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May '13
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A Song of Work

From the whirring of wheels and the grating of saws,
   From the roar and the din of the city's turmoil,
From the depths of the earth where the hid treasures lie,
   From the farm where men labor in hard, honest toil—
   Comes a song, loud and strong,
   That is carried along,
 'Tis the song of Work—Work—Work!

The man at the desk who from morning till night
Heaps up numbers on numbers in endless array,
The mother who sings at her dull household tasks,
The boy whose bright whistling makes drudgery play—
   All join in the song
   That is carried along,
In the song of Work—Work—Work!

In the school, in the home, in the office or shop,
   In whatever vocation our life-work may call;
   Whether rich, whether poor, whether lovelv or proud,
   God grant us this blessing, that we, too, may all
   Join the song, loud and strong,
   That is carried along,
The song of Work—Work—Work!

-A. K. '16
THE DEGREE OF THE CENTURY

This oration received first awards from all the judges on Composition.

The twentieth century promises at least one great reform. The nations of the world, as if touched by some magic power, respond to what seems heaven's decree that morality and justice shall prevail and that vice and injustice shall suffer defeat. It cannot well be otherwise. When the inexorable law of moral evolution speaks, no national force or international power will be able to resist with success. Was there an earthly power that could prevent the decay of medieval feudalism? Has there ever lived a monarch who could check the advance of democracy? Before the decree of each successive century have fallen the castles of the medieval baron and the thrones of the more modern tyrant. The dynasty of King Alcohol, which for centuries have reaped the profit of the greatest crime and dissipation of all the earth, seems now likewise to be struggling in vain against the invincible powers of the age.

The ever-increasing and wide-spread anti-liquor agitation predicts the downfall of this nefarious traffic. Germany, for centuries boasting her remarkable beer consumption, is today most vigorous in her condemnation of all intoxicating liquors. France, from her infancy nourishing the drink habit by social custom and legislative enactment, has hurled her defiance at the great destroyer of her citizenship. Belgium formerly intimidating every temperance effort by the most importunate vaunts in regard to her national strength, today pulsates with the most powerful propaganda against what she has come to recognize as a national curse. In every country of the world, ardent supporters of liquor prohibition have arisen to create a popular sentiment, which, once launched against its foe, will render opposition futile and defiance fatal.

And is it a wonder that nations should thus change their attitude when the unmistakable evidence, that our century affords, reveals the wicked character of the liquor trade? When science and industry, with the accurate precision of an official investigation, proclaim alcohol a positive physical and economic evil, is it to be expected that the liquor trade shall be able to maintain its favor with the human race? When it is discovered as a positive fact that the boasted food value of alcoholic beverages is merely a fabrication and their value as a medicine a false and presumptuous pretence, all the ingenuity of a money-tainted traffic
shall not be able to establish the contrary. When railroads and factories, after accurate and scientific tests, refuse to accept men that drink as employees, because alcohol lowers their efficiency and increase liability to accident, agency of the saloon will be able to pronounce liquor a harmless beverage. Has there ever been a weapon for warfare against the liquor trade, it is found in the facts of science and in the attitude of industry. Give the world these facts and the mightiest institution of the world surrenders.

The demand for civic honesty likewise pronounces its verdict against the saloon and all its allied interests. No louder cry has gone up from all civilization than that fraud shall be exposed and intrigue shall come to light. Governmentally the strictest honesty is the rule. Without honesty in election and fairness in the discharge of public trusts, no official can hope to achieve political recognition, no public servant dares expect political renown. Known alliance with wealth is resented. Known federation with evil is punished. And can it be conceived that our government, which has ousted Lorimerism from our legislative halls, which is investigating the dealings of mighty trusts and corporations, which is everywhere demanding publicity, shall overlook the corruption bred by the liquor trade? Is it reasonable to pronounce this trade exempt from investigation and punishment, when it has already become known that the brewing industry is employing the most underhanded strategy to maintain its respectability in industry and its prestige in government? That it has spent $200,000 to defeat prohibition in one single county? That by lavishly distributing its tremendous profits, it is doing more to bribe and pollute and corrupt our government than all the other industries taken together? That, by buying up newspapers, it is vitiating public sentiment, in the name of liberty, arousing popular prejudice against law and order, the very foundations of liberty? Does it seem possible that the people of our country will be blind to these facts? Nay, rather will our citizens hunt out the hidden strategies until the last vestige of fraud has been discovered, until the last bit of the cruel blackness of this organization has been brought to light. To believe the opposite were to lose all faith in patriotism, to pronounce self-government as impossibility, and republican liberty a farce and a mockery.

Equally inevitable is the overthrow of the liquor trade because of the spirit of altruism that prevails. An altruism that permits the existence of an institution that furnishes the objects for charity is a most
glaring contradiction. And yet there exists in modern society just such a
case. Philanthropy strives to alleviate suffering, while the saloon
creates and intensifies pain and distress. In every state, as symbols of
our nation's good will rise massive structures that serve as homes for the
nation's weak and aged, for the fatherless and motherless, for the insane
and feebleminded; while over against these, as symbols of the crudest
malevolence of all the ages, stand saloons and grogshops to fester human
imbidity, to turn youth to age, to make children parentless, and to
swell the lists of the mentally diseased and deficient. When, less than
a month ago, a destructive tornado swept through the heart of the city
of Omaha and when the devastating floods played havoc in the valleys
of the Ohio and Miami, the hearts of 92,000,000 people were touched
with sympathy for the suffering and homeless; while the cold bare fact
that liquor every year claims the life of 720,000 of our countrymen is
looked upon with the cruelest of complacency. Can these opposites
continue to exist side by side? Can our government, devoted to public
peace, countenance an institution which, creating criminals and doubling
delinquents, vitiates the very purpose of government? Can our citizens
devoted to universal physical well-being, condone the sale of liquor,
which has actually been proven to be the greatest promoter of disease?
Can we endure the great destroyer of the laborer's dollar, while at the
same time we are earnestly endeavoring to eliminate poverty and all its
bitter consequences? Can we tolerate the great destroyer of morality,
while at the same time we are vigorously striving to hunt out crime and
to suppress vice? Can we longer grant license to the great destroyer
of life itself, in the midst of all the organized efforts exerted to conserve
the resources of life? That were too plain a paradox. That were too
irreconcilable an inconsistency. As long as my country lives, as long as
philanthropy has meaning and mutual happiness has charm, I cannot
conceive of such a situation.

But these factors in themselves do not determine the defeat of
the liquor forces. The facts of science and industry, the revelations
that result from the demand for civic honesty, and the conditions
brought to our attention by the new spirit of altruism; these, without
public information and public conviction will remain impotent. But
here we receive new encouragement, for the greatest educational propa-
ganda of modern times is the propaganda launched against the liquor
trade; a propaganda not of sputtering sentimentalism, not fostered by in-
dividual self-assumption and love of glory, not born from a mere mom-
entary impulse of the masses; but a propaganda, based on accurate in-
formation, on actual conviction, on the deliberate and matured judg-
ment of twenty centuries. Never before has such a movement for
public enlightenment swept over our country. A movement that com-
promises a political party, yes, more than a political party, a host of men
and women from every conceivable occupation and trade, laboring in-
cessantly for the cause of prohibition; a throng of college men and wo-
men who have determined to carry the struggle into every community
where liquor has a stronghold; a coterie of orators and statesmen, who
who will not fight for their country unless they can fight liquor, and who
will not lead unless they can write at the top of their banner "Prohibi-
tion Triumphant."

But, you say, you have underestimated the strength of your foe. No, we are aware of the powerful monster that stands ready to
meet us. We see the organized liquor traffic stand there, ready to defy
every attempt to encroach upon its self-assumed prerogative. I here it
stands, inspiring respect because of its financial power; falsifying truth
by its ingenious methods; converting the public press, the molder of
popular sentiment, into a deceptive machine of destruction; under the
guise of a public benefactor, appealing to the lowest passions and the
basest appetites of man. There it stands, positively forbidden by the
government to interfere with temperance education in the schools, yet
nullifying that very statute by placing in every library liquor publications
filled with distorted facts and crooked logic. There it stands, positively
forbidden by the government to interfere with the church, yet operat-
ing as its mightiest competitor, it turns Christian converts into drunken
madmen. There it stands, supposedly helping to lift from the laborer
the burden of taxation, yet taking away his last dollar. There it
stands, lives, yea, prospers beyond its own most sanguine hopes.

But this bold effront is not sufficient to intimidate us. For
the greatest tribute that the liquor can pay anti-saloon forces is its
active opposition, its recourse to every conceivable method to maintain
the traditional thirst for liquor.

You ask me, then, what is your solution. You prate of means
and methods. The question is not a question of means or methods.
It is a question of faithfulness to reason, to principle, to sound judgment.
I tell you that, when the actual truth of the situation shall have been
revealed to the people of our land, they will find out their own means
and their own methods. Just as aroused America freed the slave and
awakened China banished opium from her borders, so will our country, when once thoroughly aroused, tear from its bosom this venal serpent. Let our nation once fully realize this abomination of desolation and I am convinced that, in the name of patriotism, in the name of true liberty, in the name of justice, a nobler citizenship will arise in mutiny against this historic curse, this criminal of all the ages, and then I see the last shadow of the dark prince of alcohol fade before the rising sun of an enlightened century.

Love

I Corinthians XIII

Though I speak all 'tongues,' that men and angels use
Yet have not love, I am but sounding brass
Or clanging cymbal. Though I have the gift
Of prophecy, and know all mysteries.
All knowledge deep; even though I have the faith
Vast mountains to remove, yet have not love.
I am as nought. And though my substance all
I should bestow to feed the poor, yea, give
My body to be burned, yet have not love.
It profiteth me nought: Love suffereth long.
Is kind, and envieth not; love vaunteth not,
Is not puffed up, doth not behave itself
Unseemly, yea, it seeketh not its own,
Is not provoked, and taketh not account
Of evil things; nor in nighness Rejoiceth, but in the triumph of the truth;
Love beareth all, believeth, hopeth all.
Endureth all with temper undisturbed.
Love falleth not, though 'prophecy' shall fail,
Though 'tongues' shall cease, and knowledge pass away
For now we know and prophesy in part;
But when has come the perfect, things in part
Shall pass away. When I was yet a child,
I spoke and thought and did as doth a child:
Now that I am a man, all childish things I've put away.
For now, as in a glass, We do but dimly read the riddle dark;
Hereafter, we shall see as face to face:
Now, too, I know in part; but then I'll know
In full, as I myself am fully known.
And now abideth faith and hope and love—
These three; but greatest of all these is love.

Sophomore

ROBERT BOYLE

If we were to trace the early development of the Sciences, we would find that the early conceptions of the National Philosophers and Alchemists were very crude and in only a few instances near the truth. However from its earliest stages up to the time of the late sixteenth century, some men had put forth new theories but their facts were based on very little, if any, experimental evidence.

All those acquainted with European History, will know that there was no period more extraordinary, more paradoxical than that of the restoration of the House of Stuart. Corrupt as the government was there was a reformation along the lines. Although the period was so full of incongruities, the times of Ca'tendon, Halifax, Russel, Milton, Jefferies and others have been the wonder and despair of historians. We can perhaps say with much truth that this movement was the spirit of the age. It appeared in every department of learning and with no little emphasis on science. This was manifested with the appearance in 1661 of a little octavo volume from an Oxford printing press. It was entitled the "Sceptical Chymist," denouncing the old doctrine that all matter existed in the form of three elements; sal, sulphur and mercury.

This book had a great sale and from all parts came the inquiry "Who was the author?"

This young man was called the Honorable Robert Boyle, the seventh son of the Great Earl of Cook, and was born in 1626. As a boy he was sickly but very studious, with roving habits and uncouth manners. He received his early education from his twelfth year till he was eighteen, and he spent most of his time at Eaton, on the Continent. Some time after his return he became a member of the Invisible College, an assembly of learned and curious gentlemen who applied themselves to the study of experimental science. Later a part of the Society moved to Oxford and in 1654, Boyle also followed. From this society sprang up the Royal Society of London. This Royal Society by the growth of its new philosophy, excited much jealousy and anger. Religion, Law and Reason were entirely undermined. Boyle was urged to leave the society. Much as was the disfavor of the society, and notwithstanding the rough usage of its youth, it gradually began to grow and prosper. People began to see that it might be of use in their day. The Great Plague of 1665, and the Great Fire of 1665
were the opportunities, and the Society did much good in the arrange-
ments of the new city. Science now became fashionable. The King
set up a private laboratory and took weather observations, and the fine
ladies of the court marveled at the properties of phosphous.

Among one of the many matters that the world disputed so
much about, was the question, "Is a vacuum possible?" Rene Descart-
es has asserted that the universe was absolutely full and that no
vacuum could be made. But in the face of this there were some awk-
ward facts that did not seem to agree with the idea of Descartes. It
was known by experimental evidence that if a tube, say thirty five feet,
long, closed at one end and open at the other, was completely filled
with water and inverted with the open end under water, the water
column would not exceed thirty-two feet above the level of the water
in the cistern. If the same thing were repeated with mercury, the
mercury column would be only one-thirteenth as high. And if this
mercury column were taken to a high elevation, the space above the
mercury increased. Men now began to investigate the phenomena
of the air's rarefaction. These few facts set Boyle to thinking and to-
gether with Robert Hooke, he contrived his "Pneumatical Engine," which
in its modern improved form is no more or less than the air pump
found in all physical laboratories. He demonstrated that air was com-
posed of elastic particles and could be compressed or rarefied, and upon
the removal of the pressure would recover its former condition. With
this he advanced the theory that the air corpuscles were continually in
motion and warding off their neighbors.

Boyle also had a clear conception of the materiality of air, and
by experiment demonstrated that air has weight and that an inflated blad-
der weighs more in a vacuum than in air. From this he proved that
the atmosphere in which we live is more compressed than that, one mile
above us. From this he explained the falling of the barometer when
taken to the top of a high mountain. A few years later he proved this
fact by placing his barometer in the air pump receiver and exhausting
the air. The mercury immediately dropped. He also proved his
theory that air expanded or increased in volume when heated. This he
accomplished by bringing near the fire partially inflated bladders and
allowing the expanding air to burst them. He formulated the law of
the siphon and acquired its simple mode of action by experiment. The
relation of air to oxidation and life was also one of his experimental
proofs. The last, and as he describes it the most important of his whole

series of experiments, was the only by which he discovered that the boil-
ing point of water is dependent upon the atmospheric pressure.

This brief summary of his most important works will
exhibit a considerable degree Boyle's character as an investigator. He
was unerring in his efforts and his unerring efforts and thoroughness never
satisfied until the fundamentals of his experiments had been worked
out. A man much in advance of his age and the first true scientist.
There is no text-book of physics in use to-day in which his great laws
are not set forth.

But as in the case of every great man, his work was not to be
unchallenged. The Elateris—Franciscus Linus and Thomas Hobbs,
tried to overthrow his new theories. Boyle however was ready for
them and by his new experimental proof demonstrated his laws to them
beyond a shade of doubt. Boyle's work was also extended in other
lines of Science. There are for example his papers on the "Saltiness
of the Sea, and the Nature of the Sea's Bottom," "Figures of Salts,"
"Natural Philosophy" and many others. We can truthfully say that
Boyle's place in the History of Science is that of the first true exponent
of the Baconian Method. His "Sceptical Chemist" is his greatest
work. This book contains a greater number of fundamental facts than
any other chemical treatise of its day. Many of these originated with
Boyle and are in use to-day. The great importance of this work lies
in the fact that it overthrows, without a doubt, the doctrine of the "tria
prima", which before the close of the Century was as much out of date
as a Philologist would be to-day.

Boyle was a true Scientist, and that, in more ways than one.
He also had other interests than those centered in his experimental
work. He was a religious man, in the best sense of the word. His
investigations were to him the unraveling of God's Nature. His theo-
logical writings form no inconsiderable portion of his works.

Harry C. Kremen '13.
HE day was slowly drawing to a close. The timid approach of evening became more and more perceptible, and the sun sinking to rest, sent bars of glowing red, far into the sky. Some hidden hand seemed to be shifting the scenery of the heavens. Gradually the sky darkened, the purple blushes on the western horizon began to disappear, while here and there a lone star became visible. The leaves of a near by tree began to stir as a squirrel sprang from limb to limb, making for his little home. A chirp from a belated bird that fluttered about, aroused a solitary man sitting on an aged stump. His dark, scowling countenance made a sad contrast with the glorious spectacle round about him. As he looked up and observed the splendid handiwork he thought of words, "Let not the sun go down upon the wrath."

He started as if some unseen hand had struck him, his heart palpitating like a trip-hammer. Then, scowling more darkly, with clinched fists he sprang to his feet and almost shrieked, "I will not be pacified until I have settled accounts with Herbert Walton. He brought all this trouble and sorrow upon me. He is the cause of my drunken and debased condition. If only he had not begun to count my darling Nellie, she whom I loved more than life, then I would not have become the wreck of humanity that I am. Oh, that my boyhood friend, my more than brother, Charlie Max, had been here! How different all might have been!"

It was five years since Robert Brown, the man whom we found sitting on the stump in the midst of that charming scenery, had exchanged his beloved country home and its influences for the bustling city of Atchison. He was then a lad of twenty years of age, full of country health and vigor—a very promising youth, indeed. He was always friendly and cheerful, and he had a most striking personality. His features were not marred by the common vices of the world. His manly bearing and muscular appearance showed culture and refinement.

Robert Brown and Charlie Max, the latter Robert's senior by two years, grew up together in the little town of Elmwood. At the age of nineteen, Robert's parents decided to move to a farm in western Kansas. Owing to the continuous failure of crops it was impossible for the little family group to make ends meet, and after much deliberation they concluded that Robert should go to the city, and in this manner contribute to the daily needs.

But what contrast there is between the Robert of those days and the wild dissolute man we find on the border of that little grave just outside of the city of Atchison. He now has more the appearance of a middle-aged man. All the health and vigor of former days are wanting. His eyes are bloodshot, his face red and turgid, and his whole attitude reveals slowness and recklessness.

As he continues to gaze upon the beautiful scenery, noting the quietude and serenity, his thoughts return to his country home and dear parents, the parents to whom he has not written nor heard from for an age. And as he compares his former life with the present, he becomes angry with the world in general, but especially with Herbert Walton.

"Surely, the God whom I was taught to trust, in my boyhood days, is either non-existent or making sport of me and mine," soliloquized Brown. "Why was it necessary that I leave my country home; and why, during my stay here, was I accursed of having committed a robbery? Why did not God make known my innocence in some way. I could have understood it but now—and Walton holds my position, and in all probability glories in my misfortune."

Indeed Brown had been faithful, and God knew it. He was also innocent of the crime, but forgot that God permits such things at times to test his children. He had forgotten that God often chastises those he loves, and it was probably for this reason that the dark cloud, which became darker day by day, now hung over him.

Far into the night did Brown keep his seat and meditate on his dire misfortune and deplorable condition. The moon in all its splendor tried to reflect some light upon that sad heart, and the stars dancing about like so many children, tried to drive away the dark cloud from the depressed brow. It was early morn when he again entered the city. Strange to say, he wandered aimlessly to the rail-road station, why, he could not himself have told. Leaning against a post, he dreamily watched the early morning train as it dashed up to the station.

Who was that familiar form, in the midst of the throng coming from the train? Could he believe his eyes? "Max," escaped from lips. Certainly Max, could not have heard the almost inarticulate sound, and yet at that very moment their eyes met. Max stared long and hard. He could hardly believe that this was his old friend Brown,
and yet he felt that it must be. Max was astonished at finding his former friend, but still more so at the altered appearance. With a hasty step he overtook Brown, who was just making good his escape around the station building.

"Well, Brown, old chum!" he cried in his old familiar tone, as he snapped him on the back, but with a look of pity in his eyes, "how are you? You look rather pinched old man,—has the world been using you very hard? How fortunate to find you just now! I am marketing a load of cattle, for, as you probably know, I am now living on a ranch near your father's claim. But really it does me good to see you. Why, just think of it, I haven't heard from you these two years."

Shortly after Brown had gone to the city, Max, too, had decided to move to western Kansas despite the numerous crop failures there. He did little farming, however, as his sole purpose was cattle breeding.

"Y—you live near m—my father? H—how are m—my parents?" stammered Brown. These words cast him a great effort, yet he could not refrain from asking. Low tho' he had fallen, at the sight of his old friend and the sound of his voice, he was touched by the tide of old affection that welled up in his heart.

"Let us go to your apartments and I'll tell you all," said Max.

As they walked along, Max told Brown of his father's sad fate, how he had been getting along nicely as long as Brown had sent him money each month, but that as soon as both money and letters ceased, he had been overcome by grief. How that slowly but surely this grief had worn away his life, until one day he lay down to die, but not until he had spoken a few words of love and praise for his only son. As they reached the door, Max concluded by saying that he had bought the farm and was now caring for Brown's mother. Max told his story so simply and gently that Brown almost felt relieved to hear of his father's death, for death taketh away all worry and care.

They entered Brown's room, a small apartment in a rickety house in the outskirts of the city. There was nothing in the room to make it cheery and attractive. Two old chairs, and old cot and a rickety stove was all the furniture that the place could claim. Max pitied Brown from the bottom of his heart. He did not blame him or feel any resentment toward him, for in his own mind he concluded that Brown had fallen in with other drinkers, and had gradually gone down hill. Whatever the cause of his downfall, Max resolved to help his old friend on his feet again.

For some time they sat there silently, neither looking at the other. Brown was brooding over the past events, and Max deliberating how he could best help his friend. Finally the latter broke the silence.

"Brown, now that I have found you, I am determined to take you home with me. Why should you waste your life here in the city? You are giving your life to the Devil, here, whereas in the country you could make a new start, and be a great comfort to your dear old mother. I need help, and nothing would please me more than to have you out there with me. What do you think of it Brown?"

"I," said Brown, "I go back to the farm and to my mother! Look at me, Max; see what a sight I am. Can I come into my saintly mother's presence in this condition? Never! Go back home, Max; forget that you have seen me! Take care of my mother, but never tell her that you found me. Do not bring any more grief upon her. Oh, would to God I had never seen this city!" he ended with something like a sob.

Max again turned to Brown; "I'll keep silent, Brown, on condition that you tell me how you got into this deplorable condition."

Brown did not wish to tell of his past life, and would do anything rather than have his mother know of his sad fate. Yet, after a few moments thought he began.

"I came here to the city, Max, as you doubtless know, to earn money for myself and parents. I succeeded in obtaining a position in one of the large department stores, by the aid of a young man, Herbert Walton by name, whom I became acquainted with. I had great success. At first my wages were very small, still I earned enough to support myself. I had better apartments in those days, and could send a little home to my parents each month. I gradually worked my way to the top of the ladder, being promoted from time to time, as the manager seemed to have taken a great liking to me. At the time I entered the store, Walton was head clerk, which largely accounts for his obtaining a position for me; but at the end of two years of faithful and strenuous work, I was on an equal plane with him. We were always good friends up to that time. Then, on a certain occasion, the cashier fell sick and died. Walton, of course, expected to obtain the vacant posi-
tion, and hence was sadly disappointed, while I was greatly surprised
and elated, when the manager asked me to take the cashier’s position.
That step was my downfall, altho’ I had hoped to do a great deal for
my parents. I wrote them of my success and, at the same time, sent
them a neat little sum of money. Shortly after this the whole store was
in a turmoil about money that had been stolen. Who took it seemed
giddy, and then turned his efforts to Brown’s cause. He
don’t,
That step was my
loved, my cup of
great
Max said nothing, being very much touched by the story. Brown
continued:
“I could probably have endured to see Walton in my position
and exulting in my downfall, but when I saw him courting the girl I
loved, my cup of bitterness was overflowing. I could stand no more,
it was then that I found relief in drink. Now I am an outcast, a boggar
and almost a murderer; for I was on the point of killing Walton,
my former benefactor. Something within me tells me that he was im-
plicated in that robbery for which I had to suffer. And, oh, Max,
don’t, please don’t tell my saintly mother. It will kill her to hear such
things of the son she loves!”
Max was in deep thought, while Brown was sobbing bitterly.
Then he raised his head, with a fixed determination written on his face.
Pity and sympathy moved him to action. He asked many questions
which Brown now answered freely, since it was a relief to him to pour
out his heart, having once begun. He obtained a promise from Brown
to do nothing rash for the present. Telling him that he would be
back in the evening, Max left him without further words.
Max transacted the business that had called him to the city as
speedily as possible, and then turned his efforts to Brown’s cause. He
was sure of Brown’s innocence and determined to get to the bottom of
the matter. As he was slowly walking along, meditating as to what
would be the best step, he heard a terrifying scream. He stopped
short and turned. The sight that met his eyes almost turned him giddy.
A team of horses hitched to a buggy were madly dashing around the
corner. It contained but one occupant, a hatless man. He seemed to
be tugging on the lines in vain. The scream had evidently come from
a lady who was about to cross to the other side of the street. It was
a sickening sight. A street car was coming from the opposite direc-
tion. Would they clash? The team in it’s blind rush failed to see
the car. There was a sickening crash. The team rushed on, leaving
part of the buggy clinging to the car, but the man was dashed to the
curbstone. In a moment a large crowd thronged about him, Max
among the foremost. Max, with the help of a few others carried the
limp form to a doctor’s office, and waited while an examination was be-
ing made.
Meanwhile the injured man regained consciousness and asked
a few questions in regard to what had happened. He tried to rise but
fell back with a groan. Then as he recollected fully what had hap-
penned, a worried look spread over his death-like features. “Doctor,”
said, “I believe I am seriously injured. Tell me, is there any hope
of recovery?” The doctor sadly shook his head as he answered, “I
fear not; the wound is internal.” “Doctor,” he said, “I must see a
certain Robert Brown before I die, whom I at one time did a great
wrong. Can you find him for me?”
Max felt himself called upon to speak, since the doctor hesitat-
ed. “I am a friend of Brown’s and I can find him for you,” he said
as he began to wonder whether this could be Herbert Walton of whom
Brown had spoken.
It was only a matter of a few moments before Max returned
to the office in company with Brown. They softly entered the room,
and, much as Brown had hated Walton in the past two years, now that
he saw him suffering intense agony, his heart melted and went out in
pity and sympathy to the poor sufferer.
“Come here, Brown, I must speak with you,” said Walton in
a feeble tone.
Every word was uttered with the utmost difficulty, accompan-
ied with coughing and choking with blood:
“I believe I am at the point of death, Brown,” he said, “and
before I die I wish to make amends, in part, for the great wrong I
made you suffer. It was all my fault. I stole the money from the store,
not because I needed it, but as a means to procure the position you
held. More than this, I loved Nellie and thought that I could win
her for myself by bringing disgrace upon you. I utterly failed, for
Nellie never ceased to love you and she has refused me. ’Tis true
she shunned you, but that was because of her parents. And now, Brown, I am going to give you all my earthly possessions, since there are none dependent on me; but please forgive me the wrong I committed against you, so that I may die in peace."

Max and Brown remained with Walton the remainder of the day and throughout the night. Little was said after that first long talk, and Walton slowly faded away. He died with a calm expression upon his face, his hand in that of Brown. The two had been the greatest of friends at one time, and now they separated as such.

Three weeks after the simple funeral of Walton we again see Brown, but now we recognize in him again the strong sturdy youth of the country. Max had been by his side almost constantly, helping him to overcome the craving for drink, Nellie, too, was a strong incentive in helping him to overcome this evil habit. Brown had taken advantage of the first opportunity, after Walton's death, to renew the former relationship with the girl he loved. And thus when Max found it safe to leave Brown, he returned home with the assurance that two happy people would soon follow him.

The evening on which Brown and Nellie decided to go to their future country home, they took a walk out to the little grove where we first met Brown. The evening was almost the same as on the former occasion, but the heart within was now more in harmony with the aspect of nature round about. Brown briefly told her of the conflict that had then taken place in his breast. As they drank to the full of the splendor and glory of the scene, Brown said:

"The sun shall no more go down upon my wrath. I am again at peace with God and man. To him be all the glory. We serve him the remainder of our days, Nellie, and be happy in one another's love."

"Yes dear," she said, "but we must not forget Walton who brought us together again. But I have never asked you, Rob, can you forgive me for rejecting you at a time when you most needed me?" I always was true to you at heart, but for the sake of the world I had to give you up."

Now that I have you as my own again, Nellie, I can forget all," he said, "and there is nothing to forgive since it was your duty to do as you did. Let us forget it all, leave all past troubles and sorrows here in the city and begin life anew in our country home. Shall we go to meet the train?"

"Yes," said Nellie, "I am becoming very anxious to see your darling mother."

John Bruggers '15

"THE BEST - LAID SCHEMES"

I was a well known fact that the students at Lynn College were not living in peace and harmony with each other. The spirit of rivalry — one night almost say antagonism, had been growing preceptibly for a time, and had now come to a climax. It had begun simply with a little friendly rivalry between the two large Sororities of the college, but it soon extended to the class-room, athletics, and even to the campus. Petty jealousy between members of the two sororities grew into bitter enmity — a girl would hardly speak to a member of her rival society. Clearly, something had to be done. But what? and who should do it?

"It's just this way", said Helen Marsh, president of one of the two sororities to Mabel Craig, president of the other: "we realize what a pretty pass things have come to, because we've had the good of our sororities at heart, more than some of the members, and we've had a better opportunity to observe. But the other girls with a few exceptions, don't see it at all. They think this is that vague undefinable thing called 'College spirit.' College spirit indeed! If we only had college spirit here, we wouldn't have the present condition of things.

"Yes," answered Mabel gloomily, "and if you try to show the girls how wrong they are, they think you're trying to preach. Some time they'll realize their mistake, but in the meantime, we're all missing a lot out of our college life. Well, anyway, we've done all we can."

And so the matter was dropped.

A few days after, Mabel came running up to Helen's room in great excitement. "Helen, did you notice the bulletin-board to-day? One of our Lecture series is to drop out. Let's ask permission to have Miss Mueller come that night and lecture on 'The True College Spirit.' I'm sure we can get permission, and it won't take any extra time either. The girls won't know that we've asked for this number,—they'll think Frxey did it."

The next morning the bulletin-board contained the following
notice: "Instead of the lecture by Prof. Tennis, scheduled for Nov. 18, Miss Mueller will speak on "The True College Spirit." Miss Mueller is well acquainted with college life, and is an interesting speaker.

"Well, did you ever?" exclaimed one of a group of girls who were busily reading the notices. "What a treat in store for us! She won't be able to tell us much about college spirit."

"But how queer for Prexy to substitute this dry old number when that famous violinist is in the neighborhood that very day?"

"We won't be able to hit our sorority with any spirit. Well, I don't care,-our sorority is much the better and we have a right to show some spirit about it. What would a presidential campaign be worth without any party spirit? Oh, girls, how stupid we have been! I'll bet you a nickel that Helen Marsh is in league with him about this. Don't you remember how she talked the other night in Society?"

"Of course!" "That's it exactly!" "What a lot of cheek!" cried a chorus of voices. "Grace, you go and find out if she had anything to do with it and report to us tomorrow evening up in my room, and then we'll see what we can do."

Alas for Helen and Mabel! From sentences thoughtlessly dropped here and there, the secret was out. Accordingly, on the following evening a group of fifteen or more girls are found in one small room, discussing matters. "Well, said Anna conclusively, "it's decided that we won't go to this old lecture. But we've got to have some excuse for staying away. I wonder if we can't get Miss Millard or Miss Miller—that's it—to give us a folk dance exhibition in the gym that evening. To be sure, she costs something, but then we'll have the crowd."

"The very thing!" "Grand!" exclaimed a dozen voices at once.

"All right then," said Anna, "I'll write to her and meet her at the station. The trains, due at seven fifteen and is almost always late, so she'll have to go right down there. Now in the meantime, you girls, do your best to get all the girls to come to the gym."

Now, 18.15 turned out to be a Friday and lab. day. It was quite impossible for Anna to hurry home and meet the seven fifteen

train, so she decided to send her brother. Now, Mr. John Proctor was entirely different than his sister,—he was a meek little man with unobtrusive ways and a gentle hesitating voice. Armed with explicit directions to ask every likely-looking lady whether she was Miss Miller, until he found the right one, and at once to hurry here into a hack and thence to the gymnasium, he started out with fear and trembling.

When the passengers from the seven fifteen train began to stream thru the gate, he scrutinized every woman that passed, and after asking four or five women whether they were Miss Miller, while their husbands glared from the rear, he noticed a simply dressed lady coming towards him. He hurried up to her. "Are you Miss Miller?" he said stammeringly, the one who is to be at the College tonight?" "Yes, indeed," was the answer. "I believe that I am expected there."

"Come this way please"—and he led her to a carriage standing near by. During the drive his bashfulness returned in full force, and he answered his companion's questions about the city only in monosyllables. When they drew up at the door of the gymnasium, he was visibly relieved.

Anna came to the door to meet the guest of the evening. "Why, she doesn't look a bit the way I thought she would," she whispered to one of the girls. "Miss Miller, I believe?" "Yes, that is generally the way you Americans pronounce my name," was the answer. "Well, Miss Miller, we are all ready for you, so you can get right to work. We won't bother with introductions. Her guest looked a little surprised, but acestuated and was led to the platform before the assembly of girls.

"When I was asked to come here and speak to you on the subject of 'The True College Spirit,' she began, but not a girl heard how she ended her sentence. They were looking sideways at each other. Fortunately, Mr. John Proctor could not hear the dire maldictions pronounced upon him, although his ears must have burned considerably.

To the credit of the girls, it must be said that they listened attentively; but whether the lecture will bear any fruit remains to be seen.

"How COULD he have made such a mistake" groaned Anna as she saw Miss Mueller, the lecturer, safely out of the building and started out to find Miss Miller, the fancy dancer. Burns certainly was right when he said,
"The best laid schemes o’male and men gang aft a-gley."

Ruth Pieters

THE COMMERCIAL CENTER OF NEW YORK CITY

O A PERSON, accustomed to life in a city of average size, there is an especial interest in passing—or rather battling his way through the surging masses of heterogeneous people in the great metropolis New York. Well do I remember my first visit to the heart of the commercial activities of that city, and how I was awed at the hustle and bustle of every one and everything. Towering skyscrapers loomed up on all sides. As the windows and doors were wide open, the sound of the tickers furnished an incessant song. Through the windows I could see the long charts upon which were tabulated the quotations of the stock markets, and men stood about the tickers with expressions of anxiety upon their faces, as they read the telegraphic reports. The noise of the people was greatly augmented by the continual passing of surface and elevated cars. I stood with a large crowd of passing pedestrians upon a curb, where we were compelled to remain until a long procession of vehicles had passed. As it seemed an endless chain, the traffic officers finally signaled that we could proceed, and with a rush, we stampeded to the opposite side of the thoroughfare, as though our lives were at stake. It seemed that the scenes, characteristic of a commercial atmosphere added an impressiveness as I progressed toward the lower extremity of Manhattan Island. Here were located the Custom House, the Singer Building and many other marvels of architecture. Trinity church is seen in the business center occupying a place which it has held for over half a century. I ventured to enter the Singer building ascending the white stone steps leading to the massive entrance. The ground floor presents the appearance of a prison, with the continuous line of elevator cages along the walls. Upon entering an express car we ascended with such velocity as to make it seem that it had been shot from a cannon. From the tower there was accorded an excellent view of the beautiful Hudson and beyond—the picturesque New Jersey shore. From the other side of the building there was a grand view of the Borough of Brooklyn, and in the harbor were lying a few large battleships and some of the larger ocean liners which made the smaller boats look like bits of floating wreckage.
The Anchor

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Knocker

"Say, this is a poor Anchor."

"Yes, and the jokes are pretty sickly."

Wait a minute, you two Hopeites. We want to ask you a question. What did you do to improve the quality of that "punk publication"? Is it any the better for your efforts?

The student's responsibility as far as his college paper is concerned, is not discharged with the paying of his subscription or listening to a couple piano solos or a Mutt and Jeff stunt at the annual business meeting of the association. The paper represents the college and as the students are the most important fact of a college, it represents each individual student. Credit is reflected upon him when a good number is published, and discredit when the publication is poor.

The Anchor Staff are not the owners of the paper, they are chosen only to take charge of certain special duties. The paper was not instituted to give them literary training but the students are the ones who should write for their college paper. It belongs to the smallest 'D' (if he be a subscriber) as much as to the valedictorian of the Senior class, to you fair reader as much as the Editor-in-Chief. And so see to it that you are never responsible for a poor Anchor.

You 'prop' students, tell us of the good stories given in your societies; you "A's" give us the first effort of a budding practical genius; you Collegians, don't consider it unbecoming your dignity to hand in any productions, be it a love story or a discussion of Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," a sonnet or a scientific dissertation. If you are bashful and modest and don't want it known that you hand in a production, we, the staff, solemnly swear eternal silence. If you are afraid to hand in anything in broad daylight, bring it in the dead of night, or else mail it.

But by all means consider the "Anchor" your paper and treat it as such.

L. Y. ’15

Hope celebrates victories

On Monday morning after Chapel services, Dr. Vennema announced that the forenoon would be given for the celebration of her victories in oratory and debate. Needless to say the announcement was received with hearty applause. A carriage was procured to carry the victors: Miss De Maagd who took second place in the ladies contest in March, Mr. Jacobs who won the prohibition contest at Albion, and the members of the two debating teams. After considerable delay due to the modesty of the winners, they were placed into the vehicle and drawn in triumphal procession by the students.

The procession halted for a few moments before the First State Bank, and prevailed upon Hon. G. J. Diekema to make a few remarks. The words of congratulation by Mr. Diekema which were very much appreciated by the students, the procession returned to the Chapel.

Speeches were given in the Chapel by Dr. Vennema, Prof. Kleinhek sel, Prof. Nykerk and members of the student body. Before the meeting was closed Prof. Nykerk announced that he would see to it that there would be a twenty-five dollar prize offered to the winner of the prohibition contest next year. Judging from the enthusiasm with which the promise of Prof. Nykerk was received, we venture to say that next year we will again have a strong prohibition contest.

The Senior Class

Hope's senior class is distinguished in more than one way. It is the largest in numbers ever graduated from the College. Four of its members have already received University Scholarships, two in Chicago, one in Ohio and the other in North Dakota. Two of its members
have successfully passed Rhodes Scholarship examinations, Mr. Hekhuys and Mr. Moeddyke, both of whom will be eligible for appointment next year. Miss De Maagd won second place in the Women's State Oratorical Contest. Besides, Mr. Dame and Mr. D-Motts have been doing excellent work on the debating teams for four years.

The Michigan Intercollegiate Prohibition Association held its annual convention and contest at Albion April 18 and 19, the contest being held the evening of the 18th. There were five schools in the contest, as follows:

- The Decree of the Century—Henry Jacobs, Hope.
- The Strength and Strategy of the Liquor Traffic—Guy Fox, Albion.
- Make Michigan Dry—Grant L. Cook, Alma.
- The Saloon in Society—Frank Lee, Spring Arbor.

The first prize of $25 and the honor of representing Michigan in the Eastern Inter-State contest was won by Henry Jacobs of Hope. The second prize of $15 went to Guy Fox of Albion while Grant L. Cook of Alma won third place. While the decisions of the judges were being counted the National Pres., D. L. Colvin, gave a brief outline of the work of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association.

The convention was called to order shortly after two P. M. Friday by Pres. Mc Ilwenna of Albion. After an opening prayer by Sec. Treas, Kingsley of Adrian Pres. Mc Ilwenna made the opening address setting forth the purpose of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association. He discussed the political position of liquor interests concluding with the statement that "The distinct purpose of the I. P. A. was to stimulate an interest in Prohibition movement among the colleges of America.

The reports of delegates showed the attendance of delegates from all the schools represented in the contest. Later in the session Dr. Demorest of Albion gave an address touching upon the reasons why college students of America should study the liquor question. He emphasized the fact that Prohibition was a live issue stating that "the last word has not yet been said." He brought out the fact that the settlement of the many other problems before the American public will help to settle the liquor problem. The remainder of the session was taken up in discussing next year's work.

The association commenced in a business session at 9:00 Saturday. After the regular business and election of officers National Pres. Colvin gave an address emphasizing the importance of the study class and the practical service of getting into the local option campaign work. This was followed by an informal discussion of methods for more effective work in the future. The meeting closed with a second address by Mr. Colvin on "The Political Situation."

The officers for next year as follows:

- President—O. J. Mc Ilwenna, Albion
- Vice Pres.—Fred Johnson, Alma
- Sec.-Treas.—H. C. Jacobs, Hope
- Reporter—H. O. Taft, Spring Arbor

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE DEBATE, HOPE V. S. OLIVET

On Friday evening, April 11, a large audience witnessed an interesting forensic contest in Winants Chapel. The question for debate was: Resolved, That a Federal Board should be established for the compulsory Arbitration of labor disputes.

L. Bosch, H. Terkeurst, and J. Tillema of Hope had the affirmative of the question. Storr, Evans and Jones of Olivet had the negative. L. Bosch opened the debate with a forceful speech, clearly and logically stating the affirmative's plan. The first Olivet man had a clean, eloquent speech, and Hopeeties began to "hold their breath" and fear that the struggle would be a hard one. The penetrative energy of Terkeurst, however, gave them courage again. The climax came for 'Hoite' with the earnest, powerful arguments of Tillema.

The negative team, especially Mr. Jones did excellent work in rebuttal, but the affirmative effectively demolished the logic of the opposition, and skillfully gathered up their own points. The strained silence of the audience, while Prof. Nykerk deliberately scanned the judge's notes, was broken by wild "hurrahs" when he announced that the decision was unanimous in favor of the affirmative. Hope may well be proud of her record in "inter-collegiate sparring."

AT ALMA

On Friday Evening, April 11, Hope College again scored a 3 to 0 victory over Alma in the annual Intercollegiate Debate. Hope's
team consisting of Dame, De Motts and De Boer debated the negative, and Ahra's team composed of Cole, Misner and Van Thurn, debated the affirmative of the question: "Resolved: That a Federal Board of Compulsory Arbitration be established to settle labor disputes." Both teams were evenly matched as far as experience in debating is concerned; but in the presentation of logical and forceful arguments, Hope excelled by a wide margin. The judges of the debate were Mr. C. T. Grawn, President of Mount Pleasant Normal, Mr. C. S. Larzelere, Prof. of History at Mount Pleasant Normal, and Mr. F. H. Dodds, Ex-congressman from Mount Pleasant.

We are apt to find fault with, and to criticize the debating spirit shown at Hope, and it should be improved; but when we compare our debating spirit with that of some other colleges, we may rejoice. It can truly be said that the enthusiasm shown at our preliminary contests was superior to that shown at Alma in the Intercollegiate.

During the first week of school, two of Hope's Alumni, Miss Gertrude Hockje '12 and Hessel Yntema '12 both from the University of Michigan were seen on the campus.

Mr. John Warsholz '10 has received his appointment from the Board of Foreign Missions. Where he will be stationed is not yet known.

Mr. George Roost '09 has been obliged to leave the New Brunswick Theological Seminary and is at present staying in Holland.

Mr. John Hockje '06 principal of the Zeeland High School led the Chapel exercises recently.

Rev. R. Joldersma '81, of Trinity Church, Grand Rapids, died in a hospital there on April 25th.

Rev. A. M. Van Duine '89 has recently moved from South Holland to Englewood, Illlinois.
Dr. A. Vennema '79 was recently honored by an appointment by Gov. Ferris as a delegate from Michigan to the seventeenth annual meeting of the American Accademy of Political and Social Science.

We wish to commend the article contained in the February number of the Kalamazoo Normal Record, entitled, "Hugo De Vries Biologist.

The production is both instructive and interesting. Our college publications need more material of this kind and we hope sincerely that others will follow the lead.

We wish to compliment Albion College on her splendid college loyalty, but we fear your enthusiasm on the "Earlham Debate," and that entitled, "Read this Olivet" are entirely out of place in a college paper. We are rather sorry that Albion takes her defeat in oratory and debate so ungraciously. Perhaps Paul's Apostolic injunction might well be followed in this case as in others.

The RAY is an excellent weekly. Your cartoons on Baseball gave us a very hearty laugh. The story, "The Problem of the Master Mechanic," might well contain a little less news and some more criticism.

Many of the papers which came to us this month had their exchange department begin in about this way: "We are pleased to acknowledge receipt of——," and then follows a list of the names of some twenty-five to fifty college papers. Such articles are, to say the least, very dry reading. And then if by chance the reader does find the name of his paper he doesn't know much more except that "Uncle Sam" has done his duty well. We would suggest that this practice be discontinued.
THE RED AND BLACK has no reason to feel abashed in the presence of a college exchange. The stories and editorials appearing in the latest issue are on a par with those of many college papers. We assure you, criticism from you will be welcome at any time.

'Twas on Saturday afternoon, April 12th, the cows were still in the meadows, the chestnut trees were just beginning to leave, the band was playing a soft refrain from Fausts Harem, when slowly but soberly to the center of th diamond marched Marinus Den Heeder. Hey Willie! this is a baseball work-up.

If new uniforms are going to make a team—we'll surely have a blinger. You can hear the orange-banded socks alar off. (Notice, I say hear em), their first game, however, they convinced us that strong say hear em). Their first game, however, convinced us that strong men were playing in the new outfit. Holland High was the first team to bite the dust and our captain tells us that his new belt will be decorated with many scalps before the season closes. 'Jake' in five innings piled up thirteen strike-outs to his credit. 'Ott' whose steam clouded the plate, got away with six strike outs. Sinnamon and Smith of the High twirled splendidly forcing nine Hopeites to fan. In the last half of the ninth the 'Poppen Bros' pulled off an original stunt. Henry stationed himself on second. Here he waited patiently until brother 'Jake' took hold of the club—here's where the stunt comes in. Jake hit the ball where the Holland men 'wan't' and quick as an arrow Henry ran home. Final score 1-0.

The line will be as follows:

Catchers—Ver Hoek, Hoven, Pitchers, Van de Velde, J. Poppen.
3rd base Riemersma 2nd base Vander Meer 1st base H. Poppen. S. S.
De Ruiter Sub infield Van Putten. Outfielders Hyink, Steginga.
Potteger, C. Hopers, Possibilities Moore S. S. Greenfield 3rd base
Kooiker 1st base.

The season's schedule.
April 12th—Holland High.
April 19th—Hollanl High.
April 26—Kazoo College.
May 10th—Mc Laughead College.
May 17th—Ferris Institute.
May 24th—Kazoo Normals.
May 31st—Ferris at Big Rapids.
June 7th—Central High (G. R.)
June 14th—Holland High (O O )

At a meeting of the '12' track men, John Van Stenen was chosen captain to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Clarence Holleman. John is enthusiastic, a good runner, line 'scout' and possesses all the qualities to fit him for the captaincy. His vigorous program has already convinced his men that they will be no trilling. The team means business and they're determined to win. It was an inspiring sight, the other day, to see twenty runners surround their black-haired captain and start off after a few words of instruction. Make em stick to it, John! The try out for the cross country will be made on Thursday next.

Schedule for Track events.
May 3rd—Field Day.
May 10th—Cross Country.
May 24th—Relay.

This year's Relay is arousing much interest both here and in Grand Rapids. The score stands two to two. Where will the fifth cup be placed? Strien told me but I really ought to keep it 'mum'. We'll show it to you after the race.

This is what Grand Rapids says: "the run will extend from Holland to Grand Rapids, the finish being at the local "Y". The local runners have been hard at work preparing for this event for over a month and expect to make an even better showing on time than they did last year."
Charlotte.—“Say’ Wichers, I thought you took Evidences last year?”

Wichers.—“Yes, but the faculty encored me.”

Koeppe,—“Is trumpet a feminine noun?”

Prof. Dimnent.—“Yes, most noisy things are feminine.”

Prof. Yntema (to College Physics class)—“We’re going to have something important to-morrow, so don’t skip.”

Flight,—“This is the parlor eh?”

“Yes” replied Mr.—— “but I usually call it the court-room. I have a couple daughters, you know.”

A student with doubtful recitations never gets the benefit of the doubt. He gets a “con.”

IN THE WRONG PEN

Mrs. Durfee lectured to the girls in Y. M. C. A. on the drinking and smoking habits.

Peet,—“Have you enough confidence to lend me a quarter?”

Rube,—“Oh, yes, I have the confidence, but not the quarter.”

Prof. Brush remarked the other day, “I have sat under some big men.” Wonder how he felt?

CASES

“I’ve had number one I’ve had number two,
I’ve had number three and four;
I’ve had number fi-e, I’ve had number six,
And who knows how many more?”

“Jock”

Koeppe has handed in his application, for position as janitor of the Ackerman Coles Observatory with valuable recommendations from Mrs. Durfee and the Voorhees inmates.

Stogie favors the extreme English-style suit for dress, but not for baseball.

DUE TO PRESS OF WORK

Hollemann’s resignation as track captain.

Steine’s withdrawal from baseball.

Bronk’s failure to join the track squad.

Can anyone explain the nature of this pressing work?

Flipse has a patent pending on never-slips for waiters.

Margaret Den Herder,—“No wonder she doesn’t like it here.

There’s no one here after her heart.” Sad, isn’t it?

Jack (discussing popular music with Anna),—“Do you know ‘you’re my great big blue-eyed Baby?”

Anna,—“Oh, Jack! !”

A WOMAN’S LOGIC

He (at the dorm)—“Don’t you like onions?”

She—“No, and I’m mighty glad I don’t like them.”

He—“Why?”

She—Because if I liked them I’d eat them, and I just hate them.”

Gerarda (coming into a room where the girls are having a spread),—“Whose piece of cake is this?”

Dell,—“Nobody’s you may eat it.”

Student—The anarchists threw a bomb at King Louis.

Prof. Wichers—That would be a case of throwing one bum (bomb) at another.

Jack (translating German),—“The windows gleamed with great pains (panes).” Accomodating, weren’t they?

The following was found written on the fly-leaf of a romantic Junior’s note-book:

There are meters of accent,
And meters of tone;
But the popular meter
Is to meet ’er alone.
The Gerber Drug Co.
The "NYAL" Store
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The Anchor Page Thirty-Six

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