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A Forget-me-not

One day I passed o'er yonder hill,
And nesting in the vale
I found a flower small and low,
As bright as it was frail.
It grew among gigantic oaks
That wide their branches spread;
And 'mong the rocks leaned for repose
Upon its mossy bed.
It stately raised its little head,
Tho not for pride or show.
For when a gentle breeze went by
It humbly made a bow.
It smiled in its simplicity,
And showed its modest face
As if the heavens in a glass
Reflected pure blue.
A rainstorm shook and bowed it down,
And after this went by,
I thought it crushed, but only found
A tear shine in its eye.
Later the sun pierced thru the clouds
And kissed that tear away:
The little flower smiled again
On me who passed that way.
AQUA had been driven, driven before a hateful, intruding civilization. Today he stood with folded arms, his black, straight hair waving defiantly in the wind, and his huge breast swelled with pride as he gazed at all his God-given possessions—large mountains, so large, that they cut huge furrows in the clouds of heaven, thick forests whose gloomy shadows defied the brightest rays of the sun, mighty streams with their swift rapids which looked like flashing strips of silver from the mountain tops. Taqua thanked an unknown Providence in his own silent appreciation for all this magnificent endowment as well as for the huge limbs and powerful body which had been bestowed upon him.

The heritage of Taqua was indeed a rich one. The last drops of blood of a mighty tribe of red people coursed through his veins. He could follow the great red deer all day, and then, as the great buck, exhausted and worn, would turn at bay he would grapple with the maddened beast until he had slain him. Beneath his brown skin his huge muscles played in a rhythmic fashion like great corded knots. Once he had broken the neck of a bison single handed; catching the smashing monster at the horns, his broad back bending under terrible tension, his huge biceps contracted almost to bursting, he had slowly twisted the great head. The struggle was slow but decisive, the head bent further and further, the thick neck twisted, and then—it had snapped. Taqua had never given an inch, except to the weak, pallid stranger who boldly penetrate into his domains.

At night he sat in his wigwam and rejoiced over the spoils of the day in a silent and stolid manner. Before the dying embers, his limbs folded gracefully beneath him, he contemplated the mountain over great fragrant pipes of tobacco. In peaceful solitude his days flowed on, but well he knew that here, too, even in his mountain fastnesses, he would not be left in peace. The hated white man would come and he, Taqua the mighty, would be driven from his own door.

The pale-face did come and Taqua defied him; but he saw him ruthlessly cut down his own beloved trees, he saw their trunks floated down the river and the beautiful panorama which he so loved to survey from mountain heights became a distorted picture and, as Taqua gazed down upon this pitless destruction of nature's handiwork, hot tears of frenzied anger fell on his naked breast.

One day one of these white strangers came to Taqua's wigwam. Boldly he pushed his body through the crevice of the skins. Taqua with flashing eye raised his head, and, seized with a sudden fury, he grasped the hated intruder; in malignant joy, every drop of his blood tingling with a fierce anger, he bent the weak victim over his knee like an ashen bow. His muscles relaxed and silently he laid the white man at his feet.

Time went on, but one day there came another visitor.

This time the white man's law had come with avenging power. Grimly he struggled against the officers, but in vain. Fettered in iron bands he was taken to a distant city. All was a mystery to Taqua. What did he know of the mighty hand of justice? He knew the passion and the justice of revenge and that he was a brave and true Indian. Strange eyes marveled at his physical beauty as he stood, defiant and silent, before the bar of justice. In accordance with the white man's law, a life for a life, he was sentenced to be hanged. The day came when he was led to the scaffold. A vast multitude of strange faces jeered at the victim of ignorance as he grimly awaited his death. Suddenly the spirit of his fathers flamed within him. Should he, Taqua, the last of his tribe, die with the white man's rope about his neck? He gazed down from the high platform; angrily his eyes flashed at his enemies, the destroyers of his people. His huge muscles contracted, and seized with demon frenzy he wrenched his arms free from bondage and tore the noose from his neck. He rent the silence with a wild, weird yell, his black hair streaming in the wind as his huge body, head-down, shot through space. Only an instant, and then—the life of Taqua, the great primitive man, was ended.

—KNICKERBOCKER.
THE BIBLE AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

This is said that there are three sources of civilization. "The history of the world hangs on the race that built the Parthenon; on the race that ruled the world; and on the race that wrote the Bible." The Greek gave us art, the Roman, law, and the Hebrew, the Bible, the most important of the three.

In the history of democracy the Bible played a very prominent role. Where there is an unchained Bible we find an unchained people. The spirit of liberty has manifested itself where the Bible was freely taught to young and old. In liberty-loving Holland; in Switzerland, the scene of the struggles of John Calvin; in the land of John Knox; in the nation that produced John Wycliffe, the light of liberty has always been kept bright. The Pilgrim Fathers brought the Bible and freedom to the barren shores of America. "Democracy crossed over into Europe in the little boat that brought Paul," says Guizot.

During the past few years this Book which has been so invaluable in the past has been banished from the Public Schools of several states. In a neighboring city a member of the Board of Education introduced a measure to use the Bible in the schools of that city. Which of the two courses is the best to follow?

We call ourselves a Christian nation. Our land was founded by Christian men and women, it rests upon Christian principles. Shall we then banish this Book from our schools because of the cry raised by foreigners who rush into our country and demand its withdrawal? Shall we heed the voice of our forefathers or the hue and cry of men who do not know the principles upon which this nation has been founded? It would be detrimental to change our tradition so as to conform to the ideas of foreigners.

There are several salient reasons why this Book should be kept or introduced into our public schools. The Bible is great for its literary value. It is translated into many languages, and read the world over. To understand literature thoroughly, a knowledge of the Bible is essential. It has shaped and moulded the English language to a large extent. To bar this Book from our public schools means that many children will grow up to manhood and womanhood with a deficient knowledge or perhaps a total ignorance of the contents of this time-honored Book.

But the paramount reason why this Book should be introduced into our public schools is on account of its moral and religious value. The Bible has always been considered the great standard for morality. The state educates the youth at an enormous expense, training them to become the citizens of the Republic. But can we hope to obtain good citizens by merely giving a secular education, without any instruction in morals and religion? Can the state afford to educate the mind only and neglect to impress upon the heart of the child the necessity of a pure and noble life? As it is of vital import to the nation to have an intelligent citizenship, so it is also of momentous value that the citizens be morally pure. The failure to teach a high standard of morals in our schools is becoming perceptible. It is a noteworthy fact that the moral standard in some of our High Schools is low. This is a sign of grave danger. Among the most promising young men, and women surrounded by educational advantages, there exists a low conception of the significance of a moral life. Instead of being equipped for useful citizenship they become moral lepers, wielding an evil influence upon those with whom they associate. This is a serious situation and of great concern to the state. Our age is especially interested in the welfare of the youth and endeavors are continually made to ward off the evils of modern life which are detrimental to right bodily development. But the nation must not forget the moral welfare of the youth. The realization of the great need of a firm foundation of morals and religion for the purpose of preparing the youth for exemplary citizenship is manifesting itself.

In our public schools we instruct the youth concerning the lives of great men and their importance in the history of the world. In the High Schools the books of Virgil and Caeser are diligently read. But the world's greatest teacher of morals and religion has almost no place in the schools of a Christian nation. The Book that contains the Sermon on the Mount, which is read by millions of men in every clime and country,
must not enter the doors of our public schools. The teachings of Jesus Christ are forbidden to be inculcated in the hearts and minds of the youth in the schools of our land!

The duty of this nation is obvious. The Bible should again find a place in our schools and thus stem the tide of immorality and save our future citizens from impending dangers. We must not persist in excluding the Bible from our schools and thus withhold from the youth the most valuable weapon to ward off the onslaughts of evil. Our schools will not fulfill their mission if they fail to train citizens, who shall have a pronounced view about high morals. Introduce the Bible in our public schools, inculcate its moral and religious principles in the youth of our country today and to-morrow will furnish us citizens, whose cherished aim will be to perpetuate the welfare of our country by means of the principles upon which it has been established.

—KNICKERBOCKER.

REMINISCENCES OF A BASKETEEER.

"Gee, I hate to get up this morning and it is six now. Every recent attempt at 'early to rise' reminds me of our basket-ball trip. We had to get up so early to catch trains that we are not yet caught up. Sure, I'll tell you about it, but briefly. We must get down to chapel today.

Our first game was on the night of January 3, in Grand Rapids. At 7:30 the hall was crowded with noisy enthusiasts, more than half of whom were 'Hopeites.' We had had our last instructions in the Y. M. C. A. parlors, and now proceeded to business. Starting in from the whistle we worked, and the first half ended with Hope on the long end of a 20-6 score. The second half was closer, but unable to overcome our lead, our opponents meekly dropped their scalp, which was at once hung on to 'Cap's' belt. That night we spent at different Hope homes; 'Brandy' going with 'Dick'; 'Coach' with 'Cap'; 'Munchie,' 'Joe' and 'Stoke' with 'Eggs'; while 'Whittie' and I went with 'Ham.' Orders were to go to bed at once, and so we did, but we did not sleep long. We were obliged to 'rise' at 5:30 to catch a train for Mount Pleasant. Immediately after gaining possession of our parlor car we got out our dominoes, the greatest "zeitvertreib" known. 'Eggs' and the 'Con' consumed some time in straightening out some pecuniary wrinkle which interested all of us. The conductor called at every station and at intervals passed some remarks to which we turned a deaf ear. We concluded that his 'goat was up,' but we were at Alma. Here we were obliged to wait three hours for a train to carry us to our next victim. But some person, whether a member of the entertainment committee or not, I do not know—turned in a fire alarm. I can still see the fire department coming down the street, full speed. He was a fine-looking man, but he couldn't run. I think it was 'Brandy' who beat him to the fire. We next visited a pennant store, and from there to the Alma "Music Hall." That is where we saw that sign I told you about before. I wish we had that down here in Van Vleck. Here also we met Mocha, a salesman of that particular brand of the "cup that cheers, but does not inebriate." He followed us the rest of the trip. Questions, also, helped to keep up our spirits. "Did you see Ella?" "Ella who?" "Elevator!" or "Was Amos at the depot?" "Amos who?" "A mosquito!" and many of this nature served the purpose. We arrived at Mount Pleasant about three. After dinner, we went to bed until six. That was one of the hard rules Coach made us follow every day. Then after walking a mile and a half in a blizzard we took the Normals into camp in an easy game, the score being 50-24. But a great disappointment was in store for us. A fine reception and dance had been arranged for us after the game, but thinking of the hard game on the following night, we were ordered by Coach to leave immediately after the reception. "Munchie" hated to go worse than we did but he came. The "hay" at the Donavon House fell very good that night. But in order to catch our train for Detroit we were again forced to get up at 5:45. The clerk, an old, absent-minded man, gave us our call at that hour. Rapping at 'Brandy's' door he called 4:45. Coming to our door we were surprised to hear him call 5:45. Then for the first and only time 'Stoke' expressed his opinion by saying, "How fast time goes here." 'Eggs' showed his ability as manager by again differing with the inn-keeper. However, all went well, and all we took with us was the memory of "Das Wirtin
Tochterlein." The only event causing excitement on the road to Detroit was the exhibit in the windows of the silk-mills at Belding. I wish we had had a game there, too.

Arriving at Detroit, we were again forced to spend the hours from 3-6 in bed. But what profiteth it a man to sleep in the afternoon? "Cap" with two bloody scalps dangling at his belt, was given an ovation as the team came upon the floor. But the long strain was starting to tell, and this time we were the unfortunate ones. We played a hard game, but it was long enough for the Detroit Y to add to their trophy room a much worn and mishandled basket ball marked Y. 38; Hope, 26.

The next morning the porters at the Tuller House were surprised to find six doors still locked at ten o'clock. The telephone operator complained of being exhausted by our continual calls to our team mates inquiring the hour, weather, etc.

At one that afternoon we journeyed on to Jackson. We were accompanied on our ride by our beloved German dictator, whose stories and jokes greatly shortened our tedious journey. Arriving at Jackson we immediately headed for Hotel Dalton, which advertises as having the "Best Beds on Earth." And we found them true to their reputation. Our last game was the hardest by far. But we again got the upper hand in the contest. The score- 40-43, shows the closeness of the atmosphere for about forty minutes. One Jackson man said that the fact that they missed one basket, lost for them. But a miss is as good as a mile, but yet some prefer a miss.

Our work was over now, and we did not worry about going to bed. 'Cap' and 'White' left for Ann Arbor after the game. I remember trying to catch 'White,' who was my "Loan Association," but he got away, leaving me with two heavy suitcases. One of these was a miniature trunk, of which all the porters on the road kept very shy. "Eggs" recited "Soldier Rest, thy warfare o'er," and we turned in. The next forenoon we visited such places of interest as the State Prison, and the Feather Foundry. That afternoon Coach arrived in Holland with two of the original eight men, the rest having fallen by the wayside, only sure to return to the show but small grinding mills of old Hope.

-KNICKERBOCKER.
LOUIS PASTEUR.

Not the preface of a biography of Louis Pasteur I read, “His achievements are so interwoven with the circumstances with which our daily life is surrounded, that it is all but impossible to find anyone who is not directly or indirectly concerned with some part or other of his great life work.” Such is the influence swayed by the genius of one man of whom, although our lives have been so profoundly affected by his labors, we know so very little. Genius cannot be explained, it simply comes and makes the world richer by its visit.

Louis Pasteur was a genius, who affected the vital interests of the whole world and who will continue to wield such an influence to the end of time. His early days, however, displayed little of his marvellous powers. For books and study he had but little inclination; instead, he preferred to go out like Rip Van Winkle, and sit with his long heavy fishing pole for the intense satisfaction of just a nibble or two. Finally, young Pasteur aroused himself from his lethargy and set to the work from which death alone separated him. To read about the extraordinary works of Pasteur is to read the biography of a man minutely careful. He never permitted the slightest detail to pass, but proved fact upon fact on details which others had failed to notice. He worked with intense enthusiasm, delaying neither for food nor rest. Here we as students may draw a valuable lesson, in that he was a genuine, assuredly, but the success of all his experiments depended not on this fact but upon the hard work he put into his effort.

After much preparatory work he entered the Normal School of Paris in 1845, where his love for chemistry, which had now developed into a passion, could be gratified. As students attending the same lectures were Dumas, Soret, and Balard and association with these lovers of chemistry only increased Pasteur’s energy and enthusiasm for this science. In this field he won his first honors when but two or three years old. His work centered about the irritation and complicated theory concerning molecular dissymmetry. These experiments were purely of theoretical interest, yet they illustrate.
masterpieces of thoroughness, power of observation and clear judgment. He became the father of one of the most wonderful departments of chemistry, namely the one which has for its aim the discovery of the spatial distribution of the individual atoms in the molecule.

Ten years Pasteur spent in the domain of pure chemistry and molecular physics. His nomination as Dean of the Faculty of Sciences at Lille, then turned his activities towards the problems of fermentation. He clinched the arguments which had so many years delayed the scientific prosecution of the study of fermentation. Later he was called to Paris as post director of scientific studies in the Normal School.

During this time Louis Pasteur proved by a chain of indisputable facts one theory after another. I cannot go into detail concerning each new subject experimented upon, but it is enough to know that he destroyed the theory of combustible generation in 1862, saved the French manufacturers of vinegar untold labor and money in 1863 by his study of the manufacture of wines; preserved to the French government the silk-worm industry in 1865, and thus saved millions of francs through exterminating the silkworm pest; in 1871 he gave to the French government a beer not inferior to that of Germany, and in 1877 his researches on anthrax were similarly successful.

Thus we may trace the progress and success of Louis Pasteur from theoretical hypothesis to the practical application of his knowledge. And yet the success of Louis Pasteur was not over a flower-strewn highway. No criticism was quite so severe, no experiments demanded quite such clear explanation as the marvellous deductions of this wizard of science. Louis Pasteur was so far in advance of his contemporaries that their shallow minds failed to grasp his mighty genius, and through all he had to suffer. During his experiments upon the silkworm he became paralyzed because of overwork. Yet despite all his troubles, he always found in his faithful wife a sympathizing friend.

Through all his trials and hardships we finally see Pasteur drawn towards the most important work, namely, relating his scientific theories of micro-organisms to human life. Yet Louis Pasteur was no physician; in fact he never studied medi-
EDITORIALS

COLLEGE JOURNALISM.

Among all the activities of a student’s life, journalism is perhaps the most practical. A position on the staff of a college paper is one of the best means of all-around development. In order to fulfill the duties of his office the staff member must develop certain qualities, which, if not present, must be created in him.

His faculty of attention is sharpened when he listens to lectures and debates upon which he expects to comment later. College affairs acquire a new interest when he looks upon them from a reporter’s standpoint. Since he is obliged to be informed upon everything that transpires in school circles, he becomes more and more a part of all enterprises. Hence his college spirit is stimulated.

Journalism also arouses his resourcefulness when unexpected problems arise. Custom is law; the paper must appear on time, whether or not the material is within reach. If it is not, he can either improve his skill in persuasion, or perfect his own style by composing the necessary articles himself. Granted an abundance of material, he can increase his ability in criticism by correcting the manuscripts.

College journalism develops originality, for it demands a variety of subject matter. It is easy for an outsider to think of new ideas, but it is more difficult for the editors to plan and execute them. Yet it is essential to vary the substance of a college paper as much as possible. Readers can forgive much, provided that they are given vivid glimpses of college life and fun. Uniform effort to provide new material increases the amateur journalist’s capacity for originality.

The value of journalism can be estimated by the sense of responsibility which it awakens. The one quality, responsibility, includes attention, resourcefulness and originality. As a means of developing the individual, the college paper has no equal. A career in miniature is offered to anyone who cares to test his wearing qualities. His sense of responsibility constitutes that test.

April will begin the new year for the Anchor staff just elected. I wish to thank the present staff for their splendid work. With their assistance it has been a pleasure to edit the paper. We feel confident that the new staff will be successful, and we wish them as enjoyable a year’s work as we have just completed.

YPSI.

Some time between Thursday noon and Friday afternoon, you might have noticed a few of Hope’s students boarding the train for the village of prospective schoolmates, Ypsilanti; that is, if you had been curious enough to inquire. As it was, out of the many called to the station, few were chosen to go.

It would be a clean impossibility to tell all the varied experiences of the different members in the skirmishing party; of the ‘Awkins’ Onse and its accommodations; of the next place we tried, when we discovered that ‘Awkins wasn’t big enough
for us—the Occidental—where we were landed in room 23; of how E. Wichers was sand-bagged, robbed, and thrillingly rescued; of the kidnapping of E. C. VanDerLaan by a crowd of Ypsi girls; of how H. Pyle and R. Boers almost missed the train home, and of many other minor details.

Well, let us waive these remarks, and come down to the program. In the ladies’ contest of the afternoon, there were only four contestants: Miss Lillian M. Treadwell of Ypsi, in a striking oration, “The Strangers in Our Midst,” showed the need of amalgamating and assimilating the foreigner; Miss Gertrude M. Bartlender of Albion, gave a well-written composition, “The Menace of the Mill”; Miss Grace Brandon, arrayed in the blue of Hillsdale, showed us the possibilities of China in “A Call From the Orient”; and last, “The Carnage of Peace,” by Miss Sigrid Johnson, ended the program. Of these, Ypsi was an easy winner, with Kalamazoo second.

After the ladies’ contest, the colleges were entertained at supper by the ladies of the O. E. S., in Babcock Gymnasium. After the feast all hurried back to the chapel, where yells and songs were already shaking the wall to its foundations. After an address of welcome by President L. H. Jones, and a musical number, the contestants entered, in the following order:

Michigan State Normal, Robert Ward
“Heroism in Public Life.”
Olivet, Henry G. Maxted
“The Elimination of Poverty.”
Adrian, Martin W. Adair
“Twenty-first Century Fundamental.”
Albion, Harry H. Young
“The Inevitable Change.”
Alma, Harold W. Wilcox
“The Man and the Dollar.”
Hillsdale, E. A. Carnes
“America’s Contribution to Human Welfare.”
Hope, Henry V. Stegeman
“The Paradox of Progress.”
Kalamazoo, C. D. Graber
“The Policy of Charlemagne.”
M. A. C., Kenneth Van Wagenen

“The Newer Justice.”

The judges were Prof. Thos. E. Rankin, Prof. Arthur G. Hall, Dr. John Reed, all of Ann Arbor; Wm. A. Bronson of Cheboygan, and Hon. Wm. W. Merty of Detroit.

After the contestants were finished, the Normal quartette sang a few selections, as the audience was feverishly awaiting the result, and after them, Albion’s “Classic” (?) Quartette regaled the listeners with music of song and whistle.

Finally, after a long and wearisome interval, the result was announced. Albion was first, for the fourth successive year, and M. A. C. second. Hope, as none had expected, was sixth. Then, after the result had been telephoned home, with a feeling that the contest had been one of the best we had ever seen, we ensconced ourselves on the Occidental for the night, and on the morrow we pointed our prows homeward.

There is nothing altogether inexplicable in the result, and the standing. When you compete with evidently experienced speakers, who have behind them large delegations of enthusiastic roosters, you can hardly expect a contestant without professional training in oratory, and, worse still, with only a corporal’s guard as a following, to win.

Three things, I think, we might learn from this contest. The first is that if Hope has none entered in the ladies’ contest, she can never expect to win. This year there were only four contestants, and some of them especially formidable. The appeal comes to the co-eds of Hope to get into the game and show the state that Hope still has some girls good enough to beat the whole state. Number two: Either professionalism must be eliminated from the state contest, as we hope will be done, or otherwise we must train our contestants by professional methods. It is manifestly unfair for a man in college who has really done graduate work in oratory to compete with others who had only the ordinary college training in that line.

Number three: Last, but not least, next year we must have at the lowest count, a hundred of Hope’s students at the contest to root and raise the roof, instead of a minus quantity. Albion come with 225, Hillsdale with 100, Alma with 75, Hope with (?)

“Save up your pennies,” etc., and remember Olivet.

—H. E. Y.
A TOAST TO THE OLD SUBSCRIBER.

We wish here and now to thank every subscriber to the Anchor for his active and willing support. Without an exception you have borne right nobly your share of the labor involved in producing the "college paper."

And we say, further, that the Anchor subscribers are of the "true blue" stamp. They take the paper, no matter if the editorial "hits" them or not; no matter if they do disagree with its editorial policy; and no matter if their paper does come somewhat late.

Such subscribers would be a delight to any editorial staff. The staff knows that their efforts will not be harshly judged, or unfairly criticized, but that they will be carefully read, and only then a true judgment passed. But when dissent obtains, as it always will, a promiscuous howl is not sent up, but the subscriber sees the editor in person, and the affair settles itself.

And so with the kindliest, most heartfelt sympathy, we say: "Here's to the old subscriber. Vive l'amour."—W. V.

On Wednesday evening, February 8, the members of the Freshman class were very pleasantly entertained at the home of their class-mate, Leon Mulder.

 Debating.

The first of the inter-society debates was held Thursday evening, February 9. The debate was between the Cosmopolitan and Knickerbocker societies. The Cosmopolitans represented the affirmative and the Knickerbockers the negative of the question: "Resolved, That by cities of over 20,000 inhabitants, the commission plan of government should be adopted." The judges decided in favor of the affirmative. The primary object of the debate, however, was to select the three best debaters; and Mr. De Motts, of the negative side, and Mr.

Stronks and Mr. Zandstra, of the affirmative side, won out. These three men will be three of the six who will represent Hope in the inter-collegiate debate. The other three representatives will be chosen on March 9th, when the Fraternal society will debate against the losers in the Cosmopolitan-Knickerbocker debate. The Cosmopolitan-Knickerbocker debate was a very close contest and from all appearances the Fraters will have to work hard in order to beat their opponents on March 9.

Sorosis Valentine Party.

On Thursday evening, February 16, the Sorosis society was most delightfully entertained at the home of Miss Blanch Howell. The rooms were attractively decorated with hearts and flowers. A short program was rendered. One of the features of the evening was the amusement afforded by a cleverly devised list of phrases and expressions, each of which peculiarly fitted one of the Sorosisites. Delicious refreshments were served and pleasant memories will remain with the Sorosisites.

The Seniors.

The Senior class was entertained at the home of Miss Agnes Stapelkamp, Wednesday evening, February 8. Games were the feature of the evening. Mr. Schwitters, the president, insisted on carrying off all the honors, in spite of the remonstrances of Mr. Meengs. Great credit is due the social committee for the delicious refreshments.

If present indications are reliable, the Seniors will give Sheridan's "The Rivals" some time in May. Weekly rehearsals are held under the direction of Miss Forncrook.

Dr. Brown entertained the Senior class at a Valentine party February 14. Mrs. Brown graciously presided at the fortune punch bowl, where inceptent pedagogues and suffragettes received their life certificates in the shape of hearts. Dr. Brown acted as referee in the progressive contest which followed. Appropriate refreshments were served and the guests showed their appreciation of the genial doctor's hospitality by giving a series of thaws at the gate.

Fraternal Banquet.

One of the pleasantest social functions of the season was the Fraternal banquet on the evening of February 21. Shortly
after six o'clock, the members and guests assembled in Fraternal Hall, which had been most appropriately decorated for the occasion. Ribbons of crepe paper, in red and green, the society colors, formed a canopy overhead. Pennants, flowers, and plants were also used in the decorations, and a picture of Washington amidst the red, white and blue completed the artistic effect. An elaborate six-course dinner was served in Melophone Hall, and, after the relating of anecdotes, the party returned to Fraternal Hall and enjoyed a most interesting program. The most original number on the program, and conducive to most merriment, was a mock-debate on the subject: "Resolved. That the Bachelor is the Bulwark of Society." After the program, the evening was delightfully spent in games and music. The event was a great success, and the Fraters have only added to their most enviable reputation as entertainers.

**Meliphone Banquet.**

The Meliphone society, determined not to let Washington's birthday pass unnoticed, made merry with a banquet on the evening of February 22, in the rooms of the Woman's Literary Club. After a very fine repast, the intellectual program began. Gerrit J. Warnshuis acted as toastmaster, and the following toasts were given:

"Memories of a Meliphonian" ……… Dick Smallegan
"The Co-eds" ……… Leon Bosch
"The A's" ……… George Pelgrim
"Fools" ……… Leonard Yutema
"Dreams" ……… Arthur Cloetingh

**Staff Party.**

On Tuesday evening, February 28, the retiring Anchor staff spent a most enjoyable evening at the home of the editor-in-chief, Miss Irene Bruese. After the usual nominations, a social time was enjoyed. Elaborate refreshments were served and all thought it a fitting close to the year's work.

**Athletic Festival.**

Friday, February 3, was the date set for the annual athletic festival. All old Hopeites know what that means! As usual, the occasion was looked forward to with great delight. The affair really began with the street parade in the afternoon, and I vouch that it would prove a cure for the very worst case of hypochondria. The attractions of the evening were many. One of the old-time bowling alleys, with the professors' likenesses as targets, had been erected, and many a nickel was spent to get revenge on one of the faculty. A mock police court also furnished considerable amusement. Ice cream and candy booths were not lacking; and a fish-pond, a fortune-telling booth, and a caged wild man elicited many another nickel from the pockets of the happy throng. An intermittent program was given during the evening, consisting of numbers by the college quartette, the orchestra, and many interesting stunts. The Athletic Society cleared over a hundred dollars and all thought they had their money's worth of fun.

The members of the Knickerbocker Society and their lady friends celebrated their second annual banquet on the evening of the 7th of March in the G. A. R. Hall. After a six-course dinner had been served, the guests were entertained by the pleasing toasts of some of the members of the society; Mr. Clarence Dame acting as toastmaster. The remainder of the evening was spent in playing those delightful old-fashioned games, which never fail to please. In due time all went home, with a firm belief that the second annual banquet of the Knickerbocker Society had been a marked success.

The Anchor is always pleased to receive contributions from our alumni, at home or abroad. Mr. Harvey Oltmans, who is teaching in Japan, has sent us this description of the Japanese coast:

"At about three o'clock in the afternoon a number of dark specks could be seen far ahead of us on the gray horizon.
Gradually, as they approached nearer and became clearer, we were able to tell what they were. Our first glimpse of Japan.

"To the eager passengers clustered forward on the promenade deck, it was a welcome sight. For fourteen days we had been following our course over the broad Pacific, and, on a large number of these days, we had been able to repeat with feeling the words of Edgar Allen Poe: "The skies they were ashen and sober." The passenger list was large and we had whiled the time away with many diversions, still these forerunners of the Sunrise Kingdom were very pleasant to view, indeed, and, although the fishing junks were but clumsily made, they received more flattering attention than many a more beautiful sight seen later on land.

"At about the same time we had been able to clearly distinguish the junks, we could see the low-lying hills along the coast, and a high lighthouse on a far-extending reef. The afternoon was somewhat cloudy, and we were afraid we would not be favored with a good view of the Japanese coast. Our fears were soon set at rest, however, as the sun broke out through a rift in the clouds. Then we had a glorious sight, indeed.

"At our very feet was the ocean, its waters of the darkest blue, with but a gentle ripple to disturb the quietness. It extended for several miles to the shore. Just beyond this deep blue was a narrow strip of white. The sandy shore, washed and whitened by a thousand waves, serves as a boundary between the dark blue of the water and the deep green of the range of hills beyond. The many pines and oaks on the hillside were of the deepest green, though here and there could be seen a clump of graceful bamboo, the long, tapering leaves of a lighter hue, streaked with silver along the outer edge. Beyond this range, higher mountains piled themselves upon each other in rude and rugged masses. A lighter green was the color of their garb.

"And above all towered the majestic Fuji san. It was perfectly white. Fuji san is unusually regular in outline. Two graceful lines mark its symmetrical slopes. The very top was hidden by a cloud of light blue. The sky just back of the glorious peak was entirely cleared of the dark clouds, and now was of the palest blue, with light, feathery clouds sailing serenely through it. Fuji raised her white head, and it was a sight not many of the passengers who saw it that afternoon will soon forget.

"Dark blue, white, deep green, light green, white light blue!

"Great Fusiyanma, towering to the sky.

A treasure art thou giv'n to mortal man,

A God-Protector watching o'er Japan—

On thee forever let me feast mine eye."

—-HARVEY F. OLTMAN.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Our alumni are prominent not only in the usual professional lines, but we noticed from the local papers that Mr. Steven Harmeling, '78, of Vashon, Washington, has been making a great success as a scientific farmer, in the growing of small trees. He is a friend of Mr. Burbank and has been doing much of the same kind of experimenting.

Rev. Matthew Kolen, '71, has been invited to spend the summer in the Netherlands and to preach in the American church for tourists at The Hague.

Rev. and Mrs. A. Pieters, '87, are making a tour through Iowa, speaking in the different churches in behalf of missions.

Mr. Nelson Dalenberg, '10, was a campus visitor this month.


Rev. S. F. Riepma, '00, Oklahoma City, has declined a call from the First Presbyterian church at Hull, Iowa.

Rev. P. Braak, '99, has been spending the winter in the Western states in the organization of Reformed churches.

Mr. J. Roggen has received a call from the Reformed church at Cutting, N. Y.

Exchanges

The time has come for the Exchange Editor to leave his royal seat to his delighted successor. For several months, the numerous periodicals from other schools have been scanned and perused, and have received our frank criticism or hearty praise. We would not minimize the application required of an exchange editor, nor dwell unduly on the rigors of his task. Rather, we would express our appreciation of personal benefits received, and the hope that other papers have profited by our words, and that we have helped to make the Exchange pages a valuable part of the Anchor.

We were pleased to receive the February number of the Wheaton College Record, and to class it among our best exchanges. The Valentine's Day cover design is simple and attractive. The poems are good for student productions. "The Fisherman's Philosophy," contains several excellent truths, well worth putting into practice. To lovers of philosophical lore, "Reason Versus the Emotions" offers abundant opportunity for "mental gymnastics."

A profitable discussion is that of "Newspapers and College Students" in the Pleiad. The writer treats of the character of the present-day newspaper, and contrasts the purpose of the daily paper with that of reviews like the Literary Digest and the Outlook. In a canvass of students, "somewhat over three-fourths of the men questioned stated that their knowledge of current events came from newspapers, while they read the digest and reviews to fix in mind the more important facts and to gain unprejudiced views, as far as possible; while two-thirds of the women questioned were of the same mind. These were students from every phase of college life."

Hedding Graphic contains an article on "Shakespeare as a Writer of Tragedy," which forms a creditable appreciation of the poet. However, some of the ideas and expressions are very original, to say the least,—such as comparing Shakespeare's portrayal of women's characters to the administering of sugar-coated doses, in which evil natures are seasoned with better characteristics. The editorial plea for a higher standard of college sons is timely, and suggests a subject that deserves earnest agitation.

"Miss, Misunderstanding, and 'Mix-up," in the College Index, is one of the best exchange stories we have read lately. The complications of the plot are well handled, while the college atmosphere is very pleasing. In the editorials, the suggestion is made that students should be more mindful of the good that they receive from their instructors, and should more frequently express their appreciation of the faculty's labors.

Co-ed's, look up the Girls' Number of the Hamilton H. S. Review, and see whether it isn't too sweet for anything.

Cooper Courier, your February literary department is strong. The oration, "The American City," is a good study of the live theme, Commission Government; but, since the bulk of the speech treats of this topic only, the subject should have been "The Commission Government of Cities," or something akin to that. We notice a certain lack of unity, and frequent repetitions of ideas. The essay, "No Man Liveth to Himself," is written in a pleasing style. The illustrations from literature are well chosen, and make entertaining reading, but the production would be strengthened by more examples from actual life, instead of the ideal characters of bookdom.

"I Think of Thee," in the Argus, is a sweet, tender love-poem. We praise the writer's choice of words. The classical allusions, while lending dignity to the lines, are sprinkled too thickly.

The author of "An Incident in My Summer Vacation," in Red and Black, has a valuable taste for humor. While the subject chosen should perhaps be exempt from ludicrous portrayals, the talent shown in the description should be cultivated. The Athletic jottings are rather cursory. While various doings are mentioned, the notes are too meager.
Athletics

Hope, 41; M. A. C., 21.
Hope, 21; Hull House, 23.
Hope, 92; Alma College, 32.
Hope, 32; M. A. C., 35.
Hope, 31; D. A. C., 51.

We have had defeats, but the record is splendid and Hopites may be proud of their team. The athletic support received during the past games has been very encouraging for players as well as for the manager. The singing and yelling increased at every game and more pennants are in evidence than ever before.

Although we rolled up such a large score on Alma College the game was neither listless nor slow. Hope's adding machine never worked so smoothly and the score tells the sad manner in which we erased our sister college from any aspirations for intercollegiate honors.

Summary: Goals from field, G. Stegeman, 2; Van Bronkhorst, 4; Stegenga, 1; Kleinheksel, 6; H. Stegeman, 14; Vruwink, 16; Ewing, 3; Hefger, 3; Hooper, 5; Van Thurm, 1; King, 1. Goals from fouls, Vruwink, 6 in 10; Troker, 6 in 10.
Referee, Grady. Umpire, De Kruif.

Then came the M. A. C. game and I can still hear the cries of joy as the forty minutes drew to a close. We expected to win but not with such a decisive score. Hope again excelled in every point of the game and the whole was characterized with a wholesome hearty rivalry in which skill contended with skill only. The first appearance of Coach Machlin very favorably impressed all of the Hopites and all are unanimous in commending M. A. C. on their excellent choice.

Summary: Goals from field, Van Bronkhorst, 1; Kleinheksel, 1; S. Stegeman, 2; Stegenga, 2; H. Stegeman, 3; Vruwink, 9; Gauthier, 2; Huff, 2; Chamberlain, 2: Goss, 3. Goals from fouls, Vruwink, 7 in 14; Cutchie, 2 in 6. Referee, Machlin, A. Umpire, De Kruif, Hope.

Hull House put in an appearance on February 25 and defeated Hope by the score of 21-23. In regard to this game one of our most fair-minded co-ed enthusiasts writes: “The game was a success in this, that we have found that our men can play against a team, who are below them in moral character, without losing any of their honor or stooping to the others level.”

Summary: Goals from field, Kleinheksel, 1; G. Stegeman, 1; Vruwink, 3; Stegenga, 2; Eller, 1; Behr, 2; Hofman, 2. Goals from fouls, Vruwink, 8 in 20; Behr, 13 in 17.

The fact that Herman Stegeman was disabled in the Hull House game during the first minute of play was the big reason we lost our sixth game on the home floor. “It never rains but it pours,” however, proved true when our center was also forced to withdraw from our next game. With the cries of a hundred loyal students still tingling in their ears, however, our patched up team set out for M. A. C. The game was clean, but fast from beginning to end. When the crowd at Brad’s learned of their defeat but close score, everyone agreed it was a booming success. Coach Machlin at same time relinquished all claims to the inter-collegiate honors. Last year on their floor we lost to M. A. C. by 18 points, this year, however, our crippled team lost by but three points. G. Stegeman played center for the first time on a Hope team and M. Verburge awoke from his lethargy and ably filled a position, although he has been out of the game since Christmas.

Summary: Goals from field, Stegenga, 1; G. Stegeman, 1; Van Bronkhorst, 2; Kleinheksel, 3; Verberg, 5; Hanish, 1; Duthie, 1; Gauthier, 1; Goss, 2; Dodge, 2; Chamberlain, 6. Goals from fouls, Goss 7 in 12; Kleinheksel, 3 in 6; Stegeman, 5 in 10. Referee, De Kruif, Umpire, Machlin.

Going into the game with a crippled team, but making a grand showing our men lost to the state champions, D. A. C., on March 6. The game was as classy an exhibition of basketball as was ever seen here. The play was so fast that many substitutes were necessary. Roggen replaced H. Stegeman, whose weak ankle kept him out of several games, while Vru
wink replaced Stegenga at center. In spite of his injury, Vruwink put up a great game. D. A. C. gave an exhibition of perfect team work, while their long clean shots brought forth repeated applause from the Hopites. The best basketball critics say that with the Hope team intact the score would have resulted in a tie or a matter of two or three points. With two more games on the schedule among which is the Detroit "Y," and with the probability that all the old men will be back in uniform, the schedule should be a success. The attendance was very encouraging.

Summary: Goals from field, Bronk, 1; Verhoek, 1; Stegenga, 3; Vruwink, 5; Shinnick, 4; McDermind, 4; Mazer, 5; Boosey, 6. Goals from fouls, Kleinheksel, 3 in 4; Mazer, 11 in 13. Referee, Dr. Kruii.

Locals

Vanderwoude’s translation of “invita Minerva” is: “Minerva not having been invited.”

Heard on the third floor of Voorhees Hall: “Girls! Listen! There have been fifty-three evenings already in this term, and I’ve spent twenty-seven of them with Leon.”

Boys, it’s about time to collect fifteen cents for Vanderlaan’s benefit.

For information concerning suitable “toggery” for Sunday afternoon calls consult Mr. Peet.

Johnnie—“What makes you ‘hobble’ around so?”

Herman—“I have to keep up with Ethel.”

Mrs. Durfee: “Professor Nykerk, do you know at what time the nine o’clock train leaves for Grand Rapids?”

Strange to tell, Prof. X. couldn’t answer this question.

Agnes Visscher asserts that Frank K. isn’t as light-headed as he looks. It has occurred to us to wonder what her opinion is of Charlie Peet.

Lemhouts: “Socrates was the head of the stoic school of philosophy.”

Prof. Sutphen: “How long?”

Silence.

“Until he was called to Boston to be the head of the transcendentalists.”

Hobbies.

John Bennink—“Attempting to be clever.”

Ethel Thomas—“Herman.”

Wallace Visscher—“Enlarging The Circle.”

Minnie Schnelke—“Dates.”

Oliver Droppers—“Trying to out-do the victor.”

Vanderwoude—“Discussions of Love and Matrimony.”

Donald Brush—“Hanging around the library until Agnes gets out of class.”

Flossie De Young—“Absolutely nothing but Ariel! My Ariel!”

Schwitters—“Short (?) stories.”

Nina Lindeman—“Music and art.”

Gerarda—“Roller skates.”

Irene S.—“Banking on the dykes.”

A plot, which for cunning and daring has not its equal in the annals of criminology, has been discovered during the past few weeks. It Michael Veenschoten was preparing to secretly diminish the height of our flag pole by ten feet, so that he could call Prof. Boers to question the next time he referred to the height of the pole as “130 odd feet.” The case is in the hands of the local knights of the louost.

Why did Agnes V. blush when Prof. Nykerk asked her who Donne was?

Prof. Nykerk: “I am naturally fond of anything that flows.”

Judging from the aroma around the chemical laboratory lately, we can’t blame the organic class for being such a sleepy bunch.

We learned lately that Xenophon practiced Fletcherism and that Pythagoras was a vegetarian, and for all we know, Xantippa probably wore a toque.

Charley Peet (as Butch asks him to pay his banquet dues):

“There comes a reckoning after the banquet’s over.”
A dreadful reckoning, and men smile no more."
Nina Lindeman and Dorothy Trompen
Staid spinsters will remain.
Devout prayers to heaven they'll daily send
For a world without any men.
—Helios, Grand Rapids.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new," which,
being interpreted, meaneth that we hand the jester's wand
to our successors. May their supply of humor be as plentiful
as hen's teeth. As for us, "nocate sumus."

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