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The Anchor



Volume XXVII

HOPE COLLEGE, Holland, Michigan, Wednesday, Feb. 10, 1915

Number 12

HOPE PLAYS IN FAST COMPANY

NORTH WESTERN COLLEGE TEAM PROVES TOO STRONG FOR OUR BOYS

Our basket ball team was defeated last Friday night by North Western college of Naperville, Ill., by a score of 54-23. The game began with Smallegan at center. Stogie played forward and Putty was shifted to guard Hope fouled on the first play. North Western made a point on the free throw and soon followed it with a basket from a perfect play from in the same manner, but right there things stopped as far as a close contest goes. Altho Hope did some clever passing and Putty's dribbling took the ball out of the danger zone repeatedly, their best efforts proved futile. Shot after shot from almost every angle and distance dropped into North Western's ring. At one time in the first half things looked brighter, Stogie made a basket from a toss-up, and this was followed by a basket from a perfect play from center. Slim slipped one in next, and this ended the rally. North Western renewed their bombardment and soon had thirty points safely tucked away. The half ended with a pretty toss by Stogie. Score, 30-12.

The second half presented a changed line-up. Stogie took center, Putty returned to forward, and Gebhard was put in as guard. This change worked well for a while, and at one time the score was 39-22. But North Western substituted, and with these reinforcements put an end to this spurt. The opponents began once more to score generously, the last part of the game being an exhibition of long shots on their part. Hope's long shots went wrong, and the defense was too strong for the short pass system. Whatever can be said for this short pass system, the last three games have been won from us on long shots, a department of the game in which Hope is decidedly weak. The last half ended with a score of 54-23.

Summaries:

Goals—Gamertsfelder 1, Kluckholm 12, Kastner 7, Oberhelmen 5, Putty 2, Stogie 4, Stein 1, Slim 1, Ott 1. Foul Goals—Oberhelmen 4 out of 8; Stogie 4 out of 6. Johnson of Grand Rapids "Y" refereed the game.

The preliminary between the Kum Baks and the Hope Reserves was a very nifty event. The game was fast and furious from start to finish, and was featured by several long shots. Football instincts cropped out occasionally, but the game was generally clean, in spite of the aggressiveness on both sides.

The final score was 21-14 in favor of the Kum Baks. Bert Hekhuis refereed the game.

Y. M. C. A.

The regular meeting of the Y. M. C. A. on Tuesday evening February 2, 1915 was well attended. The subject for consideration was, "The Importance of Small Things." The mistake of magnifying little things beyond their just proportion, the influence the little things in one's life have upon others, and the importance of little things in building a strong character as in the case of Lincoln were some of the points made by the leader. The time for voluntary testimony and discussion was completely taken up by various members and the meeting was most inspiring to those present.

INTERSOCIETY DEBATE AN INTERESTING EVENT

KNICKERBOCKERS AND FRATERNAALS DEBATE SHIP SUBSIDY QUESTION

Last Thursday evening our first intersociety debate for this year was held. The Knickerbockers represented by John Vander Werf, Bernie Mulder and Eugene Flipse, came to defend the affirmative of the Subsidy question and the Fraternals were there with just as avowed a purpose of upholding the negative. They were represented by George Steininger, Richard Te Linde, and Theodore Elferdink. The "Whoop er up" of the K. S., and the "Oligoi kai Eklektoi" of the F. S. started the meeting with enthusiasm. Dr. J. W. Beardslee Jr. opened with prayer. With Prof. John Tillema in the chair as umpire of the evening's game, the debate began. In introducing the debate, he told us about the importance of the question, "Resolved, That the U. S. should subsidize her merchant marine". By this time every society man has heard so much on this question, that he ought to have his mind pretty well made up as to its merits.

John Vander Werf, of the affirmation and representing the Knicks spoke first. We admire John's pluck for debating in spite of sore throat and ill-health. What he gave us was good, but we are sure that had John been in good physical condition his arguments would have been delivered more forcefully.

George Steininger is as good on the debating platform as he is on the basket-ball floor. His arguments were caged as surely as his baskets. His seriousness, complete self-possession and his good delivery give force and pleasingness to everything he has to say.

Bernie Mulder gives promise of marked success in future debates. Bernie puts things in a very forceful way. He gave us the entire subsidy problem in a nutshell and presented his arguments with a clearness that showed that he had a thorough knowledge of the subject.

Dick Te Linde went at it with a vim that showed his intentions. Dick is a science man and says a good deal in his allotted time, and what he says is clearly stated. We're always glad to see a science man win out along literary lines.

As far as hand-to-hand fighting goes things had as yet not been very exciting. But as soon as Eugene Flipse got started, points of privilege were altogether in order. Gene says "an awful lot" in twelve minutes and it takes good debaters to refute all he says, in five minutes.

Ted Elferdink ended the constructive argument for the negation. He brought out his new plan, and altho parts of it had already been declared impracticable it showed good thought and knowledge of conditions. Ted has great ease on the platform and a very pleasing delivery.

And now the real fracas began. As the chairman very aptly put it, the grain had been piled up on each side of the platform and now it was to be compared as to quality and quantity. Stein had first shot and he certainly shot a lot of bullets. His little magazine contained enough for a whole European war. After that the shooting was incessant. John, Dick, Bernie, Ted and Gene, all followed in their turn and each showed himself a real debater. Points of privilege were constantly called for and Ted even wanted Gene to admit his

(Ted's) arguments, but Gene wasn't quite ready to do that. And so the battle ended. Every one had had his chance. The chairman had difficulty at times to decide which points of privilege he should allow, but we think he did it in a capital way. While awaiting the decision of the judges, he made a few remarks, and he did so with so much of his "war horse vim" that we thought he was one of the debaters too. Dr. Vennema, who had returned from Albion to hear the debate, made a short speech and Prof. Raap also made a few remarks.

The Judges were Att. W. O. Van Eyck and Dr. J. W. Beardslee Jr. of this city and Mr. Stace of the Grand Rapids Evening Press. They gave first second and third places to Flipse Steininger and Te Linde, respectively, and on the merits of the arguments, they awarded the debate to the negative side, by a vote of two to one.

We hope that these men will do as well in the Inter-collegiate Debate as they did here. Then there will be no doubt as to the fate of Alma and Olivet. Go to it, team, the whole school is backing you!

G. R. '16.

Y. W. C. A.

The services of the Young Women's Christian Association last week were led by Miss Dureth Bouma on the subject, "Some Tests of Every day Christian Living." It was a testimonial meeting and the girls showed much interest as the subject was a very practical one. The leader mentioned several things by which everyone, especially the college girl, is tested. We often complain of being so very busy that we have no time to think of anyone, but just ourselves. We should all be busy, but busy, also, in doing for others. Then, when we are discouraged and things seem all wrong, it is for us to show that we can master the situations, and not let them master us. The special music was a piano solo by Miss F. Stronks.

Exchanges

The Hillsdale Collegian has the strongest and best literary department of any of our weekly or bi-weekly exchanges.

College Chips, Luther College, Decorah Ia: Your Christmas number is one of the best issues we have received from you. It is interesting, valuable, and high class throughout. The idea of treating the various phases of Christmas in such a complete way is really helpful and commendable.

The College Index, Kalamazoo College, still persists in mixing various kinds of literary matter with advertising matter.

In this way not only much of the interest in the literary work is lost, but some even escapes notice entirely. We believe that this arrangement is not the most satisfactory.

The description of "A Football Game in China" is very interesting, and brings out a clear conception of how the Spirit of Americanism, in its highest sense, is pervading this new Republic.

The good that is in you is of small use as long as it stays there.—Ex.

When hard luck and hard work meets it is usually as strangers.—Ex.

It is a common saying that "to the great man nothing is small." The converse is equally true: to the small man nothing is great.—Ex.

Literary Department

The Hero Ideal

"Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power, a nation's
trust!

"In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy
fall.

"Thy task is done; the bond are free:
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

"Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of
light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of
Right."

Such is the tribute paid by William Cullen Bryant to our American hero of heroes, Abraham Lincoln. It is but one of the many, many tributes that have been written, singing the praises of the man whose memory is revered by every true American. While other nations have produced their heroes—their statesmen and warriors who have wrought great and lasting services, and at whose deeds we wonder,—America has produced a hero whose life surmounts his deeds, whose personality transcends his achievements. Bismark, Tallyrand, and Napoleon command our admiration; Lincoln commands our love.

He was not a son of wealth and luxury, not a university-bred man, but one who was absolutely self-made and self-trained. He was a man of the people; yet he was an aristocrat of the highest type; for he was one of those few who have risen to the highest rank of noble manhood. His great kind-heartedness and his sympathetic insight into humanity won for him scores of friends from all classes and types of people. Awkward and ungainly in appearance, he was nevertheless possessed of a gripping personality and a quiet dignity that never failed to impress those with whom he came into contact.

As a statesman and politician, Lincoln was shrewd, keenly logical, deliberate in action and absolutely sincere in his motives. He never sought to gratify personal ambition, but ever worked for what he deemed the highest good for the nation entrusted to his guidance. In our country's time of crisis, he refused to compromise, refused to temporise, but faced issues squarely. His work in preserving the Union has won for him the well-deserved title of "The Saviour of Our Country."

His tragic death formed a common bond of sorrow for the re-united North and South. Jealousies, bitternesses, and resentments were forgotten as the entire nation mourned for his ideal patriot. As long as our nation stands, the memory of Abraham Lincoln will be sacred; for he has left not only the sum of his achievements, but also the record of a nobly unselfish life, worthy of the emulation of every American citizen.

H. N. '16.

Worry is the interest we pay on borrowed trouble.—Ex.

Karl's Cremona

Busy days were those of Karl Schmid, who had entered the contest of competitive violin playing which was to be held by the advanced pupils of Doctor Lehrer, the master violinist of the Conservatory. There was always much competition in a contest of this kind, for besides the great honor attached to the medal awarded, was a scholarship of considerable cash value. Much of Karl's time had been spent in that upper room of his boarding house from which came the sounds of a busy student at work. For a student of Karl's high advancement, having reached the altitude of artistic possibility, must continue his daily slavery or his highly trained muscles, nerves, and brain will relax to a more normal tension.

But practice was not so great a burden after all. At the sacrifice of a mortgage on his father's house and the investment of his own savings, a violin had been purchased which was the goal of Karl's boyish ambitions. It was said to be a genuine Cremona, and its tone verified the statement. How easily Karl drew the tones from his favorite. It was truly worth the sacrifice.

What wonderful legends might be connected with this instrument! Could it be that Paganini had once worshiped it; that it had been played by one of the famous violinists of Marie Antoinette's court? Had its wood come from some wayside shrine? Could these things have happened to that bit of Brescian wood? Possibly! For it was said by a noted violin expert to be a genuine and noted work of Antonio Stradivari, dating at about 1703, and worth in the neighborhood of nine thousand dollars, although Karl had bought it for considerably less than that.

Karl took it up affectionately and hugged it under his chin, and with a sure, elastic stroke played a few runs upon it. An interruption of merry voices below announced that supper was ready, and a knock at the door introduced Franz Ritter, who was to play his accompaniments on the piano. Franz cast an admiring look at the instrument as it was put in its case and said, "Well, Paganini, old boy, you look quite ready for the concert to-night; what do you say to having a bite to eat before we start for down town?" Karl muttered something about it not being half bad, and, the door locked, the two made their way down stairs, where the other boarders, who were mostly students, showered their good wishes upon them.

The evening meal past, the minutes flew by at a tremendous rate of speed. It seemed only a few moments before Karl, violin in hand, was standing near a big grand piano, at which Franz, the accompanist was playing a short introduction. When he looked at that ocean of faces a strange sensation of suffocation mixed with intoxication was felt. Then he heard his cue, lifted his bow, and closed his eyes. He no longer thought of all those faces, or hardly of the music, but of this joy of his life, and the mother and father who had sacrificed to place him in this position. The music seemed to come of its own accord. The wonderful little "Strad" seemed to be singing the story of its existence and the heart of that throbbing vibrating little

Continued on Page Four

The Anchor

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LINCOLN THE COMFORTER

On November 21, 1864, Mr. Lincoln wrote the following letter to Mrs. Lydia Bixby, of Boston

"Dear Madam: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."

This letter should be placed with that immortal address at Gettysburg, the high-water mark of sententious eloquence. And with these should be placed that wonderful second inaugural address, "the most sublime state paper of the nineteenth century." In that remarkable address, delivered at Washington, March 4, 1865, just six weeks before his death Lincoln gave utterance to these sublime and immortal words:

"Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully.

"The Almighty has his own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh.' If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offenses, which in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued thru His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe to those by whom the offense came shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."



Miss Nellie Smallegan '16 spent Saturday and Sunday with her sister, a former Hope student, at M. A. C.

The Misses Nina Lindeman, '14, Ruth Vanden Berg, '14, and Helen De Maagd, '13, came back to visit Hope last week and to see our team play the North Western.

Faculty meeting was held last Friday afternoon. We students wonder what strange things may have happened within the closed doors of the Administration Chamber!

Dr. Vennema has returned from a short business trip to Albion and Kalamazoo. In Albion, a conference of the presidents of several denominational colleges was held to consider matters of general importance to these institutions.

Sleighrides and skating parties have been quite popular among the different classes this past week. On Wednesday evening the "C" class took a bob and after a jolly ride spent the evening at the home of Henry Pas. Just take note of the "Cs," for they're not at all behind the other classes!

On Thursday night the "A" class indulged in their first roller skating party. All sorts of rollicking roller stunts were pulled off by some of the amateurs. Be assured the crowd had some hard "knocks," but at such a party hard "knocks" are only fun.

The "D. N. As" of the dormitory gave a party last Wednesday evening at the home of Miss Margaret Den Herder in Zeeland. The girls and their guests went with a sleigh, for it was a grand night, and there the fun began. Elaborate refreshments were served.

But our "Ds" aren't on the rear list either—not by any means. Thursday evening in spite of the heavy skies and misty atmosphere, the class indulged in the sleighride of the season. The party went to the home of Henry Tyse in North Holland. A tip-over in the midst of their activities seemed to set matters quite straight (?), and our "D" friends decided they would like to have another sleighride very soon!

This has been "hospital" week at Voorhees Hall, and not alone in the Dormitory, but to a certain extent thruout the entire college. The invisible germ of La Grippe has made many captives in its battles on Society. Only the very strongest have been able to withstand its attack. But the Strong have united their superior strength and have at last conquered the enemy, to a great extent. Here's hoping he will no longer be felt upon the campus!

During the last month, Mrs. Duffee has appointed a House Committee for the Dormitory—several girls, representatives of the different classes. The committee has many of the same functions as the Student Council. It acts as an advisory committee with the dean, assists in social functions, and in many ways works for cooperation between the girls and their directors.

Last Monday afternoon Mrs. Duffee met with the House Committee in her room. Tea was served while business was being discussed.

"Jock" Riemersma, '14, was a welcome campus visitor last week. Two weeks are given at the U. of M. for the half-yearly examinations, and as all of Mr. Riemersma's exams came the first week, he was able to enjoy a week's vacation.

A GOOD OPPORTUNITY

"The Malaysia Mission of the Methodist Episcopal church has been furnishing a number of teachers of English to a Chinese organization for the teaching of the Mandarin and English languages. These men feel that the English being now the world's commercial language they ought to know it. Thus far all these teachers have been required by societies where their doing any missionary work would not interfere with the work of other Mission Societies at work with us in this island (Java.) But now there is a place where this may interfere with the work of the Gereformeerde Kerk. I wish therefore to ask you to help me to get a man who is a member of the Reformed church, who knowing well both the Dutch and the English will be able to work in harmony with the society at work there in that town and also teach English in the Chinese school.

"We pay the transit expenses, up to \$300 out to the field, and the same amount returning home. The man should promise to remain on the field preferably five years, not less than three, and will get a salary of \$650.00 annually. Living quarters will also be furnished free.

"The English teaching will be light, most generally elementary work, four hours a day the six days of the week, all in the forenoon. This leaves time for missionary work in the afternoon and evening as well as on Sunday. None but converted men, preferably looking to entering the ministry and belonging to the Student Volunteer Movement, should be approached."

The above letter was received by Prof. A. Raap from Rev. Chas. S. Buchanan, Weltevreden, Java, Neth Indies.

Mr. Buchanan spent the fall of 1910 in the city of Holland, and attended Hope College, with the purpose of acquiring the Dutch language.

Some of our students undoubtedly remember the missionary who so faithfully attended the classes of our Dutch professor, and to his credit it may be mentioned, that he learned to read and to speak the language so fluently that the authorities at Java excused him from taking the required examination in Dutch.

Another letter was received from Rev. Thomas S. Donohugh, Secy of the Board of Foreign Missions, Meth. Episc. Church, which reads as follows:

"The need is for young men who are willing to give five years of their lives for this important missionary opportunity and will defer marriage for that period.

"These schools are being supported by fees and contributions paid by the people themselves because of their desire to learn English. Consequently the expenditure must be kept within the income, which is sufficient to pay only the salaries of single men who indeed are carried at a loss if they stay but three years, but who can be supported without loss if they remain for five years.

"The present opportunity is for a man who knows Dutch as well as English, and who is sufficiently missionary in spirit to regard the teaching of school as only part of his work, being ready to gladly give his afternoons and other spare time to efforts for the evangelization of the people, who welcome him because of the work he is doing for their boys. We would appreciate anything which can be done to bring this matter to the attention of promising men to meet future calls as the demand enlarges, which we may confidently expect."

Here is a splendid opportunity for a young man, who is looking forward to mission work.

Anyone desiring more information, please write to Rev. William F. Oldham, Corr. Sec. B. of F. M. Meth. Episc. Church, 150 Fifth Ave. New York.

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Mr. Student

To keep busy between seasons and to sell the last of those fine Overcoats you have heard so much about, we are going to offer you the choice of some particularly attractive bargains for the next couple weeks.

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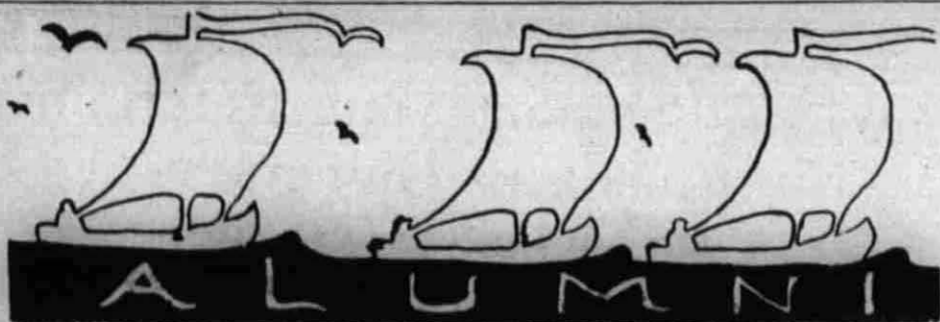
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A. KLAVER

210 River Avenue



One by one the ranks of Hope's older Alumni become thinner. Last week, again, marked the passing of one of the venerable sons of Alma Mater, when death called the Rev. Peter De Pree, D. D., to his eternal reward. Dr. De Pree graduated from this institution when it was still in its infancy, being a member of the class of 1859 of Hope Academy. It will be remembered that the first college class to graduate was that of 1866. After leaving Hope, Dr. De Pree attended Rutgers College and the New Brunswick Theological Seminary. During his lifetime he rendered long and useful service to the Reformed Church, having held pastorates in various western churches. Failing health compelled him, several years ago, to give up his last pastorate, that of Oakdale Park Church in Grand Rapids. Since the death of Mrs. De Pree, which occurred a few years later, Dr. De Pree has lived with his daughter, Mrs. Louis Van Hartesveldt, at Grand Rapids. It was there that he passed away last Wednesday night, after a lingering illness. He was seventy-six years of age. The funeral services were held Saturday, interment being at Holland. The Anchor extends its sympathy to the large circle of relatives.

The old Dutch Reformed Church at Ulster Park, N. Y., known as the Klein Esopus Church, is very glad to welcome its new pastor, the Rev. Cornelius Van Ostenbrugge, '76, who comes there from Schenectady, N. Y. The last number of "The Christian Intelligencer" describes the delightful reception given for the pastor and his wife by the members of their new flock.

The Rev. Victor J. Blekkink, '09, is meeting with success in his new field at Canajoharie, N. Y. The church is rejoicing in a steady advancement. Recently the pastor preached a special sermon illustrated by a number of beautiful lantern slides showing the country of David. Mrs. Blekkink was a member of the class of 1911.

The condition of the Rev. W. J. Van Kersen, '94, who has been confined to his home for some time, continues to improve.

Mr. John Rienersma, '14, and Mr. Gerritt Rutgers, Prep. '12, both students at the State University at Ann Arbor, spent the week between semesters in this city.

Mrs. Stephen J. Visscher, Prep. '11, of Chicago, spent a short time with her brother and sisters in this city. Mrs. Visscher returned to Chicago Monday noon.

The Rev. John E. Kuizenga, '99, of Hope College, at present studying at Ann Arbor, delivered the address to the mid-winter graduating class of the Muskegon schools. A large audience gathered in Hackley Manual Training School to hear Prof. Kuizenga.

The Rev. Gerrit H. Hospers, '84 of Ontario New York read a most interesting paper on "Three Views of the Second Advent" before the Ministerial Circle of the Classis of Rochester at its January meeting. The paper has since been printed in brochure form.

The catalogue of the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, New Jersey has come to our hands. It gives the total number of students there as twenty-nine. Of these, Hope has furnished more than any other single institution. There are twelve

Hope Alumni there, eleven Rutgers alumni, and the rest are from various other institutions. The class of 1914 furnishes five of these twelve Hope men.

Supt. and Mrs. J. C. Hoekje, '05 and Prep. '05, respectively of Grand Haven, spent last week end in Zeeland.

Miss Helena De Maagd, '13, and Miss Nina Lindeman, '14, both of whom are teaching at Coopersville, were back at Hope for a little while last week.

ALUMNUS MAKES SUGGESTION FOR ANNUAL MEETINGS

The Anchor Association, Holland, Michigan Gentlemen

Permit me to congratulate the association upon the commendable change made in advancing the monthly to a weekly. I am confident that the change will establish a closer bond of fellowship, between the alumni of the college. I am confident that Hope's sons stand ready to advance the circulation of the old Anchor, now that it comes with news from graduates far and near.

May I be allowed to make a suggestion. It is with reference to the Alumni meetings. Many of Hope's sons, like myself, are far removed from the 'venerable seat of learning,' and find it difficult to attend the reunions. If now some special inducement could be made at commencement time, some special celebration or the presence of some noted speaker or leader in thought, some of us might make a special effort now and then to meet among familiar scenes.

Schenectady is the seat of Union College, and of late has welcomed a great number of her graduates at commencement time. But they have spared no efforts to make it worth the while for the men to return. I believe the lively young undergraduates of Hope may be safely entrusted to begin the agitation, and assist the Alumni committee in making the coming commencement one that shall bring Hope's sons from far and near. The columns of the Anchor as now edited may bring the dawn of greater and better things for all who love and treasure their Alma Mater.

Fraternally yours,
John G. Meenga, '98.

Alumni and students, our fellow Alumnus of Schenectady has given us here a most excellent suggestion. It is a lively interest in Hope College affairs on the part of all of her sons and daughters that we are constantly striving for, and we are very glad to welcome suggestions for promoting that spirit of fraternity. The committee of the Alumni Association is at work trying to devise plans by which that body shall become a wide-awake, efficient organization, the Anchor is endeavoring to promote the feeling of brotherhood between all the children of Hope, the Alumni themselves seem to be more interested than ever before. With all this good spirit, there are bound to be definite stirrings of new life in Alumni circles, in the months and years to come.

As we have said before in these columns we are very glad to have the Alumni express their ideas through the medium of their college paper. The letters received are helpful to all of us. Alumni, the "Anchor" is your paper as much as it that of the undergraduates, and the Alumni Department is most particularly your department. Use it!

Contemporary War Poems

The following poem represents the view of more than one European monarch.

A PRAYER

By Edward S. Van Zile

God of my Fathers, grant me aid
That I may rout my countless foes!
By Thee were guns and cannons made,
From Thee the joy of battle flows.

O God, who gave me might and power,
Thou knowest that my heart is pure.

Be with me in this awful hour,
That I and mine may still endure.

Thou art the God who loveth war,
And famine, rapine, blood and death;

I pray Thee stand beside me, for
Thou knowest what my spirit saith

The soul of me is linked with Thine
To bid the blood of heroes flow.
The death we grant them is divine,
And in Thy name I bid them go

God of my Fathers, still be kind,
To them who raise Thy banner high,

While Thou and I together find
The surest way for them to die.

They do my bidding, God, look down
And bless the sword that I have drawn.

My blight shall fall on field and town
And thousands shall not see the dawn.

To Thee, O God, I give all praise
That Thou hast made my hand so strong;

That now, as in my father's days,
The King and Thee can do no wrong.

—The New York Sun.

DESTINY

By Percy Mackaye

We are what we imagine, and our deeds

Are born of dreaming. Europe acts to-day

Epics that little children in their play

Conjured, and statesmen murmured in their creeds;

In barrack, court and school were sown those seeds,

Like Dragon's teeth, which ripen to affray

Their sowers. Dreams of slaughter rise to slay,

And fate itself is stuff that fancy breeds.

Mock, then, no more at dreaming, lest our own

Create for us a like reality!

Let not imagination's soil be sown

With armed men but justice, so that we

May for a world of tyranny atone

And dream from that despair—democracy.

—Boston Evening Transcript.

A VOICE FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD

By Herbert Bashford

To look upon the fool that once was I—

That gory thing with face half red half white,

I can but smile; it seems so droll—the sight

Of those glazed eyes—one staring at the sky!

And now that all is clear I wonder why

I could not see until that last mad fight—

When I awoke in His eternal light—

How blind is he who marches forth to die

For some vain monarch seated on a throne!

If those brave soldiers there could only see

(Continued on Page Four)

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(Continued from Page 3)
As I see now who draw no mortal breath,
No more the lifted sword, the crash and groan,
The thunder of the red artillery—
That awful, flaming orchestra of Death!

TO THE PEACE PALACE AT THE HAGUE

By Robert Underwood Johnson
Builded of Love and Joy and Faith and Hope,
Thou standest firm beyond the tides of war
That dash in gloom and fear and tempest-roar,
Beacon of Europe!—the wise pilots grope
Where trusted lights are lost; tho the dread scope
Of storm is wider, deadlier than before;
Aye, tho the very floods that strew the shore
Seem to obey the some power turned misanthrope.

For thou art witness to a world's desire,
And when—oh, happliest of days!— shall cease
The throes by which our Age doth bring to birth
The fairest of her daughters, heavenly Peace,
And Man's red folly has been purged in fire,
Thou shalt be Capitol of all the The Independent.

KARL'S CREMONA
(Continued from First Page)

wooden instrument contained two centuries of mystery and romance.
At once there passed thru the crowd that thrill which is the sure indication of a certain magic spell which a few virtuosi seem to cast over their audiences. Soon after there was a roar of applause. Karl rushed over the smooth floor towards the steps leading to the dressing room. How excited and enthused he was! So much so that he misjudged his step downwards and fell head forwards against the door casing. But this was not all. The precious little "Strad" lay beneath him, its scroll and fingerboard severed.
The next few moments were indescribable. The excited manager conveyed the news of the accident to the audience, which was wild for an encore, even tho Karl's was the last number on the program. Fond hands removed him to a nearby hospital, where he lay unconscious for several hours. His first words were an inquiry about his treasure as he reached out his hand as if expecting to grasp it. Instead he held the hand of the good Doctor Lehrer, his old teacher, who was extending to him his heartiest congratulations, and putting the little piece of metal, the ambition of so many young violinists, in his hand. Several days later he was presented with the reconstructed "Strad" with its marvelous tone perfectly restored. Karl Schmid's artistic life had begun.

—H. M., '16
Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith, let us to the end, dare to do our duty, as we understand it—Lincoln.

God writes the gospel not in the Bible alone but on trees, and flowers, and clouds, and stars.—Luther.

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Prof. Waide (in Educational Psychology)—Miss Bosch, do you exercise your will in walking?
Miss Bosch, shyly—I don't know about Will, but there's Billy—

Broeky (Sunday P. M.)—I went to C. E. tonight.

Art, sleepily—What's the rest of her name?

Prof. Wichers—Can you suggest a name for my new book?

Mrs. Durfee—What's it about?
Prof. Wichers—England's most famous battles.

Mrs. Durfee—Why not call it "Scraps of English History"?

Prof. Tillema—Yes if the King of England were given his death warrant to sign, he'd have to do it.
Brilliant Betty—Well, that would be the same as committing suicide, wouldn't it?

—
Lives of Sophomores all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And by asking silly questions,
Take up all our teacher's time.

Ovie went to see "Ruth" at the High school the other night and came home wildly enthusiastic.

Prof. McCreary—Where did Paul go when he left Corinth?
Putty—He went to Emphasis.

Eugene—The only office I ever ran for was the interurban office.

Yes, Gene, and you missed the car.

Willis Potts—"I actually believe that girl smiled at me."
Chapman—"That's nothing, I laughed the first time I saw you."

Rhea—Mrs. Durfee, I need a rat trap.
Mrs. Durfee—Why, I gave you one the other day.

Rhea—Yes, but there's a rat in that one.

Things We Would Like Defined
Amateur, monopolist, a good joke, D. & A. analogy, boob.

Miss Briggs (in Latin Class)—"I don't know how to translate the first word of the next line."
Prof. Hoffman—"To love; that is, to cling to."

Miss Briggs—"Oh! I know how it's now."

Casey—"I feel like two cents."
Local Editor—"I feel like Max's profits."
Casey—"How it that?"
L. E.—"One cent and a half."

A young man came into the dormitory and asked Miss Lich to ring for Miss—

Miss Durfee, hearing him, said—"Two longs."
Miss Brusse (seeing him) said—"Too short."

A thin small voice on the stairs said, "Just short enough!"

Julius Gebhard—"Muriel, what kind of a flower do you call that?"
Muriel Fortune—"That is some Wandering Jew."

(Next day, Julius talking to his visitor)—"Do you see that plant over there? Well, that is some Creeping Moses."

Prof. Patterson—"Mr. Chapman, will you distinguish between turtle and tortoise?"
Chapman—"Well, you can turn turtle, but you can't turn tortoise."

Betty (correcting a mere boy's English)—"That's the second time I've heard you use the phrase, aching void. I wish you would tell me how a void can ache."
The Mere Boy—"Well, didn't you ever have a head-ache?"

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				3.00	"	"	2.50
				3.50	Hats Velour		2.75

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