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To Sleep

For what offense, most pacid youthful God,
Or wicked deed, thus wretched, do I your gift
Alone still lack, 0 Sleep? Herds, fowls and beasts
All quiet are, and rounded tops of trees
The semblance take of tired sleep; nor e'er
The sound from rivers wild is heard; the deep
Lies still, and seas—while resting shores are calm.
The seventh moon-lit night returning looks
On withered cheeks; thus often Venus, too,
Her lamps ha'& kindled; e'en as many times
Tithonia our deep request
And piteously the dew shakes from her lash.

Whence sleep obtain? Not mine a thousand eyes
Like sacred Argus, who on every side
Held faithful watch and yet could rest in sleep!
And now, pray, come to me, if any one
In willful mood drives you away, O Sleep!
Nor do I ask that you your wings complete
Hold o'er my eyes (grant happier men this quest);
It will suffice if but the farthest end
Of magic wand touch me, or that thy heels
In light suspense pass hovering over me.

ALBERT BAKKER

MARS AND MADNESS

War has ever been the world's maddest game. Born in the throes of man's struggle for existence, nurtured through the growing complexity of civilization, strife finally matured in the bosoms of nations struggling for prestige and power. As civilization progressed, the object of strife varied; as inventive genius was quickened, the implements of strife became more formidable. Once evolved into the monster of militarism, this spirit of strife made history a sickening chronicle of bloodshed and devastation, and it today looms on the international horizon as a ghastly spectre, threatening to plunge the nations into the vortex of bankruptcy and annihilation.

Contemporaneous with this increase in war's horrible carnage and hideous catastrophe, mighty forces have been evolving, which are now rapidly maturing. These forces when once launched with all their accumulated energies against the demon of war, will forever abolish the mad savagery of Mars, and thus consummate the age-long dream of peace, "when the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law," "when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more,"—the dream of poets, the vision of prophets, the hope of the world, the decree of the age.

Among the forces paving the way for world peace we discover, first, an economic and commercial interweaving unparalleled in history. A fine fabric of finance, interwoven between all nations, has made them mutually interdependent. A financial calamity in New York spells a financial crisis in London; threatened danger to the bank of France brings England to the rescue. The age decrees that no nation can with impunity ignore the world's solidarity in finance. The world's commercial solidarity is evinced by an international interchange of products that is annually assuming more gigantic proportions. The nations are realizing that the reckless and pernicious plunder of sister nations is sheer stupidity and commercial suicide; for "every nation, besides being a competitor and rival, is a client and a market." Sweeping before them all ethnic distinctions, cementing the nations firmly together, these intangible economic forces are rendering the panic-monger's war-cry futile and the future of world-peace bright.

Besides the recognition of the world's economic solidarity, we find that a strong spirit of "internationality" has put the ban on war. Countless unifying influences shrink this once stranger world into a family of nations, yea, a brotherhood of fellow-citizens. International conferences
and unions, international education and hospitality are breaking down the barriers of prejudice and making men cosmopolitan. The train speeding across international boundaries, the ship plying over dividing waters, the cable flashing news beneath the seas—all are bringing the nations into instantaneous and constant inter-course, they are making the world a unit in thought and feeling, they are so many links in the golden chain of inter-national brotherhood.

These combined forces have created the conviction that "God hath made all nations of one blood," they have given birth to a sense of world-citizenship which defies "jingoism" and dooms war. Laboring under the spell of this international brotherhood, the soldiers of Norway and Sweden, of Germany and France have refused to glut the maw of Mars by rioting in their brother's blood. They enforced the decree, that "the world is our country and all mankind its citizens." This is the spirit of altruism, which, sending cargoes of food to famine-stricken China, reaching out helping hands to the stricken China, reaching out helping hands to the

As an element working for peace, we find also a deepening conviction that of all methods employed by nations to settle disputes, war is the most irrational and unjust. Rational! How can blood vindicate national honor? How can physical forces settle juridical or political problems? Just! Can the dexterity and prowess which turn the tide of battle also turn the scales of justice? Can a nation make a crooked way straight by lining it with ghastly carrage, or satisfy its sense of justice by reveling in promiscuous slaughter? Enlightened common sense has arraigned war as the most irrational and unjust arbiter to which a nation can resort!

The recognition is growing among the nations that war is as suicidal as irrational. History cautions the nations that war weeds out the fittest; that "the warlike nation of today is the decadent nation of tomorrow." Caesar's battles slaughtered Rome's choicest sons, and bequeathed the Empire's destiny to "fops and dandies." France is even today weeping for her dead who fell in bloody conflict. England's tragedy was the "full toll" she paid to the "shark and "sheering gull." The fittest survive—while Mars' incessant call is, "Send me the best ye breed?" What can war spell but national suicide, when it saps vitality from farm and factory, when it drenches the country's soil with the noble blood of its citizens, yea, when it exterminates the strong, the sturdy, the flower of the nation? War's tragedy of ruined trade and wrecked homes is incomparable in pathos with the tragedy of a jeopardized nation, imperiled through the ignoble sacrifice of its bravest and best,—the stability of the present, the hope of the future,—a sacrifice for which no claim of indemnity and no glory of victory can compensate!

The truth is dawning upon the nations that preparation for war as well as war itself is unreasonable and ruinous. Why are governments planting breastworks upon every shore, launching Dreadnoughts into every sea, and training vast armies in every land,—yea, why are these governments bleeding their people for the maintenance and increase of armaments? To increase their commerce? Arms may have secured for England Canadian territory, but they will never secure Canadian trade. To strengthen themselves against other nations? If one nation launches a Dreadnought today, the rival nation launches a Super-Dreadnought tomorrow, and so on interminably. Is it to prevent hostilities? Suspicion breeds hatred, and, with a nation armed to the teeth, hatred needs only a spark to kindle the ghastly conflagration of war. To the eye of reason, then, what is clearer than that this colossal preparation for war is unwarranted, irrational?

The prodigious price the nations are paying for this armed peace is convincing them that it is as ruinous as unreasonable. The price? Witness camp life, spawning drunkenness, vice, and crime. Witness the vast armies of industrious workers reduced to the status of government parasites. Witness a prodigal waste, which does not clothe the cold, house the homeless, or feed the famished, but which forces internal improvements to go begging and trifles with the foes which fatten upon the nation's shame, the insidious foes of vice and corruption. Dilapidated and embittered by this unremunerative prodigality, Canada pleads for "Free Food before Dreadnoughts!" the nations are clamoring for a "Naval Holiday," a veritable "Truce of God," they are revolting against the military despotism which is plunging them into the very abyss of national bankruptcy.

Arrayed on the side of world peace, we find also an increasing respect for law and justice. In personal relations, brute force has forever been supplanted by organized justice, and all civilized nations have branded self-redress as "a crude invention of a stupid age." The irresistible logic of the age's progress decrees that just as self-redress has yielded to organized justice among individuals, so it should be among...
nations; that just as a recognized system of law has been evolved within nations, so a system should be adjusted between nations; that if personal dignity and honor have not suffered through the abolition of the duel, so national dignity and honor will not suffer through the abolition of war; that among nations as well as among individuals barbarism should give way to civilization.

Behold, then, the invincible forces marshalled in resplendent array on the side of world peace! The ever-increasing economic interdependence, the all-pervading spirit of altruism, the deepening conviction that war and armaments are irrational and suicidal, and the growing respect for international law! These are the forces which voice the decree against war and demand the most sublime and stupendous task ever witnessed by the centuries, the establishment of an international bar of reason, where law shall be enshrined and justice enthroned—a Supreme Court of the World.

However perfectly organized this court may be, addressing itself to the free consent of the nations, recognizing the equality of all and infringing upon the sovereignty of none, it naturally cannot prove a panacea for all national ills. But we claim, that this World Court's arbitrament, based on a high sense of judicial responsibility, will, despite every imaginable obstacle, be more equitable than the verdict of roaring cannon and bloody battlefield.

The day is dawning when this decree will be written large in the world's history. You call world peace a utopian dream? Remember that the establishment of a democracy and the abolition of slavery are also but realized dreams of political enthusiasts. World peace utopian? As long as an Albama Controversy can be settled by a Geneva Tribunal, and a Newfoundland Fishing Dispute by a Hague Tribunal, the impracticability of world peace must yet be demonstrated. Utopian? When Carnegie's millions furnish the munitions for the campaign of World Peace! When more than a hundred treaties are cementing the nations together with good-will, and when thirty nations are ready to sign a treaty with our nation to submit all controversies to an International Commission! Utopian? When England and America have settled all intricate and irritating questions peacefully and witnessed the triumphs of peace for a whole century! Witness the treaty of 1814, the precursor of this century of peace, born out of the people's demand for peace at any price; a treaty without a single provision in regard to the issue which caused war—a lasting monument to a force more irresistible than the force of arms, the force that will as certainly usher in lasting peace between all nations as it ushered in the century of peace between England and America—public sentiment. Everywhere this sentiment is causing thrones to totter and people to become democratized. Everywhere the masses are being emancipated from the hoary superstition clustering around war. Everywhere a newer patriotism is gripping men, inspiring them to live, rather than to die, for their country. When once these masses shall register their protest against war, panic-mongers and roaring cannon will forever hold their silence.

Protected by a continental position, free from the jungle of European politics, enjoying the complete confidence of all nations, with the blood and sinew of every nationality cast into the crucible of its rational life, what nation better qualified than ours to write into history this decree of the century? Let the nation which struck the shackles from the slave and overthrew the tyranny of monarchs likewise crush the despotism of war. How long will altruistic America sanction a savagery, which commerce decries as ruinous, which altruism declares diabolical, common sense dictates as irrational, history stamps as suicidal, and an evolving sense of justice brands as barbaric? Let the nation which opened up Japan, prevented the partitioning of China, terminated the Russo-Japanese war, dedicated, through the Monroe doctrine, the whole Western Hemisphere to democracy and peace, also usher in the era when the millions shall be diverted from fortresses to schoolhouses, from dreadnoughts to merchant vessels, from combat with imaginary foes to warfare with the nation's real foes, vice and disease, white slavery and liquor traffic, national graft and corporate corruption. God speed the day when nations shall participate in the rivalry of civilization and the triumphs of peace; when the grandest spectacle of the ages and the most resplendent achievement of the centuries shall be witnessed, the poet's dream realized, the prophet's vision visualized, the age's decree written into history—humanity redeemed from the awful curse of war!

HARRY HOFFS '14

(This oration was awarded second place in the Men's State Intercollegiate contest held at Albion, March 6, 1914.)

A PLEA FOR GENUINE WOMANHOOD

The world, these latter years, has watched the rise of one agitation after another, only to see it take its course and decline. But the agitation among women has continued, ever growing, until the world to-
day stands face to face with the Feminist Movement, with the pent-up
power of centuries of degradation behind it. The day has come, we are
told, when woman shall step forth from the obscurity that has hitherto
engulfed her, and shall take her place on a level with man. The bondage
of the past shall be left behind, for at last the time is ripe when woman
shall come into her own. The Feminist Movement, as an authority has ex-
pressed it, stands for "the right of woman to individual, free de vel-
opment of her powers." With such prospects for advancement, is it any
wonder that women everywhere are enchanted as they catch glimpses of
their new future?

The reason for the tremendous development of such a movement
just at present is plain enough. Educationally, women are coming to
the front as never before; industrially, we find them holding responsible
positions of many kinds; politically, even, the woman-power is far from
negligible. In circles of philanthropy and reform of every sort, women
are recognized as leaders. We may talk of ideal woman hovering by
the home fireside, but the fact confronts us that women today, with their
training and opportunity, cannot sit idly in the shadow when the glaring
light reveals so much that calls for their tireless effort. Such conditions,
then, cannot but give women a quickened consciousness of the barriers
which have hitherto restrained them, and a precipitate fervor and zeal
for proclaiming a New, Free Womanhood.

However, in considering this whole matter, we must remember
that woman is an impulsive enthusiast ever. Nay, more than that, she
is too often an extremist. Every new cult or reform at once finds ardent
women supporters, while these movements must prove their worth before
mere conservative man will show his approbation. At present, from
every city and hamlet women are arising to join hands with their sisters
to work for a common cause,—the emancipation of their sex. And thus
they will continue to agitate and propagate, bending every effort to the
accomplishment of this Great Liberation, only to relinquish all when
some new idea in reform looms up.

Not for a moment would we give the impression that we consider
the Feminist Movement a mere passing freak, a fad, soon to give place
to some new flim-flam. No, as surely as higher educational opportunities
and increased economic participation are making women see the world
in a new perspective, so surely is there bound to be a stir of this sort, a
struggle for expansion. With a large part of the old hum-drum house-
work transferred to the factories, is it extraordinary that the fascinating
The Anchor

idea of devoting her time to self-culture and sex-liberation appeals to the modern woman?

But, are we not carried away too far with all this talk of independent thought and self-development? The well-established throne of empire of the vast majority is in the home—the court, where God has set up woman from the time of Eve down to the present. For, no matter how much we may talk of sex equality and feminine self-sufficiency there always will remain the one fundamental and essential fact, that woman was made to be for man a "helpmeet, and to little children a comforter." If we attempt to satisfy the ravenous appetite for freedom that is afflicting women everywhere, what is to become of the amenities and little delicacies of life, the nice shading of culture, which has always emanated from the home, and whose original source has ever been the heart of the homemaker, the mother? You may object that the Feminist Movement stands for these very things, supreme culture and highest beauty of life. This sounds very well, indeed, but the path to this mountain-top of intellectual and cultural supremacy is full of rocks and pitfalls. An active participation in all civic affairs, the opening to women of every position formerly occupied by men, the exercise of unlimited political privilege—do these tend to culture? You will answer me that in stepping out into all the phases of a larger public life, the New Woman will achieve a broadened outlook, a larger sympathy for mankind, such as she never dreamed of in the narrow circle of her home. Perhaps so, but meanwhile, what of that home? What of the little one~ who look to her for the gratification of every childish wish? Who shall gently bind the bruised finger and kiss away the hurt? Possibly we shall next have a Babyist Movement, which will call for individual and independent self-development among children from the cradle up. The Montessori method is doubtless a mere beginning of the baby-propaganda.

Indeed, the question is a grave one: Is this new Feminism to supplant the old womanliness? No; by all the traditions of the noble womanhood of the past, no! Woman,—with a capital letter, if you please; "women raised to the nth power;" as some one has said,—may rave of equality and individuality in human society, but women, the great mass of them the world over, will still hold to the essential of simple womanhood. The ideal woman recognizes the home as the stronghold of all that is noble and right; believes that neither the club-house nor the
social centre, nor any other philanthropic institution, good and useful as it may be, can begin to fill the position occupied by the unit-centre of all civilization, the home. Destroy the home and you destroy the state; protect the home in all its beauty and sanctity and you produce a race that will make the nation a pride and a glory in the world. Not in the smoke of battle, not in the legislative hall, not in the serenity of the church, even, is woman’s power the compelling force, but in the little corner of the world, where her own inner circle feels the depth and power of her pure womanliness.

This, however, does not mean that woman should confine her ideas and activities to the narrow scope of tradition. Such a course is today impossible, and, if possible, were unpardonably selfish. Is there not an appealing cry for help on every hand, and for such help as woman is eminently qualified to extend? The true woman-soul is nothing if not sympathetic and unfailingly ready for service. No; municipal improvement, educational research, social and philanthropic activity of every kind, religious endeavor, even politics, perhaps—these are commendable, and not to be looked down upon for a moment. So long as they do not lift woman out of her sphere. Lift her out of her sphere, shall I say? No, rather say, so long as they do not bring her down from her pedestal.

But here lies the danger. Far too often, nowadays, a woman becomes so engrossed in these outside and secondary matters of life, that they come to take first place with her. A girl goes to college, studies Chaucer and Tennyson, Shakespeare and Maeterlinck, and finishes with a cultivated taste for literature and the drama. She marries, and continues in the local Women’s Club the study of her darling authors. What is the result? Her household suffers, for her time is largely occupied with her various club duties. Gradually these become her chief interest, and we have another of those unfortunate females, the Club Woman, who is more devoted to Bacon and Spenser of the sixteenth century than to Bobbie and Susie of the twentieth.

Carry the tale on farther, if you will. As little Susie grows up, women are more and more coming to the front, and Mistress Sue is trained to take her place with them. She gives evidence of marked talent for business, and upon graduation takes a responsible position in the office of a large factory. By the time she marries—if she marry at all—she has become a member of the firm. Soon she comes to hold a controlling share of the stock, is counted among the city’s capitalists as a mighty power in municipal politics. Her husband and children, you ask? O, her husband, a man of leisure, is somewhat of a connoisseur in art, and spends his time and his wife’s money in the art centre of the world. The children, brought up by nurses trained in the best domestic science schools, know their father as the man who takes them to the seashore in summer, and their mother as the always-in-a-hurry lady, who kisses them occasionally, tells them to be good and mind papa, and then rushes out to her limousine, waiting to take her to the Stock Exchange. Unless present tendencies are checked, such is the pathetic scheme of existence in the Feminist family of to-morrow!

However, let us not be too much alarmed. The first tidal wave of this Feminist Movement will subside, and in the continuous flow of the calmer stream the new womanhood will really find itself. Then we shall come back to the perennally fresh ideal of simple womanhood. For the world today is essentially the same as it was a century ago, or a millennium ago. Outward conditions may change, but the human heart does not change. It is ever swayed by the same passions. In every breast there comes at times a deep yearning, a piteous outcry for sympathy and love. And always there are needed ministering angels who shall hear those heart-cries and answer them. Such service has ever been especially the woman’s part. Any may it ever be! May the twentieth century woman, with all her larger possibilities, never forget that part! May she remember that all the advantages offered her are but means to an end, that she may better fulfill her high and holy office as a woman—tender, simple, unostentatious.

Behold new vistas opening for the woman of to-morrow. With all the sweetness and beauty of the Old Womanhood she shall step out into the larger privileges of the New. With an equipment such as her sisters of old never dreamed of, she shall be blessed in the accomplishment of ideals for which the women of the past have struggled and died. With a mind stored with all the wonderful lore of the past, and the marvelously increasing knowledge of the present, she shall be keenly alive to everything that will help her to a realization of her ideal of the largest, fullest woman-life. The deep woman-love of the past shall be mellowed by wisdom, the unwearied hands and feet shall be guided by skill. Wisdom will shine through her works, intelligence through her labors, and the love of God through all her life. Her culture she will find in the subliming of every phase of home-life, her self-development in the training of ever-questioning little minds, and in the
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shaping of pliable characters. What higher calling on earth for a woman than this?

And then, when a harsh jar is felt from without, her delicate mechanism shall be the first to note the discordant element, and her shall be the determination to restore peace and calm; for the utter unselfishness which the ideal woman manifests in the noble leadership of her own simple home circle shall be ever ready to answer the distress call from without. Where reform is needed, she shall work with intelligent and altruistic spirit for the establishment of better things. A strong and healthy body, a well-balanced, ever-growing mind, a true woman-soul—with all of these, may woman truly step out into fields of which she has not dreamed. When this ideal shall have been reached,—the age-old ideal that true freedom exists only in complete self-sacrifice,—then we shall behold at last, in her true beauty—

"Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected!"

ADRIANA SARA KOLYN '16.

(This oration was awarded second place in the Women's State Intercollegiate contest held at Albion March 6, 1914.)

TRICKS IN ALL TRADES

The telephone bell rang insistently. Little Jimmie standing nearby gazed at it longingly. How badly he wanted to answer. But it was strictly forbidden, for the last time he had used the telephone it had cost his father a box of real Havanas and a ten dollar tip to the Chief of the Fire Department for the sending in of a false alarm.

But the bell rang again, and on the impulse of the moment Jimmie pulled a chair under the telephone and standing on tip-toe cautiously took down the receiver and said, imitating his mother's voice:

"Hello."

"Hello," came over the wire, "how are you this morning? Thought I would never get you."

It was a man's voice! Oh, thought the little man, perhaps it would be better to impersonate Aunt Jane.

"Who is this please? I don't recognize the voice," he said very politely.

"Well I should think you would,—you have talked to me enough lately. This is Bob Martin."

Jimmie had heard Aunt Jane speak of Bob, but did not know just how far he dared go, so he compromised on politeness, which is always a safety-valve in such times of trouble.

"Ah, Good Morning! Mr. Martin; isn't it a splendid day?"

"I called you up, Miss Formality," said Mr. Martin, "to ask you what you had decided about to-night.

In order to gain time to decide on his next move, Jimmie said, "I beg your pardon!"

"What is the matter with the connection? I can hardly hear you,"—now the voice was growing impatient.

"Isn't it terrible?" with Aunt Nellie's rising inflection. "Just hold the wire and I will ask Central."

When the second connection was made Martin began again.

"Can you hear me now?"

"Oh, yes, very nicely," said Jimmie smiling sweetly.

"I—wanted—to—ask—you—if—you—would—go—to-night."

"I really don't know what you are talking about," said Jimmie truthfully.

"How easily you forget," said the hurt voice of Bob. "It's to "Peter Pan?" I've had the tickets for over two weeks."

Now Aunt Jane had promised to read to Jimmie some night this week, and it was Saturday. He might die Sunday morning and then she would be sorry for having neglected him.

"Jane, I'm waiting," said the voice at the other end of the wire.

"What time does it begin?"

"Eight—fifteen; but I will be there at a quarter to eight, if you say so."

"Well, I scarcely think I can go; I have promised to read to my dear little nephew to-night."

"Very well, I shall not bother you any more."

Jimmie felt a little frightened, but this feeling did not last long. He was very careful to hang the receiver small end up, for it was that very thing which had given him away the last time. Then he went to the bookcase and pulled out his favorite book and laid it on the table. Hearing one of his small chums whistle, he forgot every thing and ran out to catch up with him.

However, Jimmie went to bed without a story, for Aunt Jane was in the library with her pink dress on, all ready to go out. He heard her say to mother, "Bob was never so late before." And at nine thirty a sorrowful figure stole past his door.
Something was wrong with Aunt Jane all the next week.

She went out several times, but always came in early. And was inclined to sit and think a great deal. Jimmie began to feel guilty. The second Sunday he lay in the corner of the library, trying to get his clothes too wrinkled to go to church. Aunt Jane and mother came in. Aunt Jane was saying, "He might at least have telephoned."

"Yes, but he might be sick, my dear," defended Mother.

"Umph, sick! A strong man like that! Oh, I hate being a girl."

Jimmie realized that things must be set right. He rushed out into the hall and grabbing the first head covering which happened to be his bicycle cap, he set off down the street. He knew well where Mr. Martin lived, for they had a large dog which he liked to tease. But there was a queer sinking feeling right in the pit of his stomach. This was almost as bad as the time he had to go to Mrs. Dean's and tell her that his ball had entered her house. But Jimmie would not come in; so Mr. Martin came out. The man was about to shut the door on him. Mr. Martin shut the door. And then came back to Jimmie.

"He loo there; Jimmie. Did you want to see me? Come in," said he. But Jimmie would not come in; so Mr. Martin came out.

"No, I came on an errand," said Jimmie, still watching the terrible man in the doorway.

"Did someone send you?" asked Bob Martin eagerly.

"I sent myself." "Oh," disappointedly. "I suppose you are taking subscriptions for something!"

"No; shut the door and I'll tell you," Bob shut the door, and then came back to Jimmie. "Well, Sonny, proceed."

"Well, you see it was me. I can talk like most anyone, meow like a cat, and bark like a dog."

"Yes," said Bob.

"I told you," said Jimmie, "it was me you talked to that Saturday."

"Do you mean to tell me, Jimmie, that it was you who turned me down so neatly for your dear little nephew the other day?"

"Yes, I did it."

"And have you told your Aunt Jane?"

"No."

"Why didn't you come to me before?"

"Cause I just heard her talking to mother and I just thought of it. They said you were a strong man that never got sick, and you might have telephoned at least, and she hated being a girl. You know that night she would not read to me, and I saw her go past my door with her pink dress all wrinkled and she was crying too, but I didn't know why. Guess maybe she was sorry 'cause she didn't read to me."

But Bob Martin had taken him by the hand and was already halfway down the stairs on the way to the Formality's when he heard Jimmie saying "Gee! I don't blame her for not wanting to be a girl. I believe I'd rather die!"

ETHEL DYKSTRA '16.

SOAPS AND SOAPMAKING

Soaps are, technically, the metallic salts of the higher fatty acids. However, when we speak of soap in general we mean the salts of the alkali metals, sodium and potassium. The salts of the heavy metals, such as lead or copper, are just as truly soaps, but as they are seldom, if ever, met with outside of the medical profession we will barely mention them. They are formed in the same manner as ordinary soap but require greater care, and are called "plasters" when completed. They are generally insoluble.

The materials used in making soaps are various, as regards the acid portion although a great similarity prevails between the methods of manufacture of the metallic salts. Oils extracted from the palm, palm-nut, cocoa-nut, olive, cotton-seed, ground-nut, sunflower, sesame, linseed, rape, hemp, poppy, niger, castor, and sweet almond can be mentioned among the vegetable oils, although this is far from a complete list. The butter and vegetable tallows should also be mentioned, although they are hardly to be classified similarly owing to the difference in their production. Any of the animal fats and oils may be used although they are apt to cause a rather inferior product because of their sources, which are chiefly from trade refuse, such as bones, hoofs, scraps of meats, hides, etc. There is still another class of oils known as the fish oils, such as whale, sperm, seal, and cod. These oils im-
part a disagreeable odor to their soaps, which it is almost impossible to be
rid of.

In connection with this matter of production, it is interesting to
note the extent to which the reclamation of waste materials is carried.

Oil refiners "foot" are very good and are in considerable demand.
Then there is the extraction of the acids from spoiled oil-cakes, marcs,
residue of oily seeds, and even engine waste, by means of benzene,
carbon disulphide, steroleum spirits and similar solvents. This economy
is carried even to the separation of grease from the soapsuds
used in cleaning of woolen goods and other fabrics, the use of the yolks of eggs
whose whites have been used in the production of woolen goods, the
actual grease in the wool and, for the coarser grades, the scum of
sewage.

The fatty acids thus obtained are combined with the hydroxides
of sodium and potassium, which are produced by causticizing their
carbonates with lime. This requires an extensive transforming plant and
is only done in the larger manufactures, the smaller producers buying
their hydroxides already for use in carboys. It was formerly the custom
for each plant to make its own alkali, but since the introduction of
the Le Blanc process it has been found more profitable to carry on
the processes separately.

In the actual processes soap is made in three ways. (1) The
free fatty acids are neutralized by the alkali without the formation of
glycerine. (2) Fatty glycerides are treated with the alkali producing
glycerine which is incorporated in the soap. (3) Soap and glycerine
are formed by the combination of fatty substances with the alkali
and then the two products are separated. In all these methods the process
is carried on by means of heat, usually steam. Where it is desired to
keep the products as nearly anhydrous as possible, the steam is conduct-
ed about the copper in a worm; in other cases it is blown in through
jets, and in some instances it is used in one way up to a certain point
and then the other is substituted. A "cold" process, is also employed,
but owing to the reactions between the ingredients it can hardly be
called "cold" properly. This method depends for its success upon the
correct measurement of the components and is generally employed in
the manufacture of transparent soaps.

The properties of the soaps formed depends to a great extent upon
the metal used. Potassium forms soft soaps, generally, and sodium hard.
If, however, a potassium soap is made and treated with a strong sodium
chlorid solution, the sodium replaces the potassium almost entirely, form-
ing a hard soap. In like manner potassium will replace sodium although
some exceptions exist. Typical soft soaps are obtained from linseed
oil or poppy-seed. The softness of these soaps and others being in-
creased by the non-separation of the glycerin. The hardest soaps are
made from stearin and sodium while the softest come from linolin and
potassium. Tallow requires the least alkali and produces the least
soap while cocoanut oil uses the most alkali and produces most soap.
The cocoa-nut oil soap is very hard and will take up a great deal of
water without softening. This offers quite a chance to dishonest manu-
facturers, because they can thin in considerable water when finishing
the product.

The soaps formed above are cast in frames of a size corresponding to
the demand and allowed to "set." When they have become sufficiently
hard they are cut into oblong blocks which are also allowed to dry
till a "skin" is formed. They are then run through a machine which
cuts them into cakes of the proper size and stamps anything desired up-
on them. These cakes are then wrapped and packed, when they con-
stitute the laundry soap of commerce.

By special processes these laundry soaps may be transformed into
other cleansers. If mixed with sodium luminate, sodium silicate, or
other detergent materials they become scouring soaps such as "Sapolio."
If treated with resin a soap giving a heavy suds is formed. Resin has
been objected to as an adulterant but as it is a combination of fatty
acids, this score against it may be removed. However, it is very strong-
ly inclined to take up water, a pure resin soap melting if exposed to
the air on account of its affinity for water. Thus it makes soap softer
and lessens its keeping qualities and it also has a tendency to turn brown
and become rancid. If laundry soap is shaved very fine and mixed with
sal soda it forms washing powder.

As before mentioned, soaps are generally soluble in water, ex-
cepting the soaps of the heavy metals. If, however, salts such as mag-
nesium sulfate, calcium chlorid, etc., are in solutions, they will unite
with the soap to form insoluble salts of the fatty acids. For this reason
the "scum," so familiar on hard water, is formed. Some soaps, how-
ever, are more capable of dissolving in "hard" water. Cocoanut and
palm-kernel are particularly noticeable for this ability and because of it
they are used as marine soaps, e. g., soaps for use in salt or sea water.

The cleansing action of soap is due to hydrolysis. It is supposed
that alkali is set free and that by its action upon grease, etc., dirt is removed. It is noticeable, however, that the addition of pearlash improves toilet soaps. This is a rather contradictory statement, but it is supposed that the answer lies in the fact that free alkali would be too injurious to the face.

Toilet soaps should be manufactured from the finest materials only. Nevertheless, manufacturers have found a way to evade this necessity. Cheaper soaps are first manufactured, then dissolved in alcohol and allowed to stand till the impurities have settled to the bottom. Ethyl alcohol should be used. After the sediment is all formed, the clear solution on top is decanted off and evaporated to a jelly-like consistency. It is allowed to stand thus for a while till it solidifies when it is cut and stamped. This forms a transparent soap, usually called glycerine. If the materials used are good the soap will be clear but if not it is apt to look muddy.

Other toilet soaps are manufactured much as laundry soaps; only from better materials. They are then finely crushed and mixed with coloring matter and perfumes, except that the coarser scents may be stirred in while the soap is liquid. After thoroughly mulching the whole together the substance is placed in hydraulic presses, which stamp them into the required shape.

Shaving soap is ordinary soap of a rather soft, absorbing variety. Because of its absorbent powers it will form a heavier lather and one which will remain soft for a longer period than others.

A brief outline of the entire process is as follows. Fatty acids are obtained and saponified by the interaction of the alkali. The soap is then separated from its impurities, technically called niger, and crutchcd or mixed together with detergents or perfumes. After being thoroughly crutchcd it is either framed or pressed according to usage. If pressed the process is complete, if framed it must be slabbcd or cut into long bars which are again cut to commercial size. These cakes are allowed to stand till a superficial skin is formed. Then they are stamped, wrapped and packed for shipment.

A brief word or two concerning the history of soap may not be out of place. The primitive peoples knew nothing of its use although they used nuts and fibers which had a cleansing effect. It is almost certain that the ancient Persians, Syrians, Chaldaeans, Hebrews, and Greeks had no actual soap although they used cleansers of some sort. It is, however, thought that the Phoenicians knew of its use and prepar-
The Anchor

Now, upon the joyful earth.
Carpets green, of priceless worth
Greet us. Here are meadows wide,
With the dandelions pied:
There, a field of winter wheat
Smiling lies at Ceres' feet;
Yonder, clover, red and white.
Wherethe bees direct their flight.
Such is Nature's comely dress:
Who would not this maid caress?
Who would not long hours spend
With this best and truest friend?
Robert Kroodsma.

THE PRICE OF AMBITION

"My daughter, happiness is not gathered twice in a lifetime as
the Roses of Paethum twice a year."

They were standing close together, the slim young girl and the tall
white-haired, gaunt old priest of St. Francis.

"Besides," he continued as he turned his gaze from the distant
peaks of the Rockies where they purpled the horizon of the distant
west, to the troubled face of the young girl, "you have no right to do
that now. It is too late."

"Mon Pere," she answered in a low firm voice, "I have a right
to do it. I ask no odds of anybody. It is not too late."

"Yes Jeanne, you have some rights in the matter. The money
your father left you is without doubt yours to do with as you please.
Your wonderful voice is yours to cultivate for the concert or the Opera,
or to allow it to go untrained and unheard save here in this wilderness
of the Columbia."

"Then you say I may go, Father, to study the Opera," she asked
eagerly, hope shining in her face.

Without noticing her interruption he went on: "But those rights
you have compromised long ago. You have already planned and
promised your future to another. You are no longer free to go and to
do as you will. You no longer have the right to live your life as you
please. Within a week Jules will come for you to make you his bride.
He will come full of ambition and high hopes, fresh from the Medical
College at Quebec. Your place is here with him; your life together is
an un-lived dream for you and him to dream and live together, he to still
the ravages of disease and the pain of injury, and you with your song-
bird voice to sing to Jules' patients when they are convalescent and are
fretful, and impatient. Then you shall sing to them the songs of the
beautiful France and the Patois lullabys and the happy airs of Quebec
and Montreal. Ah, you and Jules shall be blessed of the Virgin! You
shall be mentioned in the prayers of the poor. You shall be happy as
you have never known happiness. Ah, what a wonderful, what a
glorious future! Do not spurn it. This is your home. This is your
life. There is none better. Is it not so Jeanne?"

"Yes, Father, it is very beautiful I know, but if I go to France
to study Opera, Jules will wait if he loves me, and when I have earned
the name and honor that is mine, I shall come back. Jules will wait for
me."

"Wait, wait, my child,—Ah, those evil words! May you never
hear their distorted echo, too late, too late. Reason it out, Jeanne.
It will take you four years to become a singer in Opera."

"Three, Father, for I shall work hard."

"Three, then; it matters not. Then a year, yes two or three,
before you are famous, and the years that follow full of glory and
applause. Then you will come back? I think not; but if you do, it
will be too late. Love is not a plaything to be enjoyed at will and cast
aside until you wish to take it up again. Love grows and then withers
with the years. Your time of happiness will be gone, the time of
youth, of love, of passion. You will lose from your life what is more
precious than the combined plaudits of two continents, the love of your
mate and your friends, the love of your youth. You will forfeit them
for fame, and fame will fall and die and leave nothing worthy of
remembrance. But love and its memories—ah! they live forever. they
are the elixir of old age, they bring contentment to snowy years. Go.
my daughter, think it over and stay where the good Lord has placed
you and where the Blessed Virgin watches over you.

"I shall think of what you have said, Father," she replied, and
turned thoughtfully away.

The girl walked slowly with bent head along the slender path
that skirted a bushy clearing and led up a sunny hillside. For several
weeks she had gone there to be alone, for there were many knotty ques-
tions she had to decide, this slip of a girl with a golden voice. It
was here she had dreamed her dreams of Operatic success in the old
world. It was here that she had come to the conclusion that love
must wait for ambition, and it was here that she had come to weigh for the last time, success and ambition against love and a commonplace existence.

She sat down upon the trunk of an uprooted tree, cuddled her chin in her hand, and in a brown study began to puzzle it all out for always.

Scarce a dozen feet away a tiny cross rose over an evidently new made grave. It was the grave of Jacques. Jacques the indomitable, the dreamer, the warm, irresistible, Jacques who lay there in the cold iron sleep of death.

Jacques had come to Rochelle the summer before, so sick and weak that it had been necessary to carry him from his bateau at the river up to the house of Pierre, the Blacksmith, where he had secured lodging. From whence he had come and how long he would stay no one knew. They only knew that his name was Jacques.

The brisk, invigorating air of the woods and the healthful exercise on the river did much for him. He took a new hold on life. His swarthy face was continually wreathed in smiles as he made his rounds of the village, talking on intimate terms with everybody on everything. Always gay, witty and well informed of the happenings of the old world and especially of sunny France, he was a most welcome and diverting addition to Rochelle’s prosaic population.

One day, hearing Jeanne singing a Canadian Patois lullaby while she was paddling her canoe along the woody banks of the river he had gesticulated frantically to her, and when she had pushed the nose of her canoe into the bank at his feet, he made her sing to him again all the bits of songs she knew, while he listened critically, suggesting, commenting until he appeared satisfied. He clapped his hands together rapturously, “Mon Dieu! ti eez zee wondair; you have zee voice for zee opera! Sacre! you must go to Paree. You shall go, cen’est par?”

Throughout the summer and winter he had filled Jeanne’s pretty head full of his own effervescent dreams. He told her of his assured success, “Nevair such a voice, Non Nevair!” He told her of the honor of Kings and the favor of Princes, of the fame greater than of the Kings of France. Jeanne, listening to his dashing assurances, believed them implicitly, for Jacques certainly knew what he was talking about; even Father Francis admitted it. She promised him that, were it ever possible, she would go to France and study for the Opera. The Opera! the Opera! that was their constant theme, their ever expanding exquisite day dream. The following spring, before he died of the fever, he sent for her and gave her three letters, one of introduction to a good family in Paris, one to his old friend, the best teacher of the opera in all France, and one that contained several thousand dollars in notes of France. Two days later they buried him, mourned of all Rochelle, and raised that little white cross to his memory.

As Jeanne sat looking at the small white cross, it all came back to her, the rapturous exclamations about her voice, the promises, the three letters. Suddenly she jumped up; her mind was made. She would keep her promise to Jacques, she would go to Paris and study. A great operatic career was hers for the taking. It was her right, her privilege. She would become famous, applauded, sought after, toasted; and with visions most splendid, she tripped down the path to the river.

That night she sat down and wrote to Jules of her decision; told him as gently as possible her reasons, assuring him that if he would wait for her she would come back some day and marry him.

Two days later she left Rochelle. She dared not wait to bid Jules good-bye, for fear her resolution would go glimmering, and so she stole away, away from love, happiness, and home.

Jacques had not been mistaken, Jeanne did have a wonderful voice, and it was not long in being discovered. Her success was rapid and complete. Jacques’ visions came true, but Jeanne’s promises faded. In the glitter, the glare, the flatterings of personages, she forgot Jules, Rochelle, and home.

One night at the height of her success and popularity, she was singing in the Theatre Francais. Coming back to answer an enthusiastic encore, she sang she knew not why, a Patois lullaby of the French Canadians. The upturned faces of the crowded house dimmed and faded, and she was floating on the river in a canoe, singing to Jules in the moonlight. She sang as never before, to Jules for love and not to the audience for applause. When she had finished she waited expecting to hear Jules say, “That was fine, Jeanne,” and was rudely awakened by the wild clamoring for more.

She turned, stunned by the sudden collapse of her beautiful dream, the dream of what might have been, and vanished swiftly into the protection of the wings. She sang no more that night. Choked, crushed down, she realized that her life was but a bubble, a beautiful glazed veneer whose surface reflected the gaieties of Paris, but had nothing tangible within; nothing but vain empty air. Her ambition did not satisfy her, her success brought no contentment, while within her the woman, the primal woman cried for expression and found no vent.
In her frenzy she cursed Jacques, once the subject of thankful prayers. She hated her voice, the cause of her ambition, the creator of her success, as the robber of her rightful heritage, home, love and happiness. Oh, how she hated it! The most beautiful had become the most hideous, as Hinnon became Gehenna.

The next morning, while the headlines of newspapers declared the famous Mlle. Fleurde lys would sing in the Opera no more, the subject of the raucous cries of newsies stood in the bow of the ship that bore her towards America, to Jules. She did not stand in the stern with the other passengers to watch regrettfully Le Harve fade in the distance, no; Mlle. Jeanne was going home, much wiser than when she came and, oh! so much more unhappy.

There was a new priest at St. Francis, and a new Doctor at Rochelle. Many changes had taken place since the thin slip of a girl had quietly slipped away to the old world, a potential conqueror of an entire continent.

One day, at twilight, the strange priest stood seeing the last golden spears of light dim and fade into the mistiness above the purple mountains, when there appeared on the path from the river a tall, slender dejected woman. The conqueror was returning with the attitude of the conquered.

She approached him timidly and asked, “Are you the priest of St. Francis?”

“Yes, Mlle. I am,” he answered.

“Could you tell me of Jules,” she asked, furtively, “Doctor Fouche, I mean.”

“Doctor Jules? ah yes. Tho’ I did not know him, I am the better for his memory.”

So from this strange priest, who did not know, who did not understand her, she learned the story, of which she was the silent, unwitting author.

Jules had come to Rochelle, settled alone in his cottage by the river; he made no friends save the old priest of St. Francis. Just the spring before an epidemic of scarlet fever had broken out in Centones lumber camp down the river, and death had reaped a heavy harvest there. Jules and Father Francis had gone to heal and comfort the stricken men; one to aid the spirit, when the body had passed beyond the aid of the other. When the fever had run itself out both fell sick the same day and died scarcely six hours apart.

“We the members of the faculty of Hope College desire to record our deep sorrow because of the sudden and sore bereavement that has befallen our esteemed colleague, Professor Frank N. Patterson, in the death of his beloved wife and mother of his only child Lloyd, which occurred on Friday night, April the tenth.

Mrs. Patterson was known to us as a woman of great courtesy and refinement, sweet and tender and amiable of disposition, modest and retiring on the one hand, yet always affable and responsive, a loving companion and help-meet to her husband, a devoted and caring taking mother to her son, an humble follower of the Lord Jesus.

We extend to our co-worker our sincerest sympathy and commend him most earnestly to the God of all grace, whose comfort and guidance and strength are so much needed in these days of trial and loneliness.

Committee:
Edward D. Dimnent
Elma G. Martin
Almon T. Godfrey
WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

Our nation is still comparatively young, but in looking back over the pages of history, we find that she is the happy possessor of many heroes. We might sing songs of praise to our once great statesman and warrior, Washington. We might extol that never to be forgotten backwoodsman, Lincoln. We might eulogize our beloved, assassinated president, McKinley. However, I have chosen one who is still with us: one whom our fellow countrymen often despised and rejected, yet whose principles remain firm and never-dying. We desire to herald a few words of praise to one of our present day benefactors,—William Jennings Bryan.

The boyhood days of Mr. Bryan were simple. Nothing extraordinary took place in his early life, except that he had a natural ability for public speaking. This characteristic, together with a striking personality and winning smile, aided him greatly in acquiring his evident renown. Overflowing with a Christian philanthropy, he long cherished a desire to enter public life and thus serve humanity. In doing this, it is sometimes said that Bryan chose the wrong party. Be that as it may, the fact remains that his name has become indelibly impressed upon the hearts of the American people and in the future, history will ever point to him as one of the greatest men of this age. His fame has become world-wide and his influence is felt wherever he wills to exert it.

Perhaps no man was ever more praised and at the same time condemned than Mr. Bryan; nevertheless, no man has ever shown greater daring in facing the issues of the day. His principles are well founded and his policies well chosen; and regardless of opposing tactics, he fearlessly works on to greater and nobler achievements. Few possess such intellectuality and such foresight as he manifests, qualities for which he is often termed a fanatic or an irrational politician. Yet, with his force of character and continual preaching of righteousness, he has proved the opposite to the American people and lives to see many of his principles in actual practice.

Mr. Bryan is sometimes called a failure and if success depends upon holding office, this is probably true. But surely when one spends his life for the down-trodden and general welfare of the public, or as a teacher of morals; when one beholds the forces gathering together to carry out his principles and teachings, he is far from being a failure. A leading republican says, "Bryan was the first man out and the first man at work. It seems he did more than any other live men and he was not at work five minutes till every man, with an unconscious recognition of leadership, was taking orders from Bryan."

Can you find another who, in like manner, has built success upon defeat, continually rising higher in the estimation of the people; who, despite opposition, remains a leader of his party? Can you find another who is scoffed at or ridiculed by so many, that can hold his very enemies spell-bound by his oratory? And yet the answer is simple. He is the champion of the people and be it political or otherwise, his honesty is unquestionable. No cleaner man can be found in politics. Treachery and double dealing are far from him, and he is most sincere in his convictions. His word is pure to those who really know him; and in his political fights he never strikes a man in the back, but meets him fairly and squarely, and, like Washington, who knelt in the snows at Valley Forge, praying for the triumph of liberty, Bryan depends upon divine guidance in his political work.

It is little wonder that people are following Bryan more and more, for he is "a tower of strength to his party" and a benefit to the others. He is one of the advanced thinkers of the day and giver our government the full benefit of his wonderful, master mind. He especially stands for what our country needs. Who was it that in the Fifty second congress electrified that body and startled people at large by his new and original ideas on the tariff, showing that he believed in the rights of the people and not the privileged few? Who was it that advocated the election of senators by direct vote of the people, for which at the time he was hissed and scoffed at? Who was it that declared campaign funds should be made public before as well as after election, in order that the people might know what the politician was using their money for? Who was it that first called the people's attention to the fact that "a man is above the dollar,"—a truth which must be impressed upon the hearts of every true citizen. Who was it that saved the Democratic party at Baltimore, placing it on a higher plane than ever before? Who is it that battles continually for the rights of the people he loves, despite the fact that it arouses enmity and disfavor on the part of many? Our answer is, the honorable William Jennings Bryan.

Oh, friend of the laborer! you who continually defend the people, most gifted of orators, dauntless of prophets, continue your excellent task. Defeat is far from you. A surplus of offices has been denied you, but you served the people most gloriously by advocating true
principles. By your fidelity to principle you have risen high in the
estimation of the American people. You have worked your way into
their hearts, and posterity will ever look back to you as a great servant
of humanity.

"A friendless warfare! Lingering long
Through weary day and weary year,
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front and flank and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And bleach not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The hissing, stinging bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born."

JOHN H. BRUGGERS '15.

ATTENTION

Say—did you ever have an idea? Just how did you feel—were
you the least bit dizzy afterwards or perhaps a little surprised? I'm in an
awful condition. I've had an idea. This idea is associated with a
dime—ten cents in real money. No—it isn't a new lens for the teles-
cope nor is it a donation for a new Van Vleck dormitory. (Each
one of you is going to contribute for both lens and dormitory——
——when you get out into the WORLD!) Follow this closely now—
ten coppers—three hundred and fifty Hopeites—10 x 350 - 3500.
(Is that multiplied correctly?) Well, then, with all this money we can
buy flowers and plants and we can plant these flowers and plants in
such spots on our campus where they will look best. Then too; woe
betide that individual, be he student or professor who should be caught
'cutting' or trampling down lawn or flowers. I am sure that if both
student and professor has a share—a genuine share in this movement, there will be little or no need for 'before chapel' talks on this subject. What think you of it? Take this general suggestion, please. KEEP OFF THE GRASS.

INVESTMENT

May, the month of beautiful sunshine, of warm afternoons, and of flowers, repeatedly and variously issues the "call of the wild" to many a student. The early morning sun beams splendidly upon the pedestrian, and upon the tennis devotee. The afternoon furnishes an ideal time for the botanizing excursionist, while the slanting rays of the sun o'er Lake Michigan fall upon the steak and weenie roasts so appetizing to dune climbers. And yet, amid this varied daily program of so many of our students, there stand out in prominence the four recitation hours and the preparation for these. To each individual there comes the question of time-investment. Is he to give the best hours of the day to physical pursuits which render his mind unfit for his lessons? Shall he curtail the program of his physical exercises only to such an extent that he merely passes?

A short term of ten weeks, though filled so completely with athletic, pedestrian, and social diversions, still presents a fine opportunity to accomplish a great deal of work, to carry many of the interesting courses now presented, and above all to show his will power in concentration. With investment in that which shall in the long run pay the best interest on the amount of time and energy invested will the student be best satisfied. When he can look back and feel that he has both worked hard and played hard, he may be sure of having obtained the most from his principal. Remembering that opportunity passes us only once, let us do our best whether in the class room or on the athletic field. Mortgaging our future usefulness by present slip-shod work is an impardonable crime against ourselves and against our fellow classmates; but by giving the primary purpose for which we are attending school, its due in time and energy, and by dividing the remainder of the time between the inferior demands, we are fulfilling our duty to ourselves and to those with whom we associate. All sides of one's character must be developed properly and carefully that the future course of work shall not be hampered through disproportion of tastes or of capabilities, and yet one should remember that the scattered shot from the gun has not the power that the single bullet has. With the field for investment before us let us invest our time and our efforts in that line whence shall come the greatest lasting returns. C. H.
Mr. George Roest, '09, who is teaching in Racine, Wis., visited College recently.

Miss Mae La Huis, '13, has resigned her position in the Zeeland High School.

Miss Hilda Stegeman, '09, has been obliged to give up her position as instructor in the Cedar Grove Academy on account of a nervous break down.

OLIVET—HOPE DEBATE

On Friday evening, April 10th, Hope's negative debating team—Ten Keurts, Zwemer and Bosch, met Olivet's affirmative team, Parma-lee, Jones and Coulter,—at Olivet, on the question, "Resolved, That the U. S. Govt. should own and operate the railroads." The judges were Superintendent Hartwell of Kalamazoo, Probate Judge Dann of Charlotte, and Prof. Simpson of M. A. C.

When the smoke and dust of conflict had subsided, it was seen that the count stood two to one in favor of Olivet. After the debate, both victors and vanquished were tendered a pleasant informal reception at the home of Prof. Sterrenberg, an old friend of Hope.

Olivet College cannot fail to leave a favorable impression, especially the student body, the library and the Fraternity houses. The cordiality of various faculty members, especially Professors Nadal and Sterrenberg, was greatly appreciated.

The debate was an interesting and close contest. While Olivet's men failed to cover all the ground involved in the question, they had good, philosophical argument, a convincing delivery, a strong rebuttal, and a stirring appeal. Hope, although in our opinion presenting the stronger constructive argument was noticeably weak in rebuttal and failed to meet their opponents on their own ground. Hope's delivery was decidedly oratorical as compared with Olivet's.

Local debaters, and members of the team themselves, attribute much of the defeat to incomplete preparation; and there seems to be good ground for this complaint. In the opinion of many, there should be more time between the last Inter-Society debate and the Inter-Collegiate debate, and also a greater amount of system and "team-work," especially in rebuttal.

ALLEGAN H. S.—HOPE PREP. CONTEST

Hope's success in oratory and debate in the last few years has filled her cup of enthusiasm to overflowing and the Prep. department is absorbing considerable of it. As evidence of this fact, we see the students of the preparatory school trying faithfully to fit themselves for the contests of future years so that the chain of success may remain unbroken, and that the victories of the future may even out number those of the past. Realizing that the best and most practical way of preparing for future contests is to actively engage in them now, a few preparatory students and some college men arranged last January for a forensic contest with Allegan High.

The contest was held at Allegan on April 17th, and resulted in victory for the High boys, Allegan having 55 per cent and Hope Prep. 45 per cent, figuring on the basis of 100 per cent. Each school was represented by five men, three debaters, an orator and a declamer. Carl Stapelkamp represented our school as orator, and easily carried off the honors with a splendid oration which he delivered in a very impressive manner. The oration was entitled, "The Super-Democracy." Troy Clawson of Allegan then delivered his oration, entitled, "Men who have Influenced American Ideas and Ideals." A debate followed, on the question, "Resolved, That the Labor Union Promotes the Welfare of the nation." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. T. Prince, W. Koppenaal, and P. Cooper of Hope, and the negative was supported by Messrs. A. Lilly, C. Adams, and B. Woodhams of Allegan. The work of our Prep. debaters promises "big things" for future college debating teams. Though it seemed to many present that the work of our team was superior, nevertheless, two of the judges decided in favor of Allegan. The declamation contest was last, and in this we were represented by Chas. De Vries, whose selection was Ingersoll's speech at his brother's grave. The pathetic rendering of the piece by Mr. De Vries was highly commendable and held the close attention of the audience. Chester Sirrine of Allegan then gave a humorous poem entitled, "The Owl Critic." The declamation or recitation was given in a very clever manner and was awarded the decision. The judges of the contests were Henry Jacobs of Holland, and Charles Delano and Judge Orion S. Cross of Allegan.

The contest was declared excellent by those present and undoubtedly the Prep. will be engaged in similar contests in the coming years.
STATE PROHIBITION CONVENTION AND ORATORICAL
CONTEST

The annual state convention of the Inter-collegiate Prohibition
Association opened Wednesday, April 29th. All the preliminary
functions were duly arranged in the afternoon. An enthusiastic rally
was held in the First Reformed Church, Wednesday evening. D.
Leigh Colvin, president of the National Prohibition Association
and W. V. Walmann, district superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League,
were the speakers. Mr. Walmann emphasized the political phase of
the liquor question and Mr. Colvin placed especial emphasis on the
educational phase.

On Thursday morning a rousing mass meeting was held in Win-
ant’s Chapel, after which D. L. Colvin addressed the students, showing
how the Inter-collegiate contests which are being held from time
to time, help to form a closer union of college men and women in this
great work.

O. J. McIvena opened the afternoon session with an address
on the history and struggles of the Association, placing special em-
phasis on the enlistment for this cause. Attorney Miles then read a
paper on “The Present Status of the Liquor Traffic.” The third
speaker was D. L. Colvin, who delivered an address on the work of
the National Prohibition Association. After these splendid and inspir-
ing addresses the meeting proceeded with its annual business. The
officers chosen were as follows: President, J. B. Hervey of Adrian;
Vice-president, P. H. Goodrich of Albion, Secretary and treasurer.
T. Zwemer of Hope, Reporter, A. J. McIntyre of Alma. The dele-
gates chosen for the national contest which is to be held at Topeka
Kansas, during the Christmas holidays, were, H. Jacobs of Hope,
whose alternate is F. De Jong, and O. J. McIvena of Albion, whose
alternative it F. Jewell. A booster committee was appointed, consist-
ing of Mr. Pierson of Albion, Mr. Lord of Adrian, Mr. Bruggers
of Hope and one from Alma, not yet appointed.

In the evening the great state contest was the culmination of the
conference. A large number gathered in the Chapel to hear the inspir-
ing and enthusiastic orations. The orations were all very well written
and showed careful preparation. Thomas Soule delivered the oration
entitled “The Eighteenth Amendment.” He showed how the existing
evils could be overcome by adopting the amendment which is now in
the hands of Congress. Arthur J. McIntyre delivered the oration
entitled “The American Issue.” He emphasized the ruinous effect of
alcohol on the human system and that the problem could be solved
through education, moral uplift and a union of forces. Miss Ethel
Bedient delivered the oration entitled “An Open Fight.” She present-
ed the deplorable conditions of the poorer class and showed how this
could be righted, and also explained the part the Church played in
this problem. Henry Ter Keurst delivered the oration entitled “The
Triumph of a Principle.” He showed that liquor was a foe to indus-
ty, that it caused a great economic loss and that there is a social
declination. For these reasons the forces are uniting to abolish this
traffic.

The contest was very interesting from beginning to end and the
decision was close. The decision by rank was as follows:

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<td>“The 18th Amendment”, Thos. Soule, Adrian</td>
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<td>“The American Issue,” A. J. Mc Intyre, Alma</td>
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<td>“An Open Fight,” Miss Ethel Bedient, Albion</td>
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<tr>
<td>“The Triumph of a Principle,” H. Ter Keurst, Hope</td>
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The judges on thought and composition were C. A. R. Stone, Coldwater; Hugh Jameson, Cadillac, and Wm. A. Morse, Detroit;
on delivery Samuel Ranck, Grand Rapids, and D. L. Colvin, Pres.
of the National Intercollegiate Prohibition Association.

1. College and Holland are pleased to have had the privilege
of helping this convention in our city because of the impetus it must
necessarily give to the Prohibition movement here and the inspiration it
will give to our students to enter future Prohibition contests.

Exchanges

“The Central Ray,” Central College, Pella Iowa, casts no mean
reflection upon its editor, Wm. Rhynsburger, a former Hope Student.
Its editorials bear a strong stamp of individuality. The account of
the Glee Club Tour is written in a most interesting manner. To the
Hope students, who have known Carl Beyers, formerly of Hope, it
will undoubtedly be of interest to know that he is not limiting his ac-
complishments to the Athletic Field, but is also a member of the College
Glee Club.

The paper, however does not contain any literary numbers, such
as stories, essays, orations, poems, etc., and for just that reason seems to
be missing one of the primary purposes of a College paper, namely, to be the organ of the student body, and therefore a medium for the expression of their literary talents. We do commend it most highly for meeting so adequately the second purpose, namely, that of discussing the possible conditions of the College, the various phrases of the College world in general, and similar matters of importance to the student body.

In the April number of our own paper we were pleased to see a contributed editorial, commending the introduction of the "Honor System" at Hope. On an informal ballot, the system was approved by the student body of Hillsdale, by a vote of 150 to 35. This does not prove its adoption, but was merely intended to sound the sentiments of the student body in regard to the Plan. It proves conclusively that Hope is not the only College suffering from this "Curse of cheating," and desirous of getting rid of it.

In the April number of "The College Index" we find four essential principles and requisites in the life of the individual, in particular that of the student, dressed in the most interesting and attractive garb. The Principles,—the Ethics of the Body, The Spirit of Unity of Love and Unselfishness, and the Spirit of Contentment and Happiness, are respectively labeled,—The Great Internal Peace Conference, The Spirit of Unity, The Cloud, and The Lure of the Sunset. The originality of the idea of personifying great principles, and emphasizing their significance in such a way is commendable.

The Poems entitled, "Faith" and "The Fellow Who Took His Ease," are well written and especially appropriate to the student. Success and Failure are the respective keynotes. We would urge discontinuing the practice of interspersing Advertising Matter with Literary material. The Psychological law of it is evident, for glaring advertisements are sure to distract the attention of the reader from the literary material; and, furthermore, it approaches too near to the Newspaper style.

The Mission House Aerolith contains a few striking numbers, in the German and one in the American language, upon the Subject of Easter. Both writers sound the sentiment of the day in a most inspiring manner, and the publication of the articles in the April number is in due harmony with the occasion. A biography of the Life of Washington Irving gives us a clear view of the life and work of this prolific writer, who is justly called," The Father of American Literature." The article entitled,—"The Value of Time" is of especial value because of its present interest. It emphasizes two great truths, often forgotten, namely, that "time is short," and "beyond recall." We must not fail to comment favorably on the cover design, which is so wholly in keeping with the Easter week.

We notice one especially commendable thing about the "Central Normal Bulletin," and that is the evidence of its live interest in its Alumni, and the corresponding interest of the Alumni in their school. This is not only shown by a well-written and complete Alumni department, but especially by the publication of letters or excerpts of letters of many of its Alumni. We highly commend a letter department of that nature, for it must result in a wider and deeper interest of Alumni in their Alma Mater Paper, and of the Student Body in the Alumni.

A more attractive cover design, and a good joke department would be improvements.

"The Cue"—Albany Academy—Your paper is well-arranged and contains splendid literary material. Your Exchange department and your Cueisms are especially strong.

We note that nearly all of our exchanges contain a table of contents. We believe this is a commendable thing.

With the Spring term, the Seniors can again enjoy themselves to the utmost by indulging in all the sorts of fun—parties, socials, and banquets—which always crowd the last weeks. The class is already on to the tricks and began by passing a delightful hour in its elocution class. On Monday, April 20, the program called for a banquet scene, and some of the girls served light refreshments after which excellent toasts were given. Mr. John Tillema was toamaster.

The K. of P. Hall was the place of great splendor when the Sorosis Society gave its annual banquet on the evening of April 17. The affair was a complete success, nothing being left undone to add to
the enjoyment of the evening. The colors of the Society, gold and white, were artfully carried out in every detail. Daffodils and yellow roses, together with large bouquets of white sweet peas made a very dainty effect and completed the color scheme. In the center of the hall was a pyramid of palms around which were placed tables set for four. Miss Cornelia Bouma was toastmistress, and the speakers were the Misses Eva Lemanhout, Ruth Pieters, Christine Van Raalte, and Hazel Clements.

On April 21, the W. F. N. M. of the Dormitory gave a birthday supper for one of its members. The table was daintily decorated. Everything was complete, even to the birthday cake and candles. Leave it to the W. F. N. M. to have fun.

Mr. Charles Clark gave the last number of the lecture course on April 24. A beautiful program of songs was rendered and the audience listened with sympathetic attention. His choice of songs from the German, French, and English languages showed a wide range of culture. The "Erikon" and "June" were especially delightful. Gordon Campbell, the pianist, seemed to instil just the right atmosphere, which added greatly to the enjoyment of the program.

On Tuesday evening, April 21, a jolly bunch of "Hopeites" were entertained by Ruth Blekkink. The occasion was a taffy pull and everyone was in the best of spirits. Candy pulls are sticky, but nothing arouses merriment more than "feeding a little taffy."

The Junior class lost one of its loyal members when John Wallineza left in the early part of the term. He is planning to attend a medical school.

OUR Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. feels gratified and encouraged over the increased interest which has been shown in the work during the past school year. The membership has increased to ninety; at the regular meetings on Thursday afternoon, there has been an average attendance of fifty. Our meetings have been marked with a spirit of earnestness and helpfulness. During the Week of Prayer, many girls were brought to a knowledge of Christ as their Savior and Master. That missionary interest has been aroused is shown by the fact that, this year, two mission study classes were organized, and besides these, the Junior and Senior girls attended Prof. Kuizenga's class which was open for both men and women. Then, too, the mission fund is larger than before.

Our Y. W. C. A. is the central figure in the Christian life of the girl at school. Every girl needs the association; the association needs every girl. Life would be decidedly different, for it has a silent influence on our lives that gently guides us on. But what of the coming year? Next fall, shall we not welcome the girls matriculating here to our association meetings as heartily as we welcome them to Old Hope? A more important aim is that of a deep spiritual life. During the coming year we desire to become better acquainted with each other but far more, with our Lord. It will depend on you as members of the Y. W. C. A. whether our meetings will be helpful and inspiring; and whether your own spiritual life shall be elevated and strengthened. Shall we make this year the banner year?

The new officers of Y. W. C. A. are as follows:
President, Catharine Heikus; Vice-president, Ruth Pieters; Secretary, Dorothy Pieters; Treasurer, Henrietta Neerken.

The chairman of the several committees are: Sara Winter, Muriel Fortune, Amelia Meusing, Elda Van Putten, Sara Helene Trompen, and Henrietta Van Zee.

All tennis enthusiasts have been eagerly watching the work on the new courts—just imagine, three of them as good as can be found anywhere. Thanks, Mr. Dosker; we are going to make good use of your generous gift. The tennis manager is planning a tournament to which several entries have already been made. From the best players in the tournament, a team will be picked to represent the college in match games. All after it now, you tennis players, and give evidence that Hope is no more "slow" in tennis than in any other College activity.

The track team is getting into fine shape and there is no reason why we should not win both the relay and the cross country. The first try-out showed that many men are making three miles in good
time. Faries, Van Strien, and Bikert make a trio that will keep things humming.

The first baseball game of the 1914 season has been played. The Hope aggregation defeated the Holland High School team to the tune of 8 to 2. Both teams were getting into form and thought it well to play a practise game. "Ott" did the twirling for Hope and showed that his powerful right arm is not yet worn out. Not satisfied with the laurels for pitching, he played the spectacular feature of the game by hitting the first home-run of the season.

The season is on in good style now and Sat. April 2', Grand Rapids Central came down, "to slip one over on us." Yes, the actually slipped one over" for without doubt Hope has the stronger team. But the "god of baseball" decreed it thus. Costly errors on Hope's part and a "blowing up" in the seventh inning are responsible for the defeat. Yet Grand Rapids has an excellent team and the "little fellows" showed that they have real "baseball heads." Capt. "Jack" pitched the game and got himself out of several tight places.

Well, it wasn't a bad defeat. Five to four in a ten inning game shows that it wasn't a run away.

Never mind boys, we're with you yet and one defeat with chances for five victories doesn't take our courage away.

Locals

Prof. Moerdyke, translating Greek,—"On the one hand, he received no income; on the other hand, he supported his mother for three years."

Stranger talking to Flight—"What a splendid opportunity there is for a student to study good and bad roads on this campus."

John Flight—"That's why we have so many Rhodes' scholars."
The Apostle—after a water throwing contest in Van Vleck—
"Mr. Tillema, did you put that water, to the best use?"
Tillema—"Yes sir."
Apostle—"That's all that's necessary."

A German lady, who had been in America but a short while, met
another German Lady.
First Lady—"Good morning. It's a fine day, but I haf' a colt."
Second Lady—"O, no, you don't mean you haf' a colt; you
mean you are a little hoarse.

Hostpers reading the parable of the importunate man.
"Though he will not give him because he is his friend, yet, be-
cause of his opportunity, he will rise and give him as many as he
needeth."

Athletics—All those who are trying for the shot-put in the class
day meet, come around to the top floor of Van Vleck, at 12:30 P. M.
and try out.

A LITTLE POETRY

Bung Hoven had a piece of gum,
It was as white as snow.
And every place that Hoven went,
That gum was sure to go.
It followed him to school one day,
Which was against the rule.
Prof. Moedyke took that gum away,
And chewed it after school.

Protecting Himself.

Magistrate severely—"You admit then you stole that pig.
Prisoner—"I has to, boss."
Magistrate—"Very well then, there has been a lot of pig stealing
going on around here lately, and I am going to make an example of
you, or none of us will be safe."

Stein got a call down at F. S. for giving a number, and not hav-
ing his trousers pressed.

Gleason taking Stein's part—"Mr. Chairman, I don't see how
Stein can have his pants pressed here, when he is pressing his suit in
Grand Haven."
Of all deep waters Lockhorst sees,
The deepest is his History ("C").

Student in Psychology:—"If a boy decided to give up smoking, what kind of a process would you call that?"
Kuizenga:—"Oh, that's only a temporary interruption."
Veenschoten eating greasy potatoes; "I don't see why they don't give us Turkey instead of so much Greece."

Carl Hoppers' wise saying:
"It is meet that I should lose a little meat, at the fieldmeet."

Plipse in chemistry class: "Don't you think that we would believe as our ancestors did if we lived then?"

Godfrey:—"I don't doubt that; all fools aren't dead yet."

A country visitor at one time went to a London concert. He was particular to inquire the price of seats and the obliging attendant said, "Front seats, two shillings; back, one shilling; program, a penny."
"O, well then," blandly replied the countryman, "I'll sit on a program."
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