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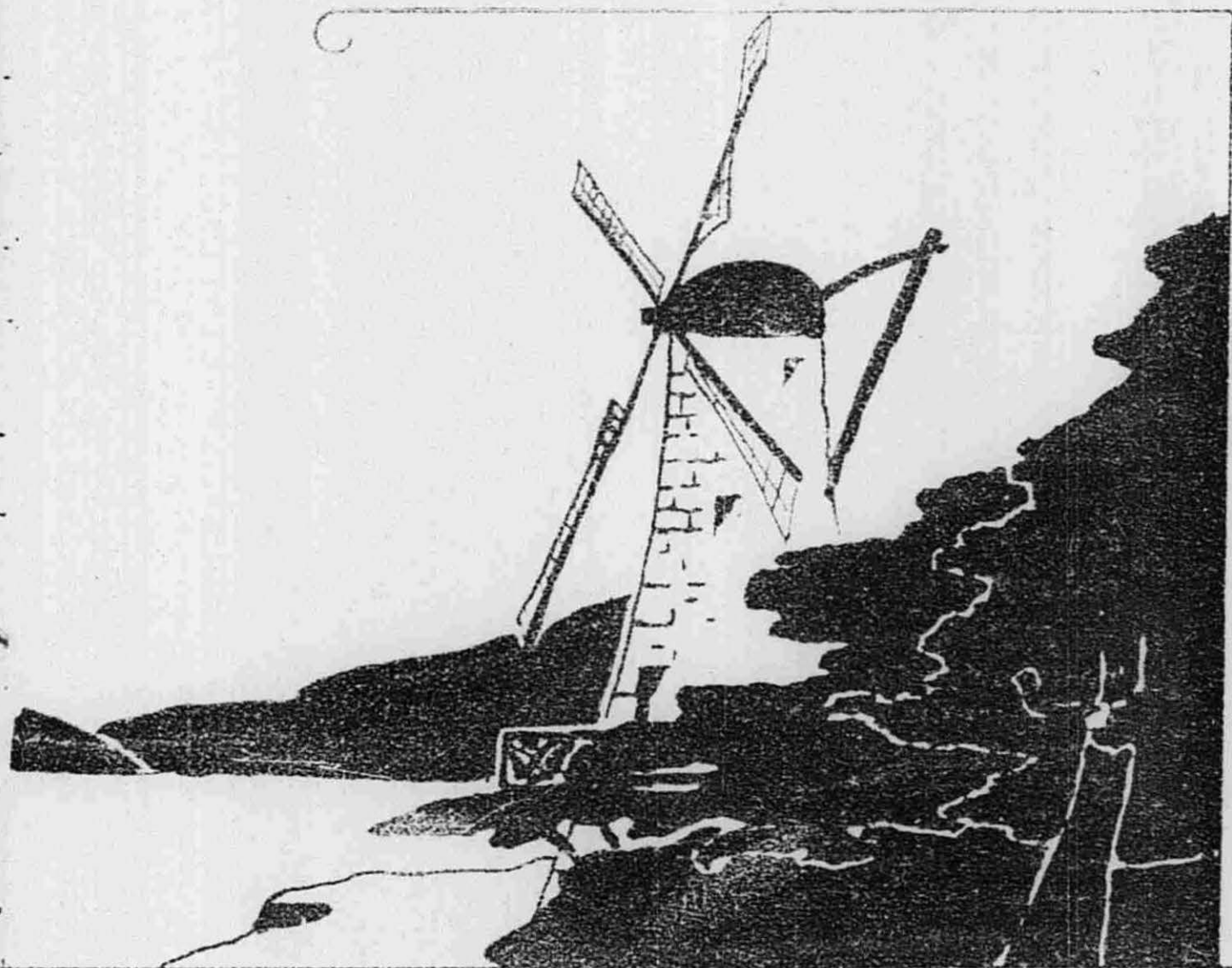
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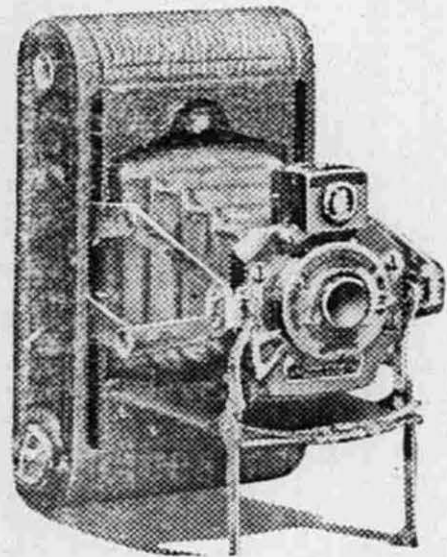
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# THE ANCHOR

APRIL : 1913



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**The LOKKER-RUTGERS CO.**

Student's Headquarters for Clothing and Shoes

# The Anchor

"Opera in Den"

VOLUME XXV

APRIL, 1913

NUMBER 7

## CIRCUMSPICE

Do you e'er dream of days when you'll be old,  
 Your friends all gathered in the silent land,  
 While you upon the border wistful stand  
 And long for the city fair whose streets are gold?  
 Then life seems drear; earth's pleasures all grow cold,  
 While closer still you cling to God's kind hand,  
 And whispers low come from the golden strand  
 "Be patient still, my face you shall behold!"  
 O youth! for you 'tis better not to dream  
 Of coming years, when from life's work you rest,  
 Rather be active in the duties near,  
 And on your path you'll find heaven's light to beam;  
 That life alone is ever truly blest  
 Which daily radiates naught but love and cheer.  
 Jeannette Vandervelde '11

## THE VILLAGE BELL

I roam o'er hill and vale adorned with spring,  
 My restless spirit leads me on and on.  
 Rebellious out of tune with everything,  
 I'm scarce aware that day has nearly gone,  
 Till on my ear there comes with magic spell  
 A startling note, an old familiar sound:  
 How sweet and clear it rings, the tolling bell  
 That summons us from all the country round.  
 It brings again to mind my childhood days  
 And all their boundless joy, their simple trust.  
 I view the setting sun, whose golden rays  
 Proclaim to all mankind that God is just:  
 At once I feel, and in my soul discern,  
 How good it is to live, and love, and learn.

A.—'10

## THE PRESENT CRISIS

[This oration won second honors in the Women's State Contest]



ations grow by crises. Always the process of development has been by long levels of monotony and sudden, startling upward leaps. Fifty years ago our country faced the first great crisis in its history,—a crisis so threatening that Lincoln, realizing its possibilities for destruction, feared the ruin of the nation. That crisis passed, and over the wreckage it left we climbed to greater prosperity. The Spanish-American War, its peril survived, brought new life, new glory to our country, and from that time until this our ways have been ways of pleasantness and peace.

Now we have been startled suddenly out of our quiet by a new danger. Another crisis is upon us. Not now the battle to free the black race from the oppression of the white, but the grander struggle to free the weak from the oppression of the strong. Not now the conflict between federal authority and state rights, but the greater battle between the forces of materialism and those of idealism. All through these years of plenty during which America sowed her broad fields in hope of bountiful harvest, the spirit of evil has been sowing the tares of greed and vice. Awaking now to find her harvest spoiled, **America is impelled to cry out in startled horror. "Surely an enemy hath done this!"**

So stealthily, and withal so slowly, has the spirit of materialism germinated and spread, that only lately have we realized how extensive is the evil it has accomplished. It has made possible commercial despotism; it has destroyed our reverence for law; it has swept away sympathy for fellow men; it has taken from us all our high ideals, our noblest aspirations. In our commercial world, the wild struggle for material possession has resulted in a chaos of competition in which the strong prey upon the weak. Even justice and the law are but submissive servants of what we call industry, and for the multitudes who suffer beneath its iron hand, there is no power to save. The desperate attempts of state and government to curb the growing power of corporations, have been thus far wholly futile. The motto of materialism is power for the few, misery for the many.

And not alone among the powerful few, but among the rank and file of the nation, respect for the law has vanished. In the records of to-day we read of strikes in which men have sought to gain by

violence what reason dared not ask. In Chicago, during the recent newspaper strike, the fury waxed so great, that for months newsstands dared not sell non-union papers, and to buy a newspaper was to risk being held up by the inquisitors of the union and maltreated if the union stamp were not upon it. The city of Lawrence, during the garment makers strike, needed twelve companies of militia to insure the safety of life and property to its citizens. In the face of such wild fury the police are helpless. The evil lies too deep, rooted as it is in the very hearts of the people themselves.

And as we have lost reverence for the law, so we have lost appreciation of life's finer values. Sympathy for the unfortunate has given place to the selfish slogan, "Every man for himself." We see business men draining from poverty-stricken homes their entire income in exchange for life's necessities, we see brilliant lawyers pleading the cause of injustice for the sake of gain; we see leaders of industry crushing their poorer competitors without a pang of conscience; we see teachers, preaching the survival of the fittest; and ministers passing by on the other side, when poverty and despair cross their path. The old loyalty to the standard of right handed down from the mountaintop has been forgotten in eager allegiance to the new doctrine that there is no absolute evil, that standards of right are fixed by the will of the majority and are as unstable as are styles of dress. When the dross is thus everywhere placed above the gold, is it strange that men are without sympathy, without reverence, without faith?

What does it all mean? Where is materialism leading us? O Americans, it is time we were awake. Are we to become a nation without honor, a people without ideals? Are we to live with eyes blinded to the spiritual beauty that lingers over common things, and ears dulled to the delicate overtones that quiver through life's harsher cords? It has been told us that when a nation loses its ideals, that nation slips rapidly to the depths where civilization becomes a byword, and misery reigns supreme. Is this to be America's fate? If we could look into the future, should we be forced to predict that instead of sympathy will be oppression, instead of peace, the horror of strife, and instead of happiness, misery unfathomable? Was our doom foretold by the prophet of ancient time when he said, "Where there is no vision the people perish?"

We shudder at the possibility, yet through the horrified revolt

that surges over us there struggles up the cry of faith still unconquered. Materialism is not yet so strong that it cannot be crushed. The forces of good have already been roused to action. The battle lines are drawn up. What matter that it will be a struggle such as the world has not witnessed since the days when feudalism opposed the onward march of the Renaissance? There is but one outcome—idealism must conquer. The sturdy love of righteousness inherited from brave pilgrim ancestors, the noble aspirations fostered through ages of hardship, will never be destroyed. They are unconquerable, imperishable, everlasting! In the character of the American people—regal, generous, indomitable—we find our salvation.

Have I said we lack reverence? I did not speak the whole truth. For America has given the world the finest expression of pure sentiment ever known. Did you know that in dedicating its battlefields, our country has done what no other nation ever thought of? Have you ever fathomed the spirit which prompted a nation to set aside those spots where men have struggled and bled for her, that they might be everlasting witnesses to the glory of the sublimest among them? Is not this reverence?

Do we fear that we have lost our sympathy for fellow man? Does it seem that love is gone and sacrifice of self a thing forgot? Then in the records of the yellow fever fight, it is for us to learn of those whose lives of patient, unrewarded service were in the end laid down in sacrifice complete. There have been men of influence and of brilliant promise, who have with fearlessness exposed themselves to danger of infection and swift death in order that the evil threatening others might be stayed. There have been scientists who with deliberate purpose have infected their own blood with germs of horrible disease that they might chance perhaps upon some cure, and have met the death they courted with a smile. Can there be greater love than this?

Have we lost our ideals? If I have said it I did not speak advisedly. It is true, they are no longer the fanciful creations of imagination that romanticists of long ago held up before us, but they are the tangible, unselfish aims of all our high endeavors, the ruling passions that control our lives and find expression in our daily work. For when, like crusaders of old, we are stirred by lofty purposes, we do not waste our lives in useless endeavor to preserve a half-forgotten shrine, but with clearer understanding we marshal our forces against the evil that lies

round about, and our pilgrimages become aggressive crusades against the white slave traffic, intemperance, and the great white plague. Can there be nobler idealism than that which inspired our present campaign for a city beautiful, which sends a man down day after day into filth and grime in order that our cities may be clean and pure, fit atmosphere for a nation to thrive in? To weep over a hero of fiction may require some measure of idealism, but it is better far to be stirred by the pitiful sufferings of a child of the tenement. One may live in a maze of dreams, beautiful as the shifting clouds, but it is far grander to be alive to the sorrow and despair about us,—alive to help and uphold by deeds so simple that they are branded commonplace by the world, yet called divine by the angels.

Ideals? Never has a country cherished them more faithfully than America. And never did they mean so much as now. If it were in my power I would take you with me through this country of ours, to where the majestic grandeur of Niagara sweeps its hurtling waters down its everlasting course; to where the setting sun flings its last glory through the golden gate upon the city of our pride; to where the pure, strong beauty of the nation's capitol rears its exalted dome into the sunlight; back to where the Statue of Liberty, lifting its flaming torch with ever fervent welcome, stands out in bold relief against the stern, dark outlines of our mightiest city. And yet all this I would reveal to you as merely our country's outward brilliance, that serves but as a fitting cloak for her true beauty,—for America's true glory, as well as her great strength, lies not in her colossal cities, nor in her spreading plains, but in the nobility of her people. And in the heart of the nation there burns unflickering, love that will never fail until the dark places are made plain, and the sore spots of America have become her highest honor. And when in the crowded, teeming slums of the cities, you see homes where before were hovels, eager mothers where before were listless women, hopeful fathers where before were work-crushed slaves, bright-faced children where before were poverty-cramped urchins; when, from one end of our country to another, you see the strong united in an endeavor to be big brothers to the weak,—then to you will come a glimpse of the vision splendid, a vision of the America that is to be, that shall so throb with purity of purpose and high endeavor, that almost in its peace and beauty men shall say of it that it is like to that other country where "there shall be no more curse, neither darkness, nor sorrow."

But with the vision still bright before you, I would place you face to face with the crisis. For to us who have been awakened to the dangers that we face, who have this day measured our weakness as well as our strength, comes the call to serve our country in the time of her great need. We can no longer hesitate. Materialism and idealism cannot exist together. One must conquer. We have seen that the idealism which is born of a knowledge of present evil conditions; which is carried out with the aggressiveness that characterizes American business methods; which results in destroying the evil and establishing the good.

Then may it not be that the spirit of enterprise which seems to dominate America to-day, needs only guiding, not crushing? May we not hope that even the spirit of materialism may yet be transformed into an influence which shall strengthen, not destroy? It is for us to decide. If we will, we can establish a new idealism, liberal, practical, alive. To us is given the privilege of teaching men that the highest idealism is that which seeks to attain the righteousness that exalteth,—an idealism that strives to rise to the ethical standard set up by the greatest of all Idealists when he said, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Ours is the crisis, ours the great decision. Shall America be stained by evil or purified by good? Shall she be degraded by materialism or exalted by idealism?

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,  
In the strife of truth with falsehood for the good or evil side.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt  
stand,

Ere the doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?

May the eternal power whose strength has thus far been our  
stay, keep us firm in our noble purpose to cherish for America an ideal-  
ism as high as the stars, and as pure as the angels.





## THE SWEET—HART CO.



IN a pretty valley, in North Dakota, lies the little town of Brandshire, connected with the world by two railroads, one entering from the south brings you to the heart of the little town; the other from the north-east leaves you on the outskirts. But this is a matter of little regret for the woods and fields which border this beautiful and peaceful valley, make a picture of perfect loveliness.

A traveller weary from his long journey stopped one day, at the station of the latter road, and from there was taken to the hotel, where he found rest for the evening. The following day, after conversing with some of the leading men and finding that the prospects for business in Branshire were very favorable, he decided to return to Chicago to get his family.

Two months later a carriage might have been seen coming rapidly along the road; it was bringing the Sweet family to their new home at Branshire. A cloud of dust filled the air; there was the rumbling of the heavy carriage, and, above all, the sound of merry voices. How happy they were, and how joyfully little six-year-old Ruth exclaimed:

"Oh mamma! I like to be in a new country. Everything is so pretty."

Ruth soon made the acquaintance of several girls and boys in the neighborhood, and as day after day passed, she became happier and more contented. Harry Hart lived next door to them, and it was to this kindhearted, generous companion that Ruth owed much of her happiness.

"Ask your mamma if you can't come over to my house, and play awhile," said Harry on the second day after their arrival.

"Where do you live, little boy?  
Mother'll ask who you are."

"Oh, my name is Harry Hart. I know already what yours is."

Her mother's consent was readily given, and day after day the two children played together.

"Oh, Ruthie, pretty soon we'll make enough money from our store to buy a pony, won't we?" "Yes, and then we can ride far away."



HELENE DE MAAGD

Winner of second honors in the Women's State Oratorical Contest

This statement had been overheard by Harry's father, and after seeing Mr. Sweet about the matter, it was decided that the children should have a pony.

One day Harry saw a stranger drive into the yard for his father, but, when he begged to go along with them, his father said; "not to day, my boy. Father has important business. Go after Ruth tomorrow, and, at three o'clock meet me at the bridge."

At half past two the children were eagerly awaiting the arrival of Mr. Hart. Where could he have been, and what could he have for them? A cloud of dust was seen in the distance, and soon three horses were distinguishable. As Mr. Hart drew up he said, "Well, my children, how do you like the present? Father has been to a ranch, and has bought you these beautiful ponies." The children viewed the animals from every side, and, after recovering from their surprise, they were eager to try them.

"Oh, let me put her up, papa," said Harry. "I'm awful strong. Here give me your foot and jump."

Ruth easily swung into the saddle, and after Mr. Hart had given her a few directions, they rode off together. Harry told her to hold on tight, and follow him, and soon they were trotting towards town.

"Oh I love it—its just great Harry, won't we have lots of fun now?"

Twelve years of this happy, carefree life had changed Ruth to a beautiful young woman. She was a tall girl—tall and slender. Her dark hair was coiled in heavy masses upon her head. Her eyes were large, and of a deep gray; while about her mouth a sweet and tender smile played.

It was unexpectedly that Ruth left Branshire in the fall of the year. An aunt living in a distant town, wished to have her make her home there, for since the death of her husband, life had been very lonely for her. However happy Ruth's life had been, she gladly accepted her aunt's invitation; for the anticipation of a happy future crowded out the sorrow and dread of leaving home. She had heard of a famous musician in Evans, and she longed to be there. But she must not seem unkind to her home friends. So, though her eyes were beaming, it was with a calm voice that she said; "You must not think me unkind, Harry, but I am so anxious to go to Evans. Maybe I'll come back sometime."

Mrs. Ranson had not seen her niece for years, but she remembered the little girl's beautiful eyes, and just as she was trying to picture her, the maid entered with a tall and slender girl; the same true, gray eyes of Ruth's childhood greeted her aunt with just a bit of timidity in their depths, and she immediately rushed toward Ruth.

Mrs. Ransom was delighted to have a girlish companion like Ruth and was eager to grant anything which she might desire.

Mr. Ross was engaged as her vocal instructor, and she developed a wonderful voice. He was charmed by it, and as they became better acquainted, he was attracted more and more by her exquisite beauty. He scarcely realized himself how much he longed for these hours when he could be with Ruth. He did not try to conceal his love for her during those happy days.

She also was very happy, and there was no reason why she should not be. She seemed to have everything she wanted, and now, last of all love itself.

What a handsome couple they made; how happy they seemed to be!

An evening concert was to be given at Evans, and Ruth was asked to sing with Mr. Ross accompanying her. The auditorium was crowded; everyone was eagerly waiting for Ruth to appear. How charming and beautiful she looked! Her tall and graceful form was prettily set with happiness, as her voice rose high and clear, and every ear was strained to catch each word. Suddenly her color fled, and faintness seized her; for in that audience sat Harry Hart. How fond and proud he was of her now. He could not help looking at her; it was impossible to turn his thoughts from her.

When she had finished, she passed into the side room, and closed the door. It all came back to her; how in childhood days they had promised to be sweethearts. Soon—it came to her that she still loved Harry. Just at this moment Mr. Ross came in, eager to congratulate her.

Rushing towards her he said: "Ruth you darl—"

"No, you must not come near me, Mr. Ross, you must leave me."

"Why, Ruth, what is the matter? Have I done anything to vex you? Tell me, my dear girl, and I will do everything in the world to please you. Are you angry with me?"

"I must tell you the truth," she gasped. "I am nothing to you. We might have been happy—but—Oh, please take me home, Mr. Ross."

When Ruth reached her aunt's home, she found Harry waiting for her, and after a few moments of hurried conversation, she told her aunt that she must leave immediately. Two saddled ponies were waiting beyond the gate, and like a flash they were gone. She did not know why they must hurry so, but on and on they flew. Faster and faster they rode, Ruth in her eagerness always in the lead, and it would have been a happy ride but for an accident on the way.

Hearing a cry from Harry, she rode back to the place from where it seemed to come. There he lay white and motionless upon the road, with his horse lying a few rods away. She jumped from her horse, and after tying it, tried to bring her friend back to consciousness. She looked around in every direction, but the only light she could see in the surrounding darkness was two miles away.

"Oh what shall I do?" she cried. "I must think. How can I help him?" She realized that she must go for help, but before leaving she bound two handkerchiefs tightly over the wound. Breathless and half fainting she reached the farmer's house, and told of the accident. The kind man rode back with her to where the injured man was lying, and soon he was brought to the hospital.

Many days passed before Harry could understand what had happened, but when the story of Ruth's courage was told him, he knew that he owed his life to her. The ugly gash in his forehead healed very slowly, but gradually he regained his former strength.

About three weeks after the accident, Mr. Ross chanced to be in the little town, and anxious to see Ruth, turned his steps toward the hospital. "You're a real brick, and no mistake, Ruth!" said Mr. Ross, after he had stepped, into her room. There was the time for Ruth to disclose her secret.

"Do you see now, why I acted so indifferent the evening of the concert, Mr. Ross? When Harry and I were children we were the best of friends in the world, and we promised to be sweethearts forever.

He could not help laughing as he said: "Well, now, that doesn't seem so strange after all. Congratulations Ruth. A Miss Sweet and a Mr. Hart naturally would form a Sweet—Hart Co.

A. M. O. '15.

## GREATER LOVE



HE world accounts William Howard a failure. His younger brothers are a physician and an architect respectively, while he is only a bookkeeper in one of the big business houses up town. He is a quiet, unobtrusive man, a trifle gray around the temples, to be sure, but still good for ten or fifteen years of hard work. Each time he is mentioned to his sister, the wife of one of the leading lawyers of the city, he remarks, a trifle condescendingly, "yes, it does seem strange about William. He isn't exactly common, you know, but still he is different from the rest of us. He didn't care for an education. All he cared for was work."

His brothers call him "poor old Bill," and in these three words they say as much as their sister does with her many. But,———"

\* \* \* \* \*

Years ago, this same William Howard, then, as a boy of fourteen on coming home from play, saw the horse and carriage of the old doctor standing in front of his home. Hurrying in, he found the house dark and quiet. But in the hall he met the old doctor, who stopped him, placed his hands on the lad's shoulders, and said,

"My boy, how strong are you?"

A peculiar quality in the man's voice caused Bill to ask in surprise, "Why?"

"Your father is very sick. He asked me to send you into his room when you came home. If you can keep calm, very well; but otherwise you hadn't better see him."

"I'll try," said the boy.

He entered the room. His father lay on his bed with a strangely peaceful expression on his face, while the mother sat at the bedside, weeping silently.

"William, I am a very sick man. If anything should happen, I will expect you to care for your mother and the children."

The boy, his eyes filled with tears, leaned over and kissed his father, and left the room, wondering at the strange words he had heard.

The next morning Bill and his two brothers and sister were fatherless. It was the old, old story of financial embarrassment, worry—less of health, a final break-down, and—the end. When Mr.

Howard's tangled affairs were settled, of a supposedly large estate, only the home remained.

One afternoon, about a week later, as he sat thinking in his room, there came to the boy, like a lightning flash, the understanding of his father's last words to him; "I shall expect you to care for your mother and the children." With his mother sick with grief, his brothers and sister too small to help, and the family with no source of income, he recognized his duty. He took his cap with an air of determination and left the house. When he returned at suppertime, he went to his mother and said

"Mother, I have found work."

She being a wise mother, said nothing, but simply placed her arm across his shoulders and kissed him. She knew what this sacrifice meant to the boy; yet, in her heart, she rejoiced in the strength he had shown in his choice.

But no one understood as well as the lad himself what this step meant. He had just finished the eighth grade and was looking forward eagerly to his entrance into the high school in the fall. Beyond this, he had a dream of college and university, and a day when a new sign should be hung on the street of his home city, "William Howard Attorney at Law." This beautiful dream had vanished, and instead he saw years of dreary toil at a task, ill-paid and hated, but whose stern aspect was relieved by the glow of Duty's light.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some ten years later young Howard was called to the office of the manager of the firm, whose most trusted bookkeeper he was.

"Howard," said the grizzly old business man. "How much of an education have you had?"

William told him.

"Humph! I wish you had had more, you see, we are going to start a branch store, and because of your good record I suggested your managing it. But the directors won't hear of any one excepting an educated man's taking the job. My boy he added in a kinder tone, "you aren't too old to begin your education. Why don't you try it?"

Howard answered with a rather sad smile, "I'm afraid I can't, sir, under the circumstances."

"Humph!" said the manager with a motion signifying that the

interview was ended, and the young man realized his superior was disappointed in him. But, he reflected, it wouldn't do to tell him that Tom has just sent home the bill for his expenses at the "J. Hop", and Jack, a senior in high school is spending money fast enough to make one's hair turn gray from worry. No, it wouldn't do to tell him.

A little later Howard saw the embodiment of his ideal of what a woman should be,—a vision that comes to a man once in his life. She was the daughter of his employer, a beautiful, accomplished girl. With the self-confidence and assurance of a man in his twenties, he was sure he could win her, poor though he was. They had met one day when business matters called him to his employer's house. It was rather late when the matter was completed, and therefore he was asked to remain to luncheon. Howard accepted the invitation gladly. Time and again his employer had given him such evidences of his esteem, and he saw no reason why the vision should not become a reality. On the way home he was busy building his castles in Spain, in which she was ever the presiding spirit. He felt that, if these rosy dreams were to be realized, all his former sacrifices would be atoned for,—that he could ask no more of fortune.

When he arrived home he found his sister in a glow of excitement and expectation.

"Bess and Sue,"—they were her best friends—"are going to Madame Brown's school at Boston, and mother says she thinks I may go too, I may, mayn't I, Billy?"

He had thought that the society of these two wealthy girls was not the best for his sister, because the extravagant habits learned in their company would some time prove their undoing. But now, as she chatted on about her plans, how the three girls would have a suite of rooms together, etc., he knew that he had waited too long, and that to refuse now would be to break her heart. All he could do was to consent.

That night as he was retiring, he said to himself, "It surely will seem strange in the house with May gone."

Then he stood stock still as the realization came to him that, when his sister left, his mother would be alone except for him. The attainment of the goal he had dreamed of earlier in the evening would take him away. All night he lay awake, the forces of evil and of

good struggling within him, the one telling him he had done his share for his mother and that his brothers should do something now, and the other pointing toward Duty. Not until the glow of another day lighted the east, did he conquer his selfishness.

When he came to the office that morning, one of the clerks noticed his haggard look and said,

"Why, Bill, I believe you are getting old."

"Yes, I guess I am," came the reply and Howard with a disconsolate smile on his lips sat down to another day of hard work, one of the many stretching out before him in desolate monotony, unrelieved by any vision.

\* \* \* \* \*

That was years ago. Should you see William Howard to-day, you would scarcely guess from his humble appearance what he might have been. But the very lowliness of his office is his crown of honor, his uncomplaining faithfulness in drudgery proves a heroism and greatness beyond that of many a man, famed in the annals of history. On the Day of Reckoning, he will be able to show no new talents gained, for he has sacrificed those entrusted to him, that others may return theirs with increase.

Leonard Yntema '15.

### EXTRACTS WORTH READING

John P. St. John, D. D.

College Ethics! We do not speak of college axioms for an axiom is an axiom in college or out of it. We do not speak of the college multiplication table, for five times five are twenty-five in bank as well as in the shades of the academy. We do not speak of college gravitation, for a student falling from the college tower will strike the ground as hard as will the citizen who falls from the courthouse spire.

College Ethics! College right angles! College parallel lines! College heat, light and electricity! The College North Star! I have chosen this illogical combination from the fact that there is a sentiment extensively prevalent among our colleges that the combination is not illogical, but that there is such a thing as college ethics differing from the ethics of the counting room, the market place, the street, or at the home. There is a sentiment too largely prevalent that the college

man is a law unto himself, and that he can do with impunity what would be disgraceful or even criminal if done by a man who is not so fortunate as to have his name on the college register. "To tell a lie is wrong on the street, but right in college. To cheat is wrong in the market, but right in college. To destroy property is wrong in a cowboy, but to deface walls or carry off gates and sign-boards is right in a college student. To boycott is wrong in Ireland; wrong even in the business circles of the civilized world, but right in college. To violate the Golden Rule is wrong in a heathen, but right in a Christian, provided the Christian happen to have his name on the roll.

"Is the street lying wrong. Equally so is college lying. It is a falsehood to say yes when I should say no, in the courtroom, and a falsehood in college."

"Again cheating in market is wrong. Equally, so is it wrong in college. You sell your neighbor a horse for a hundred dollars. He gives you ten ten-dollar bills, five of which are counterfeit. The college sets before the student ten questions; the student returns ten answers, five of which are genuine, and five counterfeit. Will you tell me the difference between the two cases, aside from the fact that one violates the law of the land and the other does not?"

"To combine against a man in business to his disadvantage is boycotting, and meets the unqualified disapproval of all right-minded men; but to combine against a student because he does not happen to belong to a particular set, seems to be easily squared with some standards of college ethics."

Down with him, whether he breathe the atmosphere of college culture, or the noisome vapors of the slums.

"What is right in college life, is right everywhere and anywhere. What is wrong everywhere else is wrong in college. The Golden Rule does not vend around a crooked college act. A foot is twelve inches in college and out of it. A pound is sixteen ounces in the store and in the class room. A dollar is a hundred cents on Christmas day, it is hundred cents on examination day, and it will be hundred cents on the Judgment Day."

# THE ANCHOR.

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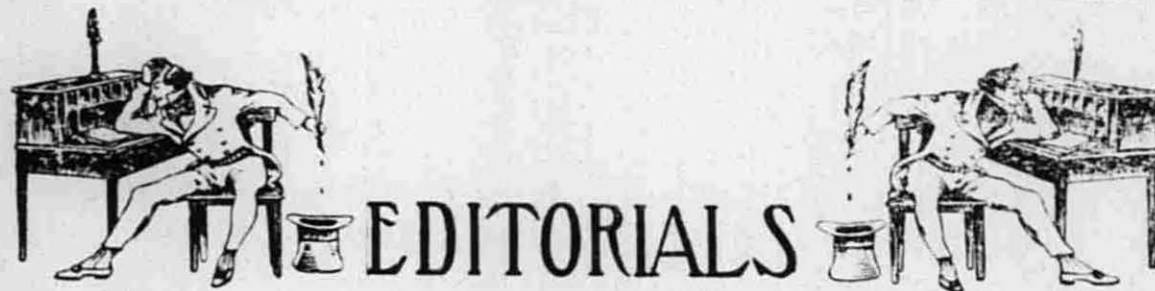
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The Is there a lure in the Lake breeze, a call in the sunshine  
Spring and shower, a longing for something insistant but inde-  
Fever finable, in oher words is "Spring" in your views? If  
so, you are in line with nature, nature that is stirring,  
reaching, groping, growing, nature that is "thrilling with life," and be-  
coming the thing she was meant to be.

But sages tell us that "human nature" has a tendency to per-  
vert things; and thus we find the glorious spring feeling degenerating  
into a disease called "spring fever." Hearken, Oh, ye students to  
the symptoms: a lethargy replaces the impulse to do and be, one be-  
comes utterly useless, a burden to himself and a bore to others; books,  
lessons, duties, are vague words, bringing no responsive action. Has  
Spring brought any of these characteristics to you? If so, it is time  
you followed the advice of Jones, and "take your mind by the back  
of the neck, and gave it a good shake." C. B.

Relation Probably one of the topics, most discussed on the  
between campus is the question of the relations between faculty  
Faculty and the student today. Time and again we hear re-  
and marks about how at such and such an institution all the  
Students faculty "mix" freely with the students, how they attend  
all the receptions, ball games, etc., and that this is  
an exterior evidence of a strong spirit of fellowship prevailing between  
student scholar and teacher. Even though it is the office of the teach-  
er and not the pupil to take the first step toward securing that spirit,  
the personal interest of the professor in the student depends largely  
upon the student himself. Provided the student shows himself worthy  
of any care and consideration on the part of his instructors, he never  
fails to obtain it; sometimes he receives considerate treatment, when,  
were he to be judged according to his deserts, he would be expelled.  
Those who complain the most that the faculty are not interested in  
the students, will almost invariably be found to be the ones who are  
not interested in their work, and who charge the teacher with indiffer-  
ence, in order to cover up their own negligence.

Another reason that may be assigned for this apparent indif-  
ference of the professor, lies in the wrong attitude of the student to-  
ward him. Too often he is regarded merely as a task master and not  
as a friend, as a machine whose function it is to cram knowledge into  
one's brain, rather than as human being. Fellow student, tell your  
professor of your aims and aspirations. Consult him in your trouble  
and doubt, and you will find advice, sound from maturity of years,  
and warm sympathy from one who has himself experienced the joys  
and sorrows of student life. L. Y. '15.

Conversation A matter which is often discussed but which can  
not be too strongly impressed upon the mind of  
the student is the need of care in conversation. A little observation  
in regard to conversation of young people upon the campus brings out  
two features which provoke criticism. The subject matter and the  
language which they use. Students are generally credited with a  
capacity to use a special amount of slang. They become so ac-  
customed to crude expressions that they are embarrassed when the  
situation demands that they express themselves grammatically and intelli-


gently. Surely a student who associates exclusively with those who study and teach languages has no reason to continue to express himself poorly.

It is the subject matter of many student conversations which provokes criticism even more than the language used. Does the content of student conversations surpass that of persons who are not trained in Colleges? Observation will show that it is often more trivial. How much of the time students spend with their associates is taken up with the discussion of those things which they are supposed to get at school? How many of the conversations clearly evidence the lack of careful reading and observation.

Conversation is not engaged in for the sake of comparing ideas gathered from experience.

A noted writer has said that conversation is one of the greatest of mental developers. Students need more of it; more discussion of facts gathered from reading and experience. In that may associations formed upon the campus become especially helpful. Every member upon the campus may be counted on to have gone through experiences and to have formed view points which differ from ours, and it becomes our duty as investigators to get his point of view in order to increase and verify our own knowledge. Conversation which brings out the ideas and experiences of others increases our power of expression, broadens our ideas and makes us more alert and observing. It is truly educative.

#### UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIP

HE department of Chemistry again scored a triumph when it was announced that Harry Kremers and Edward Wichers members of the Senior Class had been awarded scholarships in the University of Illinois. The letter announcing the success of these students was written by Dr. W. A. Noyse head of the department of Chemistry of the Illinois University. Each of these scholarships comes in the form of a graduate assistantship which carries with it three hundred dollars in cash, and exemption from all University fees.

Last year G. J. Van Zoeren was awarded a similar scholarship and the fact that H. Kremers and E. Wichers have been given

this honor shows that Mr. Van Zoeren has made good in his work there. These scholarships are good for one year with an additional three years if the holder does satisfactory work the first year.

The Chemistry department has been especially successful in acquiring scholarships during the past few years. In 1909 Henry Heusinkveld was given a scholarship by the medical department of the University of Chicago. Mr. Heusinkveld will complete his course in Rush Medical College this year. Two years ago Samuel Aeilts won a similar scholarship in the University of Chicago and last year Stanley Fortune was given a scholarship by the medical department of Columbia University. The success of these young men ought to inspire others who are contemplating a course at a university to try for these scholarships. In that way the ambitious student however limited his means, is able to receive a higher education.

#### DAY OF PRAYER FOR CROPS

On Wednesday March twelve the day of prayer for crops was observed in a meeting of the faculty and students in the College chapel. Dr. Blekkink of the Seminary lead the service. The people of Holland believe that it is as fitting to set a day upon which we shall pray for material blessings as it is to have a day of thanksgiving at the close of the harvest. It is after all upon a successful harvest that our welfare more than anything else depends. Destroy our churches and schools and cities but give us an abundant harvest, and these institutions will again spring up as if by magic; but destroy our farms and deprive us of crops and our churches and schools will begin to decay and weeds will grow up in the streets of the cities.

#### PROHIBITION CONTEST

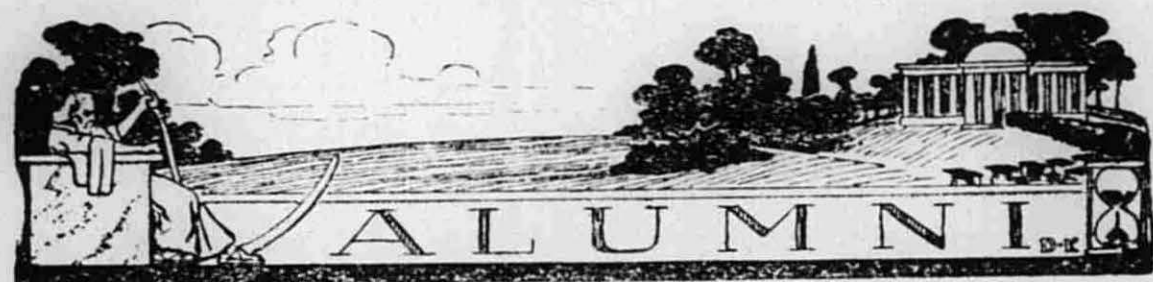
Hope's first Prohibition Oratorical contest has come and gone. The men who contested for the prize, as well as those who organized and carried out the plan for this contest deserve great credit. The project has been given such a strong start that it promises to continue one of the most interesting contests upon the college campus. This is subject which lends it self to oratorical efforts, and there is no reason why those who have oratorical ambitions should not enter this contest in the future.



On St. Patrick's day the members of the Junior class were very pleasantly entertained at the home of their class mate, Katherine Pelgrim. The decorations and refreshments were carried out in the true Irish color.

Fully confident that the victory in the Prohibition contest would be theirs, the Cosmopolitans prepared a bounteous feed in the afternoon. It is needless to say that the "Victory" and "Stag" were an event of which the Society may well be proud.

After enjoying a good program, March 21st the "Sorosite" had a pot-luck party. The originality of each girl was evident, in short it was a "feast fit for a King."



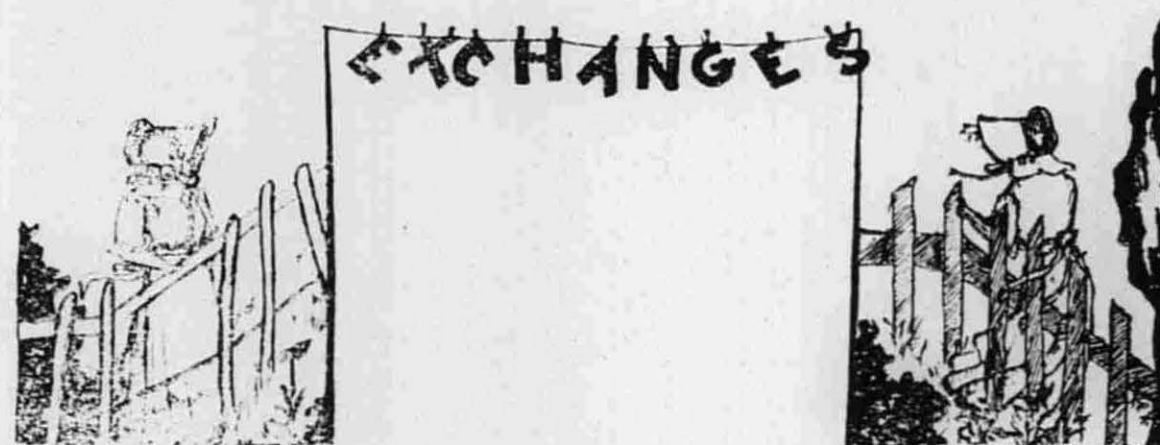
Dr. G. J. Kollen '68 has returned after a prolonged stay in the East.

Rev. H. V. S. Pecke '87 has recently edited a text-book on "The Chinese Characters," which is meeting with great success among all students of Japanese and Chinese.

Rev. C. Muller '07 of Bethany Ia, has accepted a call to West Sayville, New York.

Miss Nellie Zwemer '83 leaves China for her furlough this month. She is expected to arrive in Holland about the first part of June.

G. John Van Zoeren, '12, visited college during the Easter holidays.



With this issue the new exchange takes up his duties. It shall be our endeavor to criticize justly and fairly, the exchanges which come to us from time to time. We only ask that our fellow exchanges do the same by us. If you see good points in our paper we shall be glad to have you say so. If you see things objectionable we shall be even more pleased to have your opinion. Only in this way can we help each other to improve the standard of our publications.

The following is a head line in the Adrian College World:  
"College Quintet Lost"

We sincerely hope you have found your quintet again.

The Keramos is one of our best High school exchanges that comes to us. Your literary department is excellent. The cuts at the heads of your departments are fine.

Comet—Your girls have certainly showed you what a good paper should be. The boys will surely need no urging to endeavor not to let the girls outshine them.

The True Story of Pygmalion and Galatea is very cleverly written and the idea is original. "The House of Seven Gables" is well written and should give everyone a stronger desire to read Hawthorne's great work.

A dreamer can often dream something worth while, as the Exchange Column of "The Picket" shows. Your idea is certainly novel and the criticisms, despite the handicap under which you are working, are excellent.

Lincolnian—We would like to see a larger literary department. The article "Literary Extension in the United States" is well written.



but we would rather see articles written for publication in your paper than excerpts from Theses.

"The College Rambler" from Illinois college contains a splendid story entitled "The Sunken Bill." The introduction fulfills the primary requisite of all introductions, it stimulates an active inquiring interest to read the rest of the story. The story in its structure reminds one much of the German story, "Die Verzonkene Glocke." The story throughout has that hazy, dreamy air, which is necessary for the treatment of such a subject.



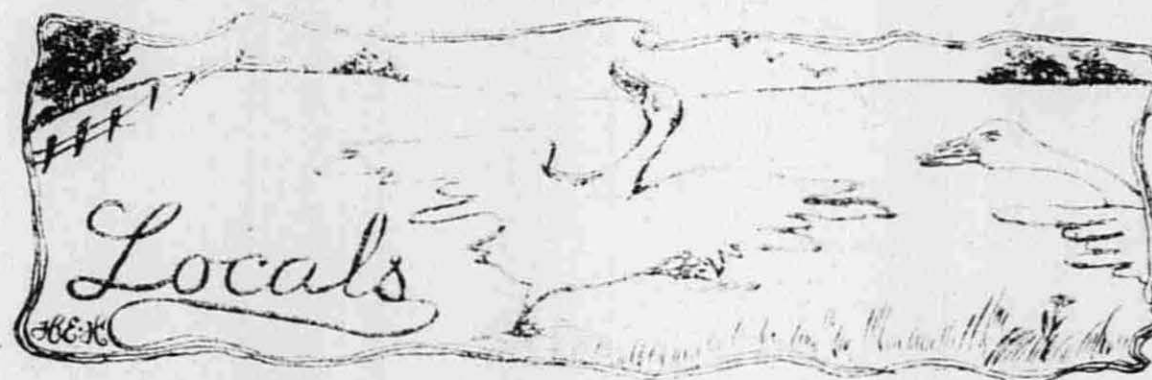
On yer mark—get set—go!!!

They're off! Let no mean man ask "Who are off?" You winged-footed messenger—come join our happy throng. We're going to have a lively time this spring in "Track." During those few "Joy days" a number of the "old timers," experienced that delightful sensation of hearing the "cinders" crack under their feet. The recent cold snap has compelled the boys to work the indoor track. The outlook is promising. Invitations for the cross country and relay have been sent to the various teams and that means that Hope must be there to meet—greet and defeat. Get me, Steve?

Who is your class captain? Tell him to get busy. The annual Field Day is almost here and if you want that Wykhuizen Trophy you've got to do some "tall" planning now. All the college classes will be strongly represented and a "close shave" is guaranteed. The "Preps" particular "role" on this festive day is to see that the points are evenly divided among the upper class men. That's right "Preps" make 'em go some. Ye studs of "Ancient Classics"—come out in full panoply and put old "Hercules" to shame.

"Kill de Ump! Get a bushel basket! He swings like a hammock! Put that boob out!" Yes, that's baseball talk—awful isn't it?

Recruits were out in full force the other day and say, they looked good to me. Hope undoubtedly will have as strong a line-up this year, as they ever had. We are looking for league twirling from "Ott" and "Jake" and we're going to get it. The western lads can surely pass the "globe." A splendid schedule has been arranged by the management and teams bearing "Kazoo Normal" and "Ferris Institute" labels are found on the list. Surely the omens are propitious for a successful season. Let's keep close "tab" on the nine and see them make good.



Prof. Nykerk, (on meeting Minnie Schuelke on the street said)  
—"Are you vacant the last hour?"

Evelyn De Pree—"Yes, I always stir my coffee with a spoon."

Otto—"I stir mine with my face."

Evelyn—"Well, you have a stirring face."

Prof. Brush (in German class)—"Van Strien, I may be mistaken, but I thought I heard you talking during my lecture."

Van Strien—"You're mistaken, Prof. Brush, I never talk in my sleep."

J. Poppen, (in organic chemistry class)—"Where would formaldehyde, if Dr. Godfrey came?"

Filght—"I can't tell you. Maybe the milk can."

The flunk problem has been solved at the University of Colorado by a ruling requiring all students who flunk to wear small blue caps with green buttons.—Ex.

Mrs. Durfee (in English class)—“Have you read Silas Marner?”

Coxy—“No, ma'am.”

xx

Mrs. Durfee—“Have you read Enoch Arden?”

Coxy—“No, ma'am.”

Mrs. Durfee—“Well, what have you read?”

Coxy—“Please, ma'am, I have red hair.”

Cy Droppers—“I am going to write the autobiography of a calf.”

Mrs. Durfee (In Freshman English)—“Some of you expect to be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease, but you needn't expect any ‘E’s’ on your cards.”

Flight—“I'm the guy that put the ‘mew’ in music.”

Manting (in barber's chair)—“Say, Casper, I've got an awful tender face. I wish you would shave ‘down’.”

Casper—“Why, er-er-yes, that's all I can find to shave.”

“The train is a wicked thing.

The engine smokes all day,

And drags along the chew—chew cars,

And tanks up by the way.”

—Exchange

Lokker—“I feel indebted to you for all I know about history of Education.”

Prof. Eidson—“Oh, don't mention such a trifle.”

And “Fat” failed to catch the cotton-tail.

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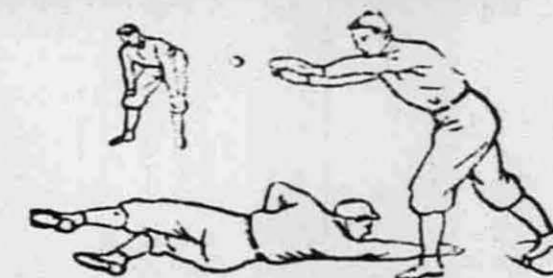
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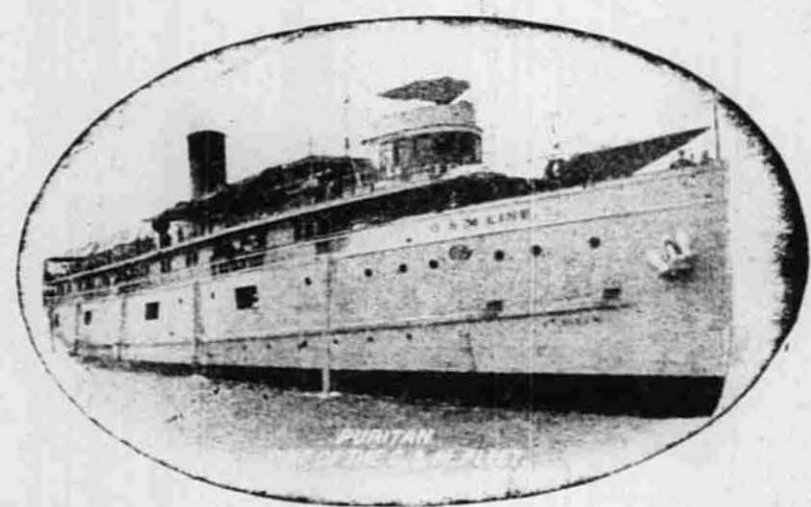
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