder of the evening was devoted to games and a pleasant social time.

The C class was followed by the Freshmen, who carried out the novel plan of having a class party on roller skates. Their party was given on the first of December. We are not sure who set the ball a-rolling, but we do know that things did not go smoothly for all,—at least, there were many complaints the next day of bumps and bruises. The skaters must have kept the evening lively with frantic attempts to keep both feet upon terra firma and at the same time remain in graceful postures. But in spite of many an inglorious fall, the evening passed off merrily.

Edmund Vance Cooke gave the third lecture on the evening of December the 9th. Mr. Cooke, whose selections were entirely original, is a poet and speaker full of droll humor and sparkling wit. He succeeded in keeping his audience convulsed with merriment by his clever impersonations and amusing selections. From his station upon the platform, Mr. Cooke had a fine exemplification of "laughter holding both her sides."

On Tuesday before college closed for the Christmas holidays, the football team gathered its forces for a final rush, although upon this occasion their goal was the banquet table. The young ladies who were present—not on the side lines this time—enjoyed themselves immensely and found the football team splendid entertainers. Toasts were given by Professor
Eidson, Mr. Van Putten, and Henry Poppen. The feature of the evening consisted in the presentation of a watch fob to Mr. Van Putten as a token of appreciation for his kind services to the team.

The Y. W. C. A. had the pleasure of entertaining Miss Raymond, who stopped at Hope on her tour through the Michigan colleges. Miss Raymond showed an active interest in our work and gave us many helpful suggestions for carrying on our committees. She gave a delightful talk at one of our usual Thursday afternoon meetings. I am sure we all appreciate her kindly spirit of interest.

On Monday evening, December 29th, Professor Eidson, who shows so much interest in college athletics, entertained the basketball team at his home.

Alumni

President Vennema, '79, and Dr. J. W. Beardslee, Jr., '98, represented the college and seminary faculties at the Student Volunteer Convention at Kansas City. The seminary student body was represented by Messrs. Heemstra '10, Meengs '11, Dykstra '06, and Heneveld '13.

George Roest, '09, has accepted a position as instructor in mathematics in the Racine High School, Racine, Wisconsin.

Prof. Hoffman, '09, spent the holidays with friends in Jamaica.

Hessle E. Yntema, '12, is one of five Hopeites who have successfully passed the Rhodes scholarship examinations and the second to actually represent the institution at Oxford. Mr. Yntema will probably leave for England in the early fall.


Dr. S. M. Zwemer, '87, who came to this country to address the Volunteer Convention at Kansas City, will remain here throughout January and part of February, filling engagements at colleges and universities for the Student Volunteer Movement and in various churches for the Reformed and United Presbyterian church boards.

The faces of several alumni were seen in the college vicinity during the holidays. Among them were Miss De Feyter, '02, Gertrude Hoekje, '12, H. Yntema, '12, D. Brush, '12, Caroline Borgards, '12, H. V. E. Stegeman, '12, Agnes Visscher, '13, and Gebhard Stegeman, '13.

Rev. A. Walvoord, '04, will leave for Japan in the middle of January, where he will take charge of Steele Academy, thus relieving Rev. Willis Hoekje, '04, who has served as principal for two years.

Exchanges

A happy and prosperous New Year to all our exchanges. A welcome new acquaintance is the “Stylus” from Sioux Falls College, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

The poem, “Welcome,” is well written and shows a true poet’s appreciation of Nature. We like the general appearance of your paper and arrangement of your departments. Come again, “Stylus.”

Both Olivet and Alma are working hard for the Alma, Olivet, Hope triangular debate.

Many of our exchanges have their advertising matter scattered among the literary material. We realize that in such cases advertising rates are higher, but it seems to us that the pecuniary reward is overbalanced by the value it detracts from the paper. The habit should be abandoned if possible.

We have at hand the Xmas number of the “Student,” Port Huron High School. Your school may justly be proud of this production. The literary department is more than up to standard. However, an appropriate cover design would add materially to the attractiveness of your paper. A few original poems would not be out of place.

Athletics

BASKET BALL.

The first game of the season went to the local five—the Ramblers of Grand Rapids being the victims. The visitors...
were decidedly and completely harrassed when the Hope machine began to buzz. Every man on the squad was exercised and the team, in general, showed up O. K. The line up:

**Hope**

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lokker</td>
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<td>Stog-Slim</td>
<td>C.</td>
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**Ramblers**

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<td>Gross</td>
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Score, 74-11.

In a fast, interesting, exciting game the Reserves defeated the strong Seminary five. This was rather a surprise since the Sem's line-up consisted of former stars—to-wit: Berg, Sprout, Rich. Much comment is due Capt. Van Putten of the Reserves for his wise placing of men.

Score, 30-25.

**THE GRIP.**

The "Triumverate's" ruling made it possible this year for the Athletic editor to accompany the boys on their thousand mile trip. It's great—no expense—good meals—funny incidents and sometimes—victories. We left here on Thursday night, December 19th, for Grand Haven, from which place (notice the Latin) we were to travel by boat to Milwaukee. Well, at Grand Haven the right reverend Jim Ver Berg invited us to his splendid home where the "Mrs." had prepared a large, magnacious feed. Did we enjoy it? Ask the fishes—they didn't get a bit-o-it. Thanks again to the "dominee" and "juff frau." At Milwaukee we were received cordially by Stogie's brother, who is acting secretary of the large Y. M. C. A. After limbering up on the "Y" floor, some of the boys could not risk the temptation of the pool and in they went for a good old duck. Veenk said, "the only thing lacking is a cake of soap." At Sheboygan we were treated royally, Manager Van Hoot seeing to it that "the best was none too good for us." The team was escorted to the field of battle by a host of Wisconsin Hopeites—they, by the way, were also escorting the "fairest" of the Mission House. The game was hard fought and fast. The Mission House was bewildered by the lightning, accurate passing and confessed at the close that Hope was the better team. The line-up:

**Mission House**

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Score, 46-21.

A week's intermission and again the boys are off. This time we travel up in the lumbering district of Michigan. Traverse City being the first stop. We were greeted there by sandwich men bearing this sign. "Come out tonight and see the great Hope College team." About five hundred witnessed the contest and at the close not a man asked for his money back. The game at times was a "battle royal." Well, I never saw the boys play as they did that night. Stog's weight, Ott and Veenk sticking like that good old major cement and the speed of Lokker and Dolly was exceptional. The score tells nicely the story of the game. The line-up:

**Hope**

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Score, 33-31.

The next night we played at Manistee. Say, if you're ever up that way stop off at the "Briny Inn." That was our hang-out. Excellent equipment, fine service, good food (I'm getting paid for this ad.), I was talking about the game, wasn't I? We beat 'em on that slippery dance floor by a good margin. The game was listless and never were we in danger of losing. The game was clean—that is, much cleaner than last night's game. Manistee rooters were kindly disposed to us. The change in the line-up worked well.

**Hope**

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<td>Slim</td>
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Score, 32-12.
Tired and worn the team travelled on to Grand Rapids, where the "big game'' was to be played. The "Y" selected their strongest line-up and were confident of "cleaning up" on the "Dutchmen," but alas! "Old Hope" put one over on them. The Hollanders outclassed them in every part of the game and cinched their superiority by fifteen points. The change in the line-up puzzled them—the determination of the Dutchmen beat them. The line-up:

Hope
Lokker .................... R. F. Montgomery
Stog ...................... L. F. Cook
Slim ................................ C. Wilmarth
Veenker .................... R. G. Fowle
Vander Velde ................. L. G. Blennick

Score, 35-2.
Little Lokker tossed 13 out of 19 fouls.

Resume.

Five games played—none lost. Four of these away from home. Had a "dandy" time. Proud of Old Hope. Students! keep on backing us and we promise our best.

Locals

"The fountain of eternal youth
I never seek nor dream about;
But I would like some stuff, forsooth,
To keep my hair from falling out."

—Billy Greenfield.

Ruth—"Did they treat you well when you visited them?"
Charlotte—"Splendidly. They did everything they possibly could to make it pleasant for me. They even had eggs for breakfast."

"Stogie" was awarded a new name while in Sheboygan. He was christened with the name of "Hackenschmidt."

A twentieth century version: "Early to bed and early to rise—and you'll be surprised at the people you'll meet going home."

After making the trip by boat from Grand Haven to Milwaukee, the basket ball team compiled this little verse:

If we ever get back to Hope again,
We'll never sail a day;
Though we had fun on board the boat,
We — nearly all the way.

Jacobs' New Year Resolution.
The camels are coming, hooray! hooray!
And dragging the water-cart down this way.
Oh, let us hop on it without delay—
The camels are coming, hooray! hooray!

Veenker, stumbling over the gang-plank at the Grand Haven dock, turned and said to the captain, "How do you get on this boat?"

It's nice to buy a box of candy, but it is worse when you get an old city directory in place of it. Who's guilty?

Who Was Flattered?
Dr. Delano, (coming into a shoe-store with Veenschoten)
—"I want a pair of rubbers."
Clerk—"For yourself, or for your son?"

Diamonds are trump at Hope College this term. All follow suit.

Otto—"I’m so tired, every bone in my body aches."
Jack M.—"What a terrible headache you must have."
Prof. Nykerk—"Mr. Greenfield, will you give me an example of reproductive art?"
Billy—"A hair restorer."

A Pair of Don't to Draw to.

Don't doubt your beliefs. Don't believe your doubts.—Selected.

Paul—"Can you play 'In the Garden of Love?'"
Elizabeth V. B.—"Yes, but not alone."

Prof. Nykerk was very generous in giving "his" newsboy some Xmas money. The next day he learned that he had rewarded Mrs. Durfee's newsboy instead.

He—"You are the light of my life."
Voice from above—"Mary, put that light out and go to bed."
Student to Prof. Nykerk—"Professor, why do pigs squeal so?"

Prof. Nykerk—"I don't know; why is it?"

Student—"Why, professor, don't you know? It's because they root so much."

Hazel—"Why is Chicago such a cold city?"

Jock—"Because it's so near the I. C. tracks."

Dorothy—"Will you buy me an ice-cream sundae?"

Poppen—"No, I don't think I'll be here Sunday."

Stoppels—"Every time I dance with my sweetheart I think I am going to Heaven."

Jack—"Do you ever reverse?"

"Con" went to a moving-picture show in Grand Rapids the other day. Just as he got inside the door, they turned out the lights. "Con" began to feel around for a seat. When he got his hand on one, he said, "Move over." He heard a small boy's voice say, "I can't, I'm sitting on mama's lap."

---

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