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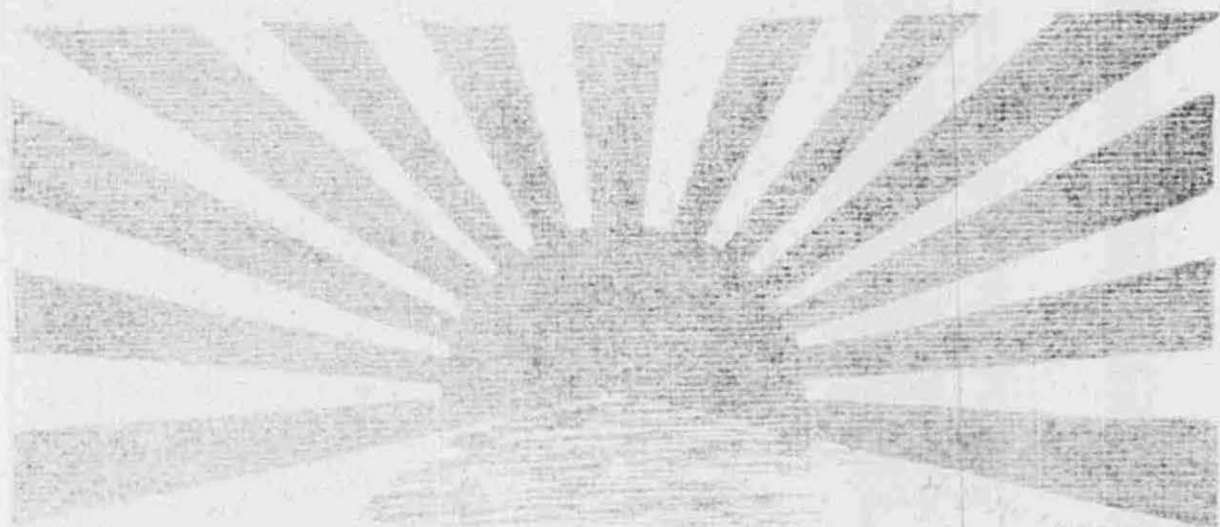
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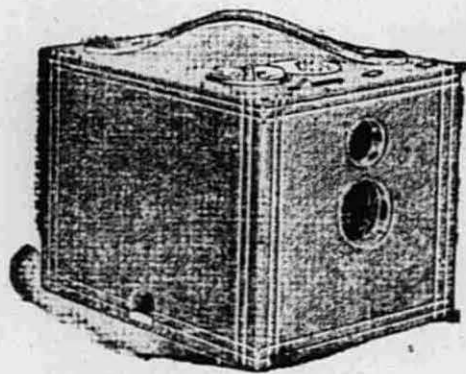
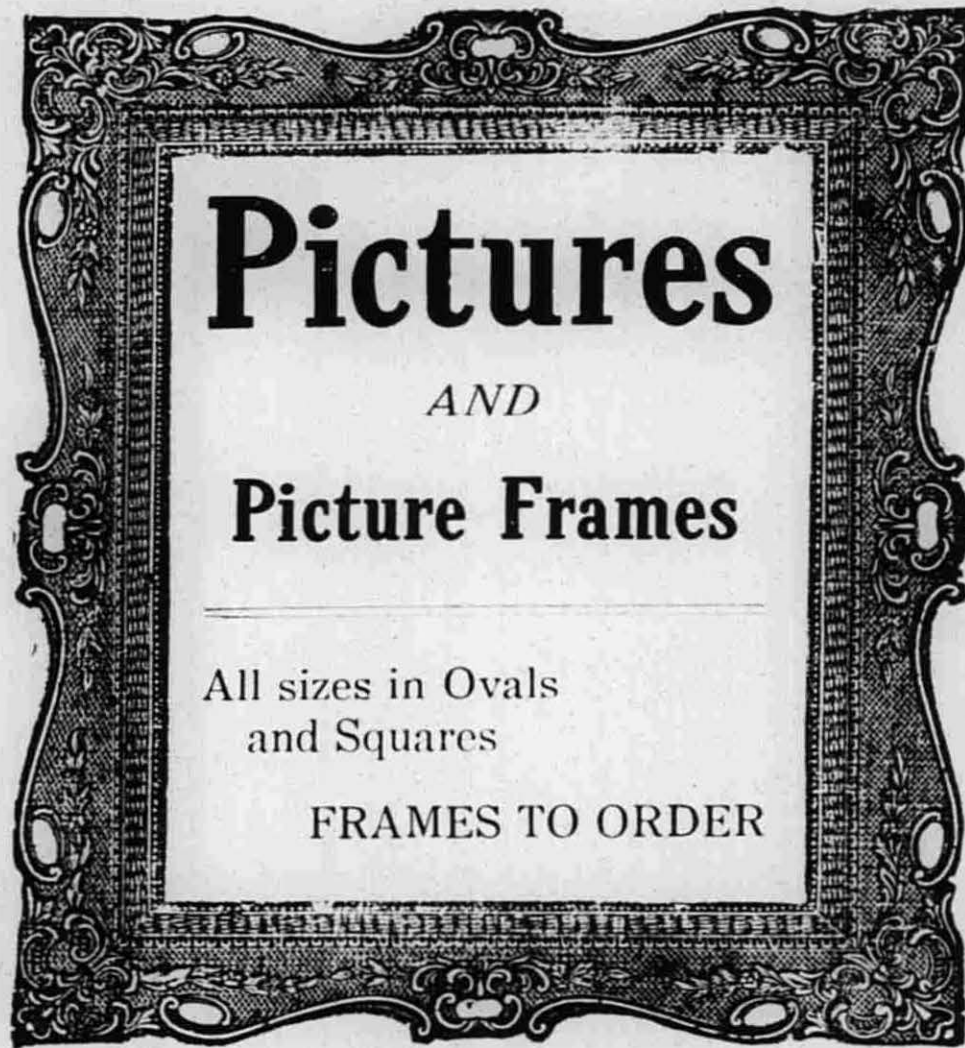


The Anchor

Spring Number

March

1913



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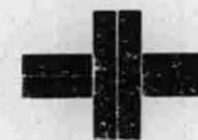
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For Your
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At this season—when good clothes take on new importance—we make unusual efforts to provide for every requirement, and our display is more comprehensive than ever.

Young Men's Suits, like the illustration either in the staple models or the new English effects, coats 30 to 32 inches long, two or three buttoned, flat or soft roll lapels, beautifully tailored.

We are showing a very strong line this season at

\$10.00
and
\$15.00

Try Boter's First

The Anchor

"Spera in Deo"

VOLUME XXV

MARCH, 1913

NUMBER 6

A STUDENT'S GREETING

*Each Hopeite's heart was made to grieve
To see his former president leave
The side of Alma Mater;
For us who knew him when he left
'Twas bitter to be thus bereft
Of him, our Almus Pater;
His memory is with us still,
Though other men his place must fill.*

*For Alma Mater ever needs
A helpmeet at her side, who feeds
Her children, large and small;
She finds a man whose worth is sure,
Whose heart is sound, whose love is pure,
Who is true whate'er befall;
He promises to be her stay
And both wait for the wedding day.*

*The days of test and trial sore
With manly fortitude he bore,
Victorious at last;
With joy we met, the high and low,
And saw him make the solemn vow,
By which his lot was cast
Through years of stress to guide Hope's youth
In search of pure and priceless truth.*

*As sons and stepsons welcome we
Hope's President our guide to be
Throughout our college days;
Obedient to his wish and will,
His heart with inward joy we'll fill—
He'll walk in pleasant ways.
While sons and daughters come and go.
Full streams of love 'round him will flow.*
—Robert Kroodsma, '14.



HERE are few writers in England today of greater importance to the thinking public than John Galsworthy and "among the younger men of letters" says the *World's Works*, "there is none who has aroused greater interest and admiration than he." His fame has spread even to America, and our knowledge of him began when his play "The Pigeon" was staged in New York. It cannot be denied that he is a man of sterling worth; one who has a message and knows how to impart it to others.

In all his works there flows a stream of originality and thorough sincerity. Anyone reading his works, especially his plays cannot fail to feel the great eminence the author gives to the important social questions of our present day. Not only that, but the author is gifted with a rare ability to paint vivid pictures of our modern life. He is a master in the analysis of human nature, and all his works show sympathy, insight, gentle irony and harsh satire. Still his satire is veiled in such an artistic garb, that tho one feels the sting it does not offend.

So clear and serious are all his works that he almost unconsciously unfolds the very care of his own life and action to us. On nearly every page of his books one realizes that the author feels a deep need for the poor and oppressed and that he understands the terrible struggle between the poor laborers and the rich capitalists. In one of his books he clearly reveals his sympathy for the poor when he says: "Since this is so, since class is pitted against class, what are you wealthy, lucky people going to about the poor, helpless and unfortunates?"

Competent critics place him in the foremost rank as a novelist and playwright of this age. Not only is he known as a novelist and a playwright, but also as an essayist, and it would be a difficult task to judge in which he is at his best. His essay, "The Labor Unrest" is an artistic as well as learned article. In it he has endeavored to give his reasons why there is so much strife in the world. "The cause of all this unrest," he says in brief, "is the fact that too much attention is paid to the amassing of wealth, and this causes a narrow view in respect to the relation of capital and labor in the light of the good of society as a whole." In this article he also comments upon the English school system by calling it a "caste factory" and he deplores the lack of spiritual training in the schools.

Besides being a novelist, playwright, and essayist, Mr. Galsworthy

is also a poet and has written some poems. His poems "Love," "Time" and "Autumn by the Sea," altho very short, are well worth reading. But as a poet he cannot be called remarkable for some of his selections are "mere doggerels" and seem to savor of "rank artificiality."

Although it would be impracticable to give a thorough review of all Mr. Galsworthy's works in this short article, still a short consideration of his best books will greatly aid in our understanding of the author. His most widely read novels are "The Country House," "The Man of Property," "The Patrician" and "Fraternity." Each is easy and pleasant reading, altho most of them are tinged with a satirical tone, yet so exceedingly charming that one's sympathy is stirred for the many unfortunates which the author depicts. "His pictures of English society in the 'Man of Property' and in 'The Country House,'" says *Harper's Weekly*, "are unsurpassed in charm and fidelity." The former is a bitter satire on an upper middle-class family, and every page convinces the reader that the author pictures the truth and shows his wonderful insight into English society. The *Patrician* is a careful and skilfull study of the English aristocrat. There is a dignity and fineness about this novel that makes the reader marvel at the author's ability. It contains less of his usual satire. This novel has a tragic flavor and to the ordinary reader seems incomplete. It is a story in which the passions are mastered and self-control reigns. In it the author has revealed much of his philosophy of life in that he has so posed the groups as to bring the moral poignantly to the light of day. He has, in short, converted the commonplace into the "rare and potent."

Of Mr. Galsworthy's plays, we are best acquainted with the "Pigeon," "Strife," "Justice," and his recent play, "The Eldest Son." "The Pigeon" is grave, penetrating, and, tho it is comedy, it appears to have a tragic aspect. "It is the presentation of a problem rather than its solution," writes the *Outlook*. From a technical standpoint it is formless, and its plot (if it has any) is very obscure. It is an exposition of a theory in dialogue. The author, like Shakespeare, takes the part of a vagabond to voice his sociological deas. The play is very entertaining and the moral is uniquely inter-woven through the whole. In the play, "Strife," the author deals with industrial situations. It is remarkable for its wonderful originality and its vital bearing upon every day life at the present time. *Justice* is perhaps the most widely read of his plays, since it was the direct and immediate cause of the recent

Winston Churchill prison reforms. This in itself is surely a great tribute to its value and worth. It is the problem of a man, who under great strain, commits a crime and is imprisoned. After serving his sentence he is released and shortly thereafter is again convinced of some crime, but commits suicide rather than suffer untold agony in the prison. The prison life is so tragically represented that it awakened immediate and wide interest with the resulting prison reforms. Common place and plain though the story is, it is great for this very fact.

"The Eldest Son" is a recent play and more actable than "The Pigeon." "It is a conventional plot with a new conscience," says the Reviews of Reviews. Like most of the author's works it is a problem play in which the laws of morality are fixed enough when applied to the lower class but seem to take a new aspect and lose their meaning when applied to the "upper ten." In this life play Mr. Galsworthy again shows his superb mastery of the knowledge of English life.

No man can read his works and fail to feel the greatness of the author and catch his burning message to the world of humanity. No one should leave college without reading some of his works.

—J. J. Althuis, '14.

A MORNING IN CHAPEL



THE HANDS of the chapel clock point at a quarter to eight; it is nearly time for the students who assemble every morning for devotional exercises to arrive. The mellow morning sunbeams pour through the east windows, falling aslant the long tiers of empty seats, and lighting up the picture of the Prophets which hangs above the platform. The monotonous ticking of the clock is the only sound to disturb the peaceful quiet pervading the room.

Now the scraping of feet on the stone walk outside, the sound of laughing voices, and the banging of a door, announce that the students are beginning to arrive. By twos and threes they enter talking, laughing, joking, and good-naturedly jostling one another in the frantic scramble to obtain the back seats.

The hum of their voices rises incessantly. Here and there a phrase or two is distinguishable.

"Skating good?"



THE RETIRING STAFF

Reading from left to right, upper row: Charlotte De Pree, Local Editor; L. Hekhuis, Asst. Editor; Helene De Maagd, Asst. Editor; J. Poppen, Local Editor; Hendrine Hospers, Staff Artist; C. Jongewaard, Asst. Business Manager; E. Koeppe, Exchange Editor; G. De Motts, Business Manager.
 Lower Row: H. Pyle, Asst. Sub Mgr.; Ruth Vanden Berg, Alumni Editor; C. Dame, Editor-in-chief; Cornelia Bouma, Society Editor; M. Verberg, Athletic Editor; R. Vanden Berg, Subscription Manager.

"We went yesterday. Had the best time," comes from a group of happy-go-lucky Freshmen.

"Do, dan, dedi, datus," drone a swarm of "B's" who are clustered in the back of the room, studying Latin.

Don't forget Basketball practice tonight, fellows," cries a tall, young athlete, who, in running about excitedly, collides with a crowd of Senior girls, who are blocking the aisle.

"Oh, pardon me, ladies!"

"Certainly.—(Aside)—Aren't boys a nuisance?"

"Haven't our class pins come yet?"

"Who do you suppose will be chosen class-day orator?"

At length, when everyone is seated, so that even the front seats are filled, the noise subsides, an expectant hush taking its place. The faculty is coming in. But the hush gives away to vigorous applause, as the college president, who has been absent for some weeks, leads the dignified procession down the aisle.

"Nine rahs for Prexy! Everybody!"

With a vehemence which threatens the stability of the building's foundation, the "rahs" are given, followed by a no less enthusiastic "H—O—P—E."

By the time the walls have ceased to reverberate, the faculty are seated, and the president is turning the leaves of the Bible on the desk.

Some of the more industrious students doubtless feeling that they can not afford to lose a few minutes of precious time, open their books and begin studying assiduously. The majority however, not yet having reached that stage where moments spent in devotion are considered moments wasted, listen attentively to the reading of the Scripture.

After the Scripture reading, a hymn is announced. Clear and strong, with an irresistible volume, the voices of the student body rise as one.

Following the hymn, the president, in a few simple words, asks God's blessing on the college and the students, and His guidance and protection for the day.

Devotional exercises being over, the faculty file out in as awe-inspiring a manner as they have come in. The president remains to make a few announcements concerning class meetings, tuition fees, and the finding of a handkerchief with a dime knotted in one corner. Then the students are dismissed.

With a rustle and scuffle, the body of knowledge-seekers hurry to their various classes, leaving the chapel to the quiet morning sunshine. And when the faithful old janitor comes to draw the shades, shutting out the sunbeams, the room is left empty indeed.

—H. N. N., '16

THE LOVE LETTERS OF A COLONIAL MAID

My Dear John:—

Dost thou mind if I say to thee very ordinary things till I am used to seeing here on paper what always I have been obliged to keep hid away so deep it would never show? It doth seem so strange,—the words I am afraid will not be put down. It comes to me that liking thee is a very different thing from telling thee so. It frightens me, truly. Thou wilt not think me shameless, wilt thou? Doth not this sound like a wee, bit of cuddling wistfulness? Art not surprised I can be so sweet? So am I! But I am not, truly, tho if I liked I could be,—sweet, I mean. Perhaps, sometime, I may yet be a true, fine woman. With thee to help, thou wilt understand, what may I not beome. There, thou hast no need to puff thyself up. I dare say I might be just as sweet a maid without thee. John, thou shalt sometime explain to me why a man is never satisfied till he thinkest that a woman needeth him. Thou oughtest to know, for dost thou not also think it? But thou needest not to mind my discourtesy. I do not mean to be sharp. And I would not have my quick tongue spoil my first love letter. It it not a fair beginning? Thy devoted

Ellen.

P. S.—Thou wilt surely love me always, John?

P. P. S.—I have a new gown Aunt Martha brought from Boston.

E.

John Dear—If I had dreamed that this could happen! I am sorry. Forgive me, John. It was a such a flippant, childish letter! But I did not know. It seemed still so far off, this war—that it should have come to us so soon! But I thought, that if thou didst enlist, thou wouldst surely come home before.—And thou art already gone! I am so fearful, and—War is so terrible! But I will be brave as thou wouldst have me. I will love thee till love is all there is of my heart and love is always brave, is it not? Truly, I will remember thee in every dawn and every sunset, and I will be glad that thou art brave and true. And I am glad thou didst love me before this came. I only wish there had

been time to see thee,—'tis so long perhaps. If there be ought that I could do for thee, thou will surely tell me.

Thy Ellen,

P. S.—Perchance thou caust invent a way to send a kiss.

My Soldier:—

Father says for thee there is but little danger, till the enemy hath come nearer. 'Tis likely, he teaseth me, thou art but learning to fire thy rifle (do thou be careful, dear) and blacking thy boots. Dost like to black thine own boots? I would I might see thee! An thou like it, thou mayest sometime black mine! Dilcy hath no love for her task. Father hath told that thou hast only very simple food to eat, which grieves me. At supper, my berries were like to choke me, thinking how thou wouldst relish them, and I did not eat them. I, too, will be as thou art, for thy sake.

Mother and I have finished the gown of which I spake. 'Tis a favorite color of thine, for it matches the lilacs of which thou art so fond. It is to have a bodice of delicate pink. Thou shouldst see me in it, sir, I look prodigious tall and stately, as becomes a lady of the court, almost. Thou wouldst scarcely know thy Ellen, for her hair is piled high upon her head with a new tortoise comb, grandfather hath given. Mother and I think 'tis time I were a woman. Thou knowest I would be that without fine dresses, does thou not? Can I still a restless, heedless lass, and thou a soldier and my lover? Truly the love thou gavest me makes of me what thou wouldst hardly believe, for in my heart are all the love, the fears, the dreams, and the strength of womanhood. Thou wilt find a woman when thou dost return, and I too, will find in thee a man, but in manhood and in womanhood, we are the nearer, dear, for my love is half my womanhood.

Thine own,

Ellen.

My Lover:—

Am I not good to thee? Wert thou not astounded to have thy request granted so soon? 'Tis not a good likeness, my hair is awry, but if this little bit of ivory with my face upon it can be a bliss to thee, thou art welcome. I have thy face always in my eyes and in my heart, but if some day I should look up from my busy fussing straight into thy deep eyes,—thou had better send me no likeness, for mother says to express one's feelings violently is unlady-like.

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Thou wilt surely keep me informed where thou art and when thou art marching, that I may know how to think of thee, else, mayhap, in thinking thou were idly sitting beneath a brilliant sunset, watching its glow, I might send thee a merry, wholly whimsical letter, and find too late thou hadst received it when thou wert torn with the weariness of an awful day's march. I do try always to be sweet, but I was born to mirth and it will flutter from me in spite of my endeavors.

Thou art not stupid truly, to send thy kisses as thou didst, but it will not do for me. I must find some other way. Do not be surprised if they come upon thee when thou art not looking. Brownie's nose is very soft, but I am wearied of having nothing else to kiss, and moreover, mother says 'tis naught but a silly notion to kiss a horse.

Perchance I may see thee in my dream, before thou hast this. I do, I shall destroy it. Major Tellot may be going to thy camp soon, by him I will send thy flute. Thou wilt be less lonesome then, as thou sayest.

Thine, always,

Ellen.

My own Soldier—

I am tired, tired of the world, of my self, of everything! I ache for thee! Art thou coming, ever? 'Tis so long, so long. I am so alone. Father, too, has gone, and there is only mother and I and the servants. And there is fighting, John, sometimes in the night we are awakened by the boom of guns and then we lie awake thinking of those out upon the fields who are wounded, and the pain near breaks my heart. And if I sleep, then always I am walking over battlefields strewn with the dead, and I come upon thy face among them, and then I awake and cry the rest of the night with the horror of it. Nor dare I sleep again.

But I will believe even yet that thou wilt come back to me, untouched. I will not be weak, I will be brave as thou art. I would not have thee ashamed of thy sweetheart. Truly, when I consider what might have chanced, I have little to complain. Thou hast been in but two battles and art still unharmed. Oh, I know thou wouldst do more, thou art impatient, thou wouldst win glory, but I,—ah, when in the night I hear the shriek of a ball, know that I would rather have thee safe, than famous. What matters it to a woman if the one she loves be to the world a hero, if he be but that to her!

Wilt thou remember, and be careful, John dear? And write to me when it is possible. What thy letters mean to me thou canst not know. To thee life is full of excitement, of effort, and achievement, to me it is a long, long-sigh of weariness, and thy letters are the only smile that crosses my sky, and till I hear thy voice, I shall be living in them.

Thy Sweetheart,

Ellen.

My dear, dear boy—

What a wail of loneliness was that last letter. Thou art like a tired laddie, thou needest me to be a mother to thee, to smooth thy hair and tell thee, that all things must come right, thy dream will not all be shattered as thou thinkest now. They are good to have and thou shalt still have them,—dreams of right conquering, of peace, of home, of happiness—till thou art rested and made strong again. Thou didst not think I could help thee, but that is because thou dost not yet know how I love thee. For because I love thee, I can be what thou needest

I have good news for thee, if perchance thou hast not yet heard. Father says there will be a lull soon and thou wilt have a furlough. I am hoping with all my heart it will be soon. But I can be true and brave a little longer, when I think of what thou has come thru unscathed, I marvel, I can be so happy.

Ellen.

P. S. Did the kiss come?—E.

H. DeM. '13

Spring

*King Winter flees the sunny leas
His icy reign is o'er;
The balmy breeze sweeps o'er the seas
That ripple on the shore.
The budding flowers perfume the bowers,
Where dancing sunbeams play
By grassy hills and sparkling rills
The robin tilts his lay.
The skylark fills the shady dells.
With song on fearless wing
From fairy bells the echo swells
The symphony of Spring.*

Dorothy Pieters '15

A COLONIAL STORY



BE CAREFUL of the children, mother" were the parting words of Robert Winship as he fastened his great cape around him and strode toward the door to unbolt it. "Thomas Langton says the Indians are rather revengeful after that blanket deal of last week in which they have been unjustly treated, and we cannot yet be sure of our red-skinned neighbors."

His wife clasped the four-year-old Catharine in her arms, and looked fondly at Chester, who with his eight years of colonial life, could face dangers with more courage than the average boy of his age. Although not their own son, Winship and his wife were very fond of the Chester who had come to their home as a waif and seemed to them almost like a son.

"I'll take care of my mother and my sister, father," he said with an earnest sincerity that made Winship's heart glow with pride, as he looked into the brave eyes.

After his departure the little family settled into its accustomed routine of work with a calmness that bespoke hearts filled with a quiet strong courage, and a trust in the Father who watches over His children.

The mother sat by her spinning wheel singing the stately melody of psalms in a low tone, sometimes her hands rested in her lap while her thought went back to England and the manor house of her parents, and again a smile wreathed her lips while her eyes gazed with sad longing into the dreamy past.

During the morning Thomas Langton stopped in to tell once more how the Indians were hovering about the neighboring woods with a restlessness that boded no good. Elder Fairweather came in to ask that Robert Winship attend a conference that evening to decide what measures should be taken, and to invoke the Lord for His aid.

So earnestly were they talking that they did not notice the little Catharine step from the room and to the door through which the Elder had come. He had left it unbolted and slightly ajar, so that Catharine could get her hands in the opening. She had suddenly thought of the scarlet berries she saw yesterday when her father rode her about about his land on horse-back, and she wanted them just now to give to the elder, whom she loved with all her baby heart. After much

tugging, the door moved far enough to let her squeeze her plump little body through. On she sped; through the corn patch brown and scared by the early winds of winter, past the big oak tree and into the little grove beyond. Oh! there was a bright gleam of scarlet, and laughing happily she sprang forward to pick the berries, when a tall figure glided swiftly toward her. With a sardonic grin he seized the little form in his arms and with a muttered "Ugh me got you" silently disappeared.

Langland and the Elder rose to depart.

"Where is the little Catharine, sister Winship?" asked the latter "the child is fond of me and I would give her a farewell kiss; I have also a slight token of love to present to her from my daughter Patience."

"She is here, Elder Fairweather," answered Mrs. Winship, "daughter Catharine, come and say farewell to the Elder."

But no sunny-faced Catharine appeared, and Mrs. Winship's voice trembled slightly as she went to the next room and called, "Catharine, daughter, where are you?"

"I will find her, mother," said Chester, who had been eagerly listening to the conversation of the men, and now came forward, "Let me get my sister."

He ran through the doorway, followed by his mother and the two men.

"Catharine, sister, sister," his voice rang out clearly, but only the faint cackling of wild geese flying rapidly toward the south answered his anxious call.

"Oh, Catharine, my darling, don't you hear Chester," cried Mrs. Winship. "Where are you daughter? Come to mother. Oh, Elder, she must be here."

"Peace, sister," said the Elder tenderly. "The Lord watches over all."

"Oh, look, mother, look, look!" broken in Chester pointing excitedly to the edge of the woods. "There is Catharine now."

The three turned quickly and saw the dusky form of an Indian outlined against the gray sky; above him in his arms he held a golden-haired figure; as he saw the white face of Mrs. Winship, he pointed with one hand to the child, then to her, and with a menacing gesture over the little one, vanished among the trees.

* * * * *

Chester was twenty. The years had developed within him the

strength and courage of his English ancestors, with a beauty and grace of character gained from a God-loving father and mother.

The many winters had left snowy traces in Mrs. Winship's dark hair and her face revealed a heart purified through suffering.

Robert Winship was still the stalwart man who had been the ideal of Christie's youth, and the two had become close companions.

Often did the older man look at the clear-eyed youth and half unconsciously sigh, "Had Catharine been spared too, he might have been our son in very near the truth."

Chester was already becoming distinguished as a brave soldier; for although war had not yet been formally declared, the separation between the Tories and the Whigs was becoming more and more marked every day, and those who, like Chester had taken part in skirmishes with the Indians, had formed themselves in readiness to serve their country at a minute's notice.

As the little family group sat at their evening meal in the spring of 1775, Winship, lapsing into his old form of speech, which he sometimes used in jest and always when deeply stirred, said half playfully:

"Sayest thou not it is about time for our son to take a wife, Hester? Methinks he would make a likely husband for some Puritan maid."

Chester flushed slightly and then said seriously,

"I have thought so my self, father and I am pleased that you spoke of it."

"Aha," exclaimed Winship rather surprised, "blows the wind that way, my son? And who is the maiden who causes flush on your brow?"

"It is Marcia, daughter of Sir William Stephenson," answered Chester.

"Nay, by the grace of God, thou shall never marry a Tory," cried Winship, springing from his chair, "my own son would not disgrace his father's house in that manner, and neither shall thou."

"She has not said yet whither she will have me," answered his son a little sadly, "but tho she be a Tory, her sympathies are with the Whigs."

"I care not where her sympathies are," cried his father, "She is a Tory and that suffices," and with that he strode out of the room.

"Oh, my son," sobbed Mrs. Winship, "must I be bereaved of both my children, why do you want this maiden?"



Retiring Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

Reading from left to right, upper row: Anna Ossewaarde, Ruth Pieters, Jeanette Vander Velde, Helene De Maagd, Pres., Minnie Beld, Hendrine Hospers.
Lower Row: Evelyn De Pree, Correlia Bouma, Susanna Soerens, Dorothy Trompen, Ruth Vander Berg.



Retiring Y. M. C. A. Cabinet

Reading from left to right, upper row: John Muyskens, L. Hekhuis, C. Jongewaard, H. Van Vranken.
Lower Row: A. Van Bronkhorst, H. Hoff, C. Dame, M. Verberg, E. Koeppe, B. Vander Woude, C. De Young, Pres.

"If you know her, mother, you would love her too, for she is as beautiful and gracious as yourself. She has no mother and must live with an austere aunt and the stern Sir William. Oh, you would love her as your own daughter."

"Speak not to me of my daughter," cried the woman, "my heart breaks when I think of Catharine. How can I tell you that your father and I had hoped for you and her—"

"Even yet we will hope and trust in the good God, mother," answered Chester, tenderly kissing her.

A few days later news was flashed through the country that the British had surprised the band of minute-men at Lexington, and Chester was at once ready to answer the summons for the whole company to go forward.

With a heart of single devotion to her country, Mrs. Winship kissed first Chester and later her husband farewell. She was left alone to endure the most trying of all experiences—waiting and suspense. As she sat alone one evening she heard a tapping at the door and then a voice which said, "It is Chester, mother, let me in." Quickly she unbolted the door and threw her arms about her son.

"I can stay but a little while," he said, "but I have somewhat to ask of you—something very dear to my heart."

"What is it, Chester?" she asked with a quick premonition that something was wrong.

"I have told you of Marcia," he began hesitatingly, "and of how her sympathies with the Whigs. Something of this feeling escaped her lips and so angered her father that he bade her leave his home if she did not recant. She has no place to go, mother—her aunt has no feeling for her—can she not—Oh mother—will you not help her—let her stay with you?—She says she loves me," he ended in a whisper.

"But your father," said Mrs. Winship, quickly, "he cannot abide anyone who favors of a Tory, he would be very angry."

"My father need not know of it just now," pleaded Chester, "he will love her too when he sees her. For the sake of Catharine, mother, help Marcia."

"Oh, I cannot withstand your pleading," she half-whispered, "methinks it but right to help a homeless child. Let her come, my son."

"I will bring her this very night," said Chester, with a lover's eagerness, and he went away.

So surely had he known his mother's heart that he had already led Marcia to a place nearby, and it did not take long for him to return with her.

As Mrs. Winship looked at the sweet, gentle face with the brown eyes, now so serious, yet with a merry spirit lurking in their depths, she felt a great love for the girl welling up in her heart and sending tears to her eyes.

"Welcome Marcia," she said simply, "our home is open to you."

Chester remained at home until daybreak, and as he once more said farewell his mother whispered, "My heart is already strangely drawn to her, my son, although it may not be wise in me to say it."

Marcia did not manifest much grief at being separated from her father, and Mrs. Winship could not help but mention it one morning.

"You seem not to be over grieved at your father's harshness toward you," she said.

"He is not my father," answered the girl, quietly.

"Who then is?" asked Mrs. Winship quickly.

"I know not," replied Marcia with a little break in her voice, "I have neither father nor mother—and yet, methinks sometimes I have," and she looked dreamingly out of the window. "I could wish for no mother better than you," she exclaimed suddenly. "I love you already."

It was with a little consternation that Mrs. Winship received word from her husband about two weeks after Marcia had come, that he would spend a few hours at home sometime in the near future, for his company was to pass through the neighborhood. She feared he would be angry about Marcia, yet relied on the innate goodness of his heart and Marcia's personality to soften her austerity.

He came at night and Marcia was asleep. Mrs. Winship was watching for an opportune moment to introduce the subject when her husband said:

"'Twas a strange story I heard the other day of one of these Tory generals driving his own daughter away from home, because of her expression of Whig sympathies. He has a true Tory heart, it seems—yet to mind it was rather severe dealing for a daughter,

a son is a different matter." His wife listened eagerly with a heightened color, but Winship scarcely noticed it.

He continued in musing tone, "They say he is not her own father, that he took her from an Indian tribe that had captured her when a child, and now is disappointed at what he calls her ingratitude. Strange, is it not?"—he stopped and looked at his wife who was listening with bated breath and white cheeks.

"Oh, Robert! Catharine—Marcia—can it be?"

"I know not whereof you speak," said Winship with an attempt at gruffness. "Thee that came to me that there was a similarity between the story of this maiden and of our daughter. Could we but find her, we might be able to——"

"Come, with me," cried his wife tremulously, and she hurried him along too astonished to remonstrate. Into the room that had always been intended for Catharine they went. On the pillow lay Marcia sleeping soundly.

"Look for the mark where she burned herself," whispered Mrs. Winship, at the same time pulling away at the covers and baring the girl's arm to her shoulder.

"Wife, thou art mad," cried Winship, in amazement.

"No, no! Look—here it is—the same old scar! Oh, Catharine, darling, I am really your mother, your own mother; speak to me dear."

And Marcia waking up said slowly, "Catharine—mother—Chester—father—I have heard them somewhere. It is a dream, yet it is not—God help me, it must be true. Mother, my mother!"

Long did the candles burn that night in the Winship home, while Catharine told what she could remember of her early life.

A week later Chester received a message sent to him by the trusty old Langland. It read as follows:

"My son Chester:—

Thy maiden, Marcia-Catharine waits at home for thee to claim her. Thy father,
Robert Winship."

Jeanette Vander Velde, '14.



Resolutions of the Knickerbocker Society of Hope College

Whereas it has pleased our Heavenly Father in his Providence to take unto Himself, by such a sad death, our friend and fellow member, Louis De Maagd, we, the Knickerbocker Society of Hope College, wish to express our deep sorrow at his departure.

Although words, at this time of sorrow, must fail to express our feelings, yet we cannot but testify to the faithful Christian life which, during the time that he has been with us, he has lived amongst the students, showing in all his words and actions his living relationship to his Savior. By his helpful and inspiring personality he has made an impression upon us which, though he has departed, will long remain with us and exert a powerful influence over our lives. We, as a Society, owe much to his genial fellowship and constant faithfulness, and his life will ever serve as an example urging us on to nobler ideals.

We desire to express our sincere sympathy to the family and relatives in their great bereavement; may they be comforted by his testimony that he was ready to go to his Heavenly Home and meet his Savior.

B. T. VANDERWOUDE
C. MULDER
TH. ZWEMER.

Committee

Holland, Mich., March 8, 1913

Since death has so suddenly claimed our beloved friend and fellow student, Louis J De Maagd, the students of Hope College wish to express their deep sorrow in the loss of so noble a life, and desire to extend their most heartfelt sympathy to his dear sister Helena and the other bereaved members of the family.

His life was an example of faithfulness, sincerity, and devotion, marked with unselfishness, gratitude and loftiness of purpose. All who knew him loved him. His earnest participation in his literary society, his conscientiousness and regularity in class room activities, his winning leadership in Y. M. C. A. work, and his unwavering trust in his Master, has set an example that will not fade; an example which we may do well to follow. Truly, his life was beautiful, his death inspiring. He sleeps, but not forever.

CORNELIUS DE YOUNG
JOHN TILLEMA
OTTO VAN DER VELDE.
Com. of Student Council

THE ANCHOR.

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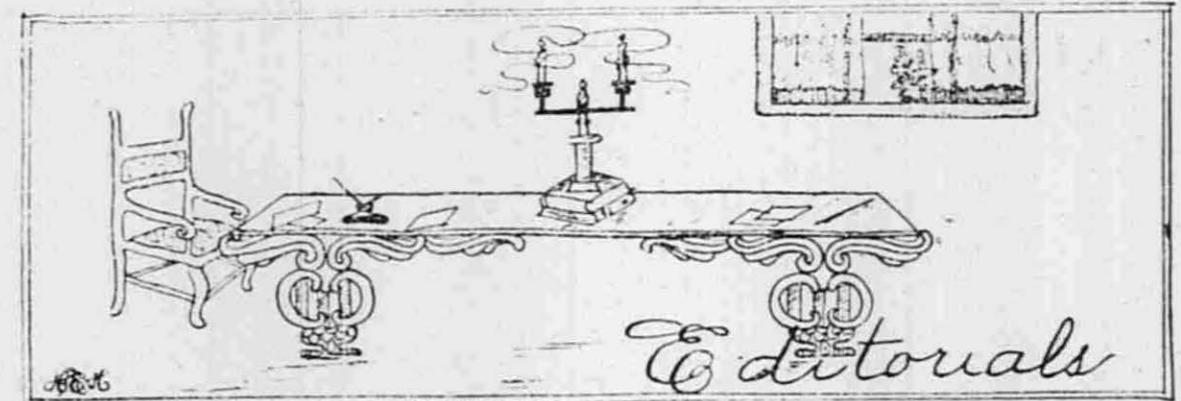
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INJURING

THE

COLLEGE

Every College has certain distinct rules and precedents which every student is expected to observe. Most students, before entering a college, are acquainted with the prevailing spirit, what the institution stands for, what it allows, and prohibits. By the very act of matriculating, the student signifies his intention to hold in respect the regulations of the college and to conduct himself in accordance with the established usage. If he is dissatisfied with the ruling spirit and customs, the privilege to leave is always his.

Hope College has, we are pleased to say, peculiar traits. There

are rulings, customs, opinions and principles here, that are foreign to other colleges. This explains the existence of Hope. Because of this very fact parents send children here from far off states—not because there are no efficient schools nearer—but for the simple reason that these colleges tolerate practices abhorrent to these parents, and fail to possess those dear to their hearts.

It sometimes happens however, that the sons and daughters hold dear what the parents view with horror. Take dancing as an example. The college authorities forbid it—wisely so. The parents of the majority of students—we are glad to state—prohibit it. The constituency of the college—as everyone knows—is firmly opposed to it, and in spite of all these well known facts some students, a very small minority, persist in carrying out their own cherished notions.

Does not this appear to be extremely selfish? Students who know that certain practices are against the rules of the college, are forbidden by parents of nearly all students, are in direct opposition to the opinions of the constituency, to whom the college looks for support, certainly are morally bound to cast aside personal duties and abide by rules and customs. It undoubtedly is highly selfish and unchristian to disregard everything and everyone and follow egoistic inclinations. Do they not know that by these acts they are hurting the reputation of the college, reducing the number of its friends and supporters and causing sorrow to fellow students and teachers?

We hold that a student who makes light of the good name of the college, whose name he bears, and slights its ideals and principles is a traitor to the institution.

If there are students here, dissatisfied with certain prevailing rules—and there seem to be a few—why do they not go to institutions where the atmosphere is more in harmony with their opinions? They are out of place here, their influence is not helpful, their example is detrimental to the welfare of the student body. We care not of what station of life they may be, we ask of all to do nothing that brings reproach to, and impairs the reputation of the college dearest to our heart—HOPE COLLEGE.

THE ART OF ENCOURAGING

In college various people have diverse hobbies. One student emphasizes team-work another punctuality, and still another practicability. The athlete extols the virtues of athletics, the debater contends for the lasting value of college

debating, while some habitually lay stress upon the joys and benefits of social life. But why continue? We need all in order to keep balanced. But there are some students and professors whose number is too limited—it ought to grow. The college needs people who possess the enviable art of encouraging. The men and women who encourage are always welcome. We honor them because of their well doing. Let others scold—not they. Professor, student do you ever speak a word of encouragement to a disheartened student?

“Back seats are popular in two places—autos and churches.” This is a statement from the columns of one of our exchanges. If the writer

of the article were a student in our college he would not have limited the popularity of back seats to two places. If he had slipped into our Chapel service some morning,—preferably a Monday morning—he would change the sentence and write “Back seats are popular in three places—autos, churches and college chapels.” Or is this not true of other colleges?

There are several puzzling features about the “back-seaters.” The majority are college students, not preparatory students. We are almost forced to the conclusion that modesty (?) increases with the progress of knowledge. Another rather strange fact well nigh fixes this belief. Some of the upper classmen rarely, just occasionally come to chapel services—their coming causes a surprise. It seems as if the “back seaters” soon become “non-seaters.”

It certainly behooves the upper classmen to set a worthy example to the younger students in every respect—chapel attendance not excluded. We sincerely hope the offenders may cease to set a bad example to younger students. We realize that this is an old subject but we are cognizant of the need of calling attention to persistent sins.

In the corridors of our recitation building there is an undue amount of noise which hinders classes. An example of this is found in Van Raalte Hall during the last morning recitation hour. From 11:45 to 12 o'clock the incessant noise of those coming down the stairs and of those standing in the corridors causes no little disturbance to the members of the philosophy class, who are anxious to pay undivided atten-

tion to the discussion of hard problems. The noise is not necessary; could not some measures be adopted to remedy this situation?

This is the last issue edited by the present staff. Our policy has ever been to follow convictions rather than to seek to please. We have recognized the sacredness of truthfulness and have sought to state it without petty prejudices or passion. We realize that truth is at times rather unwelcome, that pronounced views are frowned upon but our firm belief in the policy is more decided than even.

We heartily wish the new staff a year, prosperous to the Anchor, bringing greater and greater credit upon our college.

In the recent death of Prof. Boers and in the subsequent expressions of sympathy and loss there was one comment which occurred quite frequently. That was "I am afraid we never appreciated him." More especially was this true after hearing the splendid tribute paid to his memory by Dr. Dosker on the afternoon of the funeral. If that was the case with Prof. Boers, may it not also be true of some of our other professors? And not only of our professors but of our friends also. We are prone to take the acts of courtesy and the little deeds of kindness that come to us from day to day as a matter of course, and seldom give a second thought to the person from whom they come. The untiring efforts of our instructors we look upon as if they were that for which they are drawing their salary. The words of advice so kindly offered to us we accept unthinkingly or pass them by unnoticed. Or if we do appreciate them we keep that appreciation to ourselves until one day we awake and find our friend has passed beyond, and we cannot speak that word of thankfulness and gratitude which, slight in itself, does much to make the path of life a little brighter and a little easier to tread. We would do well to heed the words of an old author,

"If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend till he is dead.

—H. B., '14

LOUIS DE MAAGD

A very sad accident occurred in Carnegie Gymnasium, Thursday afternoon, March 6. The regular gymnasium class work had been completed, but several young men were playing on the parallel bars, among them Louis De Maagd, who fell and seriously injured his spine. He was, that evening, hurried to Butterworth hospital, in Grand Rapids but regardless of all attempts on the part of the physicians to lengthen his life, he died Friday evening at six o'clock.

Because of the State Oratorical contest the students were in high spirits—but this sad accident and sudden death caused universal sadness to spread over the whole student body—all interest in the contest was lost.

Before his entrance in Hope, he had lived nearly all his life in Grand Rapids, where, after his graduation from grammar school, he worked in his father's hardware store. After a course in a business college, he entered the employ of the Grand Rapids National City bank. His deep religious interest created in him a desire to become a minister of the Gospel and to prepare for this calling, he entered Hope. His student days were marked with sincerity, a devotion to his work, a conscientiousness possessed by but a few. He was interested in all religious activities of the students, a teacher in one of the mission Sunday schools, conducted by the Y. M. C. A. He was a Christian of lofty ideals and noble living. His unselfishness came to light in an unusual degree when, conscious of certain death, he remarked how providential it was that he, who was prepared to meet his God, had met with the accident and not one of the other boys who were still unprepared. During the brief time he was with us, he gave us a striking example of Christian living and Christian dying.

The funeral services were held Monday, March 10 at the Coopersville church and were attended by his class and faculty members and students.

THE STATE ORATORICAL CONTEST

The annual state oratorical contest, a noteworthy event in the opinion of our colleges, was held March 7 at Adrian. Owing to the great distance and expense but few students were able to accompany our orators, Miss Helena De Maagd and Mr. Cornelius Muste. The contest this year was exceptionally good, the enthusiasm and attendance

greater than ever before. In the Women's Contest, held in the afternoon, Albion's orator, Miss Bedient who spoke on "The Tragedy of the Low Wage" and our representative, Miss Helena De Maagd, whose oration was entitled, "The Present Crisis," easily led with Hillsdale third. The winner, Miss Bedient carried off the prize by a very close margin, her oration receiving the percentage, 283, while Miss De Maagd's oration received the percentage 281; Hillsdale following with twenty points difference. Miss DeMaagd's delivery was the most effective and graceful of all. To secure second place in a contest of eight competitors is a victory we are justly proud of, the more so since the winner was a speaker of experience. Our representative equalled our winning orator of last year; this contest was better and keener.

The men's contest was close. Albion lost its prestige, taking third place rather ungraciously, Hillsdale second and Olivet first place. Mr. Perkins of Olivet, delivered a splendid oration in a winning way. Our representative, Mr. Muste did not do justice to himself owing to the fact that he was accidentally informed of the sad death of a fellow student, Mr. L. De Maagd and consequently received eighth place.

Professionalism was again brought up by several colleges and according to indications, within a year professionalism will be banished from the state contest and we rejoice because of this.

THE INAUGURAL SERVICES

On the most beautiful day the year has yet seen, the 19th of February, the president of Hope College was officially inducted into office. Regular school exercises were suspended for the day in order that all students might have opportunity to attend the inaugural services, which took place in Hope Church. The entire body of college students marched the five blocks from the campus to the church in a sober, dignified procession that attracted considerable attention. At the church, the students were ushered into the parlors from which, after seemingly endless delay they followed the long file of speakers and delegates into the church. As the procession entered, the audience rose to receive them, and the inspiring music of a processional written by Rev. J. A. DeSpelder for the occasion made more impressive, this beginning of a most impressive ceremony. Rev. W. P. Bruce, president of the Gen-

eral Synod, presided, the Hope church choir and the College Glee club furnished fitting music. Dr. Bruce made the first address, surprising the audience by brilliant flashes of wit as he told of the principles for which Hope had long stood, of her virtue, her aims, and her successes, as they were known to him. The Rev. A. VandenBerg, president of the Council, performed the short, effective office of installation, after which our beloved president emeritus, Dr. G. J. Kollen, robed the new president in the official regalia of his office and charged him with the duties that office would in the future bring to him. Dr. Vennema's inaugural address, a straightforward direct statement of the purpose of this denominational college, and its policy, was sincere and very well received by the audience.

The short greetings extended the president by the Faculty, Council, Theological Seminary, Rutgers College and Michigan University through their respective representatives, were so delightfully varied and entertaining, that several expressed the opinion that the entire program should have consisted of 5-minute addresses. Prof. Kuizenga, using the figure of the captain and his crew, spoke of the feeling of the faculty toward the president and promised him in their name, the most hearty support. Hon. G. J. Diekema, for the Council, voiced his appreciation of Dr. Vennema's character and ability, and assured him of the Council's confidence in his purpose, and powers. Dr. M. Kolyn, speaking of the long personal friendship that existed between himself and the president, hoped that such relations might also exist between the Seminary and the college; and that in the future as in the past, they might work for their mutual advancement. President W. H. S. Demarest, of Rutgers College expressed the pleasure of that institution at Hope's success in securing so able an executive and described briefly the relation Hope bears to Rutgers as being the Western school of a denomination of which Rutgers formally was the Eastern institution. He mentioned several men who have been intimately connected with Hope, who were graduates of Rutgers, among whom were Dr. Scott, Rev. John Van Vleck, Dr. J. T. Bergen, Rev. J. H. Gillespie, and Prof. James Sutphen. Dr. Bonner, speaking for Michigan University expressed in a sincere, effective manner, Michigan's congratulations, her appreciation of Hope's ability, and her wishes for Hope's success.

This ended the service proper and the speakers and official delegates were escorted to Voorhees Hall, the home of the "co-eds,"

where a sumptuous dinner was served. After the dinner, the reception rooms of Voorhees Hall were thrown open, and the new president received congratulations of the students. From this reception the President and Mrs. Vennema, as well as the dignitaries of the church and the representatives of the different colleges crossed the campus to the president's home where they stood in line to receive the townspeople, of whom about 250 were present. All were served with dainty refreshments in the beautifully decorated dining room.

The long, busy day closed leaving all who attended any part of its ceremonies, satisfied that everything had been carried out in a manner becoming to the dignity of the college. We assure the new president of our hearty support, and wish for him many years of successful labor.

BERGEN-MARX COMPANY

On Monday evening, January 27, the lecture course management presented the Bergen-Marx Company. In the opinion of many of the audience, a finer group of artists has never appeared upon our platform. The variety offered was sufficient to satisfy the most widely different tastes. The artistic rendering of every number did much toward giving the audience an appreciation of their ability, and the attractive personality revealed by the artists, especially Mr. Bergen's generous kindness, was instantly felt and enjoyed, as the applause indicated.

THE INTER-SOCIETY DEBATE

The second debate of the series on the question of a compulsory board of arbitration to settle labor disputes, took place Friday evening, February 28, when the Knickerbocker team composed of G. De Motts, J. De Boer, C. Dame met a team composed of members of the Cosmopolitan and Fraternal societies, A. Visser, H. Bilkert and E. Koeppel. The debating showed a very thorough knowledge of the subject under discussion, and a spirit of good fellowship and courtesy was evident throughout. A unanimous decision in favor of the negative is less surprising in view of the fact that the gentlemen of the affirmative were greatly handicapped by being obliged to take in this debate the opposite side from one they had held on a previous occasion.

G. De Motts, J. De Boer and C. Dame were chosen as members

of the college team which will meet the Almaniens at Alma. If our debaters do as creditably in the intercollegiate meet as they have done in the preliminaries, we shall have abundant reason to be very proud of Hope's ability in this line. The affirmative team, consisting of H. Ter Keurst, J. Tillema and L. Bosch will debate Olivet college at Hope.

DR. ECKERSON

On Tuesday morning, February 18, our Chapel services were enriched by the splendid and inspiring address of that enthusiastic ambassador of Christ to China, Dr. Eckerson. The earnest appeal, the firm conviction he possesses, made his message emphatic. The student body will remember his words. In the afternoon he addressed the Student Volunteer Band, who gained greater zeal and interest in foreign missions, because of his enthusiastic words. His coming among us was very welcome and helpful. A real herald of the cross of Christ is he.

SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY OF ERRORS

For the first time the Ben Greet Players visited our college and presented a play. A large audience greeted them on Monday evening, February 24; and they listened eagerly and paid the closest attention to every word and gesture. It certainly was one of the strongest numbers on the lecture course of the year. An announcement was made that a popular male quartet would be the next number in place of the College Choral Union. This is a welcome change.

MR. D. POLLING

Every student who heard Mr. Poling, National Vice-President of the Inter-Collegiate Prohibition Association on Tuesday evening, February 25, would not miss an opportunity to hear and meet him again. In a most convincing manner he told of the evils of the liquor traffic. His optimism, his statements of facts and his forceful speaking are admirable traits. We hope he will come again.





Thursday evening, January 23, Dr. and Mrs. Vennema invited the Y. W. C. A. girls to have the weekly meeting at their home. The large crowd of girls and the usual helpful services, gave the President of the college some idea of what the Y. W. C. A. means to the young women of Hope. All enjoyed the social hour, and the dainty refreshments which followed. Before the girls left they gave a hearty vote of thanks to Dr. and Mrs. Vennema for their interest and kind hospitality.

Miss Wing and Miss Moore gave a joint recital in Graves' Chapel, January 23. The splendid program gave the audience a favorable idea of the work of the Department of Music and Expression.

The Freshmen had a class party in the literary rooms, Feb. 4. There was the usual exhibition of exuberant spirits still untrammelled by too close application or hard work. "Sweet liberty," Erin's favorite nymph characterized the evening's festivities. In the selection of refreshments as well as in the mode of entertainment may the other classes take example from this youngest members of the family.

Miss Velma Telinde, and Miss Eberdine Harmeling gave a 5:30 breakfast to a number of friends, Friday morning, February 7. Oh the "pinked sweetness long drawn out" of those early morning hours! Did ever chafing dish dainties taste better or were maidens ever more compensated for this early disturbing sweet slumbers?

As the chimes struck nine, on the evening of February 10, the third floor of Voorhees Hall was the scene of a truly wondrous sight! the occasion was the "coming out" party of a sly young Dormitory Miss, under the auspices of her "aunt" From all the rooms came a goodly pageant of knights and ladies, clowns, witches, priests,

dudes and college sports, Chinese, Japanese, Hindues and Indians. This motly assemblage was royally entertained by the blushing debutant and her worthy aunt. The Dean of the Dormitory and the teachers entered into the festivities with noteworthy enthusiasm, leniently over-looking the hour of "lights out."

February 13, the Anchor Staff had their last meeting in the parlors of Voorhees Dormitory. After the business had been completed, the social committee had a surprise in store for the faithful workers, serving them a truly "ambrosial feast." The nerve-racking anxieties the sleepless nights were forgotten and the staff, with consciousness of work done, "enjoyed to the full."

Miss Vera Pas entertained the "B" class at her home near Graafschap, February 13. A roomy bob, a perfect evening, and a crowd of care-free boys and girls made the journey a feature of the evening. "The time of our lives" was one of the phrases heard the next day.

Thursday evening, after the program, the "Sorosites" had a jolly time at a chafing dish spread. The "expert" cooks served delectable dainties, which would have tickled the palate of the most fastidious.

Friday afternoon, February 14, the Minerva girls entertained their "Philathian" sisters in Voorhees Reception Hall. The "Prep" girls showed that they know how to "do things up in great style."

After the game Friday, February 14, the visiting and the college basket ball teams were pleasantly entertained at Dr. Vennema's home.

Fraternal Hall was the scene of unusual festivities, on the evening of February 18. Gay youths betook themselves to the society room to enjoy the long dreamed of "Stag." The program was a treat of wit and humor, the feast showed Epicurean taste, and trust the "Frats" to have a good time.

A reception for the college students was given in Voorhees

Prof. Thomas Welmers, '03, principal of the Northwestern Classical Academy led divine worship in chapel, Feb. 21.

Many Alumni were present at the inaugural services of Dr. Venema. We are always glad to see their faces present at the functions of the college.

Hon. G. J. Diekema, '81, recently delivered an address on "The Future of the Republican Party" before the Kansas Day club, at Topeka, Kansas.

Monday evening, February 17, Rev. G. Hondelink, '00, gave a stereopticon lecture on Japan for the benefit of the Zeeland High school students, in the Kindergarten building of that city.



The Student Council at Hillsdale, in order to fill the empty benches, found necessary to compel the students to attend chapel service. A record of the absences will be kept and at the end of the semester be deducted from the honor points gained.

The February number of the College Index contains an interesting story entitled: "The Meanest Man in the World." The poem "The Half Back," is also well written and gives the reader the real football spirit.

By far the strongest Exchange Department found among the Exchanges is that of the College Chips. It is always one of the best features of the paper and may well serve as a model for other papers.

It is with joy and pleasure that we received your comments and criticisms. And with this number (if not in body, then in spirit) accept a hearty hand-shake from one of your fellow-exchange-editors, who steps aside and makes room for another.

The State Inter-Collegiate Prohibition Contest and Convention will be held at Albion College on April 4-5. In this contest the following colleges will be represented: Alma, Albion, Hope, Kalamazoo, M. A. C., Spring Arbor Sem., and Adrian.

Governor Ferris addressed about 1300 students in the Armory at M. A. C. a few weeks ago. The students were very much pleased by his forceful address. The main thoughts in his message were, "Find your place in life; take an inventory of your inheritance; read one good book each month; and pay any price to hear great men and women of today."

Alma College has already chosen its debaters for the Hope-Olivet-Alma Intercollegiate debates. The following are the men who will represent the college: Kolvoord, Misner, Hyde, McFarland, Van Thurn, Hogan, Kennedy and Cole. Of these Misner, Kolvoord and Van Thurn are experienced debaters, and are expected to be the strength of the teams.



The excitement of the M. A. C. game had not yet abated when all the fans were wondering what the Northwestern College team from Naperville would do to Hope. No one expected that there would be the least chance for a victory, so it was more a matter of how larger their score would be than the score of Hope. News of any kind leading to information in regard to their strength seemed unavailable. That they were the "Champions" of Illinois of 1912 was bad enough, but

imagine the surprise when on the morning of the seventh of February we learned that they had defeated M. A. C. on the latter's floor. But dope has been misleading before, and it proved to be in this case as the final score indicated. "Could we but defeat the Northwesterners" seemed to be all that was heard about the campus the day of the game. After a very interesting game between our local High school and the Battle Creek High, the floor was soon cleared for action by Referee Upton of Grand Rapids. The first half was safely tucked away about 18-11, but the second half might spring surprises, since that was to be under intercollegiate rules. It proved to be very disastrous since the visitors stacked up 19 points to Hope's 15. Kluckholan came around with four baskets in this period, which almost proved Hope's undoing. Vander Velde, his opponent, safely sealed their fate, however, by caging one on a guard play and thus relieving the severe tension of the spectators. It was the prettiest and most interesting contest of the season and closely rivalled the M. A. C. game of a year ago. Lokker, Hekhuis and Stegenga did most of Hope's scoring, while Verhoek played almost air tight ball. The lanky center of the visitors was found following Stogie, instead of playing an offensive game as anticipated.

The summary:—

Northwestern College
 Seder, lf.
 Kluckholan, rf
 Hannerman, c.
 Biester, rg.
 Oberhelman, lg

Hope College
 Hekhuis, lf.
 Lokker, rf.
 Stegenga, c.
 Verhoek, rg.
 Vander Velde, lg.

Seder 3, Kluckholan 6, Hanneman 1, Biester 2, Lokker 6, Hekhuis 3, Stogie 3, Vander Velde 1, VerHoek 2. Seder 6 out 8 fouls; Lokker 3 out of 6.

With a great deal of anticipation the Midway Five Freshmen were awaited the following week. Since this was to be last game on Hope's floor during this season a monster crowd turned out to welcome come the visitors. Holland High and St. Joe High again played a "prelim," which was won by Holland High. A great deal of interest was manifested by both students and town's people since Stegeman, formerly of Hope fame, was to appear in the lineup. The

first half under A. A. U. rules was Chicago's 14-10. Shullf, familiarly known as Spike, eluded Verhoek three times and got as many baskets during this half. The second half under Intercollegiate rules again proved advantageous to Hope and ended 18-7. It was certainly some surprise to spectators as well as visitors, when the whistle ended the fray 28-21 in the home team's favor.

The Summary:—

Chicago	Hope
Stegeman, rf.	Lokker, rf.
Shullf, lf.	Hekhuis, lf.
Reidel, c.	Stogie, c
Thorpe, rg.	Verburg, rg.
George, lg.	Verhoek, lg
Stegeman 0, Shullf 3, Reidel 5; Lokker 1, Hekhuis 2, Stogie 5, Verburg 2, Verhoek 0. Lokker 8 in 17. Reidel 5 in 9.	

One more game and then*****. This came when Hope journeyed to M. A. C. on the twenty-first of February. It seemed queer but somehow or other there's always something doing on those trips. The Interurban had trolley trouble at the city limits, and at Grand Ledge there was a two hour's delay through derailment. Tho the weather was threatening and stormy, Hope managed to reach the Aggies' floor by 8:30 and immediately began play. Somehow or other, Hope could not get her stride at any time during the game, which is not so strange, since M. A. C. used twelve men in their line up. Mr. Perrine from the U. of M. refereed the contest but did not show any earmarks of rare discretion. For about two minutes of play he "looked good" but he soon "fell from grace"—by the Hopeites. Van Bronkhorst, one of the cleanest players that ever donned a Hope uniform was removed from the game for "3 personal" (?) fouls, while "Baldy" Spencer dived at will, regardless of whom he struck. The first half A. A. U. ended 21-15 for M. A. C. The second half told the final story about 58 to 25. Chamberlain and Burt, centers for the Farmers, did most of the damage caging 16 baskets together.

It is hard and difficult to say what the score would have been on a different floor as the Aggies are great on the "passing stuff." Coach Macklin has a group of excellent players and the team that

beats them has to go some. Hope gladly hands the plum of Michigan to the boys of M. A. C. for they surely deserve it.

The summary:—

M. A. C.	HOPE
Goss, lg.	Bronk, lg.
Spencer, rg.	Verhoek, rg.
Chamberlain, c	Stogie, c
Gauthier, lf.	Hekhuis, lf.
Vatz, rf.	Lokker, rf.
Reynolds,	Verburg
B. Miller,	Vander Velde
H. Miller,	
X. Miller,	
Burt,	
Dodge,	
Et. Al.	

Chamberlain 8, Burt 8, Spencer 3, Gauthier 1, Millers 6, Vatz 2; Lokker 2, Hekhuis 3, Stogie 2, Verburg 1. Spencer 6 in 11; Lokker 9 in 14.

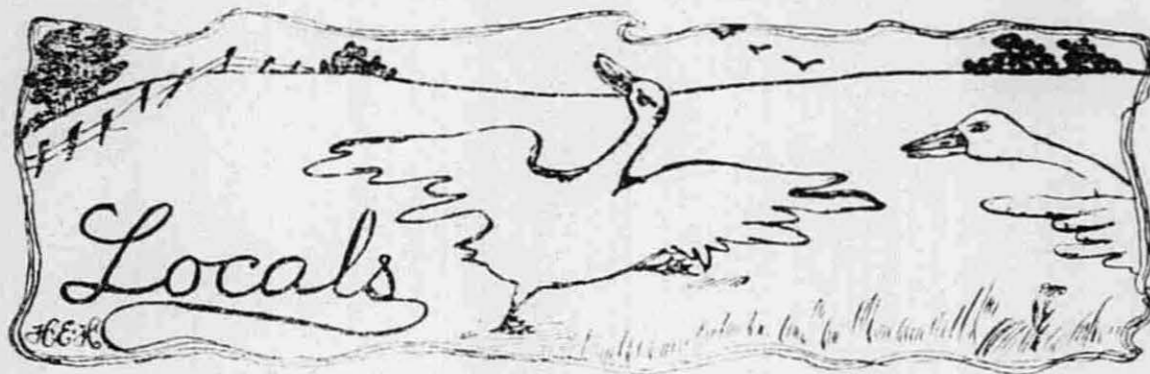
With his issue of our paper the Athletic editor wishes the very best of success to his successor. A sporting column editor has problems to solve peculiar to no other member on the staff. If he does not give a popular write-up on a contest his scalp is in danger; if he gives any one man successive mention, or fails to commend upon his playing he is accused of partiality. Yea, verily! the task of the Athletic editor is a difficult task indeed. We wish to thank, however, those whose names have been mentioned from time to time, for the opportunity of seeing them perform. In all cases has our decisions and comment been impartial and conscientious. Mistakes will occur, but they were not intentional.

It gives us the greatest of pleasure to report such a flourishing condition as exists in the Athletic Association at present. All departments are in a healthy state and have strong managers. The managers are all anxious to serve, and if the students are as desirous of helping the managers as the latter are to frame schedules, records will be hung up before this school year closes.

Manager Steinenger has some fine stunts up his sleeve and it's

well worth one's time to go into track work. A varied program is promised for the spring term.

In baseball all the old strong teams are on the schedule. A short trip may be planned for the vacation, and the National sport promises to fare better than it has for many a moon.



Local Department—"Though this may be play to you—'Tis death to us."

Senior Class—"Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."

Minnie Beld—"Silence is the perfected herald of joy; I were but little happy, if I could say how much."

Jennie Immink—"For whither thou goest, I will go and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; and thy people shall be my people."

—Selah!

Vander Woude—"A man after his own heart."

Verna Schultz—"A still, small voice."

Agnes Visscher—"Absent in body, but present in mind."

Mart Verburg—"As sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

Mae LaHuis—"I have no other but a woman's reason; I think him so, because I think him so."

Kleiny—"He was, indeed, the glass, wherein the noble youth did dress themselves."

Pyle—"I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men."

Gerarda—"Sighed and looked, and sighed again."

Bronk—"Stabbed with a white wench's black eye."

De Motts—"And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind."

Butch—"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt, and every grin so merry, draws one out."

Hendrine—"A perfect woman, nobly planned, to warn, to comfort, and command."

Mary Lokker—"And listens like a three-years'-child."

Bill Leenhouts—"As idle as a painted ship—Upon a painted ocean"

Su—"And mistress of herself, though China fall."

Moerdyk—"Be not wise in your own conceits."

Dame—"For the love of money is the root of all evil."

Hekhuis—"I am Sir Oracle—and when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."

Ed Wichers—"Man delights not me—nor woman neither."

Evelyn—"If she will do 't, she will, and there's an end in't."

Heneveld—"Come, give us a taste of your quality."

Helena—"Render to all their dues."

Kremers—"He will laugh thee to scorn."

Geb—"But screw your courage to the sticking place."

Rich—"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

De Jonge—"The price of wisdom is above rubies."

Charlie Peet—"The Right Honorable Gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests and to his imagination for his facts."

Henry Duiker—"Miserable comforts are ye all."

Gossselink—"We hanged our harps on the willows."

Arthur Winter—"I am the very pink of courtesy."

Stogie—"I dare do all that may become a man,—"Who dares do more is none."

Flipse—"A fool must now and then be right, by chance."

Stein—"He most lives, who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

Lokker—"You pay too much for your whistle."

Jack Moore—"A merrier man, within the limits of becoming mirth, I never spent an hour's talk wit al."

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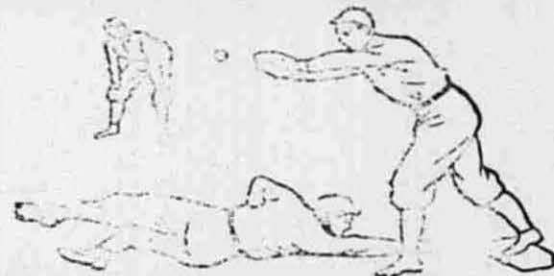
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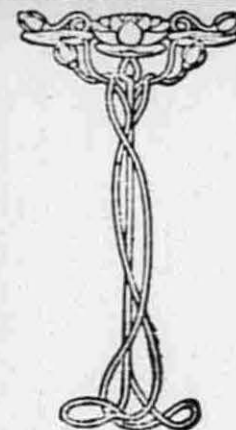
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