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DAWN

Awake! the lark has left his drowsy nest
And in the meadow sips the morning dew.
Now, with the sunlight glowing on his breast,
Eager he soars to the ethereal blue.
With joyous strength renewed this night of rest,
He flies the sunlit fields of heaven thru;
But ere he seeks the clouds, this early guest
Pauses to sing his matin songs anew.
Cure-free and blithesome in his songs of praise
That voice the ever gladsome hope of morn.
Blindly the spirit of the bird obeys
Instincts divine within his bosom born.
Then well content to leave heaven’s azure dome,
Downward he speeds to seek his meadow home.

DELI

HER HOPE CHEST

LHE last suit-case had been strapped, the trunk was locked, and mother had asked for the third time, “Have you a handkerchief, dear?” when Jake Simmons drove into the yard with his buggy to take Eva Downey to the station.

Suddenly a streak of white flashed through the gate and a childish treble called out. “Here, Miss Eva, this is what Mamma sent you to use in New York.”
“Thank you, Margaret,” said Eva taking a package out of the little girl’s hand. “I’ll hurry up and peep at it,” and she undid the package to find a handsome linen towel with the initial “D” embroidered at one end.

“Oh,” she cried gaily, “that’s too pretty to use now. I’m going to put that in my hope chest, won’t I mumie?” and she kissed her mother rapturously, pretending not to notice the tears in the tender eyes. Then Jake straightened up and said: “I guess we got to go, Miss Eva. Pert ain’t feeling mighty spry to-day and it may take a little time to go to the depot.”

Pert cocked up one ear knowingly as if to contradict this statement, but those who were acquainted with the ways of the particular beast knew that even in his sprightliest days Pert’s navigation was very uncertain. So the trunk was quickly hoisted into the vehicle, the suit-case placed on top of it, and the lunch box on the suit-case. The last good-byes were said amid the audible sniffing of little brother Bob. A crack of the whip and Eva was off for her career as she labelled it in her own mind.

She passionately loved music, and was going to study for a year under a New York teacher. With a limited bank account, she did not realize what sacrifice and even privation it might mean, but her optimism was great enough to surmount all obstacles.

She rented a small room on the third floor of a boarding house, and as the landlady handed her the key she said, “There’s a box in there, Misses Downey, that was left by the last boarder. If you can use anything in it, help yourself,” and Eva found herself alone in the dim light of a New York court bed-room. Curiously she opened a long chest that stood near the door. In it were some papers and cheaply bound books which Eva tossed out carelessly, but under these she found a pair of dainty Japanese salt and pepper shakers, three table mats and two fine linen napkins. “What a curious combination,” she thought laughingly, then another thought came that made her blush and she laughed aloud as she said: “Here goes my guest towel with it and this will be my hope chest.”

The days and weeks that followed were rather dark ones for Eva; with music lessons and room rent to pay for each week, she saw her money diminish with alarming rapidity. Not many people seemed to notice the lonely little music student and she realized what many others have learned—there is no loneliness so dreary as that of a great city where crowds surge past every day and not one responds to a heart hungry for companionship. Eva’s only consolation was her piano and her hope chest, about which she wove many sweet and harmless dreams.

One day, in passing down Broadway, she was attracted by a sign in the window of the 5 and 10 cent Store—“Special, for to-day only. Japanese teapots 10 cents.”

“Oh, they just match my salt and pepper shakers,” thought Eva. “I’m going to get one.” So she bought one of the dainty little pots, and went without soup for lunch.

“Another addition to my hope chest,” she said gaily as she deposited her package beside the napkins and the table-mats and looked proudly at the array.

The next afternoon it was rather late when she came from the music studio and to her dismay she found it was raining. That meant five cents for car-fare or wet clothes, and of the two, the latter was the less desirable; although Eva’s nickels were beginning to increase in value every day of late and she did not patronize the street car company very often. However, there was no help for it and she was about to hail a car when a voice said, “I’m sure it would be quite a neighborly act for me to offer you part of my umbrella,” and she was startled to find a tall young man with very brown eyes and a frank smile looking at her.

“Oh,” she gasped in surprise, “I don’t know—why, I don’t know you.”

“Well, he said, and now showed some white teeth as he laughed, ‘that isn’t very complimentary, is it?—we’ve been neighbors for the last five months and you don’t even know me. My room is directly opposite yours and if you will allow me to walk home with you, I think I can convince you that I am really your neighbor.’”

Eva was too bewildered to refuse, and found herself walking along under her companion’s umbrella almost before she knew it.

As they passed into a darker street, however, she began to remember all the stories she had heard about men abducting girls, of pricking them with poisonous needles and all such horrible things, and the thought made her heart beat faster and her breath come quicker. But somehow, she could not connect the frank smile of this young
knight with any kind of evil, and she found herself listening to his plans of mastering the electrician’s trade, and of becoming an engineer some day. He was barely earning his expenses now, but was gaining his ambition step by step and expected a promotion very soon.

Then Eva began telling of her love for music and how she longed to become a great player; and almost too soon they were at the door of the boarding-house.

All fears of his being a kidnapper were dispelled when the landlady opened the door and said, “Good-evening, Mr. Archer, how was the electric business today?” Surely, that Eva, he must be honest if the landlady knew him so well; and she went up-stairs with a satisfied feeling in her heart that was very different from the lonely little ache that had often been there.

After that, it happened frequently that Eva was late from the studio, and strange to say, Mr. Archer would happen to come that way about the same time and the two would walk home together. A feeling of comradeship sprang up between them that was all the stranger because each was a stranger in the large city.

One evening Eva found her landlady sick with a severe headache, and with a friendly impulse she offered to help with the work. It was several days before Mrs. Brown was entirely well, and Eva did as much as possible for her during that time. After she was better, Mrs. Brown handed Eva a package saying, “Here, my dear, put this in your green trunk, it might come handy some day—it’s a little appreciation for your help.” The box contained a souvenir spoon and Eva said, “Thank you, Mrs. Brown, here it goes into my hope chest.”

The contents of the chest did not accumulate very fast, and Eva had no real motive in saving them—but she would have her romance like every girl, and it pleased her to buy a dainty picture or a bit of linen occasionally, even when she sacrificed part of a meal for it. She took all the things out Sunday afternoon handling them carefully; then put them back as lovingly as a mother fingers the clothes of her baby.

One Sunday she was folding the guest towel when a knock sounded at the door and Mrs. Brown came in to chat a few minutes.

“What in the world have you there?” she asked curiously, “your green trunk. I’ll be bound.”

Eva blushed a little as she answered.

“I suppose you can call it that if you want to. I say it is my hope chest, although these are only a few remembrances I have received or bought occasionally.”

“Well my dear, you will be able to use that tea-pot and those napkins to good advantage some day,” smiled Mrs. Brown; then suddenly, “I declare if I didn’t leave your door open.” She stepped up to close it when she saw Mr. Archer come from his room.

“Oh, Mr. Archer,” she said, “where are you going this afternoon?”

“Well to tell the truth,” answered that young gentleman coming nearer, “I was going to coax Miss Downey to take a walk with me.”

“Well, do come in,” exclaimed his landlady roguishly. “Miss Downey is just looking over the contents of her “hope chest,” but I’m sure she’ll go.”

Eva blushed furiously as she quickly tumbled the things back into the box.

“I hope chest,” said Mr. Archer questioningly, “I never heard of that; may I ask what sort of a treasure box it is?”

“Oh,” laughed Mrs. Brown, “I see you’re not much wiser than I—in other words, it is a ’green trunk’ or a linen chest. Perhaps you know what that is.”

“Oh I see,” responded Mr. Archer as a light broke over his face, “my sister had”—but he stopped as he saw Eva’s embarrassed face and went on apologetically. “I’m afraid I have intruded—I didn’t mean to—I wanted to ask you to go for a walk.”

“Of course she’ll go,” said Mrs. Brown bustling forward, “it will do you good child—don’t mind my teasing a little.” She hurried about to get Eva’s coat and hat, and the excited girl found herself going hardly realizing how it had happened.

They had a wonderfully happy time together—those two; just a quiet pleasant afternoon, talking freely on many subjects which they found of mutual interest. As it grew dark however, Mr. Archer became rather still and there seemed to be a subtle change in his manner that strangely chilled Eva. The truth was, the young man had been doing some mighty thinking. He remembered that his sister did not have a linen chest until she was engaged—or at least as good as engaged, and she was saving things for her marriage. That was why Eva seemed so elusive. That was the reason so many letters found their way to the little room. Ah ha he saw it all now. Stupid he
might have known that a sweet sensible girl like Eva would have been claimed by some fortunate man. The more he thought of his dullness and his loss, the quieter he grew, and the more gaily Eva chattered to cover the intervals of silence that were becoming rather embarrassing.

As Archer realized that Eva could never be his, the greater grew his desire to be with her and enjoy her companionship. The walks home grew more precious to him and the loneliness afterwards more dismal. One day he suddenly felt a gleam of hope as he thought that at any rate she did not have a ring yet and could not be formally engaged. But alas for his hopes, the next evening he saw a plain little silver ring on the third finger of her left hand. How could he know that Bobbie had promised to wear it.

Within the last month a pretty little white apron from her mother and another souvenir spoon from a girl friend had found their way into the hope chest, and Eva’s heart beat in a wonderfully contented manner as she counted her treasures. She never confessed even to herself why she cared so much for that simple chest; she was content to be without asking herself why.

Meanwhile, Archer was advancing splendidly in his work and one day told Eva that he expected to be offered a position in Rochester, which would afford a good salary. Eva said very enthusiastically that she would be much happier —last night she had been quite happy even if her bank account was no larger.

The next evening she told Mr. Archer that she might go home after a few weeks, because she was tired and wanted to rest. And such is human nature that Archer’s hopes rose a little because he thought if Eva was going to be married she would be much happier—perhaps there was a chance after all. Then they fell lower than ever as common sense told him she could not be going home for anything else,—her future was only a blind. So they both were very much dissatisfied with themselves and the world, when only a few words might have set everything right.

A week later Archer informed Eva that he had accepted the offer in Rochester and would leave in a few days. Eva never could tell what she answered, she walked on, hearing nothing, seeing nothing—the world suddenly had grown dark. Her one impulse was to hide in her room and cry.

She went quickly up-stairs, too full of her own thoughts, to be surprised at finding the door open. As she turned on the lights, she could not help notice the disorder of the room. Chairs were out of place, the dresser drawer was open, and even her hope-chest stood uncovered! With a sudden fear at heart she looked for the purse in which she kept the money for a few music lessons and a little extra change. It was gone! She looked in her hope-chest—it was empty! The desolation of it all overcame her then and she sat down with a sob. She was tired and heart sore and lonely and she couldn’t do anything but cry.

The door of the room was still open and in her grief she did not notice Mr. Archer pass by. He stopped as he saw the bowed figure and hesitated a moment. Then, as if he could not endure it any longer, he went in impulsively and said, “Don’t, please don’t.”

There was no answer, and then he asked, rather uncertainly:

“Can’t I help you?”

“Oh,” cried Eva, “my money is gone and my hope-chest has been robbed,” and she ended in a wail, “what shall I do—I’m all alone!”

And forgetting the silver ring and the other man, Harry Archer suddenly put his arms about her and said:

“Couldn’t we start a hope-chest together, dearest, you and I in Rochester?”

There was silence for a moment; then a little hand slipped into his and a pair of tear-stained eyes looked up.

“I guess I’d rather have you than a hope chest anyway,” answered a contended little voice.
FAIRY STORY

Once upon a time there was a little boy who was cross and ugly, and wanted everything he saw. When he saw a nice, red apple he would say, "I want that," when he saw a pretty toy, he would say, "That's mine."

One beautiful, sunny day he was playing outside, and as usual, anything pretty that his little playmates had, he wanted, and would cry until they gave it to him. While he was playing he happened to look up, and in the sky he saw the big, yellow sun smiling down upon him. As soon as he saw it he wanted it. He cried day and night, until his mother and father became so worried that they sent for the great and wise men from all over the world. But no one could get the sun for him.

One day when he was looking at the sun, and crying for it, a little fairy stood beside him. The boy had not seen the fairy come, and when he saw it, he was frightened, and cried still louder.

"What is the matter, little boy?" asked the fairy.

"I want that," pointing to the sun, "and it won't come down."

"If you were a good child you could have the sun," said the fairy. "Why did you take that nice, red apple when your sister wanted it? Why did you take that top from your little friend, when you already had two, and it was his only one? Not until you give up for your playmates, will the sun come to you."

Then the fairy disappeared, but the child cried louder and louder with anger, saying, "I will have the sun; I will have the sun." But the sun only smiled down upon him.

After a while the little boy tried to do what the fairy had told him to do—this thing that he wanted badly, he gave to his little sister; that, to a friend and by and by he ceased to cry for the sun for his heart was filled with the sunshine, which he received by giving sunshine to others.

Delphi.

A FAMILY STORY

Our family is modeled on the Roosevelt style, that means that it gives no evidence of race suicide. We have, well, we have "two cents and contentment." I think the last time our house was painted was when Jim was born and Jim is 12 now. No there aren't four of us,
but nine, actually! And how we do rampage thru the old, brown house! I think it must be built upon a rock because its foundation never totters. To be sure, the carpet is worn thin in plenty of places but Kitty always finds some ingenious method for hiding them. Over one particularly conspicuous hole she suggested placing Grace as a fixture, after exhausting all other resources. She tried to bribe Grace into it by saying she could represent a statue of the Goddess of Beauty. But Grace refused to be bribed. She is too fond of locomotion to remain stationary for very long. So the old rocking chair had to be dragged over the offensive spot. Oh, that old rocking chair! It is chintz-covered, of mammoth size and a haven of refuge. How many wailing babies have been rocked in its friendly depths; and how many storms have surged about its creaking legs! It is infirm with age now, but we wouldn't exchange it for the handsomest leather chair in the world.

Another ancient landmark is the center table, which is large, spacious and round. It also has seen better days, but as long as we can all crowd around it, with the big, cheery lamp in the middle, we don't care at all that it isn't mahogany. Its visage is battle-tarred. There is the place where Billy Boy attempted to carve his name upon its shining surface—a large, awkward letter B, that makes mother remember still the tousled brown head, and the chubby fingers cutting away so carefully and laboriously. Then, there are the ink-stains that never could be quite rubbed off. It has always remained a profound mystery who tipped the ink bottle over. Dad says he'll never forget that circle of panic-stricken faces, for the table was in its palmy days then, when each youngster solemnly declared that he didn't do it. Besides these, there are innumerable scratches that we've all had a hand in.

Kitty, who is nineteen and the oldest of our family brood, boasts of a silk dress. It is of a very plain, dark blue and simply made but I'm sure its worth all the fine gowns of the queen of England. Not in money but in all the sacrifices Kitty has made for it. She saved up her nickles three years for it, and finally, when she counted them and found they amounted to five dollars and forty five cents, she gathered them up with a grateful sigh and deposited them in mother's hand bag. That afternoon she really shopped, and at evening she came home tired but radiant, with her precious bundle. The whole family participated in the joy of that well-earned silk. Even Jim condescended to forget his top for fully five minutes to admire the shimmering blue that was laid out for inspection on the table.
Kitty is on her throne now. Its my turn next, but I'm willing to abdicate in favor of Billy-Boy who is fairly wild to have a dog. One more howler in the house. But what difference does it make, as long as he remains on peaceful terms with the cat? The more the merrier.

Billy-Boy is the most hilarious of us all. He is a boy from the tip of his stubbed toe to the crown of his tumbled head. Billy-Boy's face is never really clean. It approaches cleanliness on Saturday nights, but even then there's much to be desired. His chief delight in the bath tub is to take the role of a lively young whale. He regards the soap which is placed conveniently at hand, with stony indifference. He only uses it if threatened that otherwise he must forego Sunday dinner pudding. Billy-Boy likes pudding more than he hates soap. So he seizes it with apparent enthusiasm, and after spreading a quantity of suds, mostly "on the face of the waters," he announces triumphantly that he is terribly clean. Billy-Boy is usually out at the knees and elbows. There is more wear and tear in him than in a dozen average boys. Mother complains that Billy-Boy's cast off clothes can't descend to Jimmy, as is the time-honored custom in our family.

At a quarter after four, mother looks apprehensively at the clock, and at that precise moment the kitchen door is violently flung open and a troop of young vandals come into the hitherto peaceful sitting-room. Billy-Boy, happy and dirty, sends his cap sailing through the room, slings down his books and salutes mother loudly on the cheek. Jimmy follows his example, then seeing the cat peacefully dozing in the rocker, makes a dive for her. The girls, Molly and Grace, if they aren't boys, are at least Tom-boys. How can they help it, with such brothers? Poor dears! They'll outgrow it, just as Kitty and I did, and become sedate enough. It isn't a painful operation but you look back regretfully to those halcyon days when climbing trees was a delight and you could pitch a ball as well as Billy-Boy does now.

They all clamor for something to eat. Master Peter is awakened from his slumbers and sets up a lusty howl. There is bedlam for a few minutes; then Kitty and I save the day by rushing to the kitchen to spread slices and slices of bread with butter and jam, while mother soothes the indignant Peter to rosy contentment by numerous gifts bestowed upon the altar of his royal highness.

Master Peter is an abbreviated specimen of humanity, but being only thirteen months old, we don't worry. Young as he is, he has two accomplishments which he carries out to perfection. He can weep copiously. In Master Peter's case, "it never rains, it pours." This flood of tears is accompanied by his wail. All the brazen bands in the world couldn't drown it. But then, there's always a pleasant side. Some day, with all this exercise, Master Peter will become a famous soloist.

Supper time is our happiest hour. The bread and jam haven't in the least abated the children's appetites. Mother sits behind the tea pot and is kept busy between eating and seeing that Master Peter doesn't fall from his high chair. Dad sits opposite, swathed in the plenteous folds of his napkin. Kitty, Jimmy and Grace are ranged on one side, while Billy-Boy, Molly and I are on the other. Poor Billy-Boy looks decidedly unhappy when he sees the last spoonful of apple sauce being deposited on Molly's plate. So near and yet so far away. Billy-Boy is devoted to apple sauce. He lapses into a crestfallen silence and only regains cheerfulness at the sight of the cake plate. There is a constant din of voices and clatter of dishes until we are thru. Then the whole family adjourns to the sitting room. The stocking basket is brot out, which is invariably full to overflowing. Mother, Kitty and I attack it with vigor, for the stockings are as full of holes as a book is of pages. Dad looks at us now and then from over the top of his paper, with an expression of mild sympathy. Master Peter crawls over the floor, attended by the long-suffering family cat, progressing backwards. Grace is engrossed in a book of fairy tales, while Billy-Boy and Jimmy are having an exciting game of checkers with Molly sitting over them as the presiding genius of the game.

This is the Happy Family around the old table, enjoying the quietest hour of the day. At last Master Peter falls asleep, all culled up in a rosy ball on a pillow, until mother bundles him off to bed. Grace drowses over her book till she drops the unwilling Molly off to bed with her. The boys finish their game and rush up the back stairs like horses on the stampede, with long and repeated good-nights echoing thru the hall. After the last stocking is mended, Kitty and I take our lamp and tip toe upstairs. And finally, dad leans over the table, turns down the lamp wick, and puff!—the Happy Family have all gone to bed.

Delphi.
WHAT MUSIC MEANS TO US

To characterize music as "noise that you pay for," or as that eminent French critic, Voltaire, did when he said, "That which is too silly to be said is put to music and sung," is not the purpose of this paper. The opposite view of the influence of music is met in Shakespeare's well known line, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," or in the lines, of another poet.

"Music's force can tame the furious breast; Can make the wolf or foaming boar Restrain his rage; the lion drops his crested mane Attentive to the song."

At present, we hardly credit the lyre with as great power as Orphic strains seemed to produce. Although not clearly definable, we do recognize in music, however, a force mighty in its effect upon human lives.

The scientist is constantly struggling to find out the unity of things. He may work for years experimenting upon a single aspect of a law, and when he has practically reached the solution, will find himself baffled by the immensity of it all. Philosophers, too, may endeavor to find the key which might open to them the doors of mystery, but they, too, find, after building for themselves a mighty universe of reason, that their entire scheme falls, and that they must gather up the fragments and build all over again. It is at this point that Art enters in. We find everywhere imperfection, and with what keen enjoyment do we turn toward the Art where we find the highest degree of perfection. We long for the beautiful, the perfect. In music we find that unity and harmony for which the philosopher struggles, and which the scientist seeks to discover.

Perhaps, the great reason why we love music is that it comes nearest to nature, the human soul, and, finally, through these means to God himself. In music we find no pretense: the human heart is laid bare in all its purity, and nature in all her beauty. That vital cord that binds man to man is the human heart. Music transcends all languages, sweeps from its path all barriers, and reveals man to man. A group of Italian children sang to us with their clear sweet voices their national airs. We did not understand one word of the song, but the melodies had found root deeper—our hearts had been touched.

The power of music as a socializing factor is undisputed. Watch a crowd gather on a street corner, listening to the quivering notes of a violin. Old and young gather about the player. Under no other conditions does a company consisting of such different nationalities gather together and feel drawn by such a common interest as at a band or orchestral concert. Music is the great harmonizer. It surmounts all differences of rank and class and unites all elements of society.

Music makes its appeal to the individual through its rhythmic qualities. This may be seen in the child who is quieted by the soft strains of a lullaby. Its rhythmic qualities appeal to our nervous organism. A child laughs and shouts when swung in the arms. This same sensation is felt by adults in feeling the swing and rhythm of a certain selection. But swing and rhythm are not the only elements that enter into the appreciation of music. These rhythmic qualities appear in all sorts of music, and especially is this feature emphasized in our popular street music. Any song, no matter how simple, even a child's lullaby, as long as it strikes the vital chord in the human soul, has more chances of a long existence in the hearts of the people than any song whose strength rests on its "catch and dash."

True, pure music has a scope far greater than we imagine. Mario l'hito has well said: "Music utters the essence of things, it best explains the world, is the chief interpreter of religion, it propounds and answers the ultimate problems of life, it is the last word of the highest philosophy, and is the revealer of the ultimate, metaphysical being of the will and soul and of nature itself." German aestheticians say that music expresses all the cosmic emotions, utters every potential as well as actual feeling—its kingdom is not of the present, but the future world. It should be made much of, for it "strikes its roots deepest into the past, and most securely shapes the future so that its home is in the infinite."

Delphi.

A HAPPINESS COOK BOOK

"It's the song ye sing, And the smiles ye wear That's a makin' the sun shine everywhere." J. W. Riley.
This recipe should be made immediately after supper in Voorhees Hall.

Take a seemingly unintentional, nonchalant attitude, a sideward glance, and a lingering step on the part of the girl. Let her stand for a moment just outside the dining-room door, or alongside the clock. Add to this one swift step of a man—a large man. Let stand a few minutes until comfortably settled. Now take a few pleasant words on the part of the man, together with a beaming smile from the girl. Stir in a few moments of fun and nonsense. Keep away all outsiders until the departing bell rings. And the happiness of two people will be supreme. It will keep for two days without repeating, but at the end of this period if final success and happiness are to result, the process should be repeated in the same manner.

Dorothy Trompen. (?).

This recipe can be successfully prepared only in a girl’s dormitory at about 1:30 a.m.

Start the process immediately after supper. Place a number of girls, says twenty, in one room. Throw in a heaping measure of fun and merriment. Stir continually until a clever idea results. Let this thoroughly diffuse among the girls. Separate the ingredients, after a thorough mixing, as well as can be done, and put them in their own rooms. Let rest for a few hours—until about 1 o’clock; then let rise slowly and continuously so as to cause no alarm. This conglomeration should be carefully conducted to the basement of the dormitory; be sure not to let the doors, nor the boards in the steps creak. When once inside the basement, shut all doors and keep away anyone who is not wanted. Throw in all kinds of “eats” from pork and beans to candy and cake. This is absolutely necessary if complete happiness is to result. Add an occasional cough, and a nervous laugh. There will be a general stirring and mixing up of the girls if perfect quiet is not insisted upon. Cover the whole process with darkness, until the stew has cooled down a bit. Thicken with the advice of one of two Seniors, then let rise again, until each girl has gained her own room.

Thus far perfect happiness has resulted, but if the temperature had risen a little too high, a moment previous, a dash of cold water from the dean would have been poured upon the process. This would have necessarily caused a stirring, in which case all possibility for complete happiness is destroyed. Therefore, great precaution should be laid upon quiet.

The whole process lasts from three quarters of an hour to an hour. When the girls have again reached their rooms, perfect rest is required. And sleep although slow at this stage comes after a while, and all of the girls drop off with a perfectly happy and contented feeling.

Take a bit of Helen’s heedlessness, and add to it some of Sarahelen’s innocence, together with the goodness of Henrietta and Amelia. Stir in a full measure of Dorothy’s charity, Adreanna’s faithfulness, Nina’s and Dorothy’s constancy, and Jane’s intellect. When this well stirred put in a large pan to bake. Cover it with a thick layer of Ruth and Estelle’s meekness, seasoned with Johanna’s coyness, and Jennie’s wit. Let bake for a long time, until all the ingredients are fully dissolved.

In a separate pan put some of Margaret’s loquaciousness, Jean’s shyness, Kathryn’s sweetness, and Ella’s smile. Thicken this with Georgie’s fun, Hermine’s tranquility and Pearl and Retta’s laughter.

After this is done, pour it on to the baked cake, garnish with the gentleness of Rolena and Sara, and serve with the humor of Henrietta together with the seriousness of Kathryn.

When served it makes a dainty dish, attractive in appearance, and stable as a food.

The Delphi Society.
Delphi, 1914.

SIDE LIGHTS.

On Board S. S.
June 15—

Yes, unusually rough. Very few people at dinner this evening. I ordered a glass of lemonade, but excused myself before the steward brought it in. I guess he knows our weakness these days.

Funchal, Madeira.
June 20—

Feel as though I belonged to a royal family. The whole city was out to meet us. The streets were all lined with the natives, and we Americans marched in state through the city. Of course, none
of us had had any training in this sort of thing, but leave it to an American to take all the honors coming to him, and then act as though it were an every day affair.

This might be called Santa Claus town. The jingling of the bells of the ox-sleds, the pretty, narrow streets and the quaintly dressed natives make Funchal the ideal place. I've never been so popular before. I've been scrutinized from top to bottom. The cobbler came rushing out to examine our shoes; the children were constantly fidgeting the buttons on my dress and the women—why, of course, they were interested in American fashions. Too bad, they couldn't talk English, for I just knew they wanted the pattern of sister's dress.

Algiers, June 23—

Yesterday, we passed Gibraltar, and today it's Algiers. Such a heathenish mix-up! Every tribe from Judah and Manasseh to the people of Ishmael. There was quite a generous sprinkling of the sons of Ham, too, I noticed.

No, I didn't see a Dutchman. The men here are sports. Far too gay for our sober Dutchmen. They go sailing around in their flowing tunics, and wind huge, bright-colored rags around their heads. Put the women—all their good looks are covered up. They even draw their veils over eyes if a man looks at them. Poor things, they have to cover up their mouths. Ye gods, what would our own American woman do! Those poor things don't even know the "joy" of having one man all to themselves. I wonder what they would do if they had the responsibility of four as we Hope Seniors have, but that's neither here nor there.

Some of these streets are in line for improvement. They are wide enough so that you can stretch your arm from one side to the other, but even then, the natives don't know enough to keep their goods inside the shops. They put the most delectable articles like milk, on the road for the inspection of flies, etc. The Arabs enjoy living in the open, and you'll find them lounging on either side of the street. The middle (?) is reserved for general traffic. They intend making improvements in their street lighting system—I heard some talk of putting in a lantern method, but as the council is divided, they are apt to retain for some time the tallow candle plant.

Saw Vesuvius and passed the old site of Herculaneum, and have thoroughly inspected Pompeii. Vesuvius and Pompeii were far too tame for some of our party. They've crossed the ocean—times, don't you know. Naples is the city of eternal sunshine, and you might have added, of eternal dirt, of which the inhabitants are blissfully ignorant. Another feature—did you say you loved music? What raptures! Then you must visit Naples at night. You may drop head into the pillow while from below rises the soft strains of a violin. At 12 o'clock before thee melodious notes have died away, you have come to the conclusion that it is sleep now or never. And then, "weh mir," you hear the heart-rending strains of an organ-grinder which set your feverish brow into a turmoil. It must be about two o'clock by this time. You turn once more, and your trained (?) ear has caught the gay waltzes rendered by an orchestra. Yes, I do so love music!

By the way, I must not forget to note some household economics. Such suggestions might come in handy in learning something from the "Helpful Hints to the Housewife," department of the "Ladies' Home Journal." The people in these crowded districts get along splendidly in very "petite" quarters. Washings are strung from the window of one apartment to the window of the other on the opposite side of the street. The only requisite is that you be on affable terms with your cross-the-street neighbor. Another labor-saving device is a small basket and a rope with which you may get your vegetables or your daily paper without the necessity of traveling up and down stairs. Another practice which might be an improvement upon the American plan is the system milk dealers have. Instead of incurring a needless amount of work in washing bottles, and also to guard against insanitary conditions, why not follow the plan adopted by many European cities, that of driving the flock of goats (or cows in America, as the case may be), from house to house. You will readily see the improvement upon our old systems.

Naples, Italy.
June 26—

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Rome.
June 30—

Oh, I made a sad mistake in this, the eternal city. May the Saints have mercy. I failed to kiss the Pope's toe. In this act, I see
the influence of present-day methods. Instead of feeling awe-struck as I should, I saw millions of germs rise from the worn-off toe where thousands had tenderly pressed their lips. Horrors! I see we lack the European "aesthetic" sense."

Switzerland
July 8

As I entered the Zurich station, I found my suit-case and the contents exploded, turned turtle. Oh, that's nothing to be excited about—only a trifle. "It's an ill wind that don't blow somebody good." I found my note book. Doesn't speak well for my housekeeping, but—well, I'll see if I can collect my thoughts, and jot down something about those pictures I saw in Italy. Let's see there was Titian, Huetorela, Michael Angelo, Vermicelli—no, that's what they eat. It's been in picture galleries, and then picture galleries, ditto, picture galleries. Father had an acute attack of pictureitus, but his recovery is assured. Mountain air is doing wonders. The mountains are truly wonderful. We climbed one. Below us lay a chain of beautiful lakes. Opposite us, rose the snow-capped peaks of gleaming in the afternoon sun. And how charming those little Swiss villages are, nestled on the slopes of the mountains. Switzerland for me!

—Delphi
We only hope that we may do our share to keep up the standard that has been set through all these years.

In behalf of the student body, we wish to thank the retiring staff, for the most excellent service they have rendered during the past year. The Anchor is becoming a larger paper each year—larger in bulk. It is growing with the college. And not only is it growing, but the standard of every department has been maintained.

The purpose of a college paper as we see it, is two-fold. First, its primary object is to give student life, in all its phases, an opportunity to express itself. In so far then, as student life is wholesome, in so far as student thought is advanced and varied, in so far will the college paper possess value and interest. This is your paper; it is largely what you make it. The best of your thought along whatever line it may be is what we need to make our paper strong.

And then, in the second place, it is the object of a college paper to maintain a strong bond of interest and union between College and Alumni—to keep the Alumni in touch with the life and work of the school, and, on the other hand, to keep the students in touch with those who have gone before them, and who are making a name for themselves and their Alma Mater. Therefore, any contribution from you Alumni will be received with pleasure.

With the hope that this year may be a successful one for the Anchor, and with a determination to do our best to make it so, the new staff enters upon its new duties.

have been interrupted so often today," is such a common saying among students. And the question naturally arises whether the student should give himself over to the intruder or not. The school is the place where the individual is trained so that later he can give his best self to service in the world at large. Should then each student think only of his own improvement, and leave others to care for theirs? In other words, should the student's life be primarily selfish? I hardly think so. It is true, that the student should always remember why he is at school, that his first duty is toward himself and no out-side interest should hinder the best development of that self and its purpose in the future. But it does not seem to me that the highest development of the self necessarily implies that others should be shut out. For that which distinguishes a high-minded person from a low-minded one is not the degree of perfection with which he works out his own ideals. It is rather to secure the highest cultivation of his own faculties so that he may be instrumental in the development of those of others. Self-sacrifice is the key-note of self-realization. What then is the purpose of life? According to the scientist, "we live in order to give life to others." We are social beings. It is a part of the process of education that we learn to cultivate these social instincts. We will not be able to give our best, our true self to the service of others if we do not develop these tendencies in their nascent stages. The day of many interruptions can become the day of greatest service to others if we make it so. In proportion as we give ourselves up to be of service now, to that degree will we be useful in the future. We are now what we shall be later. The future is not a thing we can pick up when we feel ready for it. Instead, it is something which is largely determined by our past and is overshadowing us.

George MACDONALD sums it all up very well, when he says "The best preparation for the future is the present well seen to."

Delphi.

OUR STUDENT HONOR

A serious charge has been brought against our student body by one who is in a position to speak with authority. The sad part of it is that most of us will feel compelled to agree with him. The charge is that we, as students, seem to be lacking in that fine sense of honor which is the strategic point in student character, and that we seem to feel no pangs of conscience about little slips from the straight path of duty. We are trying an impossible task; namely, that of preserving a double standard of honor, one for the Athletic field, and another for the class room. We pride ourselves on playing a good, honest game, and yet are remarkably lax in our class room ethics. Remarkably, because our college is one of lofty ideals, which we should uphold, but, too often, forget.

Student honor is said to be a communal sentiment, a faculte d’ensemble, based almost entirely upon campus feeling. If this is the case, it rests with us to raise our own standards. If a majority of us would together decide upon a course of conduct, we could influence the rest by our very plurality. If a student is made to feel that his acts of deception do not meet with the approval of his fellow students, he will easily be induced to give up that line of conduct. If he knows himself
to be scorned and despised by the others, he will not be likely to repeat his offense. Aside from this view, his sense of honor as a gentleman can be appealed to. The more we feel that we are trusted by our instructors, and the more they rely upon our sense of honor, the more do we hesitate to stoop to cheating and trickery. It is a well-known fact that if a student feels himself watched and distrusted, he thinks it no offense to be appealed to. The more we feel that we are trusted by our instructors, the more do we hesitate to have won the decision.

The superiority of Hope's debaters over the other teams must have been reflected in their delivery, which was pleasing and to a certain degree forceful. Our criticism, however, is that they failed to concentrate their efforts on a few fundamental arguments, that their brief was not arranged in such an orderly way as to give the hearers a clear idea of their plan, and that their presentation lacked that force and enthusiasm which is necessary to convince.

Hope's negative team lost the debate at Olivet, the decision being two to one in favor of Olivet. Although we have not yet heard particulars, our inference is that Olivet must have presented a very strong style of debating, indeed. Alma won over Olivet at Alma. It is worthy of notice that in all of our intersociety and intercollegiate debates the affirmative teams have won the decision.

THE ANNUAL DEBATES

The annual debates of the Alma-Olivet Debating League were held Friday evening, April 10. Hope's affirmative team, composed of Henry Lockhorst, Henry Poppen, and John J. De Boer, remained at home to meet Alma's team consisting of C. C. Hyde, M. Cole and C. Creaser. Hope's negative team, consisting of Theodore Zwenner, Henry Ter Keur and Leon Bosch met Olivet's affirmative team at Olivet. The judges for the home debate were Attorney C. B. Wilkes of Allegan, Prosecuting Attorney Louis Osterhous, of Grand Haven, and John B. Cleveland, Principal of the Hackley Manual Training School, Muskegon. Their decision was unanimous in favor of the affirmative.

The girls of the Junior Class paid their respects to St. Patrick, and incidentally to the young gentlemen of the class on Tuesday evening at Miss Schuelke's home. The class enjoyed themselves in the games and good 'eats' which had been prepared. St. Patrick put all in the best of humor and nobody was left out of the fun.

Miss Clements gave a party to the Senior girls on St. Patrick's day. It was a delightfully informal affair, such as only a group of girls can have. The afternoon was spent in conversation and games, interspersed with music. St. Patrick was duly honored by emerald tokens at the dinner table and sprightly baw jokes. All the girls agreed it was one of the occasions in their Senior year which will never be forgotten.

The annual banquet of the Knickerbocker Society was held on the evening of March 12, in the new building of the Ladies' Literary Club. The "Knicks" surely chose an ideal place to entertain their guests. The minuet details were carried out, and the affair proved an immense success. Music was furnished and the toasts by the members of the society were listened to with the keenest appreciation. The closing feature of the evening was the grand march which was a fitting close to one of the events of the season.

On Monday night, March 16, the Sophomore class took its first lesson in roller skating. For many the lesson seemed easy, but for others there was a considerable lack of the "sticking" quality. Between the fun of those whom roller skates took off their feet, and the cooling draughts which the punch bowl afforded, a most delightful evening was spent.

On the evening of March 18, the Science club entertained with an informal dinner in its club room. The decorations were carried out very artistically. Tables were set for four. Later in the evening, games were played and prizes awarded. The good time could not be complete, however, without introducing "Billy" the skeleton, and as a closing feature, a flash light was taken with "Billy" in the center.
With this issue of the Anchor the new exchange dons the harness. It will be our aim to criticize our exchanges fairly and judiciously, and we hope that our exchanges will do the same for us. We shall be glad to accept both commendation and criticism. In this way we can mutually benefit each other. We also extend to our exchanges a cordial welcome and our sincere wishes for a profitable year.

The cover design of the March Number of The Mason City "Ink Spots" is rather artistic. Its Literary department, which should be its strongest, is its weakest department, though the originality of its Joke Column is very marked.

Your Athletic department is written up in a most humorous and interesting manner. The editor surely is an adept at handling the language of the "World of Sport."

The Luther College Chips has an exchange department that is most exhaustive, and by far the best of any of our exchanges. It criticizes almost every department and every article of its exchanges. Many valuable suggestions are offered. We are sorry that we cannot give more space to our exchanges.

We notice that, although some of our High School exchanges are not particularly strong in their Literary product, they almost invariably have a joke, humor, or local department that is decidedly original and interesting. We might profit by their example in this respect.

Among our High School exchanges, the "Keramos" of the East Liverpool High school, Chio, is decidedly one of the very best. Your athletic column deserves special mention for the interesting manner in which it is written. The appropriate cuts that head your various departments lend interest to your entire paper.
Class Stones—
Freshmen—Diamond or emerald.
Sophomore—Blarney.
Junior—Grind Stone.
Senior—Tomb Stone.

Ex.—

We believe it would be an improvement to "The Di-

buque Student," if the German and English numbers it contains were se-

parated instead of mixed. We congratulate its staff for producing such a good number, considering that it is the first under student man-

agement. Your cover design is not very artistic, and the article entitled, "The California Anti-Alien Land Law" presents a scrappy appearance

owing to its numerous paragraphs.

The faculty of Adrian College has fallen in line with the advance forces of the Prohibition movement. It has made arrangements for a course of study dealing with that problem, that can be taken in connection with College Physiology for one hour every week. The two studies are not inseparable. This is a distinctly progressive movement and it should add greatly to the interest and completeness of the work.

The Spectator of Capital University, Columbus, Ohio does not rank low among our exchanges. The article entitled "The Law of Habit" is worth reading. It is valuable not so much because of its originality and extraordinary treatment as for its practical application to the lives of many students. The final thought is well expressed in the apt quotation:

"Time doth the impression deeper make
As streams their channels deeper wear."

Jacobs (walking up to Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Osterhous at Voor-
kees)—"Say, who is going to represent you fellows in the Prohibition Contest?

Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Osterhous are nonplussed.

Tillema (to the rescue)—"Mr. Jacobs, these are the judges for this evening, Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Osterhous."

Jacob—"Oh pardon me, I thought you were Alma’s debaters."
There is one position that never was very attractive to me, and he who held it always had my deepest sympathy. The athletic editor of the Anchor, to be a success, must possess that strange quality of being able to write so as to please all. Each one of us has his particular favorite in a game, and we like to see him receive credit for his work. It is good to remember that there are many others who have similar ideas and they may not always agree with ours. A man who plays the "star game," is often profited by not even having his name mentioned; while the poorer player may receive much encouragement from just a line in his college paper. To me it seems right that such things be taken into consideration. With this idea in mind—to try to be fair to all—the new Athletic Editor enters upon his new duties.

"Going to play baseball this spring?"
"Yes, I expect to. When does practice start?"
"I don't know. I wonder whether Hope has a team to represent it."

Such was a bit of baseball talk of two Freshmen a few days ago.

Well, listen! The management has issued the first call for practice and about twenty men came out. That is a good start but there are many more men on the campus who can play. Come along, boys! We'll lend you a suit until you can get one from the captain. Now freshmen, here is your chance to make good, for no position is won until you have beaten every other aspirant for that position. Many of the "veterans" are back, but the world is getting better every day, so why shouldn't a Freshman be a better player than a Senior? Look over the schedule and see if you wouldn't like to help Hope be victor over these teams:

April 25—Grand Rapids Central High.
May 9—Kalamazoo College.
May 16—Ferris Institute.
If Stein knew Moore.
How much would Delano?
Dorothy V. D. Berg has become greatly enthused over India's live wire, John R. Mott, because she thinks he's the guy that put the Mott in De Motts.

At the Freshmen and Soph Basketball Game
Mrs. Durfee, to Freshman class: "Where did you get that goat?
Freshmen: "From a kid on Seventeenth Street."
Dankot: "Marguerite, do you know what makes the malted milk with egg in it so cold?"
Marguerite: "No, what makes it?"
Dankot: "It's the cold storage egg."
Miss Moore: "How those little things in people make them disagreeable.
Punk: "Yes,—what is there little about me?"
Miss Moore: "Oh, nothing!"
Ruth V. D. Berg: "Where are Helen and Peet?"
Charlotte: "Look for the 'white light' in the corner."
Miss Moore to Faries: "I noticed as you were walking with a young lady the other day that you looked quite fussed."
Faries: "You—Ought—to—See—me—in—Philadelphia—then."

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