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The Anchor

"Spica in Brev"

A Sonnet on Lincoln

Lincoln! we love to think of thee this day:
Our country happy is for what, in years
Gone by, was brought about through blood and tears,
Sorrow, distress and pain, and bloody fray;
Horrors of war and strife could not dismay
Or alter thee in purpose strong; nor fears
Of poison, dagger, sword, of pen or sneers,
Thy action for a moment could delay.

Great is thy name! but greater was thy soul—
A sympathizing heart, pure, noble, true,
With passion deep for suffering of mankind.

Trusting in Him, who here on earth control
Of all bas in His hands, thou diest pursue
Thy role in all simplicity of mind.

Knickerbocker '16

SURE SHOT BILL

T was said that Bill—"Texas Bill," was the label he usually went by—could shoot the right eye out of a flea with his left hand. Now if any strangers happened to stop at our ranch in Southwestern Texas, and such a statement was made to them, they would undoubtedly conjure in their mind, a picture of a dark complexioned man with bushy eye-brows over a pair of evil-looking eyes, and a vicious mouth hidden by a long, drooping, black mustache. And when sitting in the cozy parlor of our beautiful ranch-house, they would hear someone say that "Texas Bill" was just coming in, they would
with a slight holding of their breath listen to his footsteps approaching through the hallway, and confidently expect that picture to be confirmed. But it is wiped out with one stroke. For there in the door-way stands a youthful figure dressed in a yellow khaki shirt, leather riding breeches and spurred riding boots. On his hip is slung a huge Colt revolver. Upon his clear cut, clean shaven face is a smile of welcome. In his clear blue eye is the sparkle of perfect health due to clean living out in God's pure air.

They wonder at the grace of his movements and the musical tone of his voice, as he approaches, and bids them welcome; and as he converses they wonder still more how a man of the plains came in possession of such an inexhaustible fund of information. However, they look at him in a different light as in the course of the conversation they learn that he is a graduate of West Point; and further that about a year ago his father died leaving him, the sole heir, to fifty thousand acres of excellent Texas grazing land, well stocked with cattle, hogs and horses. But he is a modest chap and does not linger long in talking about his property, and besides is always deeply moved when the subject of his father's death is mentioned.

However it is not my purpose to extol the good qualities of "Texas Bill" but to relate a few of the interesting incidents that occurred on our way to Galveston with several car-loads of hogs, in which it was his wonderful skill and agility in manipulating his Colt that saved our lives. I was staying at his ranch as an old friend and classmate for an indefinite length of time, helping in the management of the large ranch wherever I could, and becoming more and more attached to the unrestrained, health instilling, out-of-door life on the vast plains.

One calm summer eve we were sitting on the porch of the ranch-house, enjoying a "pure Havana" smoke. Bill was exceptionally quiet, and sat as if in deep thought. Knowing that he would unburden his mind when he saw fit, I remained silent also. "Say, Pete," he finally said, "read this will you?" as he handed me a letter. "Sure thing." I answered. Taking the missive I read the following:—

"Dear Bill:—As you know I have bought my stock from your father for the last five years. I have never had cause for complaint in any deal made with him. And now I would very much desire to continue doing business with you. If it is convenient for you, I would like to have you ship me two thousand head of hogs on or before the 30th. As it is now the 26th, you see the necessity for haste.

"But Bill, I wish to warn you, for John Elroy, your father's arch enemy, is very much interested in this shipment, and will stop at nothing to prevent it. It would be the one great happiness of his life if he could ruin both you and me. So keep your eyes open, and your gun handy. Your old Friend,

"Thomas Lewis."

"Well," I remarked, as I returned the letter, "it looks as though we are in for a jolly little picnic this trip."

"Yes, and by heaven, I am going to push it through if it is the last thing I do in this world." answered Bill, with glowering eyes. "That scoundrel has moved heaven and earth to ruin my father and indirectly was the cause of his untimely death, which I will avenge tho it cost my own to do it." With dilated nostrils, jaws set like a vice and with clenched fists, he was now passing up and down the porch. As I saw him I reflected how little I would give for the general health of John Elroy, if he should oppose him when in such a mood. For besides having inherited the daunted courage of his father, Bill's skill with a six-shooter was a thing to be sworn by wherever he was known.

"But," he said suddenly becoming calm, "we will not cross any bridges before we get to them. Let's go to bed and be on hand bright and early in the morning."

Immediately after breakfast the next morning Bill, having called his men together, gave them instructions to prepare the horses and wagons, and to begin loading the hogs. So that day fifteen men with as many wagons hauled the squealing porkers to town. As the sun was setting the last load was on its way to Florence, and the population of that city had increased by two thousand—Pigs.

Bill deemed it advisable to set a guard that night, for there were more of El Roy's men in town than there was any legitimate call for. So he concealed five men about the yards. I was one of them; he gave us instructions to phone him should any serious trouble arise.

During the first hours of the night it seemed that we had been unduly alarmed in taking such precautions. Again and again I caught myself dozing in my hiding place on a heap of straw. But suddenly
I became wide awake for I thought I heard someone talking in a low undertone. I could not hear all that was said but enough to decide my course of action.

"Yes," I heard some one say, "I phoned him an hour ago and told him that all was quiet."

"It seems to me," said another voice "that they should be here by this time to start the show."

"I think," said I, "the show starts a little early tonight," covering each man with a 45-Colt.

Instantly their hands went into the air. For a plainsman knows his move when he unexpectedly finds himself looking into the business end of a six-shooter. "Pat," I shouted to one of our guards, "bring a rope so we can keep these gents out of mischief." And Jim you trot down to the 'phone office in double quick time and tell Bill to rush up with all hands instantly." Almost before I was done speaking, he was gone on a run, and Pat was securely trussing up our bungling friends. In another minute we had them safely stowed away in an empty box car.

Soon Jim returned saying that Bill was coming as fast as his thoroughbred could carry him.

Now all we could do was wait, and trust that Bill with his band of reckless cowboys would reach us sooner than Elroy’s gang. Presently the faint "put put" of hoof beats was wafted to us on the still night air. Our hearts beat high between hope and fear, for we were uncertain who were approaching thru the darkness—friend or foe. Gradually the sound of pounding hoofs became more distinct, and rolled towards us like the distant rumble of an approaching storm. Not wishing to take any unnecessary chances I ordered the men to seek cover near the yards. From my vantage point behind a pile of lumber, I now heard the thundering hoofs approaching very near. My heart sank as I heard the leader shout his orders, for I recognized immediately the gruff voice as that of El Roy.

"He’s going to win after all," was the thought that painfully entered my mind, as they swooped down upon us in the night with the terrific din of a hurricane. Leaping from their rearing and puffing horses, they fell to tearing down the fences that enclosed our hogs. The meanness and smallness of their action in thus deliberately laying violent hands on another’s property filled me with a fury that knew no caution, for although we were but five in number and there were at least thirty-five in El Roy’s party, I drew my gun and fired point blank at the man nearest me. Without a word he sank to the ground. Instantly like the echo of my shot I heard the cracks of four other pistols in rapid succession. Taken by surprise the men stopped their dirty work and leaped for their snorting horses.

"Halt!" The voice of El Roy rang out like a rifle shot, and stayed their feet in the stirrups,—at the same instant firing in my direction. His men taking courage also opened fire, and soon things began to get quite warm in my neighborhood.

One or two bullets passed through the crown of my hat, another struck the wood close to my head dashing the splinters into my face. The hot blood rushed through my veins like a molten stream of fire. I cared for nothing but to "get" El Roy. In my rage I rose up to my full height in order to get a good shot at him standing not twenty feet away. Bringing my pistol at a level with his breast I was on the point of getting square with him, when suddenly I felt a dull pain. My hand dropped helplessly to my side and things became black before my eyes. My knees gave way from under me and I sank slowly to the ground. But just before I lost consciousness I heard a shout that sounded very much like Bill’s voice and the noise of many pistol shots—then darkness and total oblivion.

When I again opened my eyes I found myself lying in my own bed at the ranch house. The sun was shining through the open window. Feeling disgusted with the cook for letting me sleep so long I was about to get up and dress, when a sharp pain brought my hand to my head. It came in contact with the bandage, and suddenly I remembered all that had occurred the night before.

Just then Bill came in with a cheery "Good morning old top, how are you feeling?" "First rate," I answered. "But how are other boys? Did any of them get hurt very badly?" "Might be worse," he replied. Jim got plugged in the shoulder, and Pat is carrying his arm in a sling. Riley has a slight wound on the cheek where a bullet ploughed thru. But all are doing nicely and will be all right in a few days." "Did—did any of the others get killed?" I asked haltingly, for now that I was in a calm state of mind, a feeling of remorse stole over me that I should have taken the life of a fellow-being.

"Nobody got killed," he said, "but one of them got done up
badly with a bullet through his lung. But the doctor says he has a
good chance for life." I felt greatly relieved at this. At least I was
not guilty of murder.

"How is El Roy, did he get away?" I asked.

"Yes, but we'll meet again and only once more. His debt in­
creased considerably last night."

I soon felt able to sit up and a little later I was down stairs as
fit as a fiddle. My wound was not of a serious nature. The shot
was but a glancing one. About noon one of the boys rang up say­
ing that the loading of the hogs would be finished in a short while. So
immediately after dinner Bill and I rode to the station.

I noticed that the fence had been repaired. With a shudder
I also saw a dried up stain of blood on the ground where the man had
dropped when I shot him. A little back of that was the bullet ridd­
dled and splintered pile of lumber where I had so nearly "cashed in"—
in the language of the plains.

But just then we heard the whistle of the U. P. fast through
freight pulling in from the west, and in a short while we were off on
our four hundred mile trip to Galveston.

At every stop we kept a sharp lookout for El Roy. For we
knew him too well to think that he would leave us un molested simply
because his first plan had failed. In what manner he would make
another attempt to prevent the shipment we had no idea. But we
both felt a vague and uncomfortable feeling of approaching danger.
However, nothing happened until about sunset. For some time we
had been traveling through a rough and hilly country and had just
stopped in a deep valley to take on water. On each side of the track
a wall of earth and rock extended almost perpendicularly towards the
sky. Bill and I had walked forward to take a look at our hogs which
all seemed to be taking the trip like a regiment of veterans. We were
just on the point of going back, when my eye caught the sight of a
round object. Suddenly I could feel my hair bristling with terror, my
voice seemed paralyzed with horror, for there not three feet from us lay
a huge bomb with the lighted fuse attached to it rapidly burning
shorter, until now only an inch of fuse was left—and then—

But I could not think of it. With a tremendous effort I shouted,
"Bill lookout," at the same time pointing to the infernal instrument of
death.

Bill's mind always worked like a "chain of greased lightning" and
his hand worked with the same velocity. For barely had my
shout reached his ears before his gun barked out viciously, and the
short stub of burning fuse had disappeared.

"Your plans have been made with a nicety that is wonderful,
El Roy," mused Bill, picking up the bomb with its fuse neatly shot off.
"But once more they have failed." "A death punishment would be
far too lenient for that scoundrel."

Just then we saw the engineer approaching, his grimy face dis­
torted with rage. "Some degraded descendent of a lop-eared leper has
been tampering with the water tank," he spluttered amidst a volley of
adjectives not found in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

"Tore a big hole in the tank and let all the water out, besides
damaging the pipes so that it is impossible to obtain any more water
for at least two hours." Soon the train crew had collected around us.
We informed them what we knew and showed them the bomb.

"Now," said Bill, turning to the conductor, after the commotion
had subsided, "while you are repairing the damaged tank, Pete and
I are going to look around a bit, for I am convinced that the villain
is not far distant from here."

So it was decided, and Bill and I began climbing up the steep in­
cline. At the top we halted to take a look at the land. Toward
the north, as far as the eye could see, extended a rough chain of
hills covered with huge rocks and cut by deep ravines, affording innume­able hiding places. Indeed it seemed a foolish and dangerous task
to hunt for El Roy in such a wilderness of rocks and caves. For
every moment we were in imminent danger of being shot from an ambush.
Nevertheless we cautiously advanced from rock to rock, keeping under
cover as much as possible. There is something intensely unnerving in
the fact that you seem to feel the eyes of your enemy on you, and
any instant you expect the tense silence to be shattered by a crash that
spells your finish. With every nerve strung to its highest pitch, every
muscle taunt, we stealthily moved along.

Just as we had noiselessly crawled up a rocky ridge and peered
warily over, my heart leaped to my throat in surprised excitement.
For there, not twenty-five feet away stood El Roy with one foot raised
on a protruding piece of rock, his hands grasping another rock above
his head as if in the act of climbing up the steep ridge in front of him.
But my excitement turned to wonder as I saw his features, which were
distorted into lines of unspeakable horror. His eyes nearly bulged out
of their sockets and he stood as if rooted to the ground. I felt the blood
receding from my face and hands leaving them cold and clammy. In
that same moment I tore my eyes from the horror-stricken El Roy and
stole a glance at Bill. His firm, steel-like features revealed the con-
flicting emotions that raged in his breast. Now I saw his eyes narrow-
down to mere slits in fierce hatred of the man who had sought his
life and caused his father’s death. Then they were filled with com-
passion for a fellow-being in distress. As his eye left the face of his
enemy the hatred left his heart and in its place arose a nobler feeling.
He could not thus take advantage of this opportunity in getting square
with his worst enemy. A great determination arose in his breast as he watched the object that so inspired El Roy with terror.

On a narrow ledge of rock we saw the sinuous coils of a huge rattles-

snake with its head not six inches from El Roy’s face. It’s beady eyes
glistening like live coals. It’s venomous, red, forked-tongue hissing
with deadly purpose. The man had lost complete control of his mu-
scles, and besides, he knew that his least motion would forever end his
earthly career. If he would so much as blink an eye-lid that vicious
head would strike with the force and speed of a thunderbolt.

But all this happened in far less time than it takes to tell, for the
reptile had noticed us and was becoming more furious every second.
It’s swaying head leaned farther back; its rippling coils began to bulge
as it drew up its muscles ready for the fatal stroke.

In another second ElRoy’s fate would be sealed. But that sec-
don was enough for Bill. His right hand shot to his hip, and at almost
the same instant the report of his gun broke the awful spell and El
Roy leaped back with a horrible cry, out of reach of the lashing coils
of the reptile now in its death throes with its head demolished by the
bullet.

El Roy stood watching it, wiping the cold sweat from his brow,
trembling in every limb. Looking up from the snake, he glanced at
Bill and as he looked there came upon his face an expression of shame.
remsore and regret. "My God, Bill, what made you do it after what
I’ve done to you?" he cried hoarsely, with bitter tears of shame spring-
ing to his eyes. "Why didn’t you kill me instead of that reptile which
has far more right to live than I," he continued almost savagely and
and then broke down and wept like a child.

The iron spirit of the man was broken by such magnanimity.
Bill was visibly affected at thus seeing the hard-hearted old man losing
hold of himself. Feeling a great surge of pity sweep over him, for
his father’s enemy, he walked up to him and placed his hand on his
shoulder, saying, "It’s all right, old boy. Let’s forget it. Let by-
gones be bygones. We’ll wipe out all bedsores and start the game
anew. Here’s my hand on it."

Incredulously the old man looked up and for a long time stared
at him with surprise and amazement expressed on his face. Then with
his rugged hand he grasped the extended hand in a grip of steel.

"Bill," he said in a voice that shook with emotion, "Bill, you are
the whitest man I ever saw."

There, surrounded by the huge rocks and rugged hills, in the eve-
ning zephyrs whispering peace, stood the two men with hands gripped
in eternal friendship. And the age old feud was forgotten.

Knickerbocker, ‘17.

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**EVENING**

’Tis evening tide. The babbling waves break down
Upon the shore and tell sweet mysteries.
Behind the line of yonder western bank
Sinks down the golden globe of heavenly fire,
And sheds a sweeter light o’er sea and wave
Than thousand precious gems, which caravan,
Or pilgrimage, have brought from Sheba’s Queen.
And now a holy peace in twilight decks,
On every side, the whispering waves anew,
With solitude. The glimmering stars appear,
First faint, then brighter still they grow, until
The darkened firmament is one great field
Of sparkling light. The dimpled wave reflects
Ten thousand times ten thousand stars, and yet
Their number is not told. The moon, though small,
And new, is guardian angel of this host
And leads in stately manner on, through deep,
Remote, unmeasured fields, while, farther still,
The Pilot Star serves as a beacon sure.

Knickerbocker ’16
WILLIAM HENRY LEWIS

In the life of William Henry Lewis two characteristics are especially outstanding. These characteristics it is my pleasure to bring to your attention, since they are qualities that we should like to see in others not only, but should surely desire to incorporate into our own lives. These characteristics are: 1st—His remaining true to himself and to his former station, though success in the affairs of life carried him far from that; and, 2nd, his meeting opposition with all the strength and energy at his command, or as he himself expresses it, "Bucking the line hard."

William Henry Lewis was born in the little village of Berkeley, Virginia, about five years after Abraham Lincoln, through his Proclamation had set four million negroes free. That fact that he was born after the Proclamation gave him the opportunity to live amidst surroundings favorable to the ambitious boy. The emancipation had inspired the people near Berkeley with a great hope, which the boy was privileged to share.

Quite early in his youth Mr. Lewis showed his inclination toward law. Many a time was he punished for running away from home to hear a murder trial at the Portsmouth court, and many a time did the boy listen to the strongest lawyers of the day as they were pleading their cases, at that time famous in the annals of the court, and many a time did the boy decide to become one of the country's ablest lawyers. And so it was no wonder that William Henry decided to take up law, after graduating with honors from Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute and from Amherst College.

Upon graduation from Harvard Law School, Lewis set up a practice in Boston, making Cambridge his home. In the latter city, he was city councilman from 1899 to 1901. In 1902 we find him in the Massachusetts State Legislature, in 1903 he fills the capacity of Third Assistant United States District Attorney; in 1904 he is Second Assistant; then for the next six years, head of the Naturalization Bureau. In 1911 he became Assistant Attorney General,—the place that he held till the present administration took office.

Upon such a rapid advancement as that of Mr. Lewis, a man might easily be led to forget that there had ever been a time when things were not so. But this did not occur in the life of William Henry Lewis. Upon being tendered the position which he most recently held, a large banquet was given in his honor by the leading colored men of Boston. There Mr. Lewis made a speech in reply to the congratulatory addresses of his fellow-freedmen, wherein he stated these two facts—1st—That he distinctly recalled the time when he was only an ordinary waiter in the hotel, where now he was the guest of honor; 2nd—that he knew that it was not in spite of, but because of, the fact that he was a negro that he had been honored with the high office. Furthermore, he stated that he accepted the responsibilities of his position not as a distinction conferred upon himself, but upon the whole race. Booker T. Washington, whom I have already quoted—a negro, who to the fullest extent understands the possibilities of the negro race—especially commends Mr. Lewis on this characteristic.

The advancement of Mr. Lewis, phenomenal as it is, can be readily explained. He met opposition openly, fairly and squarely; he overcame obstacles however many and great they might be; he allowed no discouragement or defeat to dim the vision of future attainment. To make his expenses at Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute, he was obliged to sell matches and do odd jobs. At Amherst he worked his way up to a position as captain of the football team, to a reputation
as the most prominent orator and debator in the school, to the honor of winning two of the most important prize contests, and to the distinction of being chosen to deliver the class-day oration. At Harvard he won almost a national reputation as a football player. He tells us that as center of the team it was his privilege to "hit the opposing line and hit it hard." "My most valuable training was on the football field," says Mr. Lewis, "Where I learned to regard with indifference trifling insults or severe physical hurts." And then in actual practice he could "buck the line hard," and well for him, for he found that in the North as well as in the South there was too much occasion to "buck the color line." Mr. Lewis "bucked the color line" and "bucked" it successfully.

The greatest need of our nation today is real men. To us, who are now preparing ourselves so that we may be of the most possible use in the social process, our nation is calling. She demonstrates to us time and again, that our opportunities are numberless, if we will but use our talents to the best and greatest possible extent by "bucking the line hard" and remaining true to ourselves, as she says to us "Behold a successful man—William Henry Lewis."

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.

The school of youth points onward to the school of life. To do this successfully, the school of youth must be an institution of learning in very truth. Not merely a place where facts are gathered, nor where a prescribed number of text books are studied every year, nor again, where matters of intelligence are poured by diligent teachers into the minds of those that sit at their feet. Its purpose must be True Education. Surely, this is not the garnering of a mass of material, but rather the acquirement of facility in the use of the scholar's own mental powers, which shall enable him to bring the vast store of knowledge that surrounds him into its proper relation to himself in such a way as to develop his highest manhood. Thus, one may attend school for practically an unlimited time and still be uneducated. A man may be a very storehouse of knowledge and yet fail for lack of those sterling qualities essential to true manhood. Such a man has not learned how to reach out, grasp, and successfully use the wealth of material surrounding him.

While, therefore, the gaining of information is a necessary part
of our work, it is in itself of little value; in fact, it may even be injurious. Education includes the development of all the mental powers, but especially of the reasoning powers. For by reasoning only can we apply mere knowledge to the highest aims of life. In our college training, we acquire but the barest fundamentals of that which still lies before us, for all life is a school, where we should be constantly gathering and constantly assimilating. Yet we appreciate most highly that already gained, for we believe that the foundation has been well laid in the things that we have thought and said and treasured up.

Memory never grows old. Laughing eyes dim and voices die away, but the remembrance of the years gone by will be with us unto the ends of the earth, hallowed by friendship and softened by time. Despite the mingled feelings of joy and regret with which we think of our passing it, it is decreed that the time shall surely come for us to leave, possibly forever, our Alma Mater. With one part of our journey completed, we shall pass on, and our mantle shall fall upon others. And we should welcome with eager zeal the attainment of this stage of our progress.

Wiser heads than ours affirm that as we continue our education, we shall with each passing year realize better and better that we know but little. We have, so to speak, barely received the infection of the educational germ. We shall never cease to attend school; some of us, not continuing in any institution of learning may enter immediately upon our life work, but with minds alert, we shall still be at school, the great school of life for which the years spent in college or university are but preparatory. Besides the actual text-book we shall have the larger volumes of experience. These experiences, differing in each life, will be fraught with lessons for ourselves and our friends. If our minds are ever receptive, we shall be ever learning.

Our environment, together with the individual trend of mind, will direct us into different channels. Some will specialize, and devote their lives to this or that particular branch of learning or investigation, and when one shall have thus spent his life, no one will dare to say that he has acquired all there is to be found even in his own little special sphere.

What a boundless kingdom lies before us! What vistas of splendid opportunities are in the perspective! The astronomers of old, standing without their tents, counted the stars of the brilliant eastern sky as best they could with the naked eye. Later, astronomers studied
The Anchor

the same heavens with the telescope and discovered vast multitudes of stars beyond. Stronger and still stronger lenses were invented, and today men peer into vast depths of sky, and still more and more stars are found, while still farther beyond lie paths of starry dust and patches of light urging us to closer investigation. And then, out of the distant confines of the universe come again and again the great, swift, silent comet-messengers of the unknown depths, as tho to tell us how little we know.

We are standing on the shore of this vast ocean! Its waves are lapping our feet! Its bracing spray has moistened our faces! We are exhilarated! Let us not hesitate. Let us push on! It will fill us with renewed vigor.

But not only from an intellectual point of view must we consider the school life. There are greater objects of attainment that those of the intellectual giant, and chief among these is the development of character. To be thoroughly imbued with the very quintessence of life, it is imperative that we recognize the moral meanings of life’s experiences.

In so far as a man’s mind is primed with facts that he is not able to apply to the great problems of his life because he has never really assimilated this information, to just that extent an altogether different set of his capacities has been left undeveloped. Thus, we have men and women of great mental ability, who are apparently void of all moral sense.

The deplorable corruption in politics; the innate spirit of selfishness in the industrial world, regardless of the thousands of lives that are being crushed out every year beneath its iron wheels; the shocking poverty of millions in our large cities while some plutocrats are revelling in luxury; the crowded condition of almshouses, prisons and insane asylums, together with other similar conditions of present day life, indicate that with all our boasted glory of progress and enlightenment, there is some serious defect in our modern civilization.

The moral lessons of life, difficult to learn, and still more difficult of application, have not received the needed emphasis. High standards of morality are not sufficient—splendid marksmanship is not acquired by merely putting up a good, clear mark. There seems to be no lack of lofty ideals, but rather a want of moral stamina. Ideals can be readily carried in the memory like pearls in a fancy jewel-box, but to

place these precious stones in their proper setting, so that they shall adorn our lives is to give them real value.

The school of life is especially well adapted for man’s higher, that is, his moral education. The daily program of every life is such as to guarantee a constant succession of occasions for the exercise of our noblest characteristics. To neglect this exercise destroys our moral nature and without it the best education is superficial. The butterfly flutters a creature of beauty, from flower to flower, but it gathers not the honey that lies before it, while the bee digs down in the calyx and returns laden with its sweet and precious burden. If our lives are to be filled with all that is worth while, it will mean sacrifice and toil.

The experiences of life are strangely blended. The world is full of beauty and ministration, but there is also temptation and sorrow, pain and suffering. All these circumstances furnish opportunities for the moral hero to exercise the majesty and dominion of the highest and most noble manhood. If we, as we enter the greater school of life, remember this higher purpose, we shall take from the open hand of time, treasures of immortal worth.

This is the splendid optimism of a faith, broad enough to include all life’s pains as well as its joys——it will never make us sullen in disappointment, nor cause us to render a false, pessimistic estimate of external progress. We shall be serene and brave and hopeful. But let us remember, although we may earnestly desire to reach this height of faith, it is, most difficult of attainment.

It is evident that the material progress of the present age has hooted with it such a love of wealth and ease that the higher responsibilities of life are shirked. Thus, the most important moral issues are crowded into the background. The strongest grasp control with iron hands, the weak complain lamentably of the injustice only to do the same thing themselves at the first opportunity, and when such an advantage is gained, the weaker man is often more ferocious and oppressive than his predecessor.

Therefore, we must endure hardness, we must toil if we would climb, but it is worth while. Our reward may not be wealth or glory. However, our object shall have been attained if it is but true manhood, and womanhood. This truer life will also be the happier life, one that can be appreciated only by those who scale the heights of moral conquest.
Who will have the courage to take life's lessons in this great school? Who will heed the call, now that every important universal problem sends forth the cry: "Men Wanted! Men Wanted!" Here then, is unlimited opportunity. Looking at the school of life from this point of view, we stand at the foot of lofty mountains. This is not the broad sea-level of intellectual life, but here are the Alps of grand effort, the Himalayas of glory.

With such a prospect before us, we may be either overwhelmed by its vastness, and with cowardly surrender, cease all further effort; or the very greatness of it shall be an inspiration that will arouse all there is in us to press on. It is with sincere gratitude to our faithful professors, to our prominent educators, and to our self-sacrificing parents that we look forward, for it is from them that we have received ideals enabling us to keep the moral issue of life in view. May they all have the satisfaction of realizing that their efforts for our good have not been in vain. Our present stage is a victory, but there are great possibilities of achievement before us, and to a great extent they have made these further victories possible to us. When wider fields are conquered they will share in the result, for each achievement will be a stone added to the superstructure resting upon the firm foundation that they have helped us to establish. May the final finished work be like polished shafts that can withstand every tempest upon the sea of life.

Gratitude, loyalty, and a sense of duty all urge us to do our utmost. There will be no occasion to do otherwise than to press forward, for more attainable visions await us. Alexander, the Great, after many conquests is said to have sat down and wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. He did not see all. There were worlds he had never touched. He had never conquered himself, and had not even a suspicion that any moral responsibility in life existed. We are thankful for this better, broader view, for these higher ideals. Let us trust that we may use our opportunities wisely, and, whatever may detract our attention, patiently attempt to scale as far as we may the sublime heights. Every day and hour may we hear the good angels of our destiny singing, shouting: "Be strong! Be brave! Be true!"

Knickerbocker, '16.

MOTOR BOATING

MOTOR-BOATING is a fad and motorboat enthusiasts are fadish. After being bitten by the motor-boat bug, the only other requisite to being a genuine motorboat enthusiast is to be rich. The joy of motor-boating lies chiefly in motoring the boat. Boats of course, includes anything but a skyscraper. But when we come to motorboat, the meaning is restricted to boats which are motored. Now, motorboats, ranging from the common soap-box variety supplied with a castiron, Dutch-windmill type of engine to the large family-sized launch, come under two main classes, namely: those which run and those which don't. The latter, it need hardly be said, are by far the more numerous. A great deal, of course, depends upon the engine. And styles of engines change as often as fashions in women's hats. The lightweight aeroplane kind formerly in vogue have been superseded by the new Evenrude vest-pocket type. Its advantage lies in the fact that you can keep it unobtrusively hidden in the vest-pocket until the crucial moment arrives. Then, with a swift, sure motion, you extract it from the pocket, button it to the rear of the boat, turn the crank, and off you go.

The pleasures of motor-boating may be grouped around three heads: the man's, the girl's, and the engine's. If all are in a happy mood, then all is well. But should the engine take it into its head to balk, your pleasure trip is spoiled. For persuasion is of no avail. You may flatter it or scold it, call it pretty names or harsh names, feed it candy or get down on your knees before it and gently plead with it. But seldom will it yield the point. Of course, this is not always the case, and an amateur falling into such a predicament will immediately shed his coat and attempt to correct the wayward engine. Getting out his monkey-wrench and screw-driver, he applies them promiscuously about the engine, explaining meanwhile, exactly how it works and just what is wrong. In fact, he finds many things the matter with it—especially if it is a new one. And with deaf earnestness, he rectifies these mistakes of the maker, and tries again to make it go. But it is all in vain. The evil-minded constructors must have maliciously injured the thing. Finally in despair, he calls in an engine doctor; not that he cannot fix it himself, but he is pressed for time. The doctor spends several hours getting the engine back where it was in the first place, and explains that the only
thing originally the matter was that he had forgotten to turn on the gasoline.

But there are also pleasant motorboat rides, when the pale moon shines with refulgent glory over the misty lake, and the enthralling story of love, lurking in every shadowy form of nature, casts its mystic spell over the souls of lovers, and the throbbing of the motor keeps time with the beating of the love-sick hearts.

But let us turn from such romantic scenes as these to the practical side of motor-boating. It’s history dates back to the time when Noah started to run the ark on two horsepower and didn’t get back to land for fourteen months. Motor-boating is still all the go among the rich. Some French counts have recently introduced into the international races, the hydroplane type of motorboat, which is simply a flatiron shaped box with a stairway down the bottom. They attain a tremendous speed by sticking their prow out of the water and riding on the three-bladed propeller. They are invariably beaten, for the race is not to stop the boat that is swift but the boat that does not stop.

As a pastime, there is nothing better than motorboating, for in this pleasing occupation you can pass all the time in the world and not get anywhere.

As recorded of the famous pudding, so the proof of motor-boating is in the trying. Should any of our worthy readers be blessed with an abundance of wealth and leisure, we would suggest that a far worse use could be made of them than an investment in a motorboat. To these a few guiding principles may not come amiss: -

In purchasing, be sure to obtain the latest and most popular model, for on the lake a man is known by the boat he runs.

Be not sufficient unto yourself, but, when in trouble, call a physician.

We are assured that the observance of these simple rules will help you to avoid many of the pitfalls and disappointments ordinarily experienced by the amateur motor-boatist.

A word to the wise is sufficient.

—Knickerbocker, ’17.

FIDELITY TO PRINCIPLE

The world admires the man who dares to utter his convictions. It looks with favor upon men who stand as Gibraltars for true and moral principles. It is not mere firmness that people admire, for firmness may be stubbornness or obstinacy; but devotion to principle, which lies deep-rooted in a man’s heart and calls upon him for great self-sacrifice—this they admire and applauded.

Principle is an endowment of the soul; it is the soul’s deep sense of truth and righteousness. It is not the product of extensive reasoning, but the result of the mind’s earnest attention to one idea. It endows man with a determination, which enables him to endure opposition and ridicule, to defy persecution, and to consecrate his life, if necessary, to the welfare of the nation and the cause of humanity. Its possessor is invested with an enthusiasm and an irresistible power which leads him on to grand and noble achievements.

Nowhere was fidelity to principle more evident than in the beginning of the Reformation. While Luther was climbing the stairway of Pilate at Rome, seeking pardon for his sins, a still, small voice came to him saying: “The just shall live by faith.” At the sound of these words he was gripped by a new conception of man’s spiritual relations to God. His eyes were opened, and he saw his people deceived by a corrupt and a licentious clergy. He saw salvation sold as merchandise, and truth and justice trampled in the mire. Never again would he bow his knee to vain ceremonies, nor believe that salvation could be purchased with gold. Moved by his newly adopted principles, he bade his defiance to the powers of Rome, nailed up his theses above a church door at Wittenburg, and burned the Papal bull. As a result, he was taken before the Diet of Worms with no support but his principles of divine truth. Would he withdraw? Raising his hand toward Heaven, he cried: “Here I stand, I cannot and will not do otherwise.” These words, like a clarion call, rallied thousands to his side, and won the respect of his enemies. Today we find the name of Luther in the annals of history, and the cause for which he struggled has triumphed, and his principles endure.

Fidelity to principle has immortalized the name of Lincoln. Oneday, in the slave markets of the south, a negro maid was being sold at public auction. In fierce competition for the rare prize, the slave
traders began bidding for the possession of a human soul,—a scene those who were looking on stood a man who was to figure in American which had daily occurred in the south for over two centuries. Among history. As this back-woodsman cast his eyes upon the pitiful spectacle, a tempest of horror swept over his soul, which impelled him to utter the vow: “If ever I get a chance, I will strike it hard.” In the darkest hour of our nation’s history, Lincoln was given a chance, and true to his vow, he struck it hard. He issued his proclamation, by which he released more than four millions of human souls from iron shackles, and erased forever from the stars and stripes the stains of human slavery.

In every phase of life we see men who have been faithful to principle. In war we see the patriot go to the front and fall at the first volley. But the cause for which he fell was worthy,—it was a struggle for democracy. The philosopher often spends his life in solitude, endures the mockery and ridicule of a generation and dies unhonored; but in the laws which he discovered, are found many principles which endure, and transform the lives of men. Many a reformer, convinced of the truth of his ideas, has dared to utter his convictions, and has perished at the stake; but the truth for which he died has become the basis of a world movement. All the great blessings that we enjoy today: religious, liberty, democracy, science and learning, owe their success to men who have dared to stand for principle.

There is however, a danger that principle will be unwise, and by reason of their folly will make men more determined in their wrongdoing. It is possible to hold a mistaken opinion. For instance, an idea that the world is square will change as soon as a Columbus proves to us the contrary. Paul thought that he ought to do many things contrary to the name of Christ, which indeed he did; but when the new light was revealed to him, and he saw that Jesus was the Christ, he no longer persisted in his hostility to the Christian religion, but devoted himself to the Master’s cause. It is said of Gladstone that he often changed his views; but this was the very cause of his successful career. “As time passed he saw things in a new light, and according as the light made its revelation, he proclaimed his principles.” We were never meant to be slaves of yesterday’s ideas. A man’s view often becomes a wrong view for him to hold, because it is contrary to the new light. “At each moment, we have the light of that moment; what in that moment we
they all agree that its chief danger lies in its lack of stability. The
frequent elections, the ignorance of the masses concerning the deeper
political problems, the lack of technical skill on the part of popularly
elected officials, all unite to make the government of a democracy weak
and unsteady. There is no superior to exercise a general supervision,
and to take affairs in hand when occasion demands. At a time of
crisis, when the forces of freedom and decentralization are especially
strong, there is no balancing force of authority.

The remedy, then, plainly is a strong constitution and strong laws;
not a constitution which makes all progress practically impossible, but
one that prevents any radical change without due consideration; not
laws that shall unnecessarily restrict personal freedom, but those that
shall guarantee justice by due process at all times. Government is an
eternal necessity to society. Government must rest upon force, the pow­
er to compel obedience; its attribute is sovereignty. In a democracy
this sovereignty resides in no one person or group of persons, but in the
state as such, and must manifest itself in the constitution and the laws.
Since therefore, without sovereignty there can be no government, this
must be carefully guarded if democracy is to endure. But a mere piece
of paper has no power; the law must be sustained by popular sentiment.
Upon public opinion rests the final opinion and absolute responsibility.
"The cornerstone of this republic," to quote Theodore Roosevelt, "as
it is of all free governments, is respect for, and obedience to, the law."

If we bear these things in mind, certain tendencies of modern
American life will give us grave concern. For we read of labor unions,
which, failing to obtain their demands by the methods of peace and
law, resort to the methods of force and violence, to the destruction of
property, to dynamiting and to murder. We hear of mob rule, of
more lynchings than executions and of conspicuous neglect of duty on
the part of public officials. We see the corruption of the police, the es­
cape of the rich through absurd technicalities, the immunity of trusts
and corporations, the wholesale pardon of the most undeserving. A
mere law is not necessarily binding unless there is some special demand
for its enforcement. I could go on to speak of smuggling, of tax-dodg­
ing, of souvenir collecting, and of countless other things; this spirit of
lawlessness is penetrating everywhere, in ever phase of life. Even
the children are infected with it; where is that reverence for parents
and superiors so prominent two generations ago? The world has lost
its old fear and superstition, the blind terror of bygone ages, but with
it has gone, to a great extent at least, due reverence and respect. To­
day the man who strictly keeps the law is called a fool. The law
itself is sometimes almost a farce. Unless this tendency is soon checked,
our boasted democracy will degenerate into anarchy!

There are certain other circumstances which greatly aggravate
the danger; one of these is our industrial conflict and the other is the
flood of foreign immigration. It is today, if ever, that we need some
steadying and restraining influence in our government. We are ap­
proaching a crisis, a crisis that is perhaps the most important which we
have ever experienced, a crisis that is peculiarly dangerous to the cause
of democracy. In '76 it was America against England; in '61 it
was the North against the South; today it is rich against poor; class against
class—man against man. We seem to be on the verge of a great
change—a mighty social and industrial upheaval, which will bring
with it a shock and a strain which only a strong government can en­
dure. In the second place, all over our country there is pouring in
a host of immigrants, ignorant of our civilization, our government, and
our ideals. These represent a mighty power, which can be turned to
either direction, to make or to unmake the nation. The question is,
whether we shall prove strong enough to assimilate these and to make
of them true Americans, or whether they will overcome us.

Here then we have the testing of democracy, in this, the largest
and the purest of democratic governments and in this, the day of a
fuller realization of democratic principles. All the world is turning its
eyes upon us, to see what the outcome will be. We have on the one
hand our glorious government, dedicated by the blood of patriots, as
the shrine of liberty, and established as the fountain of justice by the
tools of statesmen. On the other hand are the forces of lawlessness,
slowly beginning to permeate the spirit of the nation, comparatively
small beginnings, perhaps, but beginnings nevertheless, and such as will
lead, if unchecked, to results like those of the French Revolution. And
here is a great crisis, which will give these forces an opportunity to
do their worst, or else will show, once for all, that a government of
the people can endure. One principle will conquer and the other
will be crushed; the outcome will be either the triumph of democracy
or the triumph of anarchy.

It may seem foolish to talk of the fall of our government, but his-
tory shows that many a nation, seemingly destined to last forever, has suddenly crumbled away. We may worship democracy as divine, and hail it is the panacea for social ills, but common sense reasoning will make it plain to us that it must find support in public sentiment. Facts prove that a real danger is threatening it, and that certain present tendencies, if unchecked, will overthrow it. I believe from my heart that the victory will be for democracy, but these, its enemies, must first be overcome. We must demand the strict enforcement of law, the punishment of the guilty, and the protection of the rights of every man. But our larger duty is to change public sentiment, to implant in the bosom of every citizen, young and old, rich and poor, native and foreigner, a deep reverence for the government, to teach every American that democracy is a great and glorious thing, but that democracy without law cannot exist.

And we, who as college students are being educated to be the world's thinkers, and are expected to go out into the world as leaders to take control of society's activities and to shape public opinion, should, above all others, be alive to these dangers, in order that we may take intelligent action, and realize its importance, in order that we may take immediate action. The destiny of our nation is at stake, and that should rouse every feeling of patriotism that is in us. But let us remember that this struggle has a much deeper meaning, that this is the testing of democratic institutions, that upon the present outcome depends the cause of popular government the world over for all the years of the future. For if it is overthrown here in its stronghold and its most cherished home, it will never again dare to raise its head. For the sake, then, of the future of our own nation, and for the sake of the principle of democracy working itself out in history, let us with all our might oppose this lawlessness, its arch enemy, and let us give it to strength and endurance, that it may at last emerge from all its struggles and strifes and doubts, finally triumphant.

—Knickerbocker, '16.
While conditions are not so extreme at our college as this article intimates, still the behavior of some of our students during devotionals is such that it deserves criticism. It certainly appears to show that we have not caught the true spirit of prayer, and have not sufficient reverence or time for it, if we create a stir by moving our chairs when the person who leads in the devotionals begins the sentence which seems to indicate that he is going to close. Nor it is at all courteous or in keeping with the spirit which should prevail during such a service, to giggle and amuse ourselves with our companions at the table while some one is reading a portion of Scripture. We carry prayer and the reading of scripture into our public meetings to a larger extent perhaps than at most colleges, and our danger is that we permit this custom to lapse into a mere formality. Let us, in our devotionals, keep up the true spirit of prayer. Let us preserve the atmosphere of reverence which is in keeping with such services. Let us keep this practice above criticism.

**THE COMING CONTEST**

How many of you know when the state oratorical contest is to be held? Or where? How many of you are going? If the last question were asked in a certain college in this state, you would have to hunt high and low before you could find a student who would say he wasn’t. The reason that Albion has such a string of victories is that the students have a habit of going to state contests. Their representatives, inspired by the confidence of their fellows, proceed to “bring home bacon.” It’s not the superior brains of Albion men and women that have won contests for her—it’s her college spirit, her students’ pride in what Old Albion has done.

BUT! Hasn’t Hope anything to boast of? Is there a team in the M. I. A. A. that can beat our basket-tossers? How often have Hope’s debating teams struck their colors, the Orange and Blue, to a hostile flag in our chapel? It isn’t necessary to say anything about prohibition contests, nor about Rhode’s appointments. Hope women have entered the state contests only twice and have won a first and a second. Can we repeat? And our zealous advocate of world-peace says that he will again plant OUR colors high over the breastworks of Albion, or else bust in the attempt.

Hopeites, you owe it to your school to rake together a few shillings to grab a suit case, and to board the train for Albion on March 6.

**The Anchor**

But if you think you can’t afford it for your school, you owe yourself the trip. Ask any one who has gone to a state contest if he is sorry he went, if he thinks the money was wasted. Ask him if he didn’t return, after comparing her with other schools, convinced that there is no school like his Alma Mater?

How would you like to be one of a bunch of fifty or a hundred to go down and clean up everything in sight? Don’t miss it! Watch for announcements.

**THE PROHIBITION CONTEST**

The second annual Prohibition contest was held here Wednesday evening, February 4. There were six contestants for the $25 prize which was offered by the W. C. T. U. of this city. The contest was declared by those who were present to have been one of the most enthusiastic and the most interesting of all the oratorical contests that we have ever held. Henry Ter Keurst, whose oration is entitled “The Triumph of a Principle” was awarded first place. Theodore Zwemer took second place with an oration entitled, “Our Nation’s Guilt.” Mr. Ter Keurst will represent Hope college in the State Prohibition Contest which is to be held in Carnegie Gymnasium in April. With TerKeurst representing us in the Prohibition contest and Hoff and Miss Kolyn in the State contests in March, we have never had brighter prospects of carrying off some victories.

Dr. A. Oltmans, ’83, is making an extended tour throughout the west visiting the churches in the interests of foreign missions.

Rev. C. Van der Mel, ’03, his wife and children, who have each had a siege of typhoid fever recently, are all reported on the road to recovery.
Rev. John H. Warmshuis, '10, is studying the language up in the hill country, at Bangalore, India.

Misses Mae Lahuis, '13, and Delia Ossewaarde, '13, were welcome visitors on the campus last week.

Dr. J. F. Zwemer, '70, has recovered from his recent illness sufficiently to meet his classes at the seminary again.

Friends of Miss Hendrine Hospers, '13, will be glad to learn that she entirely escaped the effects of the recent disaster at Kagashima. All the mission workers were attending a meeting in Nagasaki at the time of the eruption.

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Ypsilanti Normal College is to have an indoor girls athletic meet on the evenings of March 13 and 14. So great is the interest in this event that seats are on sale only to students of the Normal itself, because there are not enough seats for all who wish to attend. At this meet enthusiasm reaches as high a point as it does in any of the college athletic events. Valuable prizes are awarded to the winners.

We are glad that there is at least a school where the physical welfare of the young ladies is considered of as much importance as that of the young men.

The Spectator from Capitol University, Columbus, Ohio, is one college publication which seems to regard its exchange column as a permanent department of its paper. They do not say, 'your paper is very interesting, and we enjoy reading it'; nor do they say, 'your paper is very poor and should be improved'; on the contrary, if something is good they state in what particular it is good, if it is poor they explain why and show how it can be made better. That is true criticism, de-

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Did Albion ever lose without kicking?

The Kalamazoo Normal Record of January contains an article contrasting the Montessori system of child education with our own system of kindergarten teaching, which should be of interest to every student who contemplates entering the teaching profession at the end of his or her college course. The article is clearly and definitely outlined and presents the subject in a very comprehensive way. We recommend it to Hope students.

Did you ever hear of Billy Rynsburger? He is editor of the Pella Ray. Read his editorials.

Au Revoir till next time.

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January 8th—ah! too well we recall that dreadful night—the enemy clothed in darkness stole into our camp and completely devastated and annihilated our forces. General Mazer led the Detroit "Y" boys into this skirmish and departed triumphant. All honor to this team for ability, cleverness and genuine sportsmanship. The score—65 to 19.

Hope

Lokker, L. F. Schneider
Dalman R. F. Boozy
Stegenga C. Kreitz
On January 16th a Normal team came to our home and—of course—we beat this 'Normal' team. The game was won in the first half, our boys tallying 33 to their 7. They came back strong in the second half and held us to a tie, each netting 16 points. The game was really not a "top-notcher."

Score 49 to 23.

Hope
Lokker
Dalman
Smallegan
Vander Veld
Veenker

Mt. Pleasant
Vander Belt
Carnahan
Mair
Davidson
Le Blanc

(Dalman-Van Putten.)

Detroit seemed to be our "hoo-doo." Thus far—we have bowed to none save delegates from Detroit. Two weeks after the "drubbing" from the "Y", the Rayls appear and behold—they walk off with the prize. Within the first four minutes of play, the visitors piled up fourteen points. This was a sufficient lead to beat us. In the second half—the rebound came but too late!!! This team also played a class of basketball, which only the Detroit "Y" can equal—perhaps—slightly surpass.

Score 33 to 20.

Hope
Lokker
Dalman
Smallegan
Veenker
Vander Veld

Rays
O'Connor
Walker
Runkel
Mott
Wallan

In the fastest game of this season, our boys scalped the Northwestern squad. Just a few nights before their arrival, they humbled M. A. C.'s strong team by a 44 to 20 score. We were determined to show our mettle and show it we did. Our boys seemed to be at home in the half, which called for intercollegiate rules. The score demonstrates better than I can tell—35 to 33.

Kazoo Normals tasted of defeat on the night of February 5. For four years they have visited and beaten us—in football. This was our first chance to meet them in basketball and each player "vowed a vow" to "wallop 'em." The first half was hard fought, but not real basketball. The second period made it evident that Western Normals were the inferior team. The football men on the basketball team appreciate this victory perhaps more than any other this season. I wonder why?

Score 35 to 22.

Hope
Stein
Lokker
Smallegan
Veenker
Vander Veld

R. F.
R. F.
C.
R. G.
L. G.

Kazoo Normal
Northwestern
Kluckholm
Hedes
Kastner
Bieske
Oberherman

A stands for Althuis, the sturdy Senior man.
With life and limb he serves his class, whenever serve he can.

B stands for "Bloempje," our janitorial pride;
Already twenty-seven years, he hath King Frost defied.

C stands for Clements, including Hazel, May.
No wonder then that clemency...

D stands for Dimnent, with "coursical" advice.
Whene'er the Hymen bells do chime, then thick doth fly the rice.

E stands for Everts, the quiet man from Ill.
He preaches "golden silence" loud, and sure is "Silent Will."
F stands for Flipse, for "Jean", with silvery tongue;  
If now did live Demosthenes, he'd surely die unsung.

G stands for Greenfield, the hairless fearless "end."
Who "tacklers" doth defy, and musicians doth befriend.

H stands for Hibma for harmony and harm.
Who, Orpheus-like, Van Vleckites with music sweet doth charm.

I stands for Ihrman, the studious Sophomore.
Who has on letter "I" in Hope, monopoly galore.

J stands for Jacobs, the Prohibition man;
He lambasts hard King Alcohol, at every turn he can.

K stands for Kroodsma, the man of many a rhyme;
Who, through his inspiration, makes kittens pulpits climb.

L stands for Lokker, a midget long in strength;
And yet, for making baskets, he's long enough in length.

M stands for Muyskens, the underclasses' friend.
A-rowing on the "SEA," his joy doth never end.

N stands for Neerkyn, the "co-ed" "local-ed."
The witty student's mirror, the blundering student's dread.

O stands for Oltmans, the Senior still small voice.
Whose silent eloquence, doth make the still rejoice.

P stands for Pas, for Poppen, Pieters, Peet.
I'm sure this combination is mighty hard to beat.

Q stands—well, now its mighty queer.
That in Hope's aggregation no Quack doth yet appear.
(Audible applause by "Ducky.")

R stands for Raap, the hustling "Hollandsch" man;
He boosts the "moeder taal ja", whenever boost he can.
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