BASKET BALL

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OF WESTERN MICHIGAN
'06-'07
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The Anchor
"Spera in Deo"

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MARIE TANTOINETTE.

Heredity or environment, which is the factor that shapes
our ends? Do neither or both allied pick the person from the
mass and make him an individual? In humanity's studio,
where natural forces mould the destinies of men and nations,
Marie Antoinette presents a study of absorbing interest.

May fifteenth, 1770, is a gala day in Strasburg. Cathedral
chimes mingle with cannons' boom. Heavy festoons sway
gently in the breeze. From every window flutter the banners
of Austria and France. Ever and anon rings the cry, “The
Dauphiness is coming!” Slowly between the crowds drawn
up on both sides advances a brilliant procession headed by
Cardinal de Rohan of Strasburg. In the midst of this splen-
did cavalcade, surrounded by gaily decked children strewn
flowers in the way, moves the royal coach of France. One
continual outburst of applause greets the beautiful girl-like
face within. France, the land of acquired grace, is paying
her first tribute to the royal daughter of Austria, the land of
inborn worth.

The procession leaves the gates of the city behind. The
scene changes. Gaily dressed citizen gives place to coarsely
clad peasant. Shouts of applause are no longer heard. The
Dauphiness herself notes the stamp of hunger and despair
upon those gaunt faces. About her the country lies a dreary
waste, broken here by scraggly vineyards marking some for-
saken farm, there by crumbling huts shivering round a ruined
chateau. Desolation broods over all.

The rude peasant by the roadside notes the heavy car-
riages and luxurious dress, the gaily caparisoned horses and
waving plumes, and, as with musing step he returns to the little plot of land which furnishes but a bare sustenance to his starving family, there comes to his mind slowly, dully, yet with awakening sense, the words of his curé “All men are created equal.” Of his hard earned savings, eighty-one per cent must be laid aside for taxes; eighty-one per cent, that royalty may ride in brilliant procession; eighty-one per cent that his own master may leave his chateau deserted and live in sumptuous style at Versailles. What mockery, then, that doctrine: “All men are created equal!”

Oblivious to this suffering, the procession moves on to Versailles. The royal family comes out to meet them. From the old king, Louis XV, Marie Antoinette receives an effusive welcome, but her native sensitiveness is rudely shocked by the flaunting artificiality of Louis’ mistress, Madame du Barry. For the first time she meets the quiet, reserved young man who is to be her husband. With girlish impulsiveness she casts herself at his feet but fails to overcome his inherent reserve. A few days pass, amidst regal splendor such as the French Court alone was capable of; Marie Antoinette, by birth an Austrian, was made French by law and adoption. For twenty years environment will be master in the studio. But what of heredity?

This Austrian maid, become the center of the French world, is an anomaly. The wholesomeness of her Austrian blood struggles with the sensuousness of French culture. Maria Theresa, blessed with the sterner attributes of a ruling sovereign, had been destitute of a mother’s affection for her children. The imperial instructors had sought only to satisfy the frivolous demands of their charges. In consequence the education of Marie Antoinette had been sadly neglected. The obligations due to royal position and the responsibilities attendant upon royal descent were unknown to her. Her father alone had instilled into the heart of his favorite child a spirit of sincere devotion and an inspiring conception of the beauty of holiness. With a training such as might have fitted a young girl for the seclusion of the nunnery, Marie Antoinette entered a court, where the pride of life and the desires of the eye found their most refined seductions, where vice was decked in fairest garb and graced with noblest charm. Into this world of allurement she plunged. Her beauty enthralled it. Born from the foam of a light ambition, tossed upon a sea of Austrian depth, this Teuton Aphrodite rode to dominion over the court of Frankish love and license which reigned at Versailles.

In the morning at the Bologne races, in the afternoon at the hunt, in the evening at the royal theatre and afterwards the gaming tables, life was one mad whirl of pleasure. The old king became her most devoted cavalier. Yet the Austrian Court, her Austrian father and her Austrian religion were not forgotten. Sacred rites were never neglected. And though pure and innocent in heart, Marie Antoinette exposed herself to every charge of calumny and slander brought against her. Four long years this wild career continued, and then came a sudden halt.

The grim Spectre knocked at the royal doors. Death came to strip away life’s vesture. It was May, 1774. Louis XV lay dying. That Scarlet Woman, who so long had dallied in the lap of France, prepared for coward flight. Deserted by all but his three sisters, the French king faced the Angel of Death. He who had pandered to every lust was now called upon “to give account of deeds done in the flesh.” Without a fault, without peace, he departed into the great unknown. Thus Louis XV died and with him the Monarchy of France.

At this momentous crisis Louis XVI was proclaimed king,—but king of what? King of a mass of rebellious subjects! Placed upon a throne,—but a tottering throne! Decked with a crown,—but a hollow crown! Presented with a sceptre,—but a useless sceptre! Such was his coronation. And beside this newly crowned king, beside this last and most refined product of an artificial civilization, stood his queen, queenly in the beauty of a tires nature, queenly in the innocence of God’s most refined handiwork. But in death and responsibility, environment graves with heavy tools and the lines of character are chiseled deep.

The problem confronting Louis XVI was one of the most difficult a man has ever had to face. France, defeated in India and America, had lost nearly all her colonial possessions. Her domestic condition revealed “all the symptoms of a revolution.” The country was fast drifting to national bankruptcy. The reforms of Targot were overthrown by the court. The hopes inspired by Necker rose, only to be swallowed up in the pervading gloom. Calonne, by his brilliant but imprac-
ticable theories, strengthened the mad forces of the hour, and incapable Lomenie de Brienne made destruction sure. An assembly of the notables demanded a convocation of the States General, and the cry was taken up throughout the country. Louis, hoping thus to relieve the financial situation, yielded. The day of the Third Estate had arrived.

But moral bankruptcy was no less imminent. While clergy and nobility were squandering the resources of the kingdom in lavish extravagance, the masses were reduced to a condition of abject slavery. The plays of Beaumarchais exposed these differences and wrought upon the masses. Of more importance still, the principles of Rousseau and Voltaire, the principles of humanity, equality and liberty, were permeating these masses and engendering ideas destined to become sources of the rankest anarchy. Infidelity became rife among the people and all respect for established morals was lost.

To aggravate the situation, exaggerated reports of the queen’s extravagance spread among the suffering people. They were living in miserable huts; the queen beautified Little Trianon. They were starving; the queen prepared banquets. The famous “Diamond Necklace Suit” favored these reports and French enthusiasm for their beautiful Austrian queen was fast turning to hatred. Thus in government the Third Estate became supreme; in morals they became desperate; in opposition to monarchy they became a riotous mob.

In Paris anarchy at once prevails. From all the outlying districts there pours into the city one continuous throng of famine-stricken peasants. On they come, driven by the memories of past wrongs, of kinsmen who have died from hunger; of mothers and sisters sacrificed to the lusts of nobility; of fathers and brothers languishing in the gloomy dungeons of that Bastile. All the pent up wrath of past ages is preparing to vent itself upon French Nobility. Vice flaunts itself upon the streets. Bloodshed is of daily occurrence. Mingling with the tumultuous roar, we hear that ominous cry, “On to the Bastile!” and in less than twenty-four hours that towering fortress is a heap of ruins. The great guardian of royal power has fallen before the people. The bulwark of French civilization is overthrown.

A few days later the mob marches out to Versailles. They have determined to bring the king and queen in “Triumphal Entry” into Paris. Their wild demands are answered and La Fayette leads Louis and Marie to the balcony of the palace. Again before that demon horde, French nobility, the product of environment, stands side by side with Austrian womanhood, the child of nature. In momentary admiration a thunder of applause greets nature’s womanhood. But mobs are fickle. The next moment the king and queen are hurried off to Paris. The Tuileries, palace of royalty and trusty place of beauty and gallantry, becomes by the will of the people, the prison house of monarchy.

One would almost think that revolutions are sired by lightning bolts and mothered by whirlwinds—their events move so rapidly. The hours were no fitter than the changes in the revels and the riots of that mob, in the persons and personnel of the leaders. The royal family attempt flight. The mob foil them. Royalty pleads for the boon of ignominy. The mob autocratically decrees its death. Under a semblance of government—and mobs strangely enough always cloak their villany with the robes of justice—Louis XVI is convicted of treason and sentenced to be executed within twenty-four hours.

The queen now realizes the awfulness of her own position. The wretches in power avail themselves of every opportunity of torturing her. They snatch her children away, and her mother heart is nigh to bursting. All day long she watches at the small turret window in the vain hope of catching a glimpse of the strangely aged face of the Dauphin. Thus the summer slowly passes by. The queen is removed to a damp, gloomy cell in the prison of the Conciergerie. Three times an attempt is made to rescue her, but she will not escape without her children. In October she is summoned before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Tortured beyond all power of endurance, she utters that heartrending cry, “I appeal to all the mothers of France!” But mercy is not in the hearts of those wretches and the queen is led away to the chamber of the condemned.

Over the last act of that mob we draw the veil. Of such is the kingdom of brutes. In 1770 Marie, daughter of Theresa, left Austria for France, a maid of tender years, of exquisite loveliness, of innocent soul. In 1793 Marie, victim of the French mob, left this earth for the world to come, a woman
of broken years, of chastened beauty, of storm-tossed soul.
Not untouched by its flames had she passed through the re-
fining fire of French environment, but in the end the strength
and nobility of Austrian birth were purged until upon the
scaffold she stood before the demon mob, princess of the house
of Austria and queen of the house of Bourbon in France.

Among the beautiful buildings of present-day Paris there
stands a small edifice called the Chapel of Expiation. It marks
the attempt of France to atone for this horrible crime. But

"Can storied arm or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?"

It can stand only as the memorial of that Austrian maid,
whom nature blessed most richly, whom civilization cursed
most cruelly, and whom history will yet acknowledge princess,
queen and noble hearted woman—"The Lily of the House of
Bourbon."

SWEET SPRING.

When the cowslip's yellow sunshine and the tulip's golden
brown
Shine with all their earthly splendor and with all their heavenly
down,
When the birds and beasts and insects are rejoicing in the
sun,
You can always hear the welcome note, "Sweet Spring is now
begun."

When the little brooks are rippling and the woods are all
abloom,
When the humming birds are singing and Old Winter's in
his tomb,
When the green grass and the wild flowers that have all been
dead so long
Have come forth into the sunshine, then you hear the Sweet
Spring song.

VERNE OGGEL, P. '07.

WHERE JOHNSON BEAT THE REBELS.

The train-dispatcher at Knoxville brought his fist down
upon the desk with a crash. "Wire down again," he muttered.
"Must be some of Hooker's gang down in the valley." It was
in the anxious days of '63, and such an event was a frequent
occurrence in Tennessee, but it usually prophesied mischief.
Much depended upon the independent maintenance of the tele-
graph lines in those days. The existence of an entire army
might be at stake.

Thus, indeed, it was. Grant was planning to advance
upon Chattanooga, and he sorely needed reinforcements. Sher-
man was to join him from Vicksburg and Hooker with the
"Army of the Potomac" was to come from western Virginia;
and it is he with whom we are concerned. Hooker, as had
been ordered, was sweeping down the valley of the Tennessee,
with his force divided into small squads, ravaging the country
as he advanced, and carefully avoiding the cities and towns in
the vicinity.

Edward Johnson, the captain of one of these detachments,
endowed with an adventurous spirit, planned a bold deed.
This was to seize a local freight train at Rockwood, and in
this manner to reach Chattanooga before the other bands.
Rockwood was chosen as the place for action because it
had no telegraph communication and contained only a few
houses, all on one side of the tracks. The other side gradually
sloped downward toward the Tennessee river. This slope was
partly covered with trees and brush. To this place Johnson,
under cover of darkness, led his men, and ordered them to keep
concealed until the signal was given.

The eastern sky was slightly coloring, when the faint
whistle of a locomotive was heard in the distance. Again and
again it sounded, each time nearer, until they could make out
the dim outline of the train approaching along the foot of the
hills to the northeast of them. As it approached, Johnson
watched anxiously for the make-up of the train. At last, he
discovered its nature: an engine with seven or eight box cars,
and a caboose bringing up the rear. The train finally came to
a standstill, and the engineer, and fireman, followed by the
only brakeman went into one of the houses for breakfast.
Now was the chance. Johnson gave the signal. Every man went to his post. An engineer named Riley took possession of the engine, while all the other men, about sixty in number, scrambled into the first four cars, which were empty. Johnson had in the meanwhile removed the coupling-pin from between the fourth and fifth cars and had joined Riley in the engine. All was ready. Riley with trembling hand jerked open the throttle. But too far. The drivers buzzed round with a terrible racket, but imparted no motion to the train. Immediately the wheels began to "bite," and, with the sand pipes sputting and cylinder-cocks hissing, they sped down the track.

When they had put considerable distance between themselves and the town, they took the wise precaution to cut the wires and obstruct the track. Cutting the wires was easy enough, as one of the men proved himself especially useful in this line. But tearing up the rails was no easy matter, as they had no crowbars or other such tools. So they lost precious time in removing one rail. This having been safely hidden in the nearby shrubbery, all clambered aboard again and were off.

Now about six miles from Rockwood was situated a smelting establishment. The ore used here was brought from a mine, about a mile and a half away, by a small dummy engine. As they approached this place, Johnson seriously thought of dismantling this engine, in order that it might not be used in the pursuit, which was sure to take place. But he dismissed the plan as being too hazardous. He nevertheless ordered Riley to stop the engine, and he went to a workman standing near and asked for the claw-bar he was using. The man innocently handed over the tool to him, and Johnson, highly pleased, ran off with it to the engine. He hoarded it and they were off toward Dayton, the next station toward the south. This was reached without further delay.

Here the signal showing "red," Riley stopped the engine before the station, and Johnson went into the building, and asked the telegraph operator whether the line was clear. He answered in the negative and told Johnson that a freight train was due there in ten minutes. Johnson, satisfied, threw the switch when Riley backed the train upon the siding and there they waited.

But let us return to Rockwood and the situation there. The trainmen, in the midst of their breakfast, were startled by the noise of the spinning drivers. They immediately rushed outside to learn the cause of the disturbance. What they saw in the dim light was only too true. The train was fast disappearing in the semi-darkness. What was to be done? To send back to Knoxville for aid and an engine would consume too much time. Neither was there anything at hand with which to pursue, except an old fashioned hand car. This was brought forth, and the three started off, pushing their car forward with a long pole.

All went well until, going at a fair rate of speed, and all already perspiring freely, they came to the spot, unnoticed in their excitement, where the rail had been removed. All would have been over with them, had the roadbed been elevated above the surrounding country to any extent. As it was the ear, being derailed, came to an abrupt stop, and the occupants were suddenly pitched forward on the track. Undaunted by this accident, they picked themselves up, bruised and dust covered, and having placed the car upon the track again, they started off as desperate as ever.

Their sole hope was that they might reach the smelting works before the dummy engine should set off on its first trip to the mine for ore. As they rounded the curve the dim outline of the works could be discerned. Lanterns were glimmering through the gloom. Evidently the engine had not left. But it might leave every moment. Thus, spurred on by this new fear, they exerted themselves to the utmost, and succeeded in reaching the place just as the engine was about to start. Here they hurriedly told the story of the seizure of the train and the subsequent events. The engine, after some switching, was gotten upon the main track and the pursuit began in earnest.

In the meanwhile, Johnson, impatient at the delay, kept walking up and down the track beside his train. Once when asked by a curious loafer, "What have you aboard, mister?" he had answered, "Ammunition for Bragg." Otherwise he had answered all questions in monosyllables or with a reluctant shrug of the shoulders. Riley at his post said nothing.
At the appointed time they saw the freight train for which they were waiting coming around the curve. Johnson climbed into the engine and watched the train approach and pass. “All right,” he said to Riley. “But hold on a second! What does this mean?” For the last car was carrying a red signal. He inquired of a brakeman the cause of the signal. The brakeman replied that another section of the same train was due in about five minutes. Johnson muttered something inaudible, and turned toward his cars. He was conscious of the awful suspense his men must be enduring, and as he passed each door in succession he said in a low voice, without turning his face toward the car, “Keep courage, boys; we'll win yet.”

One by one the minutes passed. To him they each seemed as long as five; to his men as long as hours. At last the other section approached, slowly but surely. Hardly had it passed, when Johnson had thrown the switch and Riley had started the engine. Johnson swung into the cab, leaving the switch open. They were soon clattering down the track, hitting the curves with a swiftness that threatened to grind the flanges from the car wheels.

About a mile and a half out of Dayton they stopped again. One of the men climbed the telegraph pole, and with a hatchet smashed the insulators and cut the wires. The others, with the help of Johnson and his stolen claw-bar, turned their attention to the track. About half the spikes had been removed from one rail when the faint whistle of a pursuing locomotive was heard. In their excitement several men seized the free end of the rail, and bore it upwards. The rail broke with a dull clang, and men, rail, and all, tumbled into the ditch beside the track. Instantly recovering from their fall, they hurried into the cars, carrying their precious half rail with them. How long this obstacle would detain the pursuers Johnson did not know. But he hoped, however, that it would cause them a sufficient delay to enable him to reach Cleveland, some fifteen miles distant. So with the whistle of the pursuing locomotive sounding nearer and nearer, they hurried off.

* * * * *

The pursuers with their engine had reached Dayton some fifteen minutes after Johnson had left. Hastily telling their story they boarded another engine, as the first was not built for speed, and resumed the chase. This new engine, the one of the last section of the freight train, was compelled to advance backward. The brakeman, seated upon the tender signalled to the engineer in case of danger. He saw the broken rail, but too late, with the result that the back truck of the tender was derailed. The replacing apparatus was brought out and in a short time the truck was replaced.

But now what? How were they to get across? There were no signs of the missing section, and advance seemed impossible. Their case was well-nigh hopeless. But the brakeman looked around. Nearby was a fence of stout boards. In some way these boards could be substituted for rails and firmly held in position, they might yet get across. The three rushed to the fence, each returning with a board. The three boards, piled one upon the other, were about the same height as the rails. They were then snugly fitted and firmly spiked down. The engine was backed slowly, and the tender went safely over. But the heavy drivers sank through the too frail structure between two ties, and the drivers on the other side slid inward off the rail.

“Hard luck,” exclaimed the engineer, and he would have said more, had not his car caught the faint sound of a distant whistle. What was it? The three stood staring at each other. Simultaneously they understood. The regular passenger train, which under ordinary circumstances should have passed them at Dayton, was now coming. All rushed up the track, and as the train came into sight they signalled it to stop. Again they told their story, with the result that the engineer reversed his train and backed away rapidly in the direction of Cleveland to the astonishment of all the passengers.

* * * * *

Johnson had reached Cleveland just as the passenger was about to leave. Side-tracking his train, he proceeded to a water-pipe, for his engine was sorely in need of water. The passenger departed as usual, and Johnson, not at all anxious, started off in the opposite direction.

He had hardly gone a mile when he noticed a freight train coming toward him and Riley only narrowly averted a collision by instantly reversing his engine. This obstacle necessitated a return to Cleveland, in order to pass the freight train.
The delay thus caused began to tell on Johnson. He scolded and threatened. At last he got clear but not until the returning passenger train was in sight.

* * * * * * *

The return of this train caused excitement about the station, and immediately a crowd gathered there. A call for volunteers to pursue Johnson was issued. Thereupon several men, with such weapons as they had, boarded the engine, which had already side-tracked the coaches.

Now there was rivalry between two railroad companies in this part of Tennessee. Both owned a road between Chattanooga and Cleveland. Between these two cities the lines, except in a few places, were nearly parallel.

Now began a race for the spot, some ten miles distant, where, owing to the topography of the country, the lines had been forced to cross. Johnson unaware of the circumstance, had a little the longer route. The pursuers with a better engine than his, gradually forced ahead and stopped squarely upon the crossing.

Johnson perceiving this, ordered his train stopped, and called forth his men. An assault was made, but the enemy offered little resistance, and were soon overpowered. Johnson ordered the opposing engineer to clear the track. This order was obeyed, and Johnson, now the undisputed master of the road, proceeded to Chattanooga. He arrived there on the afternoon of November 22nd, two days before the city was occupied by Grant and his army.

HENRY P. STEGEMAN, Prep. '06.
It is customary for an editor of a college paper to tell his readers in his "inaugural" editorial how far he has come short of his own expectations in the year's work. We agree in general with what is usually said on this subject, but feel that it is unnecessary to go into particulars. The editor wishes to express his sincere appreciation of the support of the contributors and of each of the members of the staff. Personally he feels fairly well satisfied with the year's work. He hopes that his successor may derive much pleasure and profit from his office and that the Anchor may flourish.

Success in college journalism can be attained only by keeping clearly in mind the purpose of a college paper, namely, that of faithfully portraying the college student. This is its only purpose, and seems rather commonplace, perhaps. But not until every member of the staff has grasped the meaning of this commonplace purpose can the paper succeed in the highest degree. If the year's series of papers does not portray the typical student, all or some of the members of the staff have not filled their positions.

To portray the student, then, should be the purpose of every college paper. But perhaps it is objected that the field...
is not wide enough, that the paper will lack human interest. On the contrary, if anything, the field is too wide. In fact, it is as wide as humanity itself. All human emotions, the sorrows, disappointments, temptations, aspirations, joys, longings, that surge through human heart and throb in human brain are found in student life. The difficulty is not with the field. The vineyard is boundless, but the laborers are often incompetent; among whom also we feel humble enough to class ourselves.

The portrayal of the student does not mean that the staff shall cater to the literary taste, or lack of taste, of the students. The paper should elevate the student by portraying him. The holding of the mirror up to nature often has a salutary influence also in matters of literary taste. Not preachments, but a simple truthful portrayal of the student elevates taste and makes for success in the college paper.

Though all efforts in college journalism are necessarily humble and amateurish, yet we trust that the work is not all lost. If we gain nothing by it except the knowledge that, in the last analysis, all creative literature is a portrayal of life, it will have been worth while. Though pessimistic critics would have us believe that all college journalism is worthless, we believe that it has its place. In the year just past we have tried to portray the student in the series of Anchors that has been subjected to the censure or approval of the students. We know, however, that success is never perfect; and all critics of college journalism should take this into consideration, since we have not yet come to that happy state of criticism.

"When only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are!"
Rev. Van Zanten, who was a sort of "chaperon" of the party—if that expression can be allowed to apply to him, for want of a better one—has gained a warm place in the hearts of the boys. When reaching Grand Rapids on the return trip he treated all to a hearty dinner and made a short speech of encouragement and appreciation. His theme was that hard work will count in the end. As five of next year's orators were present this talk was especially valuable. Hard work has also been Prof. Dimment's motto in preparation for the contest and it seems rather too bad that his and Mr. Van Zanten's honest hard work should not be better rewarded. But the professor as well as the students feel that in reality they are amply rewarded for all the work done though the mark happens to be against them. The boys ended up the trip with love sonnets to the Hillsdale girls, nine rhymes and a tiger for Rev. Van Zanten, nine more for our orator, nine more for Prof. Dimment and as many as you please for Hope College, "the best and dearest" of the institutions in the state.

During the evening high-class music was furnished by the male quartet, the Hillsdale Glee Club, and the soloists, Miss Pearl Kepple, Mr. Fenn and Mr. Perkins.

Following are the speakers and their subjects:


"Marie Antoinette"—John W. Van Zanten, Hope.

"True Education"—Clarence D. Holton, Ka'namazo.

"As Thyself"—W. E. Piper, M. A. C.


"The Miracle Workers"—Harold E. Williams, Ypsilanti.

"The Man and the Hour"—Floyd W. Gray, Adrian.


"Samuel Milton Jones"—Francis W. Cobb, Alma.

THE ATHLETIC FESTIVAL.

The Athletic Association is "all there" this year in every respect. It was thought by some that on account of their fight for the Trolley League championship the boys would not have time to get up a good festival. But the festivities on the evening of Washington's birthday silenced all doubters on this point.

The curiosity of the festival was an animal of a new species, (perhaps the missing link), called the Taurus Onyx Castor. Many inquiries were made before the festival by local scientists about the animal, but when they were finally allowed to bisect it, it was found to be a keg, tarred and feathered, with head, tail and legs attached. But the whole festival was not a fake. The work by the college quartet was genuine in the fullest sense of the word. The quartet has become extremely popular, and their "Salome" added greatly to their popularity.

The whole program caused much laughter and amusement. But besides the attractions on the stage there were several things on the gymnasium floor to keep the crowd busy. The "three balls for a nickel to hit the Prof. you love the best," the Hall of Fame, in which the artist had outdone himself in flattering the faces and figures of the professors, the Pennant Stand and the Traveling Crayon Studio were the chief attractions. During the evening a lively contest was kept up between the admirers of Hope College beauty as to who should be honored as Queen of the Festival. Rose Brusse was finally elected, while Mae Brusse was a close second.

Everybody did his best to spend all the money he had and all he could borrow, so that the festival was a great success financially. Quite a little money is now in the treasury, but that will all be needed to make the baseball season a banner season. Within only a very few weeks the man with the bat will be the man of the hour. We trust that when the hour shall be there the man will also be on the spot to keep alive enthusiasm for athletics.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

Trolley League Championship.

The Hope College basket ball team holds the undisputed championship of Western Michigan, having distinguished itself for the string of victories in the Trolley League and closing the series with a percentage of .875. With seven out of the eight games to its credit, the last of which was forfeited by Grand Haven, Hope's record has been well nigh invincible. The fast college quintet gained decisive victories over every five in the league with the exception of the two games
with the Grand Rapids Y. M. C. A. team, which resulted in a tie, each team winning a game with the narrow margin of one point.

Hope’s first exhibition in league work has been phenomenal. Two years ago the team distinguished itself by winning eight of the nine games played with five of other colleges, including the fast Evanston team, and maintained its excellent reputation in the series just closed. The brilliant team work displayed in every game, the regularity with which field and foul baskets were thrown, and the characteristic fast pass work exhibited, has made the team a great favorite in basketball circles.

Pleume, the fast center, has appeared in every game and his skill in swinging the ball at the start made him indispensable, while the difficult feat of throwing field baskets from every conceivable position has given De Kruijf, the star forward, an enviable distinction. Veenker’s work at throwing foul baskets has been a feature and the work of the Vrouwinks, Oltmans and Stekeman as guards were exceptionally brilliant. Roggen distinguished himself in the first game with the Grand Rapids Y. M. C. A. by winning the game during the last minute of play by scoring on a foul. The following table shows the score of the several games in the Trolley League series:

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<td>45</td>
<td>Grand Haven</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hope</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>Muskegon</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hope</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hope</td>
<td>44</td>
<td>Muskegon</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hope</td>
<td>33</td>
<td>Grand Rapids</td>
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SOCIETY NOTES.

The Crescents, champions in the series of basketball games played for the coveted prize, an oyster-supper, were pleasantly entertained at that supper by Dr. and Mrs. A. T. Godfrey, who offered the prize. After a “biggest one I’ve ever had” supper, which smacked of many other good things besides oysters, the host and hostess entertained in a very worthy manner. The evening was spent in games and other pleasantries which the Crescents will not soon forget.

Prof. and Mrs. H. Brush were host and hostess to the class of ’07 on Tuesday, March 5, and proved themselves very entertaining. The Seniors all report a “mighty good time,” and regret that Senior days are almost over.

The Fraternal Society royally entertained the Cosmopolitans on March 15th. The best of feeling exists between the two societies. “Cosmopolitan Fraternalism,” and “Fraternal Cosmopolitanism” are not unknown quantities at present, and yet college spirit in literary activities is far from being curtailed by this liberal co-operation.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

Hope, 30; Grand Rapids Y. M. C. A., 32.

On the evening of February 7 the unexpected happened. With the long hoped for 1000 per cent almost within our grasp, Hope lost, or rather Grand Rapids Y. M. C. A. won, the last game in the Interurban League race. It was a close and exciting game with Hope men continually receiving injuries. Grand Rapids added insult to injury by refusing to count at least three field throws during the course of the game. Foul after foul was called on our five, which Van Overen of the Y. M. C. A. easily converted into points for his team. Hope’s team work was ineffective because no sooner did they start the machine-like action, which Coach Morgan feared so much but he would check it by calling a foul. Even then over time play was necessary for him to win. Win he did, but added no glory to his crown. The final score was 32 to 30 in favor of Grand Rapids Y. M. C. A.

M. A. C., 33; Hope, 23.

The M. A. C. basketball team, the fastest aggregation that ever visited Holland, scored a victory over Hope on February 10, by the score of 33 to 23.

In the first half Hope started with a rush and kept the farmers guessing throughout, leading at its close by a 16 to 13
score. But in the second half the M. A. C. team turned the tables by the most clever pass work ever witnessed on the "gym" floor.

M. A. C. scored most of the points on baskets from the field, being credited with 12 against Hope's 6. The farmers are the only team who have in playing with us scored more field points than our team. Hope, however, lead in free throws, getting 11 to 9 of the visitors.

We feel it to be no dishonor in being defeated by such a strong team who plays under a very capable coach and who has easily defeated all opponents except the Detroit Y. M. C. A. We have still to play Olivet and hope to be able to land second place in the intercollegiate.

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JOTTINGS.

Hillsdale Notes.

All the boys report a great time at Hillsdale. After they had visited West Hall, the Conservatory of Beauty, they were all "smitten." Art Misner is said to be an incurable.

At the contest one of the Hillsdale boys came rather sheepishly up to Jonker and said, "Excuse me, sir, but are you one of the judges?"

Ask Pete Pleume about Miss Coon.

Hillsdale maiden, thou hast such bright blue eyes for love,
Hillsdale maiden, thou hast such bright blue eyes;
Those bright blue eyes are thine, love,
The glance in it is mine, love;
Hillsdale maiden, thou hast such bright blue eyes.

Hillsdale maiden thou makest very bully fudge;
Hillsdale maiden, thou makest bully fudge;
That bully fudge is thine, love;
The eating of't is mine, love;
Hillsdale maiden, thou makest bully fudge.

Mrs. King (meeting the Hope delegation at the depot in Hillsdale and talking to Prof. Dimnent)—"Where in the world are your women?"

---

Easter Greeting

To aid you in enjoying your EASTER SEASON more thoroughly by sharing it with others, we call your attention to the fact that we have secured an elegant an varied assortment of

Easter Postals in Leather, Satin and Cardboard.

All with artistic designs. EASTER CARDS—nice to slip into a letter home or to your friend—just for remembrance you know. EASTER NOVELTIES—to keep as mementos

H. VAN DER PLOEG
44 E. Eighth Street.

The jotting department is unavoidably weak this issue, for John Van Zanten is very busy teaching psychology nowadays.

Dr. A. T. G. will fumigate students' rooms at reduced rates. The scarlet fever scare now assumes a fair degree of reasonableness.

Miss I. L.—"Don't you think Edward is a nice name? And such rare brown eyes!"
(From Holland City News, Feb. 7)—“John Van Zanten, first prize in the bowling contest. John seems to be a winner in some of those lines.”

(From Sentinel)—“Grand Haven wants a new fog horn.”
A splendid opening for Roost.

"Talk" may sell bad clothes, but it doesn’t make a customer. I make clothes that speak eloquently for themselves and customers that speak for me. Come in and give us a trial.

DYKEMA, THE TAILOR
41 E. Fourth Street
Over Lokker-Rutgers Co.

Miss Margarite M. (to Prof. Mast)—“How long can a person live without brains?”
Mast—“We, I don’t know exactly. How old are you?”
Sorosis Society. Program for Feb. 8th.
Opening Number—Vocal solo.
Middle Number—Vocal solo.
Closing Number—Vocal solo.
Adjoined with the “Amen” chorus.
Vander W, seems to think he can grow taller by pulling up his suspenders.
Gerrit De Motts (meeting Prof. Dimment and Van Zanten or Eighth street)—“Hello, fellows!”
And Van Zanten felt humiliated—it was only a week after the local contest.
If it keeps on this way for a couple years more Estelle will soon consider 6 her unlucky number instead of the proverbial 13.

HOLLANDSCHE BOEKWINKEL.
Buy your Tablets, Pencils and Ink
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BRINK, THE BOOKMAN
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309 River Street, Holland, Mich.

It is reported that Prof. Mast makes three journeys per day to the printing office, and is very insistent that the printers take pains not to omit the statement from the new college catalog to the effect that Ds and Freshmen are required to take gymnastics three times a week.

Artie is a Junior wise,
The girls, they say he’s vain;
For all the slams and knocks he gets,
He gets there just the same.

He’s ever kind to students dull,
And helps them French to get.
And if his hair and tie are smooth,
He has the brains, you bet.

But if his tie should get away,
Or one hair ruffled be,
This little man will blush for shame,
A fearful sight to see.

Artistic Photographs. All work guaranteed

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79 Canal Street
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Group work a speciality. Prices Right
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While they last. Only a few copies left. Every student who desires to make his own way through school should have a copy of this book.

The price of "Kramer's Book of Valuable Formulas, Recipes, Trade Secrets, Processes etc.", has been reduced from $5.00 to $1.25, for a short time. Order the book while you can get it. "It's" a Spring tonic for any business. Did "go" into every State and Canada, besides several foreign countries, this year. "It" makes business "go" and brings in the $3,500 to you. Endorsed by all manufacturers. There is only one Kramer's Book.

"Kramer's Book of Trade Secrets" was written by Adolph Kramer, Analytical Chemist, assisted by other experts. Mr. Kramer was educated in Germany's most noted technical schools, and was for over thirty years connected with large manufacturing concerns in Germany and the U. S. It is the most complete thing ever written on flavoring extracts, giving formulas that have never been published, costing from 30c per gallon and wholesaling for $3.50 per gallon up. It contains hundreds of other formulas which have never before appeared in print, where the cost has ranged for each formula to sets of formulas, from $5 to $100. Every person who is out of employment can make more out of this book than a person in ordinary business can on a capital of $10,000.

"Kramer on Ice Cream" is a booklet which has just been issued, telling how to make a prime ice cream for 20 cents a gallon, absolutely pure and will pass in any food law state, besides giving a number of other formulas and information. Can't tell all about it here. Regular price $2.50, now $1.00, or both books $2.00.

SIoux Publishing Company, Sutherland, Iowa.

Where is John Plasman's class pin?

Jonker says Noah is not dead. He met him at Hillsdale.
He is now trying to strike up an acquaintance also with Shem, Ham and Japlet.

Bloomy twenty years has served,
And his back from work is curved.
Guardian of the broom and pan,
Cleaning up where'er he can.
"Dust thou art—to dust returnest,"
Is the motto of this man.
Twenty years he's swept the floor—
May he sweep it twenty more.

Only two profs. had the nerve to come to the Athletic Festival.

The editor of this paper knows a damny joke on Gerrit Vermeer, but he has been threatened with violent death if he should publish it. So come and see him personally.

Easter

We have left nothing undone in our preparation for a nobby assortment of Clothing and Toggery for our Easter trade. Our stocks are extra well filled and assorted, with an abundant quantity of the following newly arrived goods:

Nobby Collegian Brand Suits in blacks and fancies.
Cravenette Stiff Hats in the new flat brim style.
Pearl Grey Telescope Hats with white binding.
Caps in all the newest creations.
Fancy Neckwear and Shirts in an innumerable assortment of patterns, selected especially for our Easter trade. Don't forget to ask for the discount.

P. S. Boter & Co.
16 West Eighth Street.

For a nice, fresh box of Chocolates go to C. Blom, Jr.

—and—

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Tea

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Also sold at your Grocer.
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Dr. James O Scott, Dentist.

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soda, and forget the bore of studying. . . . . .Largest
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reasonable, and your money back if not satisfied.

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and Central Avenue.

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AIR TIGHT HEATERS AT $2.00
each. They are bargains and are worth $3.50.

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