The Anchor

February 1911

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Agency for The Baxter Steam Laundry, Grand Rapids

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**The Anchor**

"Spera in Dea"

**ABROAD**

The land of Childhood fades away;
    The barque of Mankind I command;
The distant Future beckons; "Pray,"
    I question, "Whither shall I land?"

The mother's ever-helping hand
    No more my guide to truth can be;
My friends upon the well-known strand
    Paint hot to shores beyond the sea.

Sailor! Sail on alone; be free!
    Thus far, in search of fleeting truth
Our thoughts and words have compassed thee,—
    The pilots of thy thoughtless youth.

But now, the helm we bid thee claim,
    Thyself act captain of thy fate,—
"How dare a vessel cross the main
    With master o'er, without mate?"

I pondered, Faith at once replied:
    "A guardian spirit through the sea
Of thought, shall turn thy barque aside
    From rocks that would thy ruin be.

Until the harbor light appear
    And anxious fear and doubt demand
Are left outside the sheltering pier,
    Discouragement shall have no room."

Then come with me, my spirit guide,
    My erst with thee shall weather all;
Will sail out on the ebbing tide,
    And ever hope, whatever befall.

**Frater '12**
AS A TALE IS TOLD.

O an impartial seeker after amusement, nothing is so pleasing and at the same time so instructive as a journey through a newly cleared farming country over a backwoods railroad. As I write, there rises before my mind the picture of one beautiful May morning in 1910, when I boarded a slow local train at a small town beside a famous little lake in Northern Michigan. The train consisted of an engine, one passenger coach and a baggage car partitioned in half to accommodate the carrying of mail and express. I seated myself in the well-filled passenger car, beside a thin, emaciated individual with a seedy black coat and side whiskers. After an indeterminate interval the train started, and we crawled away over a wretchedly laid track while the abused coach shrieked and groaned in every joint.

At the next flag station we stopped long enough to take on a fresh-appearing, sporty young fellow clad in the latest approved style, his orange-handed hat tilted to one side and a cork-tipped cigarette protruding from his lips. After a disgusted survey of our section, he departed into the forward half of the car and fell into a seat.

My companion had been silent till now, but as the festive collegian entered, he heaved a tremendous sigh and, turning to me, he said: "Friend, I'm an old man in experience, and my romantic ideals are busted, as it were, but just eight short years ago I was one of them fellers. And now I'm ———! Oh, but it's awful to think on it!" So saying, he turned to the contemplation of the passing landscape, and great tears rolled down his cadaverous cheeks.

To divert him from his woe, I besought him to tell me the secret of his gnawing sorrow. Perhaps, I said, my sympathy might light his gloomy pathway and make his life happy once more. He turned and surveyed me from head to foot, then at last he spoke:

"Mister, you look like an honest man, and I'll trust you to believe me. My tale is a dreadful one; I have been hunted
and persecuted because of my love of truth, yet I can not lie. All I tell you is absolutely and completely without any deception. Hear ye, and take warning!"

He settled himself in his seat and the light of reminiscence lit in his watery blue eyes. I stealthily slipped my note book from my pocket.

"I was born of rich but honest parents in the far away wilds of dear old Gotham. My parents sent me to the University and there my budding talents ripened and burst into rosy bloom. I was an accomplished mandolin player, a favorite at the cotillions, and one of the most popular lady-killers that our fair city contained. Oh, how I have changed! But to continue. After my career at college I entered the United States Diplomatic corps, and was sent upon a very dangerous mission to the Spanish government. In beautiful Madrid I met the bewitching daughter of Don Miguel de Almato, and from the first we loved each other madly. I thought her true, but alas! the enchanting siren lured me into disclosing my international secret. I died by night and after judging the frenzied officials for three months I escaped upon a trapship freighter and returned to New York. But what could I do? My reputation was shattered, our proud family name trampled in the dust. I disappeared into the West and began life anew, under an assumed name.

But here my wonderful knowledge of chemistry stood me in good stead. By a secret process I began the manufacture of strictly pure medicinal corn-syrup from sawdust and straw stalks. My factory enlarged, my company prospered, my financial rating was 30 at Bradstreet's. But in the hour of our prosperity a cruel and malicious enemy, by one dastardly and brutal act, killed my plan—gunning about our ears. By methodical study only to himself he gained access to the men supplying me with material, and one fateful day I found our sidings lined for miles with cars of neat corn-stalks and imitation sawdust, and I died under cover of darkness, this time to a foul custom of the state, where I took up the humble life of the prisoner's devil. Here I learned the printing trade. Greatly and thoughtfully I know the taste of glue when the master of typography, the foreman's invective when I failed over to much; I know the grinds of the
grouchy advertisers, and the never-ending complaints of the delinquent subscriber when he didn't get no paper." I learned rapidly and was at length promoted to the editor's sanctum, where for weeks I sat at my desk and wrote editorials, accounts of chicken-pie socials, advertisements for horse-medicine, reports of fires, weddings, funerals, farmers' clubs, Sunday school picnics,—in short, all the work of a country news-editor. Here I acquired that bucolic accent, traces of which still cling to my speech.

"Ah, why did I not mark the cloudy impending doom which gathered over me? How I shudder yet at the thought—"

At this point my strange companion riveted his gaze in the air over my head and stared into vacancy with such horror written upon his countenance that it was with difficulty I prevailed upon him to proceed.

"Ah, that fiendish type-setter! Why should he take delight in my destruction? Friend, this is the story of my downfall, in brief. The beautiful and accomplished daughter of Deacon Jones, our most respected citizen, was to be married to a splendid young man of noble blood, whose ancestry traced back to William the Norman. I was to report the affair in the elegant and polished style which the occasion demanded. I worked on that write-up for three nights, assisted by Webster's International and Rogers' Thesaurus. My conclusion read like this: 'After the ceremony the beautiful and costly gifts of gold and silver were presented, and the happy pair showed themselves duly appreciative.'

'Now comes the climax! That fiendish type-setter no sooner received my copy than he proceeded to tear it limb from limb, so to speak. For some reason no proof of the account was read, and the wandering populace saw it in print as his punchy impertinency distorted it. The conclusion over which I labored so long appeared thus: 'After the ceremony the numerous and useless gifts were displayed, and the happy pair showed themselves duly appreciative.'

'As he uttered the last words my narrator burst into tears, but quickly recovering himself, he concluded:

'I am now an outlaw, hunted by and wide by agents armed with death-dealing weapons. Only in this guise am I safe. I am penniless and alone. You, the only friend I have, can help me out of my slough of despond if you only will. Lend me, I beg of you, some little token of your sympathy—say about five dollars. I've not even the price of my fare."

I slipped a crisp bank-note into his hand, and with a sob of gratitude he left me and disembarked at the next station. The conductor came through as I resumed my study of the passing landscape. He touched me on the shoulder and said:

"Where is your friend of the whiskers? Hope he didn't get anything from you."

"Get anything from me?" I faltered. "That poor fellow?"

"I marked you talking with him," replied the official.

"He's the slickest confidence man on the road. Are you on?"

I still try, at times, to reconcile my impression of a fleeing fugitive from justice with the conductor's cold-blooded description of a sharper, but it is useless. Such pathos, such anguish never come of aught but the sorrow and suffering of the man's genuine experience? Still, I don't know. I am sometimes torn by doubts.

FRATER, '14.

ONE OF THE MANY.

FORGE, or "Turk," as he was nicknamed, lived in the large city of O——. Although only fifteen years of age, from his height, stature and dark complexion, one might judge him to be a youth who had spent eighteen or nineteen happy years of city life. "Turk" was once a newsboy on the busy thoroughfares of O——, and had carried the O—— Daily for two years along his regular route. "Toledo," "Watch," "Lefty," and "Lardy," would occasionally accompany their chum on his route. This was generally the case on Saturday evenings, as then it was pay day.

"Let's get a nickel's worth of those," "Toledo" would say, pointing to some candy cigarettes in the corner candy store.
"Gee! no, they don't beat those sticks of licorice over in that other corner. Let's get some of those, shall we, 'Turk'? You get six for a nickel, so that will leave two for you," said "Match."

"I would rather have some of those 16 to 1 sticks of chocolate," said "Turk," and as he was the one with the "spondoolix," the bunch agreed to purchase "Turk's" favorite.

On their way to school, it was possible for the boys to make a short cut, by going through the Union Station. Sometimes it would have been better, had they taken the long route to school, as the time which they would idle away in the Union Station would occasionally cause their tardiness. The boys attended two schools a day, the public school, and the Union Station. They carefully studied the times of the numerous "in" and "out" trains, during the day. On their way to school in the afternoon they would catch No. 307 on her way from the round house to the station, ready to pull out train No. 4 for the north. As the O. & C. 4:05 fast train for J—— had to slow up while making the Hundink curve, "Turk" and the "gang" would catch No. 6 at the station, and hop off at the curve. Some Saturdays the bunch would catch a slow "drag" pulling out for B——, ride out about ten miles, and catch the "meat run" back.

The boys were not looking forward with pleasure to the summer vacation, for they knew that then they would have work. "Lefty" got a job, tending a planer; "Toledo" drove the horse for a huckster; "Match" did not have to work, as his folks went resorting, and "Lardy" could not find any work. The bunch thought that "Turk" had the best job of all, as he worked on his father's delivery wagon. If, while delivering, he would hear the whistle of an approaching passenger train, he would guess the number of the engine, and wait till he had passed.

It was a sunny Thursday afternoon in August. George did not work this afternoon, as the clerks were given a half holiday, during the summer months. His parents were visiting relatives in the suburbs. The boys were taking their daily swim in the quarry hole. George walked through the house, once, twice, and still again. He went to the barn, went up to Dan, his delivery horse, gave his loving companion a handful of oats, stroked his sorrel mane, and with the words, "Good old boy," left the stable. He went to the house once more, and looked about. He passed the dining room table, and thought, "Would they miss me?" Again he entered the barn, and taking his bicycle he left—home. On account of his frequent hesitation there remained but a short time. Entering a pawn shop, he secured three dollars for the wheel. Hurrying to the station, he purchased a ticket for J——. George did not hop off at Hundink curve this time, but rode for six long hours, arriving at J—— about midnight.

This was his first step into the world. The next day, George sent a post card to his brother, with the following message: "Am feeling fine; leave for the West this morning."

Could a youth of but fifteen years make his own way in the world? Could a Wanderlust youth think of what was before him? Who would be his companions? These were the questions a heart-broken father had to solve, when thinking of his wayward son.

Seven weeks passed—it seemed seven months. During this time George had not slept in his bed, at whose side many a prayer was uttered for the wandering youth. During these seven weeks George encountered all the likes and dislikes of a rover's life. Many a night he slept in a box-car, with only his coat for a pillow. Many a mile he rode, huddled up behind the water tank, or rode the blind baggage. Many a morning his thought was, "If I could only be home for breakfast this morning."

A letter came. In this letter George humbly asked forgiveness, and his loving father sent the necessary sum to bring the wayward son back home.

"Never again," said George.

FRATER, '12.
RUDYARD KIPLING.

(Купить тексты можно на русском языке.)

KiPLING can be divided into two classes. A few women who simply can’t go Kipling, and all the rest of the women and all the men who would any day prefer a new tale by this wizard to an invitation to dine at the Waldorf-Astoria. I have amused myself the past few weeks by asking all manner of men and women what they think of this man and his writings. I am afraid that some who profess to turn the cold shoulder on him read his stories on the Sly. All such flatters should be excommunicated from the reading public and prayers be made for their puerile souls.

It was but a quarter of a century ago that the English reading world was wandering aimlessly, about in a fog of literary discussion and criticism, and hollow echoes from better days filled their ears. The air was heavy and dead with electric pressure. Suddenly there appeared on the horizon a volume of stories which rent the air with electric flashes. It was followed by a volume of poems called “Departmental Ditties.” People were astounded to hear that the author was scarcely twenty-years old. Staid Londoners were whirled off their unwilling feet and carried to soldier life in India; they felt the swing of the songs in the barracks room; they smelled its smells and they lived its boisterous life. They laughed with the Soldiers Three—Mulyanay, the Irish giant, huge, grizzled, crafty as Ulysses, but withal very tender; Ortheris, “the fox terrier of a cockney,” and Learoyd, who is a foil to his comrades. Men saw that here was more than a surface observation of men and their action. Men moved, and they moved as the spirit moved them. Here was braveness; joy in life, a zest of doing which stirs the dare-devil which still resides in most of us. Under the stir of outboard movement, we catch glimpses of soldier tenderness and friendship, and the willingness to die at the call of the regiment. But this is only a gleam, or rather a golden thread skillfully hidden, for Kipling is last of all a preacher. We feel we are looking at life, and men of flesh and blood. They smack of life rather than of Kipling, and that is high praise.

Kipling is both story writer and poet. His stories fall naturally into two groups; those dealing with life in India and those with life out of India, mostly in London, although he takes us to the fishing banks and to New York. Except for a novel wedged in here and there, his stories are short. On these short stories his fame rests. His works number some thirty odd volumes, and therefore I shall not take down the entire shelf full, but will select a favorite representative here and there. The Indian short story is the best. Before your delighted eyes the soldiers play their mad pranks. You laugh at their naked charge, the soldier liberties, the boisterous overflowing spirits. But the din of the barracks room is offset very often by the utterance of some almost tragic human experiences, as when the dehumanized wreck in “The Man Who Was” is found to be an old member of the regiment at whose feet he has by a remarkable turn of fortune come. He is treated as tenderly as a babe by his messmates of former days.

Often the sad, still music of humanity sounds in these stories. Those are stories of tragic ending, of almost pitiful loss and misfortune. “Want of Benefit of Clergy” is the story of the love of John Holden for his Indian wife, Ameera. In the heyday of his love and happiness, the Sahebs, the Chaldeans and the storm come upon him and he is left without child, wife and home. Holden went back to his work. Critics call this love a heathen love. Call it what you will; it is love and happiness, and as we read we feel it like a flood of golden light. But, oh, how pitiful is the end the chaldeans make! Read “The End of the Passage” and look into the inner life of three civilians in India for the queen’s service, and see how Hummed faces the powers of darkness rather than quit his post. Read “William the Conqueror” and see what devotion to duty means. And still critics persist in saying that Kipling is coarse and his God must be spelled with a small “p.” Well, some men dare not take the name of God on their lips and others do. The literary creed of some allows nothing but a cross section of life portrayed as it is. Such authors combine realism and romanticism. Shakespeare belonged to no school. Kipling
portrayed things as they are—the most supremely difficult thing in the world. The list of stories is a long one. Often the two civilizations are brought close together, for Kipling likes to work by contrasts. The glimpses into the Oriental’s nature, warn us that there are recesses in the characters of these smiling, imperturbable men which outsiders should learn to reckon with.

The long stories are not so good. The best is probably “The Light That Failed,” It is a pitiful tale of a London artist who goes blind and half mad, who loves a woman in no wise worthy of him and ends by following the old call of the sea and battle front.

Kipling’s technic in the short story is that of a master. The sentences are short, clean cut and masculine. The words live and vibrate. The diction is dynamic and forceful rather than beautiful, and throughout we find the rhythm and pulse of life. He is not a satellite of Bret Harte, as has been said. No one knows better how to begin a story; no one can better produce the versimilitude, the little details which make reality. Altogether, for masterful skill and for human interest his stories will live.

Kipling’s first volume of poems, “Departmental Ditties and Barrack Room Ballads,” startled the conventional ideas of hosts of people. ‘They are excellent ballads. They swing along with freedom and life and a fine directness. The words, again, are living and concrete, and the rhyming often surprises one by its felicity. All read these poems, but few were bold enough to support so radical a literary democrat. “Seven Seas” was accepted with more favor. The note of patriotism is often sounded here; for the magnificence of his country’s empire stirred his soul. So, he has been dubbed an imperialist. But read and think over the “Recessional” before you decide. Especially does the sea fascinate Kipling. We come across lines like these:

“When hath desired the sea? The sight of salt water unbounded
The heave and the halt and the hurl and the crash
Of the comber wind hounded?”

Kipling believes the 20th century is full of poetry. Men lament the passing of the poet. His work tells you to look about you and get awake. You don’t need classical allusions. Men and women, living, doing, today, are poetic. All that is needed is eyes to see it. Hear what Mac Andrews says to a soft passenger poking about in an ocean liner:

“I showed him round last night, over all, and last he says:

‘Mister Mac Andrews, don’t you think steam spoils romance at sea?’

Dammed right! I’d been down that morn to see what ailed the throngs. Mon bateau on my back, the cranks three inches from my nose. I’m sick of all their quiches an’ turns, the lover and the loves they dream.

Land! send us a man like Bobbie Burns to sing the song of steam.”

Some of Kipling’s most charming verses is scattered here and there in his books of stories. Here you will find the exquisite lines, “Mother of Mine,” and the lines with the refrain: “Follow the rainbow pattern.” These have been set to music and his songs are sung wherever the English soldier has his barracks. For his strong, bounding rhythm, its almost inevitable use of words, its sturdy good sense and independence, and, finally, for its human interest, the best of Kipling’s verse will not die.

A few years ago Kipling was awarded the Nobel prize for the best literary work with an idealistic tendency. He is an idealist, but his method is inductive. He is content with holding the mirror up to life. He who can see life and see it whole, and bring it to us, whole, is the great writer. Kipling has succeeded in doing this. We want to see our fellows as they are, and in order to picture them to us thus, the fiction writer must be a faithful pupil of life and must swear fidelity to his mistress. So produced, I believe life will not cease to be noble and it will be freed from false glamour. Many have seen in Kipling’s real in a cynical, a coarseness. I believe this is literary and moral squirmishness and bigotry. Remember that his canvas is large and that he paints with a free, unsparring hand, and then look more closely for the little hidden lines of beauty and righteousness and devotion to
duty. For we find that two of the main articles in his creed are the gospel of work, and faith in the order of things as they are.

FRATER, '12

"NECKWEAR."

We (editorial for yours truly) have been asked to write a vituperation on some article of apparel. The only article of apparel we ever wrote on was our pa's clean-boiled Sunday shirt. Before this time our pa had always practiced moral suasion, but, as we had spoiled the only clean shirt he had he became exceedingly provoked (not to use a stronger expression) and tried the non-moral species of suasion on his would-be-literary offspring. This first trial resulted so satisfactorily that he never found it necessary to spank us since, except when we deserved it.

But enough of philosophical interpolation. Our subject is neckwear. We will eliminate females' neckwear from the discussion, as the intricacies and mysteries of women's clothes are past our finding out. Personally, we don't know the difference between a Merry Widow and a bobble shirtwaist.

From time immemorial man has worn different paraphernalia about the neck. Primitive man wore a string of bones. Guiteau and other criminals, whilst departing from this life, wore Manilla ropes, but these styles of neckwear are no longer in vogue in polite society. Now, the ideal neckwear consists of pieces of celluloid, rubber or starched linen, around which is firmly tied in varying knots, a strip of cloth, corresponding either to a shoestring, stocking or handkerchief. To keep the above in place is employed that, of all excerable contrivances, the most miserable,—the collar button. Our governor would call it a saprophyte of society. Whatever that means.

It is true, the collar-button may be divided into two classes, front and back, but we will not perform this operation for we belong to an anti-vivisection society, the rules of which forbid our dividing anything into more than one part. This we will do, dividing collar buttons into one class,—nuisances. Yes, they are always nuisances, both when you are wearing them and when you aren't; for when the latter is the case they are nuisances because you can't find them.

What is the history of the collar-button? With the invention of the celluloid collar, it became necessary to provide some contrivance by means of which the aforementioned article of apparel be held in place. The shingle-nail and the safety-pin had been weighed in the balance, and found wanting. A crisis had come. If something suitable were not immediately provided the celluloid-collar industry was doomed to die an ignoble death. Someone proposed a large brass tack with a head on both ends. This was the collar-button in its crude form, which soon developed into the cruel form we are using at present.

Having, thus, successfully disposed of the collar-button, let us deal in like manner with the necktie, the most ridiculous sport of fashion by which we are oppressed, today. Tie a rope around a man's neck for some useful purpose and the act is termed a blinking back to barbarism, et cetera, but let a man tie a strip of bright cloth about his throat and he is classed as ultra-fashionable. Why even one of our hymnists, "Be, ye the tie." However, far be it from us to believe that it is the necktie to which is referred in that beautiful song.

Lastly but not leastly, we have the collar. These are of three kinds, linen, celluloid and rubber. Of the three, the celluloid is the most rational. But again the perversity of human nature shows itself by pronouncing sentence upon its innocent victim and, so far as so-called fashionable society is concerned, the celluloid collar has heard its death-knell. It is at present a rare sight, being worn only by rubes and by United States senators. Its chief advantages lie in its being cleaned easily with a damp cloth (I suppose that ought to have been written "dry cloth") and its shining so brilliantly that no diamond studs need be worn. When not worn about the neck it serves beautifully as a mirror. As a material with which to kindle a fire it has no equal. Care should be taken, however, to keep it away from fire while it is about the neck,—especially if one has not yet made his last will and testament.

The celluloid collar may have some excuse for existing but the linen collar has none. In dry weather it has a tendency to slowly saw off the heads of its victims, thus exposing them
to even worse torture than was Chas. I of England, whose head was removed at a single blow. In wet weather the linen collar becomes a limp mass, the form and comeliness whereof is not such as to be admired.

These things try the nerves and patience of any healthy man but just put yourself in the place of the man who boils in his neck, around which he must wrap a stiff collar. If he uses the asseverative accusative, do not judge him too harshly. It may be one of the cases in which profanity is excusable. (The above may be a pun on the word "case" or it may not be. The reader should use his own judgment in such cases.)

We will omit discussing (without the "dis") the rubber collar as we do not want to stretch this article to too great a length.

All the articles of apparel above mentioned are but the fabrications of vanity. Oh, vanity, what crimes are committed in thy name. Think of all the good purposes to which all the cloth used in the manufacture of collars and ties might have been put. It might have bound the wounds of the soldier on the battlefield or those of the suffering patient in a hospital ward; it might have wiped away the tears of the distressed; it might have warmed the chilled limbs of the destitute. The starch employed in the stiffening of this cloth might have helped to make a nice corn-starch pudding or have aided some struggling milkman in his endeavor to give his water a milkier hue; or it might have afforded assistance to some Freshman in his attempt to keep his pompadour standing up straight.

The rubber, instead of adorning a rubber-neck, might have adorned the neck of a fruit-can. The paint now so wantonly wasted in dyeing neckties, might have decorated mother's kitchen-door or father's barn-door; yes, it might have been used by an artist in the painting of one of the world's masterpieces; or it might have caused the pale cheek of some maiden to blush like the last rose of summer.

In the face of these cold, hard facts, do you blame us for rising in our wrath with the firm resolve to stamp out this awful menace of neckwear that bids fair to choke us in its deadly grip? Surely, you also, kind reader, will join us in this movement toward the emancipation of American manhood.

Seize upon the neckwear you possess, cast it into the raging flames to be oxidized thereby and meander about as does the author of this treatise, untied, uncollared and uncollar-buttoned. Then, and then only, will you realize that life is worth living.

FRATER, '11.

"TED."

REMEMBER well when I saw him first. It was an animated group of boys that were shooting "mgs" from the walk in front of the old gray Press building, and Ted was among them. Strange, isn't it, how boys will play marbles, while their hands are red and raw with the cold? That day was one of those winter days, which remind us faintly of spring, yet damp and chilly, for all that the sun is dazzling bright and the water from melting snow trickles through the street gutters. But despite the weather, the urchins were enjoying themselves thoroughly. Shouts of laughter and now a sharp word of dispute sounded across the busy street, as I watched them. They were but the boys one sees every day, ragged, noisy and demonstrative, sometimes, we fear, a little vulgar, but, after all, with hero hearts. Among them, I noticed a face, finer and more delicate than all the rest. It was the face of a lad, who stood a little back from the others and beside him was a small crutch, leaning against the stone wall. His little right coat, threadbare and torn in places, was patched but so neatly that you would never have seen it, and his shoes—I don't believe they ever were his own, they were so big—had been carefully blacked that morning. And under the weather-beaten cap, that wouldn't even cover his ears, a pair of bright eyes was watching the game intently.

"Here, kids, Ted's next," and a red-haired newsboy a trifle larger than the rest, shoved back his playmates, while the lame boy shot his marble. And as I passed hurriedly on a huge van cut the group off from my view.

It was some time before I saw Ted again. One blustering night about a week later, I caught a glimpse of him on a
busy corner, selling his papers. The wind-swept streets were
cold and half-deserted; a biting snow blew right into my
face. I felt sorry for the little chap, huddled and shivering
there, and it was almost reluctantly that I entered the warm
ear. But I was late and did not have time to speak to him—and
besides I had bought the paper. As I looked out of my
car window, he was still standing at his post with a big
bundle of papers left to sell. Three or four evenings later, I
passed by that corner again. This time I bought a Press of
him and the look in his open frank face, as he thanked me,
made me look at him again. Somehow those eyes went
straight to me. As I was watching him, Ted's red-haired
friend came up with a bundle of papers.

"Thank you," said Ted, as he took them. When I asked
him why the other boy brought them to him, "Why, mister,
it's kind of hard to get to the office, and so he brings them," he
answered rather unwillingly. I was sorry I had asked him.

I came by that corner more often after that and ere long
I had made it one of my business appointments to buy my
evening paper of him. For some reason or other the little
form, resting against the dirty brick wall, with the battered
crutch beside it, interested me. I grew to count on the cheery
"good evening, sir," and the "Thank you," when he gave me
my paper and to miss the memory of those eyes if I didn't
pass by that way. Once, in a long while I would come upon
him, playing some quiet game with his friend, when the
weather wasn't too cold, but it was very, very seldom, I
asked him one day about his home; but he was reticent—oh, so
reticent—he turned away from me and would tell me almost
nothing. That evening, as I was riding home in the jerky
carts, I fell to thinking about the little fellow and to wonder-
ing what kind of a home he really did have.

As it happened, I met Ted's friend the next day, as he
was going for the little cripple's papers, and I asked him where
Ted lived. He hesitated; he didn't know just where, but he
 guessed that Ted and his mother lived in the third block
north.

Ted—mother—did ever see "Kind of hard on the List"?

That evening I dropped home to Mary that I couldn't
come home to supper. I had a special invitation and a Ted
to go with me to the Champlain. He kicked his crutch
against an orange peel on the walk and, without looking at
me, shook his head.

"But, Ted, don't you see that they're figuring on you and
you'd have to come along. It's only a little way." And
without further word, I hailed a passing cab.

It was my favorite hotel and so I secured a table off in the
rear behind some palms, where we could chat together freely.
For a while we ate in silence. So hungry he was! I never
believed even a boy could eat so fast or so much. After he
was through, we talked business. I asked him just how the
new boys managed their work and he told me all about it.

Those little boys, how near to men they are! Finally our
talk turned to his home life. His father had died long years
before, it seemed, and he was living alone with his mother.

From his few different words, I could sketch his home—it was
one of poverty and of hard struggle for even an existence.

There was the rent and the coal, there was food and clothing
to pay for—no wonder that sometimes they were discour-
aged. The mother couldn't do it all alone and so the little
child was sent out on the streets to sell papers.

"Yes, mister, mother en I, we live en all alone. Mother
always used to sew en sew. Sometimes I used to ask her if
she wasn't tired, but she'd smile en say 'Oh, no, Ted.'
She said she wanted us always to be together. But yesterday,
mother was sick en the doctor says she must stay in bed a
long, long while. It makes me feel bad—so bad, but mother
says God cares for us en He'll see we're alright. That's so,
isn't it?" At the words of childish appeal, I could only look
over the golden hair out into the street, and somehow I
couldn't answer him for a minute or two. Then I hastened
to reassure him that God really did care for them.

"But, sir, it makes me feel so bad to see mother sick.
She's the only one who loves me, and when I think about her
I can hardly keep from crying," and he turned with a sob.
I tried to comfort him by saying that I would come to see
her the next day.

And so, I visited her. She lay in a cold garret, very, very
sick. It was a small bare room but somehow the few articles
of furniture, now a little disordered, gave it an air of refine-
The Anchor

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EDITORIALS

ATHLETICS

What should be the position of athletics in a college? It seems that it is as completely isolated from faculty control and supervision as the nature of circumstances will permit. The same faculty is in charge of other departments of education and in these departments the same conditions do not obtain. The same faculty is not desirable? Perhaps not. But it may not be necessary. The fact that the entire body of coaching can be done by a faculty of scales is an advantage. The student who are playing, but the training of this was

FRATER, '12
taken it up. Not only was athletics kept cleaner but also greater care in preventing accidents was taken. Such a statement could scarcely be made of athletics at Hope. The attitude of the student body upon the subject, as it seems, is not always in the most amenable. For this, fellow students, we must shoulder a large share of responsibility. The faculty is not as antagonistic nor apathetic upon the subject as we might presume. It is to be remembered, too, that Hope college represents a peculiar constituency, peculiarly different from other colleges, and this fact has a large influence.

Now athletics is as important a portion of a college course as any study. Participation in manly games, played in a clean and honest manner, develops qualities of obedience, self-control, and reliance upon self which no book-worm can ever attain. Mens sana in corpore sano. The latter is the foundation for the former. Besides, there is nothing that so stimulates interest in a college as a clean, healthy condition of athletics. Enthusiasm must have something tangible to rest upon, and so when the students feel that they are represented by a clean, successful team, they cannot help but have a warmer feeling for their Alma Mater.

But you object that this will entail an over-development along those lines the students will go sport crazy. Right here lies a great danger. We have said that athletics is as important as any study, but be it far from us to say that it is more important than scholarship. To set mere physical attainment before scholarship, betrays an entirely false outlook. We fear that Hope has not been entirely free from this. But the other extreme is just as false. For correcting this possibility of giving undue importance to athletics, there is a simple remedy. Let there be an iron-clad rule, rigidly enforced, so that it will be respected, that a certain standard in scholarship must be maintained by any who would represent Hope on any of her teams. Not a low standard—a mere passing grade—but a high one, 85 or 90 per cent would be most helpful. Such a rule would make it impossible for any to spend nearly all their time in practice and occasionally dabble in their studies. At first, the regulation might result in hardship, but finally the result would surely benefit the status of athletics. This is no empty vision, but, in many schools, large and small, rule

Athletics are a necessity in any well-rounded college education and as such every student should take an active interest in it. This condition of athletics portrayed above is not Utopia, but a possibility. We believe that the students themselves would favor it, for the subject has been broached by some of them. And when our athletics reaches such a stage there can be no doubt but that greater freedom will be given the students, as they show themselves able to enjoy it.

H. E. Y.
The Anchor

The Knausheides are still basking in the sun - in Europe! Our story begins with a visit to the historic town of Oxford, where we discovered the ancient University Campus. The buildings, constructed in the late 19th century, are still standing today, and the atmosphere is very lively. We spent a day at the university, exploring the famous Radcliffe Camera and the Ashmolean Museum, which houses a vast collection of art and history.

After our visit to Oxford, we headed to London, where we spent a few days exploring the city. We visited the Tower of London, Buckingham Palace, and many other famous landmarks. We also took a river cruise on the Thames, which offered a unique perspective on the city.

Our journey continued to Paris, where we enjoyed a stroll through the historic Marais district, and visited the Louvre Museum. We also spent a day in the Eiffel Tower, which offered a breathtaking view of the city.

Our trip ended in London, where we attended a cultural event at the British Museum. We spent the day exploring the museum's vast collection of artifacts from around the world, and ended the day with a visit to the Tate Modern art gallery.
afternoon, this meal is not hurried, and often the fellows sit around the fire enjoying a good chat and smoke. At 7:30 all the colleges are practically deserted, as nearly every student is keenly interested in athletics, for which Oxford affords the best of facilities. At 9:00 we usually return, and after a bath are ready for the distinctly English institution, tea. It usually does not take the American long to adapt himself to that custom. For me, at least, it admirably made up for that uninvited Dutch institution "after dinner." 

Between tea and dinner a student has a couple of hours which usually are devoted to social board games. At 7:30 the chapel bell tells us that it is time for dinner. This is the only meal which the college as a college eats together. After a formal Latin grace we sit down at long candlelit tables where for centuries the south of England have sat down before us. The average college dining hall, besides its spacious fire place, has for its chief decorations works of art, especially of what in America would correspond to past presidents of the college.

A very rough sketch and, all too poetic, but it shows you more or less accurately how the time is spent. It is not for my poor pen to do justice to a description of Oxford, the colleges, High Street, the various walks, gardens and meadows, or the beautiful Lake. For lack of space I cannot describe that part of the river which interests us most. Its long rows of barges, i.e., twenty-two what might be called house boats. Each college has its own barge containing a fire place and a well furnished reading room where one crew can wait while the other is up the river. Every afternoon except Sunday, this river presents an endless procession of boats, while on the tow-path, coaches, either on horseback, bicycle or on foot are constantly encountering each other and taking their respective crews who are pulling at the oar until the very light before our eyes sometimes grows dim.

If in any way I can interest Hope College students in the scholarship I shall be only too glad to do so. At some later date I shall be pleased to write about the reasons why we Americans really are in Oxford who Hon. Cecil Rhodes was, and what the ideals he cherished. I am glad that old Hope was so well and creditably represented at Ann Arbor last fall. I can only hope that those who are in the lower classes shall even now begin to aspire to this, for it is a prize worthy of years of effort.

Very cordially yours,

M. E. HOEKJE, '06
Exeter College, Oxford.

Bohn, Germany, January 4, 1911.

THE "PEDAGOGICAL" ALUMNI.

One never fully appreciates certain gems of literature until they are driven home with a force irresistible. Though we, as children, are compelled to memorize many poems and quotations, we rarely appreciate their full meaning and beauty until maturity. Just what the poet meant when he wrote: "A feeling of sadness comes over me, that my soul cannot resist," was never fully understood in our experience until recently.

There is no more effective loneliness than that experienced in a crowd. To be surrounded by thousands, only a few of whom are acquaintances—and those met only at random—makes one feel the depth of sentiment in the familiar phrase, "Home, sweet home."

While at the recent state Teachers' Association in Bay City, the writer was much impressed with the manner in which Hope's alumni wandered aimlessly about, while on all sides the alumni of the various other state institutions were holding reunions and barbecues. It was then that there was formulated the idea of the need of similar organization for the "pedagogical" alumni of good old Hope. Why shouldn't we rally as other alumni do? What think the alumni?

JOHN S. HOEKJE, '06.

Exchanges

The Christmas cover of the Normal Leader is exceedingly simple, but yet artistic and neat. The story entitled "The Awakening" teaches a wholesome moral lesson, and contains several good features, among them a good style, and simplicity
of plot. In this number special space is given to cuts of the literary societies, and to write-ups about them.

A welcome change among these is the Coyote from Sioux Falls College, South Dakota. The general appearance of this paper cannot be criticized, except that, as in many other exchanges, the material in the last few pages is put together in rather scrappy fashion, advertisements being allowed to intrude upon the literary matter. The Coyote makes this logical appeal to subscriber—"Man is dust. Dust settles. Are you a man? Have you paid your subscription to the Coyote?"

The "Sonnet to Hope" in the Lineclonian is worthy of hearty praise. Summer writing is worthy of more recognition, and might prove a profitable diversion in this busy age.

In the E. O. H. S. News we find a story, "The Spirit of Christmas," which comes fairly near to our ideal of a short story. The writer has succeeded in excluding extraneous matter, and in forming a simple, yet effective plot. The story is marked by a sympathetic human touch. "A Northern Journey" is excellently written.

At last, Dictum Est has appeared upon the scene. The December number has a generous supply of stories. We note some impossibilities in "The Episode of James Henry," but the piece contains splendid humor. The wistful mood that pervades "Helen" lends a tender charm to this story. Come regularly, Dictum Est.

Hailing from her editorials, the Acradith will be mastered by a conscientious staff this year. The January "Exchange" notes are capital. This department is headed with a very original cut.

Evidently Central College in Pella, Iowa, is the scene of lively doings. The Ray tells about a stirring mock trial, and a Freshman Sophomore class scrap, that occurred there recently.

Those pursuing educational studies might do well to read the article on "Physical Training: Corrective and Preventive," in the Pedagogical Department of the Manhattanion. The piece contains good suggestions concerning the care of the child's body, and inuring it proper development.

College Chips has a Christmas design, which is a gem of art. Students, this paper is worth looking up. Note the high grade of her articles.

The writer of the editorial, "Mental Revolution" in Purple and Gold, touches upon that experience which comes to very many thinking students—doubt and perplexity about matters of faith and truth, in which the young philosopher's meditations lead but to the question, "What's the use?" "Is there 'a balm in Gilead?'" is asked. A formidable query, apparently. We suggest that doubt and gropings for solid footing are a natural experience of not a few students. This condition is often a good sign, giving evidence of serious, intense thoughtfulness, free from frivolity and weak-mindedness. And it is frequently true that when the clouds of mystery have lifted a bit, the daunt will better have gained his bearings in the world, and will see that the hand of God is still unfailing, and supreme in the affairs of the Universe.

Hope, 55; Mt. Pleasant, 29.
Hope, 64; Lansing "Y," 15.
Hope, 44; Jackson "Y," 40.

This is the splendid record of the varsity five thus far this season. The wearers of the orange and blue, realize the reputation they must uphold, and chances look bright for making this the third successive year without a defeat in Carnegie gymnasium.

Although the Mt. Pleasant and Lansing games were walk-a-ways for the Hope quintet, they were not so slow as the difference in scores might indicate. Hope excelled in every point of the game and Coach De Kruijff is well pleased with the work of his proteges, and has strong hopes for winning the inter-collegiate championship of the state.

With Alma College, M. A. C., Hull House, Detroit "Y,"
and Lewis Institute as the remaining games on this season's schedule draw to a close, the fact will with a smile of the highest class quarters of the middle west in action.

February 4, the Hope basemen triumphed over the Jackson "Y" quarter in the closest game and here this season. The game was very exciting and the spectators were treated to a fast, clean and close contest.

Twice during the first part of the action was the bat of the Five could not overcome the little lead of the Dutchmen, and at the shot of the pistol, Hope was still in the lead 44-30.

Summary:

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<td>8 in 37: Bucknell, 10 in, 19. Referee—Johnston (Jackson).</td>
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<td>Umpire—De Kruijff (Hope).</td>
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Locals

Scene—Van Raalte Hall. Time—Intermission period between the second and third hour recitations.

Dramatis Personae—Agnes S. and the local editor.

Act I. Agnes—"Are there going to be any jokes on me this month?"

Local Editor—"Yes, ma'am, I think so."

Agnes—"Now, I just think that is awfully mean. I will give you a box of candy if you don't send them in."

Act II. The local editor is still waiting for the candy.

Note—Act II was in some way contrived.

Dr. Brown to Ferdie—"Mr. Van Duken, what do you expect to know about—size of a sheep?"

Ferdie—"I can't tell you all I know.

What the matter, Ferdie??

The Anchor

Helen Rodolfo (to trig.)—"I don't understand that."

Prof. Kleinheisch—"I'm glad there is one man in the class that dares to speak up."

Baker says that pedagogue is improve psychology.

Agnes—"I think they spend quite a bit of their spare time running up the average price of an automobile."

Leon Millard declares that the mutual interest between himself and Miss Brown has ceased to be a subject for joke. It has become stern reality?

Dame to Van der Wende—"Do you receive any tips from the Dorm girls?"

W. T. W. "No, they're not a 'tipsy' bunch."

At a recent social gathering, Art Hensinkeld was introduced as follows: "Friends, we have one among us who is certainly interested in Art for Art's sake."

An Interesting Case.

Nell Smallman's bell was rung three successive times the other evening and then one of her friends had to almost take her to the phone by force.

"Professor," said a young lady, "I want you to suggest a course in life for me. I have thought of journalism."  

"What are your qualifications?"

"Oh, my soul yearns and thrills and pulsates with an ambition to give to the world a work that shall be marvelous in its scope and weirdly entrancing in the vastness of structural beauty."

"My dear young lady, you were born to be a milliner."

Perfectly Killing.

"She thought that she was dressed to kill. And so indeed it came to pass. Tripped by her hobble skirt she fell. And killed herself, black, alas!"

Floy Raven, on being asked to name some of the French possessions in Northern Africa, absently-mindedly said, "Tunis and—Bernest and—" Van Duken "I wish I had money enough to travel. I wouldn't be here."

Helen. "Wouldn't that be delightful?"

You can always tell a juvenile, but you can't tell him much. "There are two stages in a bad cold. In the one stage it afflicts the man that's got it and in the other it afflicts everybody else." Do you believe it? Yes!?"

Friend. "Will your sons take a full college course?"
Mr. Steegman—"No, not quite. They will have base-ball, foot-ball and track athletics but they're afraid they won't have time for basket-ball."

Heard at Mr. Pleasant Game.

Smart student (as the ball accidentally hits Prof. Schlosser on his head)—"That's using your head, old man!"

Moordyk has started to train for track work by running to Zeeland after the lectures. Some one was cruel enough to suggest that maybe he missed his car and was forced to run home. Oh, no! no!

Borrowed: Not Original.

Kiss is a noun, though often used as a conjunction. It is more common than proper, and is never declined. It is more singular than plural and agrees with everybody.

Van Der Laan (giving excuse for absence)—I was home sick.

A special meeting of the Hope College Athletic Association was held January 30, 1911. The program was as follows:

4:15. Meeting called to order by director.
4:16. Motion to adjourn (Lost).
4:20. Vote is taken and Roost is allowed to continue.
5:30. Likewise.
5:30-5:35. Contest between J. Verburg and Roost a la verbal rapiers.
5:37. Passage of the Luidens' act, advocating peace.
5:40. Adjournment.

Martha O.—When does President Taft's term perspire?
Can a sardine box?
No, but a tomato can.—Ex.

The Sophomore class is offering an intellectual treat to their fellow students by way of a series of orations to be given in Prof. Nykerk's room every Monday from 5-6 p.m. Box seats are selling at $2.00.

Bennink & Co. have decided to cut down the laundry bills, and not infrequently John is seen arrayed in a soft shirt of cobaltic hue.

We would like to know—
If the moon beaks hold up the moon.
If egg shampoo is used to shampoo eggs.
If eggs are a species of shell fish.
If Jim Mulder still blows out the gas in laboratory instead of turning it off.
If Prof. Kuisenga knows what the Dead Sea died of.
If Miss Thomas crocheted her new toupee.
If De Motts still holds that a participle is a part of speech.
Small D—I hope they won't make Vrubink captain of the basket-ball team any longer.
Freshman—Why not?
Small D—Because he's long enough.
Then the ax descended.

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