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Each year she came, with birds upon the wing

Proclaiming her approach with joyful song,

Though often wintry blasts delayed her long.

Unaided she could not dispel the snow,

Nor break the fetters which held nature bound,

Nor cause the grass, the flowers, the trees to grow,—

For this, a willing servant soon she found—

The sun. With rays more warm he pierced the ground;

Each morn he rose more early; and each night

He later hid his face, with glory bright.

Though Ostora each year the earth released

From winter’s deadly grip and icy chain,

Another foe, more fearful, never ceased

To grip her people with disease and pain.

For many a year no help could she obtain

To quell this mortal foe; at length she found

A greater Sun, who did with strength abound,

Aroused by her, this Sun of Righteousness

Arose, as victor over death,—dread foe.

With healing in his wings, He ‘gan redress

Man’s fatal injuries, his heavy woe,

And light and life most glorious to bestow

On all. The name of Ostora we give

To the glad day on which He rose to live.

R. K. ’14
THE SOCIALISM OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

This oration was awarded first place in the Women’s State Oratorical Contest.

Our nation is entering upon a new era. Who can doubt it? The boy passes from childhood to the growing power of youth, and then steps into the virile strength of manhood; so America, cradled in Freedom, entered the stronger life of Equality, and today waits, longingly yet uncertainly, upon the threshold of her higher development—Brotherhood. When Time ushered in the Twentieth Century, he showed her a land, stored with the wisdom and the riches of preceding ages, but also revealed to her in that land, immense cities, where, in dirty tenements, hundreds were living in poverty, in misery, and in vice; he revealed to her a land through which wealth was forcing a wedge, a land of unrest and dissension, a land in which selfishness was fast becoming a monarch. We may fancy that Time said unto her: "Thy great task, oh Twentieth Century, must be to teach men, not literature, not science, but the art of living together as men; to teach thy children the immortal maxim, ‘I am my brother’s keeper.’"

The principle of brotherhood is vital. Behind it lies a deep law of life. From the single-cell amoeba to complex humanity, all life depends upon labor for others and sacrifice of self. The story of life is a story of love. In the migration of tribes, in the settlement of cities, in the growth of peoples, selflessness is the eternal law of progress. We turn the pages of history and we read that the law of brotherhood is so vital that its disobedience means ruin. When Greece made half of her population slaves, she fell; when Rome became a plutocracy, she died; when Napoleon Bonaparte, for his own glory, stained Europe with blood, he became a hated exile. Through all existence, in the din and turmoil of war with self, we hear the undertone of a deep law of life—the law of altruism, irrevocable, undeniable, abiding.

Today America is awakening to the fact that, within her borders, neglect of this supreme law of life has made the vital principle of brotherhood of utmost need. In recognition of this fact, Professor Giddings says: "We are witnessing today, beyond question, the decay—perhaps not permanent, but at any rate the decay—of our republican institutions." Into America there has been worming its way a spirit of selfish Individualism. It is impairing our Republic. It has made our cities filthy and crowded. It has filled them with the rush and the pathos of a mad struggle for gold. It has given to one per cent of the people of America, one-half of all America’s wealth. It is propagating an Industrialism more destructive than war, whose history of twenty-four thousand lockouts and strikes in twenty years reads like a strange foreboding. Raising high its old cry of the "survival of the fittest," it is building its mastery upon servitude and its strength upon weakness. Undeniably, America has a deadly foe within her borders, for the present condition of Individualism in America is wrong and ruinous.

To counteract this spirit of modern Individualism, there has arisen another extreme, that “most striking phenomenon of the past decade,” the spirit of Socialism, the call for an economic industrial organization, based upon public ownership and control. Socialism is gaining power today, for to the man hungry and cold the economic basis of life means food and clothes. That man whose wages are stolen from him by high prices, can not but be charmed by the voice of distributive justice. As long as a people compares Socialism with modern Individualism, Socialism will increase in power.

The condition of America today is therefore most critical. She hesitates between the selfishness of Individualism and the impracticability of Socialism. Greed and lust of gain, with its charm of wealth and power, is tempting America to answer its call. But the cry of the oppressed has sounded forth. The masses are in commotion. Will they answer the voice of Socialism? The pent-up feelings of the American people must find some channel of expression. Today our country stands at the parting of the ways. It is of utmost importance, therefore, that the problem of the present crisis be solved aright.

To Individualism we cannot turn. It is wrong and ruinous; it is also irrational. American civilization is a complex
network of interdependent parts, which rely for their success
not upon struggle or warfare, but upon co-operation and un-
selfish family relationship. That nation can never prosper
which provides for the strength and prosperity of its few, and
leaves its hundreds in degradation. Is not the whole equal to
the sum of all its parts? The health of society depends upon
the health of its members. All parts are "members of one
body," and "if one member suffereth, all the members suffer
with it."

Nor dare we entrust America to the outgrown ideas of
group life, to systems of Socialism which ignore the absolute
importance of active personal zeal, and the value of freedom
as a fundamental of our national life. We cannot believe that
the artificial adjustments of society, which the Socialists offer,
can produce the desired progress. Must this ideal state not
rather be found in something fundamentally human; in some
relationship which will adjust itself to the laws of life?

America needs no great change in government. She
needs a change in men. Indeed, no system of laws is so perfect
that evil men may not pervert it. Nor can we believe that
the altered Society, advocated by the Socialists, will change men.
Will prohibiting capitalism prohibit greed? Will changing
government change selfishness? No; we can not effectually
reform institutions unless we reform the men from whom these
institutions grow.

Moreover, Socialism can not equalize men. It may adjust
muscular labor and wages; it can never equalize the value of
men in intellect and in energy. The most it can do here is to
cripple and to deaden these wonderful powers of American
organization and invention. Nature makes men unequal. Like
a vast organism, America's success depends upon the strength
of all its parts, but all parts must not be equal. Each part, by
its distinctive worth, aids in the uniform success of the whole.

We are laboring today to build one of the world's grandest
civilizations, and know you not that civilization depends upon
two laws: that the Individual is of value; and that the Indi-
vidual is perfect only when his life is joined with the lives of
others? Of these two laws, Individualism comprises only the
first, and Socialism comprises only the second. How can we
build civilization upon a theory which embraces only one of
its two primary laws? Individualism is useful in so far as it
does not destroy society; Socialism is beneficial in so far as it
does not injure the individual.

Whither then shall we turn for our solution? Individual-
ism and Socialism, irrational and inadequate in themselves,
can be united. We can combine Individual liberty with the
promotion of public good; we can make Altruism the com-
plement of Egoism. How can this be accomplished? Through
the individual who learns to find his own good in the good of
others; who learns to love others as he loves himself. We
must blend self and others in the human heart. And why this
blending? To me it means a solution—the Socialism of the
Individual. This can solve the present problem by reforming
the foundation of all social progress—the Individual. Social-
ism can never remedy Individualism because it can change
only the group. We propose a solution which will reform the
Individual and, consequently, also the group. Behind the
perfect society is always the perfect man. Self and other can
unite only in the human heart. Socialism and Individualism
can be combined only by the reformed Individual. The solu-
tion of America's great social problem lies not in changed
government, but in changed men; not in reconstructed laws
and rules, but in the higher ethics of a nation's citizens; not
in the communal adjustments of the Socialism of Society, but
in the personal altruism of the integrity of the Individual.

Today the greatest service which a man can render to his
nation is to offer himself as an individual who sets justice
above policy, who esteems truth more than selfish advance-
ment. The great dynamic for a nation's glory is a citizenship
permeated with the principles of unselfishness. We need more
men who believe in "the square deal for everybody," men who
are willing to "play fair" in the great game of life, men who
voluntarily co-operate and give all an even chance. America's
progress today depends not upon men in battle line or fortress,
but upon those stationed at a thousand points of greater
danger—the philanthropist, the educator, the economist, the
employer; indeed, upon all who bear that honored name—
American citizen. The Capitalist must love man more than
money; the laborer must love humanity more than class; the professional man must love fellowman more than fame; all Americans must love their country more than themselves. Thus the reformed Individual will reform society!

You call this Idealism? Then what, pray, do you mean by Realism? Is Realism hatred, armed with fire-brand and dynamite? Is it greed, crushing lives beneath iron wheels of Industry? Is a life at its worst more real than a life at its best? more real than a life rising to its ideals? No; true Realism, for a life means only the attainment of its highest possibilities. True Realism, for a nation, means only the realization of that nation’s Ideals. In an age in which nations clasp hands as brothers, among a people who rally to the call of sufferers throughout the world, in a nation professedly Christian, we can depend upon the noble impulse awakened in men’s hearts as the key to America’s victory. An age of arbitration, a people of sympathy, a nation with Christian laws,—these combined can uproot all class hatred.

You call this impossible? I seek my answer in the past. I catch the vision of a Nazarene choosing twelve simple men. I see Him teaching them a story of the regeneration of the human heart. I see Him leaving this earth with a grand trust in those twelve men to change the world by changing human hearts. I can trace the power of the Individual through all succeeding generations. I see a man like Francis of Assisi, standing alone against Europe’s covetous and greedy hordes, and yet turning them back by his sublime unselfishness, by his simple demand, “Let us love one another.” I seek my answer in the past, and it rings clear from flame-charred stake and prison-wall, from throne and rostrum, from battle-field and bivouac. You ask my answer? Do your Individual duty. A nation’s glory lies not in her treasuries, not in her halls of legislation. It lies deep in the hearts of that nation’s people. It lies in the justice, the love, the fraternity of that nation’s citizens.

Children of the Twentieth Century, let the call of Individualism gone mad, and Socialism increasing in power, awaken you. The hour demands fraternity,—not fraternity through means of force, not fraternity through communal adjustment, but fraternity living and growing in the hearts of the American people. This fraternity may come as Liberty did, with weapons of warfare; it may come as Equality did, with garments dripping with blood. Thanks to an all-wise Creator, it may come as the still small voice within the hearts of men. The trials of a Columbus and a Cortez found our country; the struggles of a Raleigh and a John Smith peopled it; the labors of a Franklin and a Washington purchased it; the unselfishness of a Grant and a Lincoln redeemed it: let us, advancing under their banner of sublime altruism, preserve that country. Then, as the Twentieth Century departs to the land of the Past, America’s shores will ring with her parting word “Peace,” and the answer of that nation’s people will echo back, “Good will toward men,” the Socialism of the Individuals.

IRENE J. STAPEKKAMP, ’12

CHARLES DICKENS.

It is a deplorable fact that many students fail to appreciate the classics. They read all the great English authors from Chaucer to Swinburne and Kipling, not because they have a particular interest in them, but because long custom and the English Course in college requires it. And yet, as the writer can testify, even this superficial reading may arouse a deep interest and a genuine appreciation of the author’s merit. But, even with this saving grace, we must confess that many students are rather strengthened in their preconceived judgment. For, how can a student of twenty read with pleasure an author whom only a matured mind of fifty or sixty can appreciate? And yet, most of the classics can be appreciated by the average college student; and in this way. Let him seek to approach the author from the author’s own viewpoint, and with a desire to enjoy and receive benefit from the reading of his works.

In the past month, general interest has been aroused by the centenary of Charles Dickens; and the question has come to me, why his books are not more widely read by the students. Did he write books only for old men to smoke and doze over?
No, if only he were read, he would be enjoyed by young and old alike. We must get the author's point of view; then only can we derive pleasure and benefit from the reading of his works.

To correctly understand Dickens' position, it is necessary to take a brief survey of his childhood. His birth of poor parentage, and his early childhood, pressed by constant fear of creditors, is vividly portrayed in David Copperfield by the characters of the Micawbers. When his father was finally thrown into the debtors' prison, Charles found employment in a blacking warehouse. At the age of fifteen he entered a lawyer's office, where he remained eighteen months. He had, in the meantime, learned shorthand, which enabled him to obtain the position of parliamentary reporter for a daily newspaper. Such were the fields from which Dickens harvested such a great popularity. Surely, a rather unpromising soil and yet, with the matchless gift of the artist, he clothed these incidents with the rarest fancies of his imagination, so that, even today, we read and feel that we are gazing upon the very life of the author.

And not only his life, but his character is reflected in his works. He was hand-some in appearance, yet inclined to the ornate. Although courted and idolized, he led a simple life; he remained calm and self-possessed in the midst of his greatest popularity. Indeed, when offered a seat in the House of Commons, he refused, because he considered himself of more value as a private citizen. He was a man of wonderful vitality and nervous energy, which found its outlet in ceaseless, un tiring action; whatever he did, he did with his whole soul; he had a mission, and he considered it his moral duty to perform it. And then, Dickens had a great heart. Although reared amid scenes of dire poverty, where his pleasures were few and his comforts fewer still, he was always cheerful and ever ready for a frolic. His books bubble over with fun; they are full of the love and sympathy of a great kind hearted man for his fellows. Such is the man, Dickens, as he appears in his books. A feeling of the virility and strength of the author pulsating through every sentence of his productions, lends an indescribable charm to the reading of them.

His aim was the alleviation of the social and moral conditions of the poor. He believed that art, to be great, must be moral. We can see this purpose reflected in all his works, almost without exception. Oliver Twist is a criticism of the workhouse; Nicholas Nicholby presents an argument against cheap boarding-schools; Bleak House is a satire on the chancery system; things of the past, it is true, but he makes them live again; for, underly ing them, are principles that are still centers of human interest and sympathy. He had himself lived, and seen his characters live the lives he depicts. According to a modern critic, "Dickens never made commercial use of any of his poor. He simply loved them, and helped them."

Dickens is especially known for his humor. This is of such an individual type that, although others have tried to imitate it, they have failed. Some have called it caricature; but caricature, as it seems to me, is the exaggeration of some detail or characteristic, and does not desire to give an impression of reality. Dickens' characters, although extravagant, yet have a touch of reality. Indeed, his most realistic portraits would be disgusting in their vulgarity, were it not for the fact that by exaggeration they become ridiculous. Herein appears his great faith in mankind. He cannot be a misanthrope. He does not view humanity with a "kindly tolerance," like Thackeray; nor with the "profound pity" of George Eliot. In his breast burns a great hope for the world. His Christmas stories are the greatest ever written; for they breathe a peace and a Christmas spirit which has endeared them to the hearts of all. This spirit Dickens carried throughout his life; he could not help but embody it in his books, with which it shall go down the centuries.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you." A laugh and a sob has been heard wherever Dickens is read. It is not only character that he describes, but persons, those whom he met in every day life; yes, even his friends. It is this that makes them live before us so vividly. And yet, herein lies his chief fault, that he has a tendency towards dramatic effect. For instance, such scenes as the murder of Nancy by Bill Sykes in Oliver Twist become almost vulgar. In later life Dickens lost his buoyancy and became more reflective; sometimes,
even, almost lapsing into poetry. Indeed, the burial of little Nell, in Old Curiosity Shop has been arranged in verse form. Although this borders on the declamatory, often this prose rhythm is very effective. Dickens has his faults, but they are far outweighed by the unquestionable marks of his genius.

Indeed, the student of English Literature will be well rewarded by the study of Dickens. No other English writer, Shakespeare excepted, has ever written so many passages that are even today in use as “household words”; or created so many character types, which are constantly referred to in literature, press and pulpit. It is significant that, at a recent banquet, one of Dickens’ most bitter critics used four of the author’s own phrases in delivering a five minute address, and that, too, in depreciation of Dickens. If it were only to understand these allusions, it would be worth one’s while to read his works.

Dickens’ object was not to unfold a plot, but to bring out his characters. Nor did he develop his characters, for they reveal the same traits wherever they appear. We may recognize Micawber as waiting for something to turn up, or Sam Weller in his recollection of the experiences of his friends. This, as well as the lack of plot, is accounted for by the fact that he wrote in installments. This gives a rather loose connection between the chapters, which are often merely a succession of incidents. But his characters are works of art. The vulgar and the comic are so finely blended, that innocent fun is the result. Yet, he never glozed over the evil, but stood unequivocally for the right.

Dickens is a realistic idealist. Not in the sense in which Chambers is a realist, but he makes his scenes so vivid, that, in spite of their exaggeration, they appear real. He is the means of which the old school of idealism and the modern realism are the extremes. He is too virile for idealism; for realism he is too lofty. It is not necessary to taste dirt to find out that it is unpalatable, a glance will suffice. This glance we get from Dickens, together with wholesome, invigorating idealism.

In looking through the pages of history, we notice that those men who have done the greatest service to their country. Dickens has rendered the whole world a service. What is his reward? Read him, enjoy him,—sympathize with him. Then his services will have benefited, not only his contemporaries, but they shall pass on to posterity; and Dickens shall have the reward.

THE ANCHOR.

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THE ANCHOR

We shall always dare to point out any evil tendency or grave fault that may lower the standard of our college. Our criticism may be resented, our efforts may be fruitless, but this shall not cause us to deviate from our course. There will be no compromise with evil.

Some may demand seriousness, others humor, some heavy editorials, others light stories. An intermingling of all seems best to us. Dedicate your profound seriousness, your most delightful humor, your sound suggestions, your entertaining stories to your college paper, The Anchor. And if it is not yours, make it yours. Push your college paper. Do it for the honor of Hope College.

COLLEGE SPIRIT.

A man is to a large extent made by the environment to which he is subjected during the formative years of his life. The influences of boyhood associations and school life remain potent factors in the directing of his entire career. In the Outlook of March 9th, Mr. A. H. Bruce has written an article on "The Mystery of Fear." In this article, he remarks that it is his firm conviction that many physical ailments of mature life are due to frights received in the nursery.

If this is true, and well may it be, how great an influence may the atmosphere of a college mean to the boy and the girl who is just encountering some of life's question. At school, he associates only with his equals in methods and desires, and seldom comes into any contact with the business men in such a way as to learn something of true business life. He is practically ignorant of the life that is awaiting him at his graduation into active work. The spirit of his college, imbedded within him, will often be called forth in crises, and he will be thankful to his Alma Mater if her spirit brings the victory by strengthening him against evil.

The college spirit that students have need of is manly, not merely enthusiasm; courage to stand out as becomes a man and to assume his full share of his college duties, and not simply to follow the other fellow. To stand out openly for one's conviction of what is right and noble increases one's self-respect and reputation.
At "Old Hope," this means that each one of us must do his level best; snatch each opportunity for bettering himself and at the same time help the fellow next him. For some of us this may mean closer and more diligent application to our lessons; for others, a giving up of certain practices which may be standing in our own or our friend's way. College Spirit means the manly and noble aiding of the students of our Alma Mater to a better and stronger foothold in life.

L. H.

**COLLEGE EVENTS.**

**Debates.**

The first preliminary debate was held February 9. At this debate the team of the Fraternal Society composed of W. Visscher, D. Brush, and A. Luidens, upheld the negative side of the question of Municipal Ownership. The team of the Knickerbocker Society, consisting of C. Dame, G. De Motts, and H. Hoff, defended the affirmative. The judges, Mr. Davis, Mr. Broene, and Rev. Brown, awarded the victory to the affirmative side, and selected H. Hoff, G. De Motts and A. Luidens to comprise one of the teams which shall represent Hope in the Triangular Debate with Olivet and Alma.

The second preliminary debate occurred March 7. C. Dame, D. Brush, and W. Visscher defended the affirmative against the team of the Cosmopolitan Society, composed of C. Dropers, J. Tillema, and E. Koepe. The judges, Mr. Kuiper, Mr. Walker, and Mr. Vandenberg, awarded the decision to the affirmative, and selected W. Visscher, J. Tillema, and E. Koepe as the members of the second team.

C. Dame has been substituted in W. Visscher's place, the latter feeling it necessary to withdraw on account of the work connected with his teaching in the High School.

Messrs. Tillema, Koepe, and Luidens will go to Olivet to uphold the negative side of the question, and Messrs. Dame, De Motts and Hoff will remain at Hope and defend the affirmative against Alma's team.

Each college of the league has an equal number of victories to its credit. Undoubtedly the debates of this year will be closely contested and victories dearly won. We have full faith in our teams. The honor of Hope must be upheld.

Mr. Heney's Lecture.

Those who braved the storm to hear the Hon. Francis Heney speak in Carnegie Hall Wednesday evening, February 21, will readily agree with the statement that they were amply repaid. The noted reformer had a message. His words indicated that he spoke from experience. His address was mainly devoted to the story of San Francisco's graft and corruption and the attempts to reform. He said that he used this city merely as an example and that the same conditions prevailed in the average American city. He showed himself to be an ardent champion of municipal ownership and the recall of judges. It is our sincere hope that this noted and fearless man may at some future time again address us.

The Students Celebrate.

That Hope College knows how to appreciate the victories her talented students win, was ably demonstrated by the celebration which followed the result of the State Oratorical Contest. Rumors were started on Saturday that there would be no school on Monday, but were hardly credited until Monday morning, when the students took matters into their own hands. After rousing cheering in the chapel and speeches from the orators, Hessel Yntema and Irene Stapelkamp, the two were placed in a cutter along with Miss Moore and Prof. Nykerk. The professor had endeavored to avoid the honor and was discovered hiding in the library, from which retreat he was borne out upon the shoulders of several stalwart students. A triumphal procession, which the cоeds enjoyed as much as the boys, drew the sleigh through Eighth street. At the corner of River and Eighth there was a halt and a demand for speeches, so the four occupants rose in turn and expressed their sentiments gracefully. More enthusiasm, more yelling, and the onward march continued, passing back through the Eighth street and up along College avenue, where the same enthusiastic program was repeated at Miss Stapelkamp's home, and Prof. Kuizenga's.

Returning to the chapel, the students listened with great pleasure to short addresses by Prof. Nykerk, Mrs. Durfee, Prof. Kleinheksel and several of the seniors, who gave interesting details of the contest. The orators spoke very earnestly of
the importance of keeping up our record and the means we must employ to assure successive victories for Hope. Several of the speakers also paid tribute to Prof. Nykerk as a splendid teacher and a true entertainer—appreciation which we feel was just and well-merited. On the whole, this remarkable show of enthusiasm has given us more loyalty to Hope and more faith in our fellow students. It has generated a stronger college spirit, an enthusiasm that cannot help but show itself in definite results in the near future. Here's to a finer oratorical contest showing than we've ever had before! We can do it! Let us keep up this enthusiasm!

Elijah.

Those who heard Hiawatha given here last year, expected great things from the Choral Union number of the lecture course this year. Nor were they disappointed; for the oratorio was a wonderful success. Such music was surely a rare treat. The smoothness and grace which was noticeable in the execution of the chorus work reflects great credit upon Prof. Campbell's ability as a leader. The solo parts were taken by imported singers who gave every evidence of being true artists. The soprano had a voice of thrilling sweetness, and we shall not soon forget the vibrant power of the baritone's deep notes. Although small opportunity for applause was given to the audience, it is safe to assert that this greatest of Mendelsohn's oratorios was appreciated as it deserves to be.

THE STATE ORATORICALS.

First place in the women's contest, second place in the men's—so runs our tale. And; to be sure, we are happy,—students, faculty, alumni, and friends of Hope, all are happy. Once more we have shown that Hope College can do things, that, even though she is called "a Dutchmen's school," she is a twentieth-century school, playing her part as capably as any college in the state.

It would take too much space to tell everything that happened on the trip to and from Olivet and in the little town itself. Just a couple events: On the way down some of the Hope-ites engaged in a grueling, never-to-be-forgotten Mara-

thon to catch the train at Grand Rapids, and on the return trip Professor Nykerk entertained the entire Hope troupe with a seven-dollar dinner at Herpolsheimer's.

The women's program was not too long and so it was enjoyable. The subjects were varied in character, and each of the speakers had a distinctive delivery. Miss Sue Wang of Albion, the Chinese contestant, was our most-feared rival; her splendid work is worthy of hearty praise. But our own representative had an excellent composition and a superb delivery. We felt after the contest that victory was hers and ours. And so it proved to be. Imagine our joy when, after the evening contest, the decisions of the Women's contest were read thus: "Third place is given to Miss Olive M. McBride of State Normal, second place to Miss Sue Wang of Albion, and first place to Miss Irene J. Stapelkamp of Hope."

But imagine our ecstasy when the results of the men's contest were given as follows: "Third place is given to Willis L. Osborn of Olivet, second place to Hessel E. Yntema of Hope." At this juncture it would have taken two tape-lines to measure the altitude of our jumps. Albion was awarded first place for the fifth successive time. Her speaker, Leroy C. Robinson, had a splendid oration backed up with a graceful and commanding delivery. The speeches of the evening were not of so varied a nature as those of the afternoon. Everyone dealt with political, social, or international conditions of the present day. College men are keeping their eyes open to the needs of the times. The speakers were well-trained. They were orators. The Hope orator, Hessel E. Yntema, appeared on the latter half of the program, when the audience had lost the keen edge of interest, but by his direct and artistic delivery he compelled the attention of hostile camps and secured a high rank from the judges.

Now, students, you gave your orators a big demonstration. You're feeling enthusiastic. Don't let your spirits evaporate. Keep the "genius of oratory" hovering over our campus (apologies to Professor Kleinheksel). We are glad to hear that some men in the "C" class are already thinking of writing orations. That's the spirit that wins! More of it! More of it! Hessel Yntema's oration, "The Principle of Nationalism," will be published in the next issue of the Anchor.

J. V. E. S.
On February 22, Mrs. Durfee and the young ladies of Voorhees Hall were “at home” to their mothers and friends. The reception hall, into which the guests were ushered had been tastefully decorated. A program, refreshments, and becoming acquainted with one another’s friends and relatives was the order of the afternoon. The guests pronounced Mrs. Durfee an excellent entertainer and the young ladies budding hostesses.

On St. Valentine’s Day the Fraternal Society gave a supper and an informal party in the society rooms. Cupids, hearts and other appropriate symbols of the day were found in the table and room decorations. The guests agree that the “Frats” are royal and ingenious entertainers.

On Friday evening, February 23, the Knickerbocker Society gave their midyear banquet, at the K. P. Hall. The guests went with the anticipation of having an enjoyable time with the jolly, breezy “Nicks” and they were not disappointed. Mr. M. Verberg as toastmaster of the evening, called upon several fluent speakers for after dinner speeches, who delighted the whole company by their witty and humorous remarks. The Knickerbockers know how.

The Meliphonians chose the same evening as the “Nicks” for their banquet. The hall was tastefully decorated, and everything was at its best. As witty after-dinner speakers, and pleasing entertainers the Meliphonians may challenge any society on the campus.

Saturday evening, February 25, Mrs. Durfee and the young ladies of Voorhees entertained the Cosmopolitan Soc-

The irrepressible Freshmen have had another party. This time the place of their sojourn was Macatawa Park. Viewing the ice-bergs in the moonlight was one of the features of the evening. Trust the Freshmen to “deride wrinkled care!”

On March 8 the Annual Athletic Festival occurred. The great gymnasium had been transformed into a veritable country fair. There was a wild man from Borneo; there were fortune tellers; there were booths where all kinds of “eats” could be obtained, and there were the many other attractions of a “Fair.” Policemen, darkies, and “fakers” increased the air of reality. One of the features of the evening was the voting for the “Queen of the Campus.” Ruth Van den Berg was chosen, and after a most fitting speech by John Riemersma she was crowned queen.

The “P. G.’s” of Hope College entertained the Senior class at Voorhees Hall on March 12. The Seniors wore their caps and gowns for the first time. The laughter and happy voices which were heard are testimonies to the fact that the four years of college life and even the assuming of the awe-inspiring cap and gown does not entirely crush out one’s sociability.

The common council of Holland in special session, March 1, elected Prof. J. E. Kuizenga, ’99, a member of the Board of Police and Fire Commissioners. Mr. Kuizenga has accepted the office.

The announcement of the engagement of Rev. Gerrit D.
Van Peursen, '07, to Miss J. E. Spaeth, both missionaries to Arabia, has been made public.

News has been received of the safe arrival of Dr. and Mrs. Edward Strick in Amoy, China. Dr. Strick is to take the place of Dr. Otte as medical missionary in the hospital at Amoy, and we hope God may bless his labors there, as he did those of his predecessor.

Isaac Van Westenbrugge, '09, has accepted a call to Marion, N. Y.; John Woltering, '09, has received the promise of a call from the Reformed Church at Cuyahoga, N. Y.; and Henry Schutt, '09, from the Reformed Church at Pella, Neb.

Henry Vennema, M. D., Prep. '81, from Menominee, Mich., spent a few days at Hope College, at the home of his brother, Dr. Vennema.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Dykstra left Arabia the 18th of February on furlough. They intend to stop for a short time in England and the Netherlands, arriving in Holland, Mich., the latter part of May.

FROM A HOPEITE IN JAPAN.

89 Mazato Cho, Shilea Ku,
Tokio, Japan, Feb. 13, 1912.

To the Editor of The Anchor:

I am afraid this letter will be much too late for the purpose for which it was requested. Nevertheless, I will send it on.

The great subject at present engaging the attention of religious people in Japan is the attempt of the government, through its Educational Department, to set up religion as a kind of barrier against the incoming flood of godlessness, especially upon the student classes. It is a wonderful admission of complete failure, on the part of the Educational Department, to raise the standard of moral living merely by mental discipline.

There is further a recognition in it of the inadequateness of the native religious Shintism and Buddhism, as moral and spiritual factors in the education and development of the nation. And thirdly, some of us at least, see in it an acknow-

Exchanges

The Concord High School Volunteer is to be congratulated on its neat cover design and artistic cuts. However, the cuts are rather large in proportion to the reading material.
In the Acrolith for February appears a good number, entitled, “Washington as a Politician.” It is well worth reading. It presents some of the great problems which Washington faced and solved as President. These are some of the deeds which are generally forgotten when Washington’s success is considered. The article ends rather abruptly, and were better entitled “Washington as a Statesman,” than “Washington as a Politician.”

The Kalamazoo College Index is a neat and attractive paper; but why do you mix up advertisements with literary matter? The Mankontonian, The Bulletin, and The Otaknam are found guilty of the same error. It is a great help to the reader, and shows a better taste, if the advertisements are kept separate.

The East Orange High School News is one of the very neat and attractive papers received for exchange. And since the News is only a High School paper, it especially deserves to be mentioned. The article entitled “The School Paper,” teems with the spirit which all alumni should have toward their college paper. We heartily agree with the writer of the article when he says that the college paper should not belong to the staff alone but to the student body.

The Spectator for February contains a good little story, entitled, “Found Again.” The conversation should have been printed in separate paragraphs. After a somewhat lengthy description the movement is rapid, and the plot is worked up to a good climax. But, the story is decidedly weakened by the addition of the two last paragraphs. This story properly ends where Mr. Salisbury tells Miss Virginia Thrope who he really is, and the rest should have been omitted.

The poem, “In Memoriam,” appearing in the February number of the Calvin College Chimes is well worth reading. It shows what loss is felt when one of the students is called away by death. However, the writer in the beginning of the poem should have used the pronoun “We” instead of “I.” For he states that the poem was “written on the death of our former school-mate”; and then begins with “Dear friend, from life’s realm greet thee,” but soon changes to “We.” This is not consistent.

Basket Ball

Jackson, 33; Hope, 24.

On February 10, for the second time this season Jackson proved too much for the Orange and Blue. Jackson played a fast game, at the same time working their own, and breaking up the plays of Hope. The score was very close throughout the first half, which ended with Jackson having a 15-13 lead. In the second half the Prison City five came back still stronger, and piled up a lead which proved too much for Hope.

Field goals—Hope, 9; and 6 out of 13 fouls. Jackson, 11; and 11 out of 17 fouls.

Referee—Johnson. Umpire—Pan Putten.

Hope, 34; Evanston Reds, 18.

On February 15, Hope easily defeated the famous Evanston Reds. Prospects were not very bright before the game, as both “Stogie” and “Bronk” were on the hospital list. Nevertheless Hope was in fighting trim from the beginning. Hope led in the first half, 16-10, and in the second half the score ended 34-18 in our favor. Verhoeck and “Whitey” Stegeman were easily the leaders throughout.

Referee—M. Verburg. Scorer—Bronk.

Hope, 23; M. A. C., 55.

To the victor belong the spoils, and the reluctantly, still magnanimously, Manager Vanden Berg waived Hope’s claims to the Intercollegiate championship of the state to the Michigan Aggies at M. A. C. on February 21. However, one must not get the idea that it was an unconditional surrender. Nay! Nay! The Aggies had to fight, but it was against a team that had experienced a battle against the Michigan snows before meeting the M. A. C. team. Driving for three miles in an open sleigh, after a wearisome trip on the railroad, is not conducive for the best of an exhibition in basket-ball. But M. A. C. won, and the honors are hers. First half, M. A. C., 19; Hope, 10. Final, M. A. C., 55; Hope, 23.

Vatz of M. A. C., and Kleiny of Hope, starred.

Referee—Davis. Umpire—Tuthill.
Hope, 25; Zeeland, 47.

The first of the series of games with the Olympics was played at Zeeland on March 6. The small floor space accounted for the one-sidedness of the score. Zeeland certainly has that floor "memorized." However, the Hopeites are not discouraged and expect to force the Zeelanders to the limit when they get them in Carnegie Gymnasium. The sickness of Kleiny also added materially to the weakening of the team, but he promises to be there "with the bulls on" when Zeeland comes to return the visit. First half, Zeeland, 26; Hope, 13. Final, Zeeland, 47; Hope, 25.

Referee—White. Scorer—Stegeman.

TRACK WORK.

With the passing of winter, our minds are again turned toward track athletics. This branch of athletics usually receives a great deal of criticism, and we believe, at times, justly. However, a considerable amount of fault-finding is done by inexperienced observers, and this is unjust, no matter what the object of criticism be. It's an easy matter to criticize, but to offer constructive criticism is an entirely different proposition. It is true we are handicapped in this branch of athletics by not having a competent overseer, but that need not put track work—long distance running as indulged in at Hope not excepted—in a bad light. Any kind of athletics can be made deleterious to the human mechanism if the laws of health are disobeyed. But competent physicians and trainers assert that by proper training long runs can be practised without harmful results. The great trouble in track work at Hope is, that the fellows expect to win an "II" in the very first contest entered, regardless of the time spent in preliminary preparation, and that is absolutely wrong. Because one or two men at Hope in past years have done so, is not saying all can do it. Follow Nature's laws in training. Get your body into condition gradually. Spend, if needed be, three or four years in running a little at a time, and you will not only win your "II" easily, but your physique will be permanently strengthened.

We are glad so much is made at Hope of the Annual Class Meet into which all can enter. This is a fine thing, and ought to be encouraged. Besides this, we are to have our Annual Cross-Country Run, the dual Relay with Grand Rapids "V," and the Memorial Day event at Grand Rapids. With Steinmenger as manager and Van Brinkhorst as captain-elect we can look for a winning team, a team that will work consistently, so that even the most conservative cannot help but feel perfectly satisfied.

BASEBALL.

The daily papers are informing us that things are active in the baseball world, as the majority of the major league teams are "warming up," down south. At Old Hope the prospective candidates are also stirring, for Hope is going to have a baseball team that is going to eclipse everything in baseball history, and the fans are just aching to have the snow leave us, so that they can be at ease with regard to the personnel of the nine.

Manager Riemersma is receiving requests for dates from various organizations and colleges. Both the schools from the Celery City bid for competition, and the older students know what that means. Olivet is after a game, and we hope to arrange a game with them. Without any league baseball in our city, we ought to be able to support a good, strong, schedule. The long-looked for batteries have arrived, and we are all waiting anxiously for the "Ump's," "Play Ball."

Locals

Cornelia—"I'm a line walker, better than most girls. Just ask any of the Pella fellows."

Rhysburger—"That was a sudden farewell that we took from the lecture, wasn't it?"

Margaret D. H.—"Yes, but I like the lingering kind better."

Lucile—"You do talk about such childish things, Oh."

Muyskens—"Do you talk about Lucile?"

Jeanie—"Almost all the seniors have gone to Olivet."

Bernice—"Oh, no, Oliver is here."
Bronck (in toast at banquet)—"All the browns blended into Mulde,—greens, I mean."

Leon (to Lucille)—"We aren't blended yet, are we, Lucille?"

Bilkert—"I've always been fond of the stars somehow or other."

B. V. D. W.—"It's a wise leap year girl that looks carefully before she leaps."

Prof. Kleinheksel—"Stegenga, you may study that figure on the board."

"Stogy" (looking out of window)—"I am studying a figure on the walk."

Prof. Kleinheksel—"Bosch, you must learn to drop your voice, some day you may wish to tell her something you don't want everybody to hear."

Junior—"Why do you read in literature that a blush crept up her cheek?"

Wise Senior—"Because if it went on the run it would kick up too much dust."

Soph.—"We have some twenty odd members in our faculty."

Freshie—"Odd is right."

Miss Marty—"In German the feminines never vary."

Student—"Me for Germany then."

Mr. M.—"What are you laughing at?"

Miss B.—"Your whiskers."

He—"Anything humorous about them?"

She—"Oh, no; but somehow they seem to tickle me."

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