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My Star

My star burns low in the eastern dusk,
A luminous, glowing blue;
It greets me when the twilight fair
Is losing its soft hue;
At first a promise only gleams;
When darkness deepens, far it beams—
My evening star.

I love the violets in the fields,
Like gems in verdure set;
But thou surpassest all, for thou
Art heaven's violet.
Of all the flowers of heaven and earth,
To me, thou hast the dearest worth—
My flower star.

Some nights in vain I seek thy face;
The lonesome hours lag
Till silver lines some fleecy clouds.
When thou pearest round its topmost crag,
The fleecy cloud is turned to gold,
And mysteries of light unfold
My faithful star.

Methinks when sleep enfolds the earth
And the moon is mothering thee,
And stillness broods o'er all the deep,
I feel thee still, tho I cannot see;
I hear the music of the spheres,
I see the harmony of the years,
My vision star.
Socrates.

Socrates, the man, is represented as a simple-minded, great-hearted man of the people. His father was a sculptor, and for a time Socrates followed his trade. But in the atmosphere of Athens at that time, it was inevitable that his keen insight and his natural philosophic tendency should assert itself, and we find him earnestly engaged in teaching his fellow-citizens. Gifted with great analytical powers he did not fail to detect the shallowness and superficiality of the prevalent pursuit of culture. He considered it his duty to show the Athenians that the essential thing for them to study and develop was their soul—their moral and spiritual welfare. To this end he teaches, not only by precept but by example, self-examination and self-knowledge, temperance and self-control, in all things. He sought always for the good, and though he never found it, he never lost his belief in it nor his determination to follow the best knowledge he had. Consequently he was a good, upright citizen, the best there was in Athens.

As a philosopher, he is a Sophist and yet not a Sophist. Like them, he made the study of man pre- eminent, with the tendency to emancipate the individual. Like the Sophists he is opposed to an immediate, unreflecting submission to the customs, law and faith of the people and the state. For him, as for them, "independent judgment of individuals has taken the place of authority." The Sophists, in their teaching, became so impressed with the relativity of human ideas and purposes that they denied the existence of anything universally valid. This brings them to doubt of the possibility of knowing anything, or scepticism. Socrates accepts this doubt in the case of physical knowledge, alone. "All he knows is that he knows nothing," but scepticism does not extend to the field of morals. He is convinced of the existence of a universally valid truth, and he believes steadfastly in reason. The only real knowledge possible is a knowledge of man. In this making man the sole object of study, he is like the Sophists, but unlike them he sees beneath the difference existing between men to the underlying principles of human nature in general. He is convinced that moral ideas are fundamental to humanity and so, where the Sophist remains caught in the confusion of the opinions of the day and ends nowhere, Socrates finds the ideals of morality. Because of this belief in a universal morality he is unting in his efforts to define goodness, justice, virtue, wisdom, courage, etc. From observation and experience it was evident to him that man's ability rests upon his insight. This insight consists in an exact knowledge of things and of man himself. These principles were transferred to virtue, and he develops the fundamental doctrine that "Virtue consists in knowledge of the good." From his utilitarian conception of the good as the useful, we are brought to the conclusion that the good must be good for something. And it is just here that Socrates, otherwise so insistent upon clearly defined conceptions, is indefinite, and where his doctrine presents the gap making possible the development of the two schools that follow him—the Cynic and the Cyrenaic.

It is in Socrates that we find the fullest expression of the principles of the age, and by very reason of his complete comprehension of them we find in him the most persistent reaction to the experiments of these principles. Laws, customs, traditions must be examined, but since they sustain the most rigorous examination, right-living and happiness are only to be found in subordination to law and morals.

Because of his belief that self-knowledge is essential to virtue, he held it to be his principal vocation to educate himself and his fellow-citizens to earnest self-examination. So he spent his life in teaching, and as a teacher, he never has been excelled. His method is based upon the conception that every mind has in it the germs of knowledge and that education creates nothing that is not already there, but merely awakens and develops the latent truth. And so he delights in teaching his pupils how to discover the true definitions for themselves. He begins by apparently agreeing with the hearer, and then by questions, some of them seemingly trivial, he analyzes their views, showing how little they really know, or how wrong their ideas are, and finally brings them to see the truth. His method of attracting attention, or of focusing the attention, of his listeners is by striking statements or startling paradoxes. And his method of analysis is almost entirely ironical. In the examples we have of this Socratic irony, he is represented as delightfully humorous and subtly sarcastic, yet truly benevolent and earnest in his search for truth and virtue.

—Socrates, '15.
THE SIGNIFICANCE OF CUPID.

HO is Cupid? What is he, that all good Swains commend him? He is a little cherubic god of classical mythology whose name in Latin signifies desire. He is a meddlesome little divinity, whose genealogy is rather confused. Some say that he is the son of Venus, Goddess of Beauty, and others that he sprang from the sea foam. Surely the latter seems to be a likely explanation for the origin of such a capricious little fellow!

Cupid looks like a cherub and is well equipped for his mission in life with his bow, quiver of arrows, and his little wings, for he is our god of love, and surely love must needs not be hampered with unnecessary things. These arrows are tipped with poison varying in degree of strength and, therefore, in the degree of effect. An arrow tipped with "full strength poison" makes one have a love which never dies, and a "for better or for worse" ceremony come to pass.—A regular seven year's itch. But an arrow tipped with poison of a lesser degree of intensity causes one to have a mild affection, a sort of rash. Not the real thing, but what is commonly called a case. It is short, sweet, and snappy and soon burns itself out.

But just what does Cupid signify in this world of ours? It does seem when we see illustrations of him, that he is a real little schemer who deliberately shoots his darts into the hearts of two extremely opposite people and makes them love whether they will or not. In past days Cupid was much more significant, for then people expressed their every feeling and wore their hearts on their sleeves. Cupid is a ray of gladness, the very thought of him leaves a little lingering sweetness. To the young girl he is a symbol of mystical something which is coming into her life sometime.

What of Cupid at Hope? Although he is clever and appears to be a sage at times, he does not know just which way to turn. Now who could expect him to pick just the right man for a girl from the midst of innumerable "datees?" Or to know whether it would be better to let a man remain constant to "the girl out home" or to form new ties here? Especially is the latter a hard question, when there are also old ties for the girl to break. College love is surely a perplexing question for our little man at such a school as our old Hope! But there is another kind of girl with whom cupid has to deal—this is the girl who gets her mind settled on one of our worthy students, succeeds in getting him interested—and then promptly losing her desire, passes on to the next one. Oh, the perversity of woman!

Cupid is not at all consistent. One day he happened to prick himself with one of his deadly arrows and fell into the fatal state of love. He married Psyche, a most beautiful damsel. But he received a dose of his own medicine, for they fell into a quarrel, no doubt, as to which should build the fire on a wintry morning or who should manage the financial affairs. Anyway Cupid flew out of the window, a free man and left Psyche alone in the world. Psyche after the manner of her kind immediately began to weep. A regular squall arose and she wept such an abundance of tears that they collected into a sea, henceforth known as the sea of matrimony. This is the most treacherous sea in the world, and only the really daring venture upon its troubled, briny waters.

—Sorosis, '16.

THE REAL THING.

ASH girl! Where on earth have you been? I can't wait all day!"—and Margaret Douglas impatient and weary, turned to the next customer. "Yes'm, five and ten cent articles only on this floor. —Ribbons? Two aisles to the left.—Yes ma'am, we can give you this in any shade you desire. It doesn't seem very strong? Well, what can you expect for the money?" Oh, this continual stream of customers! Would five o'clock ever come?

At last the bell rang. Margaret quickly put her stock in order; hurried to the cloak room for her hat and coat, and started for her room. How tired she was! It didn't seem as if she could stand it another day, but there was nothing else in sight.

"I wonder if I did do wrong in coming to Ludington. I know Aunt Cordelia thinks so, and she'd be mortified to death to know I was working in a Notion store, at $4.75 per, and living in third-floor back bedroom. And if Will knew it—but I can't help it! I won't live on my relations and I know father would rather have me earn my own way—if he knows about it. I'm going to stick it out until I find something better, if it takes me a year. Thank Heaven, that the
f " will to die here in the quiclc, " and-and Will would never know what had become of her! Oh, there must be some way! Dragging the half-dazed Lottie, she rushed to the front windows. She raised one and leaned out. A cry went up from the crowd below. "Ladders! Quick! The second floor."

The flames were coming nearer now, but the firemen were raising their ladders and climbing toward her. Seizing Lottie, she lowered her carefully into the arms of the fireman. "Can you wait just a second?" asked the man. "I'll be back directly. Hey—catch this girl," he cried to the crowd beneath. Then he ran up again, took Margaret, herself now unconscious, in his arms, and once more ascended the ladder.

The next thing Margaret knew, she was lying in a fresh, white bed in a big room, filled with other beds, and a kind-faced man was bending over her. "Comfortable?" queried a kind voice. As the girl nodded wearily, the man added, "No talking now. Just be quiet and do as they tell you." The girl said nothing, but she wondered. Just where was she? How did she get here? What had happened? O, yes, the fire! And Lottie! Was Lottie safe? She must talk to some one. Why didn't that woman over there in the striped dress come to talk to her? There, she really was coming!

The nurse sat down by the bed-side. "My dear, you are perfectly safe in the Grafton hospital. You were burned in a fire trying to rescue a friend. Yes, she is safe. Now can you tell me your address, so that we may inform your people?" Margaret shook her head. "Very well, dear. Just rest now. Perhaps you can talk later.

Margaret turned her face toward the wall, and tear followed tear down her cheeks. "My people—Aunt Cordelia, I suppose that is. I would like to see her, though she is so cross. But she'd scold me for trying to save anyone but myself. She'd think it foolish to look out for anyone else when you're in danger. I— I wish Will would—. Oh, but I'm sure he has forgotten. He was so hurt when I said I wouldn't, and I haven't heard a word since. But I might die, and then they would never know what happened to me."

The whole afternoon she lay quiet and thoughtful, and when the nurse brought her a bowlful of broth she said, "Nurse, I guess perhaps you had better telegraph my aunt. She's all the family I have. You see, my father died last winter and I didn't have any money, that is,— not enough to live on. There was my Aunt, but we never got along very well. She didn't want me to work, for she's so proud; but she
is so cross and unpleasant that I couldn’t live with her. I know that father wouldn’t want me to live on my relatives, so I came to the city. I got a position as clerk in Newton’s Notion store at $4.75 a week. I know it isn’t much, but I have managed. I didn’t dare tell Aunt Cordelia, so I wrote her that I was working as a governess in a rich family, and I didn’t give any address. Just telegraph her, but don’t urge her to come. I only want her to know where I am, in case I shouldn’t get well. I hope she won’t come though, for I’m too tired to be scolded.”

The next morning the nurse in Ward Five entered the House Surgeon’s office. “Doctor, I’m perplexed. I wired Number Seven’s aunt that her niece was injured in a fire, and that, if serious complication set in, we would inform her. This morning I got a telegram, addressed to the girl. Here it is: ‘Shall be there at noon—Will!’ Now who on earth is Will? She told me her story but she didn’t mention Will.” And the kind-hearted nurse rehearsed Margaret’s story for the House Surgeon. “Shall I tell her Will is coming?”

“No,” answered the doctor. “It may upset her. Wait and see what Will himself has to say.”

All morning the nurse in Ward Five went about her work in a flurry of excitement, and when the ‘phone called her down to the reception hall at one o’clock, her heart beat so loudly that she was sure that the elevator boy must hear it. A tall, thin man, with black hair and dark brown eyes, rose and hastened to meet her. “Is she all right—Yes? Then may I see her, please?”

The nurse shook her head. “Just a moment. I must first ask you something.” Again she told Margaret’s story. “But she didn’t mention any man. Are you some relative, or—or just a friend?”

The man’s pale face flushed slightly. He looked at the nurse a moment, as if he were trying to read her soul. “No—I’m not a relative. Before Margaret left for the city, I told her that I loved her, and offered her a home. She thought I did it because I was sorry for her, and her pride made her refuse. I was sure that she cared a little. She came to the city and I never hear from her, but I didn’t forget. When your telegram came, her Aunt was gone, out of town, and Graham, he’s the telegraph operator, and he knew that I had cared once, so he let me know. I thought maybe she’d come home with me.”
first time with Mr. Maxley the head floor-walker on first floor, and a
fine young fellow all around, to the theater, Rose willingly, yet not
exactly cheerfully gave up the anticipated pleasure, and instead, made
herself the most useful among the family band of helpers. There were
errands to be made here and stitches to be taken there; there were
things to be packed and always about the same things to be unpacked
again. To be sure no less than one o'clock had struck, before she and
her older sister and their persevering little widow mother, had dared to
consider the preparations finished.

Nevertheless, when only about six hours later that spiteful little
alarm clock called forth its inevitable summons for another day's work,
Rose needed not to question the necessity of obeying, for she knew only
too well that it just had to be done.

And now, two minutes more had passed,—it was—twenty
seven minutes after five. Just as her large soft blue eyes turned away
from the old department time-piece, there popped into their range of
vision, a slender, curly-headed blonde, with eyes a few shades lighter
than those they met and an expression of delight, all over her sweet
rosy face.

"Oh, Rose, what do you 'spose Mr. Maxley let me off almost
half-hour early, 'cause I went on an extra errand for him. But
dear me, child, how tired and, why, how pale you do look! I'll tell
you what, you run up to the observatory to that swell couch and you
just rest until about five, I'll take care of your stock for you.
There won't be many customers now anymore, anyway.'"

"But, Beth, you really have got this time to yourself. I don't
want to take it from you. And really I'm not as tired as all that, and
why, I've never looked pale in my life."

"Now, there's no such getting out of it, Hon. When I'm
standing right here and am looking at you with two perfectly sound
eyes, and say you look pale and tired, I guess you ought to trust me
to tell the truth."

"But will it be perfectly honest, Beth, to leave my work like that
when I'm 'sposed to be really earning my whole $5.50 per?"

"Well I guess, you'd be earning all they're giving you and more
yet, just the same. And anyway, who's going to know the difference.
I'll run down just one minute before five of six and you be on deck
the very next minute and then who can raise a kick? Please run
along, dear. Something for you, ma'am?"
this same store he had gradually worked himself up, while attending high school at the same time, to the position of head overseer of all first floor departments, with the possibility of a still higher raise.

Finally at half-past eight, he began to feel rather hungry, and anxiously looking about to estimate the time still required to finish his work, found it ought to take him scarcely fifteen minutes more. But just as he picked up his pencil to continue his work every light in the storeroom flashed out and he was in awful darkness. One minute's thought however told him the cause. In all his foolish contemplations over that little Miss Heath, he had neglected to tell the janitor that he had intended to work overtime in the store room and "Jumping Joes!" by the time he could grope his way to the first door, the old blunderbus would have the east door locked and himself safely out of the building for the rest of the night; for the very last thing he always did was turn off the electric light switch with his special key.

Nevertheless he did begin to grope about and finally found the stairs leading to the first floor. But what to do next. There were always phones in the building, of course, but what good did they do, with the central operator—goodness only knew where? Windows and doors alike were automatically locked and even if he could break through he could easily be accused of burglary or get into some such unpleasant fix. But ah! here was a happier thought. Seeing that it was an inevitable fact that he was doomed to spend the night in this dark, cold structure with nothing but gruesome, gloomy objects and sounds, about him his mind searched for some place where he could rest with some degree of comfort and lie at last upon the couches in the ladies' waiting room on the third floor.

Accordingly he made his way, as well as he could up the three flights of stairs and stumbling and staggering along, finally found the desired "haven of rest," made himself comparatively comfortable on a large couch, using a heavy portiere from the draperies department as a cover.

Once settled, thoughts upon thoughts rushed through his mind and he thought sleep hardly possible. But soon the pleasant, dozy feel was upon him, and he had just about been forced to release his hold on consciousness, when way up above somewhere he heard a slight noise.

There seemed no special occasion to him, however, for all sorts

of noises could be heard from the street, and most likely it was but some echo. There were more slight sounds, however, and he could not resist going to the elevator shaft to listen. He held his breath for a moment and strained every nerve in the endeavor to strengthen his sense of hearing. And ah, yes! there were sounds. Sounds that only a human person could make. A soft step; a clinking as of some metal right against the shaft; and then,—a door,—yes surely a door was opened.

Burglars getting in through the roof!" The thought almost escaped him in a shout but he repressed it to a smothered whisper. The burglar alarm," he breathed to himself.

In an instant he was making his way to the alarm box on the fourth floor. There were alarms on every floor, but this he knew best, and had even examined its mechanism, when a cash boy on that floor, some years before. It was right at the head of the stairs, and in a few minutes he had reached it, at almost the same time had broken the glass, and turned the key.

For those last few moments he had completely forgotten his self-control, but having once sent in the alarm, determined not to be found by the police force in cowardly and watchful idleness, but would get that man and hold him if it cost his life.

Cautiously, therefore, with almost inaudible steps he crawled up the stairs to the fifth floor. No one seemed to stir, nor could he hear the least sound. Mortified, he began to wonder if it could have been only false imagination. But in direct answer, there was a sound, perhaps just on the steps inside the door of the observatory. Stealthily he crept forward, a burnt out revolver flashlight grasped tightly in his hand, with which he could only hope to scare the rascal, but nothing more.

Meanwhile, however, at about the same time that the lights of the store must have gone out, a little tired head raised itself from its cramped position on the old divan in the observatory, and two large blue eyes, stared searchingly into the darkness; then drowsily at the big tower clock. With a start the slender little figure sprang to her feet.

"Twenty-five minutes to nine. Oh Heaven save us. Oh, dear mother, I'm all alone here, in this terrible, big store. Goodness, every body'll be gone! How can I get out? Oh dearie, dear," but in a
The Anchor

moment she was silent. Fear began to seize her and she was trembling fearfully with the cold. She crept back under the coat but even then seemed to get colder and colder.

"What if I'd freeze to death up here, all alone? What if burglars should get in tonight? Oh, there were some in town only a few weeks ago and they got in stores thru the roofs! They could get right in through that transom right above my head. What'll mother think and what will she do? Oh, I'm so cold!"

The more she thought of burglars and the more the cold chilled her, the greater became her impulse to go downstairs. She would be safer and warmer, surely. But, oh, she dreaded even to hear the sound of her own steps. But finally, she did take one brave step, then another, thinking and imagining the while all sorts of awful things.

At first she could not understand why no one had called her. But on second thought, it was all explained. Beth had said she would run down just one minute before five or six, when she was supposed to be on hand again. Besides her stock was one that scarcely needed closing up at night, so that naturally no one would notice the neglect of that either.

She had already descended three steps, her cloak thrown over her shoulders, when it seemed as if she heard suspicious sounds in the regions below. One single distinct sound as of the light step of a person was really and truly sufficient evidence of burglars to her mind, and with forced bravery and unnatural control of her nerves she hurried down the remaining steps, listened a single moment and went rapidly, but still almost noiselessly to the alarm box at the rear end of the fifth floor.

But so much done there flooded back upon her that awful terror and she flew back to the door of the observatory, opened it and stood a few steps up, awaiting in maddening fear, the further proceedings of that villain below.

Oh Laws! It sounded as if he were coming right up; yes, he surely was. Now he was on the fifth floor. Should she go up or down? So terrified and confused was her mind, that she could do neither. And, then, after an almost deadly silence, what greater misfortune could have befallen her than the slipping of her coat to the iron steps, each individual button seeming to clink separately.

Good gracious, now it was all over. The awful burglar without

The Anchor

was approaching the very door behind which she was standing. Then slowly the last barrier began to move. A small crack, first, presented to the poor, dumbfounded little creature the barrel of a revolver, then a hand. The moon, now risen and shining through the window, of the observatory, fell directly upon the door.

Her tongue, at last, loosening itself, she cried out shirilly, "Oh, please Mr. Burglar, don't shoot, don't shoot! I won't hurt you, I won't tell on you. Oh, I'll even,—I'll even—" A face appeared. "Oh, Mr.—Mr. George! Are you a burglar?"

"Why, why, well, Holy Moses, little Rose Heath! are you a burglar?"

One moment it seemed the most ridiculous supposition on earth, but yet, though each relieved of the previous strain, felt inclined to laugh, there came spontaneously to the minds of each, the question as to how and why the other was here alone at this time of night. But suspicions of actual guilt in either were preposterous.

"But my dear girl," began Maxley again in his deep well-controlled voice, "how, why, where did you come from? My sakes alive, you haven't been up here in this ice-box very long, have you?" and just then her eye fell upon the coat lying behind her on the step. He picked it up and placed it carefully upon her shoulders. Rose could hardly even say "thank you", for again she was trembling, but mostly from confusion. However, she did manage to say,

"Mr. Maxley, oh, its awful, but its just what I deserve. You know you let Beth Sorrel have time off and she took my place, 'cause she said I looked tired and I ran off and was going to rest up just a little bit before walking home. And I knew it was wrong, so I guess that is why I just got left up here all alone, and I was so scared and kind of cold, too."

But you aren't scared any more?"

"No, not now."

"But you don't even know that I'm not a burglar."

"Yes, I do. I'm sure I know."

"Thank you Rose, I mean Miss Heath, or no I don't either, if it's the same to you. You'd just as soon be Rose to me wouldn't you, seeing that I've saved you, now?"

"Saved me? What from? How? Am I safe, now?"

"You sure are, if I can help it and you will let me protect you,
won't you, although of course, I realize the limits upon your choice?"

"Well it does seem about the only thing left to do, maybe, I

guess I'd just as soon."

"Accepted then?" he half chuckled, holding out his hand for the

handshake of agreement.

"Accepted," she smiled back as she offered her hand. But

the little, white hand was cold, and the large warm one around it

simply could not unclasp, but instead drew the shivering girlish figure

nearer. The man pronounced dramatically, with shoulders thrown

back and the hand holding the fake revolver raised high above their

heads.

"Your protector!"

The raised hand fell but only as far as the shoulder of its charge,

while the useless flash light fell to the floor. And for one brief second

everything was lost to the two happy, unfortunate, captives, in one

sympathizing embrace.

Suddenly a hurrying and scurrying sounded below. In an in-

stant all the lights were switched on. With a wild, little, motion and

a hardly suppressed scream, Rose cried "Oh, Oh, George! I sent

in the burglar alarm."

"Holy blazes, dear, so did I."

"'Oh, George, what shall we do? What will they think?
How can we make them understand? Oh, hurry, hurry, they're

coming up!""

George's mind was working quickly for really this was beginning
to be a delicate and rather desperate situation. But the best plan (if
it could be called such) that he could manufacture was simple honesty.

"Come down, dear, to the next floor and we'll meet them right
out. It'll be awfully hard and confusing, especially for you but I'll
explain exactly how it was and then even if they do have a laugh on
us, and no matter what they or anyone else will think or say, we'll
always know that our parts were perfectly right and true, because
trying to hide or get out of it would lead to suspicions, don't you think
so?"

"Oh, yes, yes."

Another moment and they were standing in the bright light at
the head of the fifth floor stairs, and at almost the same instance there
began to appear blue uniformed and capped figures, skulking stealthily
on hands and feet up the stairs. The humor of the situation was lost on all, except Rose, who could scarcely hold back a snicker and then, well then they met—burglars, two, and policemen, five.

"What the—a girl? George Maxley? How's this, young man?" 'Twas the angry questioning voice of the Chief of Police, who bore the hurt and baffled appearance of one who considers himself the victim of a practical joke. Soon however, he learned the real situation from Maxley himself and gave evidence of his broadmindedness by actually believing it, without a question, due perhaps to his previous knowledge of the character and integrity of young Maxley.

"And, now, what do you intend to do with this defenseless, pretty little woman you've got on your hands," asked the chief somewhat indulgently and directing his searching gaze toward Rose, who, with cheeks flushed and curly hair all tumbled, stood just a little behind her faithful protector.

"Marry her, or I mean, I'll take her home myself, chief, if you'll be so kind as to allow it.'"

The first word had swept him altogether involuntarily and might have confused him awfully, if in his mind, since that single moment on the steps of the observatory, it had not been to him a decided fact that, this was the girl he had been waiting for and this was the girl he was going to marry.

—Sorosis, '16.

A PREPOSTEROUS PROPOSITION

ABEL was a plain girl from out of the wilds of the big West. Somehow she had caught the spirit of the bigness of things and the little meanires had been left out of her make-up. The sight of vast rolling prairies stretching out in boundless expanse, of areas too extensive for human vision to accurately measure, lying in the brightness of the summer's sun or those same vast plains clad in winter's garb of white; sometimes beneath the star-studded heavens, sometimes under the frown of a lowering storm, had all left their impress on the girl's sensitive nature. Healthy, hearty, and happy, except when things went tremendously wrong—and the world itself seemed upside down to her pleasure-loving disposition, she didn't be-
Though Mabel had been to college and learned the gentle conversational art, she talked to her friends in her own frank fashion which always had a helpful note in it, and made a fellow feel as though he could trust her at any time and know that she was there to sympathize when things went wrong as well as to do her part on the happier, jollier occasions. Slowly the second log turned to embers that brought the firelight glow, and, the shadows brought with them once more thoughts of the two figures.

Only yesterday she had gone for a walk with Jim Vane and only yesterday Jerry Wilkes had returned from California. They had both graduated from the same class last June and both had been good friends to her, but somehow she preferred Jerry to Jim, although Jim was light hearted and handsome and Jerry a more quiet and companionable sort of a fellow. She liked them both, this she admitted to herself, but she had never before thought seriously of either, and as the wood cracked in the fireplace before her, and since she was alone with her thoughts, she could not help going back to yesterday and its events.

It was that walk with Jim and some of the things he said that disturbed her now. They had started down that little old path where they had gone so often during their college days. It was a queer path too, now that she thought of it. The beginning was broad enough for a group of five, then it narrowed, and beyond the little bridge that crossed the creek it was wide enough for three, and then gradually it once more narrowed till just big enough for two, and finally, at the old oak tree which stood right in the path itself, it narrowed down to “Indian file” width,—but few ever went beyond the old oak tree, for there they would stop and whistle or perhaps carve their initials before gazing into the woods beyond, or more often, deciding they had come far enough and it was time to turn back. And so, with the boys and girls of the college, the odd, little old path was known as “The Turn-Back Tree Trail.”

Jim and she had yesterday talked of many things, but she only remembered now what he had said when they came to the tree, and how he had carved her initials, and then boyishly asked if he might not carve his initials right along side, and thereupon, had given certain weighty reasons why—but she had sternly insisted against it; and when Jim finally remarked, rather gingerly, yet with an attempt at playfulness, that the tree didn’t belong to her, and then he carved his initials—J. V.—at the rather respectful distance of seven inches from hers, she had flushed hotly and with an air of great finality, said, “Well sir, Jim Vane, you’ve been good to me and given me many a
pleasant time through your kindness, and I’ll—I’ll not forget it. I’ve tried to show you how we Western girls feel about a man’s being nice to us. He has a right to get to know us and we have to know him. We like to be good friends with men, because—they teach us all sorts of things we’d never know. We get their point of view, and it keeps us from being silly—I think”—this was all of her speech she recalled as she sat gazing at the fire, but she knew that she and Jim were no longer friends on the old basis,—and then once more her thoughts turned to Jerry Wilkes and she recalled that he too, had said rather strange things just before he had left for California and just as the room began to be dark—for she had forgotten this time to add another log to the blaze, and it was growing twilight—the telephone suddenly startled her a bit and rather reluctantly she roused herself from her reveries, but before she had time to reach the phone there had come another rather sharp ring. She walked quickly to answer it this time and a deep masculine voice inquired, “Hello, is Mabel there?”

“This is Mabel,” came the reply and the other voice said, “Well, guess who’s talking”—but Mabel’s cautious nature had taught her not to guess rashly when a gentleman’s voice made such a request, for fear—well, it might be the other fellow—and so she innocently replied “Oh! I suppose it’s just brother trying to mimic someone else!” and the voice from over the line announced himself to be, Jimmy Wilkes, just returned from a grand and glorious trip to California and wanting to know if he might not call at 2315 Ridge Avenue. With an “All right, I’ll expect you at 7:30,” the receiver clicked into its place and Mabel went to turn on the light in the now darkened house.

A half hour later Jerry was talking as though he had not seen her for ages instead of just one short year. The information was varied, rather startling, but intensely interesting. The Wilkes family had gone to the Sunny Land of the birds and flowers where oranges grow and where birds sing all the year. That was the way Jerry described it. They had gone for his father’s health, but the father had died and they found themselves in rather uncomfortable circumstances—so much so, that Jerry had decided to come back to the old town and go into business for himself, but he wanted to ask “Mabel” to help him in a very private matter. The situation was plain; he was coming here to get things started and invest the little capital which had been left him, but he not only wanted to start up a business. Since he was going to be married in four months and since his betrothed could not conveniently come with him and they wanted to start housekeeping directly he was going to ask Mabel if she wouldn’t help him fit up the little house and get it all ready for Mrs. Jerry Wilkes. He had only a limited amount of money to spend on the home and furniture, indeed, it seemed only a meager sum and he would have to count a hundred cents to every dollar and, of course everything must be in the best of taste for nothing was too good for the future Mrs. Jerry. At this proposition Mabel was a little surprised, but her ever ready and willing nature came to the forefront once more and she agreed to help Jerry put up a modest and comfortable little home if her matronly aunt could be taken into the secret and chaperon the shopping expeditions which might create a fruitful subject for ever idle, gossiping tongues. Jerry at once recognized this as the only fair and proper thing to do, but asked that upon the first expedition which was to take them out to look over the little home, she should accompany him alone. After slight persuasion Mabel agreed to this and 9 o’clock, Wednesday morning, of the following week, was decided upon as the most convenient time for the investigation tour. The great hall clock chimed out eleven and Jerry thought he’d better be going. It was with a queer feeling of mingled relief and a mysterious uncertainty as to the successful working out of his plans that he went to his apartments. After an hour he retired, only however to spend a sleepless night for his brain was too busy to allow any real sleep. He thought the situation over and over and decided just how much of his plans he would disclose to Mabel. The thought struck him with overpowering force that he was a rather bold proposition and that the girl surely had a great deal of ‘spunk’ as he expressed it, to agree to the project. Yet the first bold plunge had been made and though he admired the girl for her readiness to aid him, he half wished that he hadn’t broached the subject. He had created his own situation and must face it though he hardly knew how.

Promptly at nine the following morning he called at 2315 Ridge Avenue and a few minutes later the girl and he were driving out to the little country place he had selected for his home. As they neared the suspension bridge that crossed the river a mile on this side
of their intended destination, they noticed that a crowd had gathered and upon coming nearer, that the bridge was slightly out of commission so that any one wishing to cross the river would have to row across. Undaunted, the girl gaily took her place in the boat and the man grasped the oars. Once in the boat it occurred to Jerry that by rowing up stream a little way he could cut short an otherwise warm and dusty walk. Under his skillful and measured stroke of the oars the little craft sped swiftly over the waters, and, since both were busy thinking, neither talked for a time, then Mabie ventured, half slyly, "Perhaps I could do this better if I were to see a picture of the girl, because from her looks I might be able to tell what would better suit her and what kind of furniture she would like." At these words Jerry's thoughts were in confusion, but for a moment only, then he drew out his watch. Carefully opened it, gazed rather fondly at the face inside the cover. The girl in the boat had noticed the fond glance which Jerry had bestowed upon the picture and recalled that she had seen him look that way once before—her heart beat faster as she thought of it—that once before was hers, Mabie's picture, but she didn't think he recalled so she continued to study the future Mrs. Jerry's picture in silence before saying, "She's very nice looking," and he replied, "It's a very natural picture,"—and when the boat struck the bank, the girl closed the watch and handed it back to the man who replaced it in her vest pocket and then quietly assisted her from the boat.

It was only a short walk to the house which was placed rather far back in a huge lot with big trees in front, under which a winding little path led them to the house itself, an old fashioned, yet interesting country place, but very limited sum he had for the purpose of fitting up the house. Every nook and cranny was looked into and the girl decided just how she would make the little home look. Then they started back, busily thinking where they could buy to the best advantage. Again they came to the river and, this time it seemed, the man plied the oars with even greater dexterity and precision than when they had come. All the while the girl was busy as she sketched on paper a little plan of the rooms, and the man observing her closely in the meantime said to himself, "Always knew she'd be equal to any occasion and not display her real feelings even she's actually surprised, for she wouldn't be at such a preposterous proposition as I've just unfolded"—then coming to the actual situation once more, the man spoke. "Don't work too hard, Mabie," he laughingly remarked—"Just put away that pencil and paper and say a few words to a lonesome fellow." The girl looked up and into his eyes which were gazing straight at hers—and looked earnestly at him for the fraction of a minute, then slowly smiled as she asked, "Don't you think we'd better plan some system to our shopping? Say for instance, the carpets, rugs, curtains, tapestries and things of that sort that we'll need, and then get each room fitted up by itself as we go along, first finishing the kitchen and the jolly little living room and then proceeding upwards and outwards to the slanting and the paint." Jerry had never dreamed of systematic shopping, but as though the idea were quite old to him in a matter-of-fact tone, he readily retorted. "Yes, that's by far the better way." They had once more come to the bridge and disembarked from the boat to get the horse and drove hurriedly to town arriving just at noon. Hastily they ate a light meal, called quickly for the chaperon aunt and again hurried off; this time to the painter's shop where arrangements were made for the decoration of the walls and the interior furnishings. From there they went to look at the rugs—brussels, ingrain, axminster,—little and big of every conceivable size, shape and color until they finally came upon one that Mabie thought was just right for the living room, but which proved an impossibility when the clerk quoted $55 as the price. Mabie wanted it anyway, but Jerry rigidly held that he could not afford it, and later, they did find one which surpassed the one in question in every other respect but the price. In another shop they had little difficulty in purchasing curtains of plain scrim which though reasonably priced, were pretty because of their very simplicity. With orders to have the things sent to the little country place and with all sorts of odd bundles tucked under their arms or bulging from pockets; the three trudged wearily homeward, tired, yet satisfied with the purchases they had made.

The next few weeks brought much the same round of hurry and bustle, and first making the rounds of the shops and observing there
the best articles, those representing the greatest value for the money, they were kept very busy until noon each day. Then after rather hastily eaten dinners, they revisited the shops to order delivered those articles upon which they had decided and to consider further those not yet provided for. They agreed on everything but the dining room table and chairs and here Mabie wanted to show some slight extravagance on a rich, massive-looking set, but Jerry contended that it was no better than another set which was not quite so costly and which would answer the purpose as well. Mrs. Martel, the chaperon aunt, came to the rescue by suggesting another set that served as a compromise, which was accordingly ordered to be sent along with the rest of the furniture going to the little country home. Here, they would begin the arrangement of things in their proper places on the Tuesday following their strenuous weeks of shopping. The time between was so busily occupied with little minor details that Tuesday seemed to come very soon indeed, and once more they were off to the little, old house at the end of the shady lane.

Meantime the interior decorations had been done and the place wore a more promising look as it stood ready for its renovation in rather its rejuvenation. Under the able directions of Mabie and Mrs. Martell, the once almost shabby little place was transformed into a delightfully cozy and inviting looking home—so inviting and cozy that, Mabie viewed the finished results of their labors and then clapped her hands at the enchanting appearance that the sheer simplicity of it all seemed to lend to the place, and she secretly wished that she might be going to live in the little home thus erected. Then as she ran down the steps, out to her aunt waiting in the carriage, she was stopped by Jerry who wanted her to turn back and go with him through the house.

"Just once more," he begged, "to see if everything is shipshape and already for Mrs. Jerry when she comes." They went from room to room and the pleased sense of satisfaction showed in the eyes of the man as he looked about him and said, "East, west, home's best," and added, "No doubt of that either." To this the girl could only reply, "I wish everybody thought so," and the man, as if talking to no one in particular philosophized, "They would if they had a home and a home-maker like mine. The average man would care for his home above all other places one earth, if he got half a chance. It's in him to do it—it's in the most restless and migratory of his sex. No matter how much he roams about, he likes to know he has a home to go to, and his fondness for staying in it is in exact proportion to the degree in which that home approaches the ideal. Not in the outward show—most men care surprisingly little about that—but in the qualities which make it a place happily different from the best club or bachelor's hall which ever existed—then turning to Mabie—you have those qualities, for you girls furnish them. It's the woman in the home who furnishes it if it is furnished at all, and if she fails—God help the home, nobody else can." "But" the girl protested, "how can she if he's not the right sort?" She can try of course, but if she's not encouraged by his appreciation—Well, it ought to be a partnership. I admit and mine's going to be!"he boasted—"but come Mabie, there's the coach still outside and we must be going back." Silently he closed the doors and after carefully turning the keys as if he were locking up a treasure house, he ran to catch up with Mabie as she walked to the waiting carriage. Jerry took the front seat alone and the girl and the aunt sat behind, and again thoughts were busy and no one spoke till they reached the girl's home, when the man assisted the ladies in alighting from the carriage and gave Mabie's hand a hearty shake and stammered out a "Thank you" which the girl never forgot.

A few moments later, alone in her room, the girl thought the whole matter over for the first time. She had been so busy, she had forgotten that she wasn't doing it all for herself, and now as she saw in her mind's eye, the cozy, carefully prepared, little home it almost seemed as if it belonged to her, she wanted it—oh, she wanted that little house—the hot tears came to her eyes as she thought of the sweet faced picture in the cover of Jerry's watch. She thought she must be selfish and she wasn't as big-spirited as the man had taken her to be, otherwise, she reflected, he would never have asked her to do him this somewhat unusual favor, and then she wondered why she felt so. She was thinking of Jerry—"What," she asked herself, "would you say was his strongest characteristic? Honesty just honesty," she mused. "He's just the sort you'd trust with your money or your life. The sort you can look squarely in the eyes and know his thought about you is white. He'd measure up to the standard anywhere you might put him. Yet he's no paragon. I don't think I'd like a man to be a paragon, do you? He has faults of course and is so happily human. Yet somehow he makes me think of those old lines:
“Not his the golden pen’s or lips persuasion,
But as a sense of right,
And truth’s directness meeting each occasion
Straight as a line of light.”

at this she laughed through her tears, those tears she had shed for being selfish, laughed to think she was thinking of Jerry when she ought not to and she almost wished she could see the girl who was to be the mistress of the little place that she, Mabie, had spent so much time and loving thought on. She wondered what the girl was really like and if she would approve of the taste Mabie had displayed in her selection of the furnishings of the home,—but here her thoughts were disturbed by someone calling, “Mabie; oh, Mabie,” and a few minutes later Jerry was saying as they walked—“Well, Mabie, I’m sure I don’t know how to thank you for all you’ve done and so I’m going to tell you all about,—well,—all about—Mrs. Jerry,” he faltered. They were at the end of the avenue and he suggested the, “Turn-back Tree Trail” so no one would overhear. They walked in silence for some time except for the occasional remarks of Jerry to the effect that he knew Miss Lawton. She thought of the home so well furnished and ready at her coming,—the path was now big enough for only two for they had crossed the little bridge and were nearing the old oak.—Jerry tried to describe her to Mabie, but somehow what he said wasn’t very definite—and suddenly they came to a halt before the big oak tree, blocking the way, the old oak right in the path itself; and there Jerry saw and they both recognized the initials, “J. V.” at the respectful distance of seven inches from Mabie’s monogram. Jerry studied them for a moment in silence and then said, “Jim Vane” and after a pause added, “The impudent wretch.”

Mystified at this outburst, the girl simply stared at the man who, taking his jack-knife with a single flourish of the blade changed the V to W and then read, “Mabel Martel—Jerry Wilkes.”

Too astonished to say anything the girl watched the man’s next move. He calmly took out his watch, again gazed at the face inside the cover, and bestowing upon it that same fond look, again handed it to Mabie for her inspection. The girl this time, looked at her own likeness.

There was silence except for the rustle of the leaves of the big

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How little in this age of activity and progress, do we stop to think of that subtle power which helps to keep the machinery of this great world running smoothly—namely courtesy. Gentle manners are inborn with some; others must cultivate them. With our college education should come a greater respect and gentleness in our relations with each other. A keen observer might notice that our college men do not always doff their hats when etiquette demands, are slow to offer seats in Chapel as well as in classes. Who has not felt the scrutinizing glance, bantering tongue of those youths who form a double file before that most popular of buildings—Carnegie Hall? Who has not felt that curious something which keeps the fair sex gathered at one end of Voorhees reception hall, while the masculine element stand expectantly at the other, waiting, we surmise for the fair damsels to signify their choice. Should these things be? The gentler sex may also be at fault, does each maiden try to be courteous to those in whom she has no especial interest. Are the voices we hear over the telephones, gentle and well modulated as they might be?

Do we treat our Dean and Faculty members as courteously as we should? Alas, we fear that in this ceaseless rush after that elusive abstract thing, an education, we forget that education in its broadest sense includes that fineness of character whose noblest expression is courtesy toward young and old, rich and poor.

Hope College has won fame in scholarship, in oratory, may we not strive to make her a college of gentlemen and gentlewomen, whose motto shall be:

"Manners so kind, yet stately, such a grace,
Of tenderest courtesy which when it wedes with manhood, makes a man.

THINGS YOU DIDN'T SAY.

ID you ever stop for a moment in your busy career to ponder on the things you wanted to say but didn't? Several very interesting volumes could be composed of your restrained sentiments which, not being given expression, were lost to the world. Perhaps it is a blessing that they were, and perhaps it is not. After all is said and done, that, like so many other things in this life, is a problem. The time when your last match went out and there wasn't another within five miles, the time you went out canoeing with your best girl and the weather, but you couldn't tell her how it ached because you had an attack of the hiccoughs,—the time when the neighbor's baby howled all night and kept you from sleeping,—the time when the new minister's wife came to call during housecleaning,—the time when you flunked three times just the day your father happened to be visiting school,—can you look back into your own experiences and recall just what you didn't say under the circumstances?

But there is a serious side to the subject as well as a humorous one. Did it ever happen that a fellow-student was running on the wrong track and you didn't say anything? Did you ever tell your professor how you appreciated the extra time and trouble he took trying to make that hard part of the lesson clear to you? Perhaps you didn't say the word of loving kindness to the discouraged schoolmate.
whose outlook on life was a bit clouded? Did you say anything to comfort the homesick student and cheer the one who was about ready to give up? Did you speak the word of loyal defense for the friend who was being misjudged?—did you champion your Alma Mater when she was criticised,—or didn’t you say anything? The tendency today is to lay a great deal of emphasis on what people say,—and that is as it should be: the spoken word is a mighty power, but it must not be forgotten that there is just as much involved in the things that you didn’t say.

—Sorosis, ’15.

LETTERS FROM THE NETHERLANDS

The Hague, July 2, 19—.

Dear Eunicé:

The Dutch are kind-hearted, honest and hospitable, but exasperatingly slow. They may be further distinguished by their lack of the sense of humor, and by their ugly footwear. They don’t wear the wooden shoes—that is, not in the cities—but the boots they do wear could scarcely be beaten for clumsiness.

They are a quaint people in a quaint land. Windmills, dikes, canals, flat green fields, Holstein cattle,—all the traditional Dutch scenery is here in this crowded little country. The life of the people too seems to be just as we have often heard it described,—simple and primitive.

This old capitol city is like many American cities, but yet so very different. Imagine a main business street barely wide enough to allow two carriages to pass, yet such is the case here. And, Oh, Eunicé! they have the “dearest” little shops. Some of the things are so cheap that it’s a shame to leave them in the shops. I’m going to buy gloves to last for years to come.

There’s a milk peddler’s cart in the street below. A dog draws the little cart, and on it is a great brass milk-can, polished so that you can see your reflection in it. Other peddlers sell vegetables and fruits and I’m positive that they scrub ‘em before they start out. You have never tasted such cherries as they have here. I went out and bought some from one of these street peddlers, and you should have seen the land-lady’s face when I came in! If you ever come here, Eunicé, you must bear in mind that anything not painfully dignified

will shock the natives. I’m going to tell the landlady a few tales of Hope College doings some day, just to see what happens. I’ll wait until its nearly time to leave, though. It will be more discreet.

Sincerely,

Gravenhage, July 9, 19—

My Dearest Eunicé:

Just be thankful that you are an American girl. Sunday afternoon we were out walking in the Haagse Bosch,—a beautiful stretch of woods extending out of the city,—and we were constantly meeting little family groups. Mynheer, with his cigar and walking-stick, was always ahead. Then about four steps behind came his wife, pushing a perambulator, while two or three other small children tugged at her skirts. Women’s Rights!!

Don’t ever let me hear you complain again about French verbs, my dear. A little twelve-year-old friend of mine speaks French German and English, besides her mother-tongue. And she’s no prodigy. All the children of that age know three or four languages. They begin their French in the second grade. The Dutch children really take their education seriously. By the time they are ten or twelve years old, they know very definitely what they want to be when they grow up. That’s more than many of our college seniors know.

Very dutchly,

Therese.

Borsele, Zeeland, July 29, 19—

Dear Eunicé,

This is the most fun yet. When I become fabulously wealthy, I’m going to buy one of those little houses here and come out occasionally just for a “lark.” Why, my dear, we slept in “cupboards” last night!

Oh, I’ll tell you all about it. We came to Goes by train and then drove to this metropolis. The whole town watched us come in. This is really, truly, primitively Dutch,—wooden shoes, gay costumes, head-dress and all. Such a “rara avis” as an American they are privileged to behold only once in two or three years, and they certainly make the most of their opportunity. How I wish you could be with me! We could make them open their eyes even wider.
But you must realize that your worthy ancestors and mine, and many others of the 1847 pioneers came from this district. I'm sure that the hamlet hasn't changed a bit since they left. Why, there are people here as old as you and I, who have never been outside the place. Imagine this!

We are staying at the funniest little hotel and the landlady is quite solicitous for the comfort of her guests. The hotel arrangements consist of one bedroom, so you see they are not accustomed to entertaining guests very frequently. And judging from the air in the room, it hadn't been open for weeks. We had to use the little cupboard of the house in order to have enough room for our party. This cupboard was in a low attic, which boasted one window about a foot square. This had been open, but the landlady thought she had better close it for us. "Anders trekt het zoo," she said! And that at the end of July, with the thermometer a 92 degrees.

We slept fairly well in our cupboard, in spite of the draught. The beds really are cupboards, you know. They are built 'way into the wall, and in the daytime the doors are closed, so that one would not know there was any sign of sleeping accommodations. It is said that the most aristocratic people close the doors on themselves at night. Believe it if you want to—I have my doubts.

I'll tell you all about this place when I reach home. Five weeks more. The Netherlands is very pleasant, but give me the United States. I could hug every American flag I see.

As ever,

Therese.

Arnhem, August 12, 19—.

My dear:—

I feel like a lady from the days of feudalism when I wander thru the country here. These fine estates with their old castles take one back to the Middle Ages. Many of them still have the moat about them and look altogether romantic. We saw a particularly "spooky" looking one yesterday that made me think of the "Fall of the House of Usher." B-r-r-r-h!! It made me shiver.

The landscape here is most beautiful. Lovely wooded hills stretch out on every hand, and one can look 'way over into Germany. It gave me the feeling that I was spying out the promised land, for we leave for Germany and Switzerland this afternoon.

Later:—(on the train).—Don't mind if this writing looks a bit jiggly, will you? This road-bed isn't as smooth as it might be. The funniest incident happened in the station at Arnhem. A very dignified-looking Army officer came into the waiting-room and right behind him a simple "boerin." The gentleman stopped up to the—- "Mercy me! I'll have to stop this minute. We're nearing the Dutch frontier town and I must mail this with my last Dutch stamp. The story will keep.

Lovingly,

Therese.

The Hague, Sept. 4, 19—.

Dear Eunice:—

Back again from a trip such as I can never describe on paper. I'll just have to wait until I reach home. This letter goes on the boat before ours, so it will reach you just before I do.

Three more days, and then we're off for "the land of the free and the home of the brave." O, how I long for the sight of an American train, and a department store, and our own Lake Michigan, and a chocolate sundae. Just three days more for

Therese.

During one of these cold, frosty nights we have been having, the Junior class went "dashing thru the snow" to Macatawa. It required a good deal of locomotion to keep safely out of Jack Frost's way, and Juniors can tell you of the wonderful acrobatic feats performed on that six-mile ride. They stopped at the Bay View long enough to warm up and fill up before the homeward ride.

Roller skating parties are becoming popular. Monday night, Feb. 16, the Senior Class had a fine time skating and learning to skate. Some of the class were on the best of terms with roller skates and could glide about with serene confidence, while the ludicrous blunders that others made, only made the evening's fun all the jollier.
On the evening of February the 26th, the Sorosis society entertained the Delphi society at Voorhees Dormitory. The hostesses certainly did their best to give their visitors a good time and every part of the evening was thoroughly enjoyed. The Sorosis girls had among their number, several charming European ladies, besides a typical Indian maid, a little Japanese lady, and a good, old-fashioned Southern mammy, who was as black as you can find them. If ever you get a glimpse of the picture taken that night, you'll see them all, sitting in the front row.

On the same evening, the ambitious Meliphonians gave a royal banquet at Hotel Holland. Everything was done in such fine style that the fair guests could not help but be impressed with its splendors. Music was furnished and toasts were responded to by members of the society. When it comes to giving banquets, the Meliphonians aren't far behind.

The "Frats" gave their mid-winter banquet on the evening of February the 21st. It was a pleasantly informal affair. There were a few difficulties, such as an unexpected snow storm that evening, and electric lights that inconveniently refused to work. But these difficulties were nobly overcome and the party proved to be a fine success.

The story entitled "Don Quixote" in the Calvin College Chime is very interesting and humorous. We have seen men like Joe.

The Spectator and College Chips contain the most exhaustive criticisms of their exchanges, of any of the college papers we receive.
account of conflicting dates, M. A. C. was not scheduled, but since M. A. C. was beaten by Northwestern and since Hope whipped Northwestern—Q. E. D.—Hope’s claim holds good.

Our ‘Prelims’, altho few, have proven rare treats. The Reserves humbled the Melphonians in a rough and tumble game. A week later, the scientific ‘Seminole’ (Burt Van Zyle, etc.) bested the Reserves by one point. Tonight these two contenders play for the rubber. We are assured a good game.

The Freshmen boys cleaned up on the Sophs., beating them by three baskets. The following week the Soph. Girls’ pulled a pretty one over the boasted Freshman Six. This was an exceptionally fast game and was won in the last minute of play, Georgiana scoring the winning point. Score, 6-5.

EXTRA! EXTRA!! EXTRA!!

Last night Hope clinched its hold on the State championship by defeating Olivet in a slow, listless game. Miller of Olivet made several phenomenal shots in the latter half of the game. The score, 33-20.

INTER-COLLEGIATE STATE CHAMPS

Hope’s squad claims the above title. She has beaten Mt. Pleasant, Olivet, Kazoo College, Northwestern, Kazoo Normals. On
(Watch for them!!!)
Two new tennis courts have been donated to us, and this impetus augurs an interesting season. Let's all play tennis and make a big racket.

Sorosis Limericks

If you never have heard of the fame
Of a girls' club, Sorosis by name,
It surely is time
That you learn from this rime
Why these girls at Hope famous became.

We're ruled by the small, dainty hand
Of Hazel, our president grand;
She's regal in mien,
And so stately a queen
That we bow to her smallest command.

A loyal Sorosite Charlotte:
Her love wavers never a jot;
She's surely true blue;
When there's something to do
Can we do it without her? Guess not.

A member whom we all adore
Is Cornelia. Her friendship explore.
And you'll certainly say,
That to see her each day,
Means to love her each day more and more.

A particular maiden is Min:
She's always as neat as a pin;
But don't be afraid,
That she's an "old maid."
For you'll find that she's not at all prim.

"Dot" Pieters and her sister Ruth
Are "sister Sorosites" in truth;

"Dot's" rougish as Fate,
While Ruth's more sedate:
They are valuable members, forsooth.

A more thrilling romance there was never
Than that of Miss Bolks and her Visscher:
And tho it will grieve us
To have Martha leave us,
It is happiness ever we wish her.

So brilliant a lass is Miss Poppen
That she keep her professors all hoppin'
To find something new
For this bright maid to do,
For she works on and on without stoppin'.

Wilma Oxner's a most demure maid
Who on our affections made raid;
Although some say she's shy,
She is not so, say I,
For of Prof's, she e'en unafraid.

A popular lady is Margret,
Cupid uses her heart for a target;
Her ways are so winning,
That oft, without sinning,
She wins her own way without argument.

Christine is a talented lass
From that most brilliant Sophomore class:
In both reason and rime
She doth far outshine
All those who would fain her surpass.

Clara Yntema's merry and sunny,
With a smile that is sweeter than honey;
Although she's much sought for,
She can never be bought; for
She's worth to us more than much money.
I'm sure all Sorosites agree
That we owe a great debt to Marie,
   Who with womanly neatness,
   And sisterly sweetness,
Stretched our curtains as neat as can be.

It was Tessie who played at center
When the Freshmen girls' team did enter
   The contest exciting
With Sophs morals requiting,
Who pounced on the Fresh team and sent 'er.

Janet Mulder's a loquacious maiden:
Of all of the places she's stayed in
   She can give you the name
Of each person of fame,
And, moreover, what each was arrayed in.

Ethel Dykstra's a very sweet lassie:
We'll all agree sure she is classy;
   She dances and sings
And does many more things.
That will keep her fro c'er passee.

Of Hope's orator we are all proud;
We hope we'll be some day allowed
   To hear her declaim
From the platform of fame;
Anne Kolyn is the girl in a crowd.

It's not every day one can see
Two chums "thicker" than Nell and "Bee";
   They're always together,
Whatever the weather,
And they always are sure to agree.

Our Martha's a maiden most breezy,
Who once said, "Altho it's not easy,
For me to 'shoot baskets'
   (I'd rather fill flasket)
I have 'wind', and will never get wheezy."

A girl who, I'm sure, will attain
To the highest of literary fame,
   Is a Freshman Sorosite
   With mind keen and most bright—
   Elizabeth Pieters, her name.

"Gite" Steketee's jolly and witty,
Vivacious and lively and pretty;
   She excels in each line;
"I would be most hard to find
A more "all round" girl in this city.

A lively young girl's Marguerite;
Although she is small and petite,
   When you see her you'll swear
That she's surely "all there."
And, moreover, all there with both feet.

A genius is Henrietta Bolks:
She will some day surprise Holland folks;
   For her stories so clever
Will win fame forever,
For in short-story writing she soaks.

The chauffeur that's Eva's desire,
While driving her, punctured a tire;
   And I've heard some one tell
   (Who must know very well)
That she cried out in great fright "Oh, My—er!"

"Gert" Keppel, prima donna Sorosite,
Ever takes her audience by storm quite;
   Whenever she sings,
The Soros hall rings
   With tones which are clear, pure and bright.
Anne Visscher's a girl tall and stately,  
Who plays the piano first-rate, 
It must take much "Art"  
To give her the heart 
To stand so much cold (?) "winter" lately.

We're all proud of Muriel Fortune 
Who excels both in art and rime; 
An artist and poet 
(You surely must know it) 
It a very hard task to combine.

A girl who has plenty of "pep" 
Is Rhea. She sure has the "rep" 
Of being "live" as can be. 
Each day exactly at three 
She to "movie" mats, stately doth step.

I wonder what "Betty" would do 
If some statement she should misconstrue, 
By a trick of the Fates, 
And get mixed on her "dates"? 
I'd think her in sad plight. Don't you?

A fast little forward's Ruth Blekkink; 
When you see her play basket, you'd think 
That to her there's some class, 
For the way she can pass 
Would make you sit right up and blink.

And now that a glimpse you have seen, 
Of each girl that I've thrown on the screen, 
With best wishes to you, 
I bid you adieu.

Yours truly,—  
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