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THE Anchor.

Published monthly by the college students of the Hope College Association of Hope College.

VOLUME II.

Hope College, Holland, Mich., February, 1889.

NUMBER 5

THE connection between work and pleasure is an intimate one. Happiness generally attends the faithful. Why? Because of a consciousness of duty performed, or of a growth of independence in circumstances, and thus greater freedom of spirit? Yes, partly. But, more than that, one’s appreciation of pleasure has been quickened by hunger. And the perception of enjoyment has been purified and also made more acute. Thus even a busy life, as that of the student, is replete with little enjoyments, hopes, and surprises.

What hard-working student ever said that college life was a dreary waste of desert? There are hundreds of little pleasures which seem trivial in the extreme, yet are the oases whose palm trees wait for the fragrant anticipation of a cooling draught after a desert ride.

In reviewing the articles for the present number of The Anchor, our attention was called to the fact, that there is indeed much truth in what—the writer of “Physical Basis of the Intellectual” states concerning the necessity of a good physical for the intellectual. It is a fact patent to all, that there are very many students in our colleges whose physical development has been sadly neglected. It is also a fact that many imagine a weak and frail constitution as indicative of intellectual power. This, however, is not necessarily true. A certain amount of vigorous exercise every day will in most cases produce a sound body and a sound mind. The writer on “What Ought Not to Exist in Colleges,” has evidently an observing eye in regard to surroundings and the fitness of things. Frequently we find that writers on such subjects are troubled with dyspepsia, but our friend no doubt, as far as the physical and intellectual are concerned, is secure. There is no doubt at times too much of exclusiveness and a formation of cliques displayed in colleges, and it is deplored that it is so; but do we not find the same tendency manifested in society outside of our colleges? There are persons in all departments of life who through some contract-
ed ideas of their own, draw about themselves the cloak of exclusiveness and aspire to places of prou­
nence in society. It is possible that it would be very desir­
able to reform the existing state of affairs in colleges, yet human nature is everywhere the same, and the refor­
m would be fruitless if he had undertaken a herculean task. It is gratifying to know that the world is also full of broad and liberal minded and generous hearted men with whom it is a pleasure to come in contact and whose acquaintance can be cul­
tivated without any regard to your small-minded friend. So it is also in colleges; there are many who, have a place in their hearts for everyone. Seek them, and bear in mind what Shakespeare says, "I dare do all that becomes a man; who dares do more, is none."

The best way to aid the remembrance of the great
events of our lives probably is to make some joy or festivity on the anniversary of such an event; hence the several holidays which commemorate the great historical facts of our nation. And because upon

"Coriolanus."

BY REV. A. A. PFEFFERKORN, 76.

It cannot be doubted that in this play Shakespeare
appears at his best. The characters are re­
markably strong; its personages brought out in unusu­
ally striking and forcible delineations. Particularly is this true of Coriolanus and his mother. His wife is of rather ordinary nature, striking only for her

Columbia, Md. • • •

A TRIBUTE TO SONG.

O, song, sweet song, goddess of joy and mirth,
Blessed element of that inheritance
Lost by man's fall. When his just recompence
Was with the guilty fixed in Paradise on earth
No more the messenger of praise alone
On equal wing now bare to Heaven's throne
The sinner's prayer, O queen of heavenly birth—
Unbounded is thy soothingceptor's sway,
Thy influence universal and mild—
Then to our themes pay; thy aid implore.
To mingle with the universal lay
Our thoughts and feelings, powerfully by sin defiled,
And with excelling voice now thee adore.
Ere yet this changing earth had shape or form,
When yet the divinest realms the thoughtless reign,
Ere yet the light burst forth by word divine,
Was thine abode before Heaven's sacred shrine.
There is thy place, where sacred stills
Cannot describe those regions void of sin—

Thence took thy flight, thou madest the realm within
As morning stars in chores gleaming didst
And sons of God joined in the bright array
To utter in the dawn of earth's first day.
Thy power ascending gave our world a voice
And Heaven and earth united to rejoice.

Once only—and event—when for man's but
Angels in Heaven wept, thy voice was hushed,
But soon burst forth anew with the glad theme:
"Thy will I do; the lost ones I'll redeem."

Ten thousands of the Heavenly host are
More swift than light to earth this welcome bringing;
Creation thrilled; love to the sacred throng
With capture moved renamed her joyful song,
And with the jubilant praises in the skies
The sacred prays of singing mortals rise.

Hail thy return, O song, emblem of peace,
May nevermore thy charming echoes cease
With fervent and the hearts of men are fill.

To thee eneading they devote their skill!
Jubal will lead, an instrument yet rude,
The host that in his pleasing arts partured.
Of cittern, lute, and harp, each sounding string
Of pipes and violin shall ring.

And life and State and chariant serume,
And organ, symphony, and the tambourine,
As time rolls on and ages pass away,
Shall join their forces to serve thee night and day.

What power, O song, but thine has such vast sway,
Bids cares begone and sorrows fly.

Who does with such impartial hand provide
For poor and rich like share of pure delight?
Of old and young, the handmaiden and the free,
Who fills each heart afield with mirth and glee.

What voice can meet the heart, where words the mild
Have failed to touch the soul??
That softly sweet does whisper of God's grace,
And carries back the recours' singer's praise.

What then exults! What magic power this
That links this earth to that bright realm of bliss,
That lifts the troubled soul and gives it flight
To soar above this gloom of earthly night.

Song, life inspiring song, such power is thine,
Thine exclusive; no one else could claim.

For Heaven decrees that thine should be the part
To be the voice of every devoted heart
Though oft by sin enticed, thy essence pure
The myths of ages shall endure.

What'er may perish of God's graces lost,
Thou jewel of God's gifts in the world's rise
Ballads and anthems swee the ear and
With rapture moved resounds her joyful song
And with the jubilant praises in the skies
The sacred prays of singing mortals rise.

HARMAN VERNER FIDLO, 76.
The busy tread of day is o'er,
The waves are sleeping on the shore,
The gentle moon with silvery light
Looks down upon the silent night.
The stars shine bright in the sky,
The flitting clouds are floating high.
The falling dew comes slowly down,
All Nature smiles, she has no frown.

Hark; hear the night-birds raise her song
With notes so soft, so clear, so strong
That all around her voice is heard
And all are charmed by her sweet bird.

Now thus all Nature is at rest,
How slow his tread, how wild his eye,
That lonely figure there,
I've cast the hours of youth away,
I was young and free from care,
Long years of anguish left them there.

From which,
True there were many Emersons
Before Ralph Waldo.

Further in this connection note the extreme care of the horsemanship of the bloomed stock, and the diligence with which he works out and avoids all imperfection, to the end that his racer may eventually cut and surpass all others. The application is sufficiently obvious.

True, there are cases in which a small and feeble body seems to have an unusually strong and active brain. Still these are exceptions, and considering the length of time over which service extends, and the general weight of the whole body during such service, the advantage is still with the inference drawn. Law physiological is the same for all organs and tissues, and the strength or weakness of any one organ aids or hinders all the others. And it is safe to infer that whenever we find any particular organ developed out of proportion to the others, it has been at the expense of these others. When we remember the great array of specialities into which our brains and muscles are divided, the idea that the physiologic idea is called upon to perform, we naturally expect and do in fact find various parts of the system more highly developed than others in different individuals, and that in accordance with the leaning towards and choice of occupation by the individual.

And such division is undoubtedly beneficial, since the sum of knowledge is too large for any one man to know all, and the general dabbler cannot have the skill of the specialist in any line.

Nor can such special development be considered as in any way opposing the general, for so close is the relationship of the various organs, that we cannot safely develop one to the exclusion of other organs, if from that one we would obtain the highest degree of specialized action of which it may be capable.
The Anchol.

I desired. Regarding the there remains in respect to it such work and each longest possible period. Young blessing and It would to perform this work characterized occasioned, committee in young men, convened for the purpose of ascertaining e fforts for the salvation of the young men of practically State, since October last, thereby the executive C. A. State, Saginaw consecutively it has been wy Associations of efforts for the salvation of the young men of Michigan, was a capable as much pleased at being rescued out of it by a tremendous tolling, that rang through the premises as if the police had come to tell her that the neighborhood was on fire. She put on her gown, or, to use an expression of Steven's, "She flung herself into her freedom,"as quickly as she could, and frantic with excitement, hurried up the stairs, candle in hand, to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, the like of which had not occurred in her parents' housekeeping experience. No sooner had she opened the door, than Steven, presenting your letter of introduction, said,

"Is my gentleman Dobson to house?"

"Pray, sir, I cannot read," answered Mrs. Jenkins, returning the letter.

"Is my gentleman Dobson to house?" Steven repeated.

"Sir?"

"What sir Dobson."

"What about Sir Dobson?"

"Is he to house?"

"What house? I don't understand you."

"Give this letter to your gentleman," said Steven in the kindest tone he could assume.

"There are no gentlemen here," answered Mrs. Jenkins rather indignantly; "call to morrow at ten;" and the door was shut upon the heightened Brammelden.

A cabman now came to the rescue. With some difficulty he succeeded in making Steven understand that he would have to take a bed at a hotel for the night. Then after having crossed some or five streets, he put him down at the entrance of a gin palace, whose splendid lanterns promised "chop suey, oysters, and well-filled beds," and the land lord, observing two big portmanteaus and a hat-box on the top of the cab, had no objection, of course, to buying in for the late visitor.

"What am I guilty to?" Steven said to the cabbie, pulling out his purse.

"Guilty?" cabbie repeated with a smile; "don't know, unless you say it to me."

Steven understood the word "paying."

"Yes, I will pay the load. How much?"

Half-crown.

"What is half a crown?"

"Why, it's two and six."

"Fieghful Whitehead," Steven exclaimed; "twenty-six shillings! only for riding me such a short cut!"

Cabby, who fortunately was one of the better stamps, could not help laughing at the mistake, which certainly was something out of the common. After some further explanation, Steven, much to his satisfaction, saw John off with his two shillings and sixpence. After having seen his luggage taken up

The Anchol.

A Dutchman's Difficulties with the English Language, as experienced by Mr. H. Van Brammelden.

My dear Fredeke,

And now let me tell you how I fared with your Dutch friend, Steven Van Brammelden. You really could not give me a greater treat than by introducing him to you.

I had known him up as much of Brammelden's native tongue as enabled me to converse tolerably well with him. Still, always tried to get him to speak English, for his mistakes often were very funny, and his observations upon the peculiarities of our language amusing beyond description. Being somewhat of a Latin and Greek scholar, and knowing French and German, he found little difficulty in directing perfect English. I am sure my pronunciation was also remarkably correct, as an advantage which I believe he owed to his having got a few lessons from an Englishmen when a boy of twelve. His stock of English was rather scanty, but he was never at a loss. When he wanted a word, he would simply take a Dutch or Latin one, it somewhat of an English turn, and launch it forth with a feeling of confidence which often made us laugh heartily. Steven took everything in good humor, and when we explained to him the oddity of his phrase, would laugh as heartily as any of us.

As you had informed me of his intention of arriving via Dover, on the 14th, I kept looking out for him all day at my office in Cornhill. I supposed to drive him down at once to my residence at Chelsea. Steven, however, wished to pass the night at the former in order to take the forenoon train of the next day, when, after delivering your letter of introduction, he told me with an air of perplexity that the winter months in September or October were unaccustomed to some line in the neighborhood—that he had left his luggage there, but could not find the place again, as he was quite bewildered with the countless number of streets and lanes, each of which was "as full of people, carriages and buses, as an egg is with meat." But let me tell you his story as he told it to us that evening over our tea at Chelsea.

Owing to some difficulty about his luggage at the Custom House, Steven could not leave Dover before the last train, which was at 10:30 p. m. He took a cab and drove up to my office at Cornhill. Of course he found it locked up. He rang the bell, but no one was heard, and after a third time, but the merciless door was immovable. No wonder, indeed. Good Mrs. Jenkins, our house-keeper, was already in the luxury of her first sleep. Nor was she much pleased at being rescued out of it by
The Anchor.

To his bed-room, Steven entered the tap-room, which consisted of twelve boxes, six on each side.

"Where is the coffee-room?" asked Steven.

"This is the coffee-room," the landlord replied.

"Why this coffee-room?" Steven exclaimed. "This is a place for horses. There is precisely room here for twelve horses. Do you put men into horse-stables in this manner?"

The landlord gave no reply. Steven perceived that no choice was left to him, took a seat in one of the "horse-stables," and ordered his supper.

"Give me a butcher-bast with flesh, and a half-bottle of wine." "No bread?" the landlord asked.

"Natural," Steven replied, not knowing the English expression "of course." The landlord smiled and shook his head. He brought up some butter and a few slices of ham.

"Which wine do you take, sir, sherry or port?"

"None of both. Give me Bordeaux."

"Don't know that wine," the landlord replied, shrugging his shoulders.

"I am at ride of wine.

"Why, that's port."

"No port. Port too heavy to me."

"Perhaps you mean French wine?"

"Mean French wine?" Steven exclaimed. "No, French wine is not mean. It is drunk by kings and princes. Pour me a glass."

While the landlord fetched a bottle of claret, Steven murmured within himself: "Those conceited Englishmen! Everything which is not English, is mean in their estimation."

"Where is the butternia?" Steven asked, while the landlord put down the bottle.

"Why, it is in the cellar," said the landlord replied, pointing at the plates. "This is the butter, and this is the ham."

Steven burst out laughing.

"O yes, natural!" he said. "This is butter and ham. But I ordered smearing the butter upon it."

"In many places as these Steven struggled till at length he had got his wants supplied, and thought of retiring for the night. Not being in the habit of looking himself, he thought it might be well to order a barber for the next morning."

Remembering that the name of the instrument which the barbers use is called a razor, he said to the landlord:

"Can I be razed to-morrow?"

"Razed!" the landlord repeated, smiling. "Yes, to be sure you can.

Will you then send up a man to razee me?"

"I will raise you myself."

"Ah, very well, at nine o'clock, if you please."

The next morning, punctual to time, the landlord knocked at Steven's door.

"Within!" Steven cried, and the landlord entered.

"Where is your knife?" Steven asked.

"My knife, what for?"

"Well, to razee me."

"I am not razed. You must razee me with a knife along my vissage."

With these words Steven passed his hand to and fro over his chin to imitate the operation of shaving.

"O, I see," the landlord cried in a fit of laughter.

"You want to be shaved! But I am a barber sir: you must go to a shaving shop."

"Where is a shaving shop?" Steven asked.

The landlord look him to the barber's shop and pointing to a street on the opposite side, said something about a turning to the right and then to the left, and an out-station. "Here" is a bald plate, and told him to look out for the word 'Shaving.'

(to be continued.)

What Ought Not to Exist in Colleges.

Among the many good things which exist and ought to predominate in Christian schools and colleges, some things are intermingled which, if rightly considered and analyzed, take away a great deal of the feeling of close connection that should bind the hearts of students together. Through these things that unmistakably rest on conceit, selfishness, and a greed for which they cannot by their own merit attain.

I say, among Christian schools and colleges, not excluding ours, such things exist, which are for their very purposes, noble and necessary as they may be, more of a decided drawback than even professors are frequently aware of. There is and certainly should be a feeling of sympathy, of common interest among students, as all, while in college, are aiming for the same thing, viz.; the moulding and upbuilding of their moral character, as well as the development of their intellect, and also the restraining of those elements in human nature which have a downward tendency, to produce what is not for their own welfare.

Among the few bad things which exist in colleges, are castes, cliques, class jealousies, etc. The most pernicious, and one which most frequently succeeds in stirring up a feeling of hatred, jealousy, and animosity among students to such an extent as to make every entire respect for and the interest in the welfare of the institutions themselves, is the clique. A certain banding together of a few students, who are always racking their poor brains for some new scheme or other which they may present and attempt to carry out, that they may appear to be men of remarkable ability. Such schemes, however, though seemingly aiming at the general welfare of college and students, are in reality only the expression of their own ambitious cravings and selfish motives. The underhand way of carrying those schemes out with a little effort be recognized in every literary society to which they may belong; and some even seem to have no scruple, although Christians, to let their united efforts be felt, in a way as stated above, in the Christian organizations of the colleges, where, at any given moment, everybody should be allowed the privilege of acting as he desires.

And if their efforts in the societies were in keeping with the object of those organizations, viz.: to advance their welfare, disappointing them and extending their good influences, they would be no reason for condemning their actions, but would even be commendable and praiseworthy. But, and to their actions, that their aim is not the welfare of the societies, but the advancement of their ingenuous inventions and selfish schemes. They become sure of every scheme which they may propose among one and other, by lobbying among those who are in a sort of common supervision of their organic existence, and whom they can easily impress and win by their witty and paradoxical cast; and also by the support of some, of like appearance, who take no active part in the planning and scheming, but who always give their sanction, and at the same time appear indifferent, but going with the majority, in order not to lose their position and the students, and the students, and afterwards or even during the progress of the issue, to sit and smile at the success of their leaders.

It is at all events that such cliques do not exist in our colleges and are making their deleterious influences felt in every movement among the students and even in surrounding society.

What good the leaders may intend to do by these cliques, I fail to see. But one thing seems certain to me that, unless professors and students in general, keep or destroy a character, they cannot prove an inevitable harm to our institutions. For students coming from other cities and even States, can in no wise recommend institutions where such students merit is no longer justly considered, where no one cares; however good his talents may be, unless he is willing to stoop so low as to belong to these cliques.

It seems as if some of the good men of such bodies purposely forgot the words of the great Teacher of mankind, that, 'Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.'

The Anchor.

It was a country wedding. I had ever attended, and has so far remained the last. The bridegroom himself came in the afternoon to invite us down, and although it was rather a late invitation, we decided to dispense with formalities and, free from restraints of society rules, we promised ourselves an evening of genuine enjoyment.

The evening was a model one—one of those perfect evenings which warm-hearted June sometimes bestows upon us, so that we can if we wish it. Masses of tangled vines grew by the roadways, and on the hills the chantily clusters of small white flowers just begin to bloom, and in the fields the setting of the sun. Brush and log fences separated the road from a mass of flowers, underbrush, from which the songs of birds were heard, and there breathes an air laden with the fragrance of the woods and the perfume of wild flowers.

After crossing the river it became tame and featureless. Rail fences separated pastures from wheat and field, and the wheat field from the half cleared corn field planted between the stumps with white beans and cabbages; while here and there as if by some sudden and wholly unaccountable artistic impulse there stood a hillock or a thicket of brush. As we went on, however good his talents may be, unless he is willing to stoop so low as to belong to these cliques. Well, perhaps it is...
...
The College Y. M. C. A., at its business meet-
ing on Tuesday evening, January 29, elected Harry Kremers, '90, as a delegate to attend the State Con-
vention of the Y. M. C. A., which was held in East Sagi-
na on Jan. 18, to 19.

Thursday, Jan. 30, being the day of prayer for
colleges, the regular college exercises were sus-
pended. In the afternoon a large and appreciative
audience gathered in the college chapel to listen to
an interesting address by Rev. Cobb of Grand Rap-
ids.

Some of our young hopefuls are deeply in-
debted to the City News editor for the pains he has
taken to publish a series of articles on "Mary," the
productions of same exceedingly smart but narrow-
minded person, who thinks he has done something
"romantic." We would advise the students to carefully
examine the Christian Intelligencer, and we rest as-
sured they will soon become convinced that it is the
best paper of its kind, and one that ought to be
read by all. Considering the price and the paper, it
is very cheap.

The freshmen class, so fond of show,
Though short on common sense,
Resolved to let their mustaches grow,
Like many other men.
All freshmen try to soap and oil,
Avoid both brush and knife.
But sad the fate—In spite of oil
Success but two and five;
But three of these, though all did well,
Of various shade and hue.
Were nipped by frost the first cold "spell."
Thus fast, they left their owners cold and blue.

Among the books recently placed in the col-
lege library by the Patrons Society, are the follow-
ing: DeQuincy's Complete Works, 6 volumes;
Shiller's Complete Works, 4 vol.; Victor Hugo's
Les Misérables, 3 volumes; Mark Twain's Innocents
Abroad; Cooley's Michigan; Hamerton's Intellec-
tual Life; Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabel; vol.
Longfellow's Hyperion and Outre Mer; Gei-
kie's Hours with the Bible; Thaddeen of Warsaw;
George Eliot's turn; Cowl's In 2 Days, and
Prescott's Callid; Prescott's Miscellaneous;
Chambers Encyclopedia of English Literature, 4 volumes; half
Russia binding; Beecher's Norwood; Cabe's Old
Creole Days; Black's Judith Shakespeare; Prescott's
Conquest of Mexico, 2 volumes; Herbert Spencer's
Education; Curneis of Napoleon; Toile's Life of
Daniel Webster; Thomas a Kempis' Imitation of
Christ; Charlotte Bronte's Jane Eyre.

SOLILONY.—
Who can escape the iron of fate
Or solve the destiny of life?
I have been loved and now do hate
Thee, muskatoe, raised mid soil and stride.
I've handled, loved and cherished thee, in vain
On thee my hopes for compact built, and now
Though I may wax and pull and wax again,
Thy breaths smooth and oil, thou wilt not grow.
My hopes of congress are but wind.
My stove-pipe hat, my heart's delight,
I see and hasten to my highland Mary.

—PERSONALS.—
Mr. Jansen, '93, has late; been elected class
president.

Rev. G. J. Heklin, '85, Spring Lake, has been
on the sick list of late.

Rev. H. E. Busker, '76, has accepted his call to
the Third Reformed Church, Holland, Mich.

Hoppers, '89, has presented with a handsome
gold watch as a birthday present by his father.

Rev. G. Dangremont, '86, East Saginaw, Mich.,
has accepted a call to LeMare and Hoppers, in.

It is rumored that Henry Op 't Holt, student at
Holt last year, is afflicted with cancer in his leg,
which will lead to amputation.

Miss Lenna Kollien, graduate of the preparatory
department, is teaching school at Grand Rapids.

Menning, '93, has been on the sick list of late;
The Anchor suggests an occasional visit to Van
Dyke's gymnasium.

Miss Voorhees, graduate of the preparatory de-
partment, has sustained a severe loss recently by
the death of her father.

Mr. de Witt, graduate from the junior depart-
ment, has been visiting friends and relatives for
some time in New York.

Hon. G. J. Diekema, speaker of the House, has
been presented with a handsome bouquet of flowers
by the agricultural College.

Under the direction of Mr. Nykerk a musical en-
tertainment will be given at the Opera House, on
Wednesday evening, Feb. 27th.

Zachary and John Veldhuis, students in the pre-
paratory department, have been quite sick with the
German measles, but are recovering.

H. Keppel, '89, is at present studying at Ann Ar-
bor; he intends however to be an alumnus of Hope
and graduate with his class next June.

R. Bloemendaal, '88, has not been able to attend
his theological instructions lately on account of
sickness caused by too much vaccination.

Paul R. Coster, '87, who is teaching school at
Barrie Corner, has been unable to perform his
work during the past week on account of sickness.

Mr. D. Plassman, former student of Hope, and at
present working in a furniture establishment at
Grand Rapids, paid his former classmates a visit
last week.

H. Kremers, '90, was sent as a delegate to the
State Convention of the Young Men's Christian As-
sociation, held at East Saginaw from the 7th to the
10th inst.

Rev. R. H. Jobbersma, '81, of Grand Rapids, has
received a call from the Board of Domestic Mis-
sions, to superintend the Western Missions of the
Reformed Church, at a salary of $1,800 a year be-
ond necessary expenses.

THE UNIVERSITY:

I. Thou shall not steal, nor ride thy neighbor's
pony.

II. Thou shall not covet thy best girl nor thy
best fellow, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.
III. Thou shall not carry an inter-linear to the
board, but thou keepest it concealed.
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AN ESSAY ON WEARING APPAREL!

STUDENTS should always be of an inquiring turn of mind. Boys, investigate! and our word for it, you will profit in the end. Don't confine your research to classic fields; Get at the practical betimes! It is an old saying, in which there is much truth, that: FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS. We do not entirely agree with those who declare, that—CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN; but we do believe that a person sloven of dress, no matter how brilliant his other attainments, ever will fail to command the respect that another lesser light will through neatness in dress and appearance.

Our name does not appear in this month's list of contributors to The Anchor; if it did we would select some such subjects as these for our essay—'How to dress in style.' 'Economy in dress.' 'Where can I best replenish my wardrobe, (with two ends in view, style and economy?)'

We invite you to come to the

Tower Clothing Co.

and investigate the truth or falsity of our statement, that we can supply you with ready-made Clothing, surpassingly stylish in cut, better trimmed, and superior in make to any custom tailoring work that can be procured in Western Michigan.

You shrug your shoulders at the mere sound of the words "ready-made," and well you may to that class of trash that has been palmed off upon the public many years, by so-called clothiers.

In what respect does the Tower differ from other Grand Rapids clothiers? Oh! says the other clothier, I dare not carry extra fine ready-made. I make to order, and high-priced ready-made would interfere with my custom.

Yes, there's where we are not handicapped. The Tower however soliloquizes as follows:

For 20 years we have manufactured and wholesaled fine ready-made clothing to the leading dealers in all the large cities in the country. We are enabled thru our immense consumption of cloths and casimeres, to buy direct from the mill and thus save 30 percent. over our less fortunate competitors. The magnitude of our sales enables us to employ artist designers at large salaries that the ordinary retailer cannot afford. The so-called tailor in small cities or towns makes an overcoat one day, a Prince Albert the second, then a single-breasted, then a blouse;—thus he jumps from one style of garment to the other in order to keep employed, and is proficient in nothing. Our factory-help work at their specialties for years. An overcoat hand becomes a perfect overcoat maker. He, by constant practice upon one single style of garment, becomes an expert, and thus produces a perfect garment. But how can we fit you? We carry 44 sizes of coats, embracing every known shape in man's anatomy. Come to us for your clothes. We rip our garments and conform them to fit you perfectly—a little off here, a shoulder raised there, and go thro the same routine that does your tailor, and we give you more style at less than half the money charged by that individual.

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