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FROM SPRING TO SUMMER

Springtime still seems far away,
And there's many a stormy day,
But oh! the snowdrop has not failed us,
And the robin's chrip has hailed us.
Every day snowflakes are fewer,
Every day the heavens bluer.
How warm the breeze
Through leafless trees.
Whispering, urging, crowing, sighing,
Every artful measure trying.
Sunshine throws a warmer ray,
All of April, all of May.
But oh! the meadow brook is free now,
And the bird is on the tree now,
Every day the grass is greener,
Every day the sky clearer.
How sweet the air
With perfumes rare,
A sweetness that is all compelling,
And of blooming fields foretelling.
Now in gusts the breezes blow
Warmly o'er the melting snow;
In the dell are sprouting flowers,
Cooped by gentle April showers.
Every day the sun shines brighter,
Every day the clouds are lighter.
How glad the twit,
As robins sit,
Over meadows winging, singing,
Through the air their carols ringing.
Now the days of June are here,
Days to all of nature dear.
Golden sunbeams fill the air,
Gilding flowers with colors rare.
Every day fresh blossoms glowing,
Every day new breezes blowing.
How clear the stream!
With sunny gleam,
Little ripples prancing, glancing,
O'er the mossy pebbles dancing.

C. Janet Oltmans '14
WHAT? WHY? AND HOW?

The ever restless spirit of man drives him on and on toward the seemingly eternal undiscovered and unobtained regions. He is ever hoping, ever trusting, ever seeking, ever finding. In whatever conditions we may find the soul, it seems that contentment finds no lodgement within its throne. Let man conquer the world and he will weep because there are no more worlds to conquer. Let him master all the knowledge that man has heretofore been capable of hoping to master, and he will still seek, unsatisfied, for more. Let him indulge in all this life can afford and he will still desire. Let him be as pure as the driven snow, let him love the love of death and he will wish to be refined, and sigh because he has but one life to give. Within him burns a feeling that he has some purpose to fulfill, some goal to reach which still lies beyond; that he was not made for death, but for an ever increasing unending life.

We are ever striving, ever seeking, ever reaching out for something beyond. There throbs within our bosoms an unrestrainable desire to know. When we look up into the heavens and witness the misty cloud of nebulous light or behold the majesty of the stars, the sun, and the whirling planes, we are filled with an eager longing of the soul to know the why and wherefore of it all. When we look about us and down into the depth of the sea or study life, too minute for the naked eye, too numerous for the mind to comprehend, we ask ourselves the question—from whence—to what end? And as we step into the mire and filth of some rejected spot and see growing there in refined purity, a little flower, spotlessly white, we wish that we might know the secret of its nature.

Man is distinguished by his capability to know and to reason, and an unquenchable thirst to fulfill that possibility. But the question arises why to know. What is it in man that urges him on to seek, to find, to unveil and to discover? Does it come from himself alone? We cannot believe it. For if man is but the evolved product of some evolutionary scheme, could he ever hope to comprehend all those forces which have, and which are working upon him to evolve him? Must not that which comprehends be greater than, or at least equal to that which is comprehended? But if there be nothing more in man than natural evolution, he must be subject to the forces which evolve him, and therefore not equal. Hence, our effort to know all the mysteries of the unknown, if this were true, would be in vain.

But is there not some greater and higher source that plants this desire within us? And if it be true, that man is the crown of creation, shall he not know all creation? And yet if so, why? What is the end of knowledge? Why do we seek to know the constituents and the laws of the universe? Is it with the hope to dominate all? That which is necessarily subject to a thing cannot hope to dominate that to which it is subject. Or is there something to be revealed through these laws and constituents that leads to a fuller and more complete life? And if this be true, what is that to be revealed?

The three great questions of the soul have been clearly stated by a philosopher and a poet, centuries apart. True, men for nearly six thousand years have asked these questions, and we are today asking them as fervently as in any forgotten past. While standing amid this maze and mystery of creation, or if you please, beside the bed of one upon whom the evening shadows of life are swiftly falling and behold in him some far-off distant look from whence comes no sign nor sound, we cast our eyes heavenward and utter those un silenced expressions in the words of the ancient philosopher as he cried out in agonized soul—"If a man die shall he live again?" "O that I knew where I might find him!" Then stooping over we pluck from the ground a little flower, and holding it in our hand we look at it steadily a while and say with Tennyson the greatest poet of the nineteenth century,—

"I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

Aye to know life, to know the giver of life, to understand the mysteries of nature with which we are surrounded, is man's hope and desire. But why? Do we like merely to know, or do we seek to know in order that we may live? Existence is first. But does not life depend upon knowledge? Do we not desire to know in order that we may live? And what is life, but to know and do the truth? Can we conceive of any one having life, (I do not mean mere existence but life, human life, in the fullest, deepest and most real sense) who has not one iota of truth. Hence, then, comes our searching, our studying, our schools, and our efforts to educate, with the hope to obtain fuller and more complete life, to reveal the truth, to seek God thru the mysteries of his own handiwork. Aye, to satisfy the eternal longing of the soul.
I need not ask the question, whether or not this is the object of all institutions of learning. Let me only ask, is it the object of the Christian college? If it is not, has the Christian college any excuse for existence? If this is not her object, is she not going contrary to the fundamental principals of the church to whom she belongs, and an unnecessary burden to her contribution? The aim of the Christian college should be truly to educate. But education means far more than limited training and instruction. It means besides the accumulation of facts, the proper training and development of man's powers and possibilities, so that his evil possibilities shall be subjected and his high nature become master of his life. It should aim to make man fit to live not only, but also an exemplary and inspiring leader to society, to stamp him with the stamp of the Invisible, the ideal character and representative of the ideal manhood, Christ, than whom there was no greater, loftier, or better. It should aim, so to instruct men that His ideal character may find expression in all the abilities of the student.

But it is evident that if we are thus to educate we must have men of Christian character as instructors. Any man who is an agnostic, who is antagonistic to, who scoffs at, or who is indifferent to the principles and teachings of Christianity, should never be allowed to be on the faculty of a Christian college. Nor should such an instructor desire to be there. It is extreme smallness in a man, who harboring such views, wishes to partake of the advantages offered in and by the Christian institution. Let him teach what he believes, but let him share the results and fruits, if there be any, his own teaching affords. We must strive to make the largest and noblest men, to seek the truth, to reveal God in man and in nature. But in order to do this we must have, in the truest sense of the word, instructors who love the truth, who see God in life and in nature, who point him out, to the seeker, and who make him the goal of enlightenment. We must have men who have a Christlike interest in the souls they instruct; men who fail not, neither are ashamed to found their teachings, and method of teaching upon the principles of Jesus Christ. We must have instructors who will not leave the souls of young men and young women as—

"An infant crying in the night,"

An infant crying for the light,

And with no language but a cry,"

but lifting the curtain of darkness, disclose before the eyes of those who seek, the figure and presence of Him who broke the dead and awful stillness of the night of longing, by giving answer to the agonizing cry of the centuries, in sweeter music of human voice than had ever before stirred the bosom of men, filling them with new hope and inspiration;—If a man die he shall live again. "I am the life, the truth, the way and the resurrection." Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart and you shall find rest unto your souls, "I am the rose of Sharon, the lily of the valley; know me and its purity shall be no secret to thee." Truly then—

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,

But more of reverence in us dwell,

That mind and soul according well,

May make one music as before

But vaster."

C. De Young—'13.

THE LAST SIGNAL

It was the morning of Sept. 28, 1910, one of those ideal autumn mornings, which frequently occur in the Western States. Nature all around seemed tuned to its highest pitch. At nine o'clock not a cloud could be seen. The sun beat its golden rays down upon the large fields of ripening corn in such a manner, that each hour painted a brown tint upon the vast sea of maize, which had grown from a mere sprout to a massive stalk. All the while the merry sunbeams played about its leaves. The sun soon reached the height of its glory. When it crossed the meridian, the horizon round about was clear. A few hours later "thunder-heads" could be seen in the western sky, rising as huge rocks when the tide recedes. As the rancher gazed upon them from his "shack" door, he sighed with a feeling of contentment, thinking of the rain they would bring, which would place the soil in fine condition for him to plant his winter wheat. He remained standing there for a few minutes, then went to his gentle house wife, Maria, who was busy patching his old overalls. He picked up his old cob-pipe, seated himself beside the window, filled the "Kansas Meerschaum," and began to envelop himself with a cloud of smoke, which almost obscured his view of the surging "thunder-heads."

"Maria, I'll 'betcher' we have a 'soaker' to-night," he remarked.
“My! I do hope so John” she added calmly

Then they both arose to view the western sky. Neither one was aware that, what was to be their gain would be another’s misfortune.

As these two rustic people were quietly amusing themselves in their rude home, enjoying a rest after the toil of the long summer, in a little western village some few miles distant, a stalwart man in an overall “jumper” was slowly plodding his way across a net work of tracks to the round-house.

“Hello, Smoky!” exclaimed Farley as he entered the roundhouse. Troop, who was known as “Smoky” all along the line on account of his sooty appearance, politely greeted the fireman in return, and proceeded to screw down the oilers on the drivers of his engine. “Go over and get the orders, Farley!” exclaimed “Smoky” as he looked at his watch. Farley proceeded to do as he was ordered. On reaching the office, Conductor O’Conner met him in the door-way. “How’s No. 57?” he asked after they had greeted each other. “An hour and forty minutes late,” replied the “Con.” “And 27?” “Right on the dot? Running ahead of 5 to Goodland,” and then taking a blue sheet of paper from his pocket the conductor added “Here is your order.” Farley took the blue sheet to engineer Troop, who read as follows.—No. twenty-seven (27) engine No. nine-sixty-one (961) meet No. forty (40) engine No. ten-twenty (1020) at Norton, and get in the clear for No. thirty-nine (39) engine No. eight-six-four (864) at Delvale.” “Oh, I suppose we’ll have to lay at Delvale ten or fifteen minutes again for 39,” remarked Troop, as he placed the order into his “jumper.” “I wish, I had that Old horse,” he continued, “I’d bum up a little track between here and Bellville. Eight-sixty-four is good for it too. She’s got the biggest stroke on the road, but Fay can’t get it out of her somehow or other.”

Thirty minutes later they were just pulling out of the yards. The cool, fresh country air seemed more agreeable than the smoky atmosphere about the railroad yards. Both the engineer and fireman, took long deep breaths, now and then, to refresh themselves. Farley was kept quite busy firing, but being a man of good stature, broad shoulders, and about five feet nine inches in height he performed his duty like a child at play. Now and then he would take time to climb up on his seat for a fresh breath, pass a few remarks to his running mate, and then resume his work. He had fired for Troop nearly two years, and not once during the time had he taken a vacation, that he might go and see his mother, who lived in Missouri. He was her only son, and she had often written him to come home and quit the road. But he had promised his father on his death bed, that he would go out and work till the mortgage on the “Old Homestead” was cleared; Troop, on the other hand, was quite small, but he had an iron-will, and a big heart. Whatever happened on his run, his passengers were his first thought. He had a good little wife at home, and in his estimation one of the prettiest baby boys a father ever owned. They would accompany him as far as the gate when he left, and meet him at the door, when he returned. His cup of joy was always full; but somehow Farley noticed that he was unusually quiet and uneasy about something on this run. “Some train we’ve got,” remarked the fireman as he shoveled in some more coal. “Yes’ fourteen coaches,” replied “Smoky” buttoning his “jumper” closely about his neck. The evening air was cool, and the wind was rising. From his cab window “Smoky” kept his eye “glued” on the track ahead, while his left hand gently rested upon the throttle, ready at a moment’s notice to close it. From where he sat, he could see fiery swords piercing the sky at intervals of about fifteen seconds. He realized that a storm was approaching, and that they were speeding their way toward it. They had passed a few small villages, without even slowing down for the station. Thirty minutes more and they would reach the first junction, where they would take water. Just then “Smoky” noticed a lantern ahead slowly swinging from one side to the other. They had reached a small station by the name of Calvert, and the signal meant, that he should slow down for an order. He answered the swinging lantern by a few jerks at the whistle-rope, and slowed down to about ten miles an hour. “Take that order Farley” he exclaimed as the fireman was just climbing into his seat to see what was ahead. Farley obeyed. He placed himself firmly on the steps of the engine, snatched the blue sheet from the station agent’s hand and gave it to the engineer, who read these words—“Slow down into Norton. Soft track.” A soft track and the liability of a rain storm any minute worried “Smoky” a great deal.

The night was growing darker. The “thunder-heads” of the afternoon had grown, until now they enshrouded the entire sky. The thunder roared and rumbled in the distance like the firing of huge artillery. Now and then a rain drop beat against the window of a little “shanty,” which stood lone on a large western plain. The only shel-
ter that it had from the wind and storm was two huge cotton-wood trees on the north side. The little home was rather weather beaten, but protected very well the old rancher and Maria. The rain soon began to beat more violently against the windows. Now and then a small hail stone fell. The rancher and his wife talked of the prospects for a great crop, and what a blessing it would be for the country; for they had not seen an ear of corn in five years. As this old couple, sheltered from the severe storm, sat talking there, "Smoky" was pulling into Norton at a very slow rate; for the enormous amount of water that had fallen had made the track very weak. As they pulled up for water, the rain had subsided a little, giving Troop a chance to open the cab window, and look out. He saw that not far west it was raining very hard. He knew that there was a great possibility that the bridge, which crossed the Prairie-dog creek, would be washed out, and almost decided, that they had better lay over till morning and then inspect the bridge. Just then, conductor O'Connor gave him the "high ball;" but he did not answer or proceed to pull out. The conductor thinking that "Smoky" had not seen the signal, or that something was wrong with the engine proceeded toward the head-end. Three cars from the engine, he met "Smoky" who gave his reason for not obeying his order. The conductor became very indignant, and said "You'll go, or I'll get someone, who will." But "Smoky" had made up his mind, and no one could change his determination. The conductor immediately went to the Western Union office and wired back that they should go on. O'Connor went back to the engine, told Troop, that the dispatcher had ordered them to pull out, and that he expected him to do so immediately. "All right" was the stern reply; "we'll all go to hell together." "Smoky" gave the whistle one long pull, placed his hand upon the throttle, and as the huge engine groaned under the heavy load, Farley heard him utter these words,—"Good-bye Julia. Good-bye little boy." Then he slowly opened the throttle, and when they reached the yard limits they were traveling unusually fast. Faster and faster the train rushed on, till it reached Prairie-dog creek. A large cloud-burst had swollen the stream until the wooden structure, which spanned it, gave away.

Smoky saw the danger, but too late. O'Connor had given the last signal, and "Smoky" had obeyed.

O. V.—’15.
Mercy on us!” laughed her father, “I can’t answer all those questions at once. Her name is Mary Johnson, and her father was killed in the railroad accident last year. I suspect that Mrs. Johnson and Mary have a hard time getting along. However, it seems that Mary is going to work her way through school here in some way or other.”

“If she is used to working hard, I don’t suppose she will be very attractive,” remarked Margaret, surveying her own white hands with complacency. “Clara, please pass me the biscuits,” she said, dismissing Mary Johnson summarily from her mind.

The next afternoon Clara and Margaret put on their wraps and furs and started out to meet their mother. The sisters made a very pretty picture. Clara, tall and dark, with rosy cheeks, was a decided contrast to fair-haired, blue-eyed Margaret. Clara was still attending college while Margaret was still in the High School. The characters of the two sisters differed as widely as their appearance. Clara was energetic, warm-hearted, practical and vivacious, while Margaret was dreamy, selfish, and apt to think too much of herself. However both were ambitious and excellent students. They arrived at the station just as the train was coming in; and, as they stood watching the stream of people descending from the train, they noticed a tall, thin girl dressed in shabby mourning. Her face was pale and worn, and she had the frightened look of a captured fawn. She carried an old suitcase upon which was painted the name, “Mary Johnson.”

“Look, Mag!” whispered Clara, nudging her sister. “I wonder if that can be the Mary Johnson Papa was talking about?”

“Shoudn’t wonder,” replied Margaret indifferently, and just then both girls caught sight of their mother and rushed to meet her. Frail little Mrs. Hammond was almost smothered by their embrace. The girls put her into a carriage and chatted gaily all the way home. That night as the reunited family was sitting in the cozy livingroom, Margaret suddenly remarked.

“Mother, this morning Miss Dodd, the English teacher, announced that a prize would be given at commencement for the best essay written on a literary subject. I think I’ll try for it,—I’m sure I have just as good a chance as anybody else to win. Wouldn’t you be pleased, if I won the prize, Mother? Wouldn’t you, daddy?”

“I surely would, little girl,” replied her father heartily. “I
Dodd kindly. "I am glad to hear that you intend to try for the essay prize. I think you have a good chance of winning." Margaret bit her lip.

"O, Miss Dodd, do you really think so?" cried Mary eagerly. "You can’t imagine how much it means to me. I think Margaret Hammond is my strongest rival. Uncle John, mother’s only brother, says that if I win this prize he will put me through the Normal School, and if I don’t win, I may shift for myself, for he says he will spend his money only on people who show that they are worthy of it. If I can only graduate from the Normal I can soon support Mother and myself by teaching. It means everything to me! I MUST WIN! I must!" and her voice broke into a sob.

It was a strangely subdued Margaret who walked home from school that afternoon. Try as she would, she could not forget those eager words, "I must!" "I must!"

That night in her own room she sighed again, "O, how I would love to do something great,—something really worth while!" Just then an unwelcome thought flashed into her brain. "O, I cannot do that!" she groaned. "I CANNOT let Mary win that prize: I have as much right to it as she has, and I have wanted it for so long." But, in spite of all her efforts, she could not banish the thought from her mind. Might this not be her opportunity? Was not this something worth while? At last, worn out with her struggle, she fell asleep.

The next morning a very pale but resolute Margaret walked up to Miss Dodd’s desk and asked that her name be removed from the list of competitors.

Her teacher gave her a surprised glance. "Don’t you care to win honors, Margaret?" she asked.

The girl flashed as she replied, "Not this time."

"I hope you have chosen well, Margaret," said Miss Dodd.

"and I believe you have."

Dorothy Pieters—‘15.

A BACKWARD GLIMPSE

Picture in your imagination an old man, sitting before an open fireplace in an old-fashioned chair. The sun is setting behind dark wintry clouds, and twilight is fast coming on. Everything about him
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He passed by, his haughty and stern manner of the long hours on the gate. Everyone seems to follow him, and yet he seems alone, standing in the street, his figure towering over the crowd. The light from the street lamp illuminates his face, a shadow flickering across it.

The man was a man of mystery, a mystery that few could solve. He walked slowly, his steps echoing in the quiet of the night. His eyes, cold and unyielding, survey the street, a sentinel of the night.

The man was a mystery, a shadow in the dark. He walked slowly, his steps echoing in the quiet of the night. His eyes, cold and unyielding, survey the street, a sentinel of the night.

The man was a mystery, a shadow in the dark. He walked slowly, his steps echoing in the quiet of the night. His eyes, cold and unyielding, survey the street, a sentinel of the night.
be a man of wealth and leisure how anxious I would be to claim you, but alas! it cannot be. I must content myself in my old age with just the thought that once I knew you cared for me. But I came to that realization too late, too late! For five long years I remember, we were separated and when I saw you again you were asleep in your———.

He could not continue, his eyes blinded with tears, stared vacantly into the fire while the picture fell from his trembling fingers to the floor. All was still except for the sobbing he was powerless to control, the crackling of the burning wood and the wind sighing through the branches. "How happy you seemed to be, living cold and lifeless in your mass of white satin, embedded in the choicest flowers the florist could produce. Everything I know was done to make you comfortable when that lingering illness irresistibly took hold of you. The most skilled physician and specialists were summoned to your bedside and you must have struggled bravely, little girl, but you were not strong enough to overcome that deadly foe. Never will I forget the day when your message came asking me to come home and how eagerly and willingly I left everything to come to your side; but I was too late, the angels of Heaven had already claimed you."

The old man was convulsed with grief. His whole frame shook with emotion. Closing his eyes, he saw her casket loom up before him, he saw the beautiful flowers about her and then the form of the one he loved. Her ivory-like fingers seemed to grasp lovingly the lilies of the valley as though he understood that he had put them there. How thin and pale her face became, yet how beautiful she was in the dress in which she was to have become another's bride!

"But, Helen, you were not meant for that other man, oh, no! You were meant for me. But it was too late. Those two awful words with their awful meaning have rung in my ears, through all these long years. Too late! Oh, too late!" The old gentleman shook his head sadly, wiped the tears from his eyes and then spied the picture which he unconsciously had let fall to the floor. He picked it up and muttered half to himself and half aloud. "Little did she know how dearly I loved her and I will keep on loving her to the end of my days. Each moment of the day I feel someone gently leading me by the hand. Who it is, I do not know. But I think it is my Helen. This is the seventieth year of my life and I know my time here on earth is not very long anymore. But I am ready. Yes, anxious to be called home to Helen." These later thoughts seemed to cheer the old gentleman somewhat and he roused himself from his meditations. He looked about the room half dazed. The tall clock in the corner struck the hour. "Eleven o'clock" he muttered. He arose immediately, placed the picture back on the mantle and retired.

The next day was bright and cheerful. The rays of the warm sun shining upon the snow made it sparkle. Even the tiniest twigs were covered with snow. The sparrows and the snow birds were flying here and there as though they too felt the exhilaration of the glorious day. The shouts of the little folks could be heard as they hurried along the street, pulling their sleds and calling to one another in their glee. What a grand sight that was to old Mr. Brewbury when he arose that morning and he could not help but say to himself, "Yes, after the many dreary days of this hard winter one appreciates even the most a day like this.

The entire morning was spent in performing his little duties about the house. Shortly after dinner he started for a walk. He stopped at the little store on the corner to order some groceries and, from time to time, paused on his way to pass the time of day with his friends. Toward evening he found himself at the city limits, not far away he could see the tomb-stones rising up against a grey background and without forethought he made his way in that direction. "As long as I have lived here I have never yet visited the cemetery. Either I had too much work to do, or I didn't have the inclination, but somehow the sight of graves and tombstones awakens unpleasant memories. Even the awful stillness appeals to me. But I will not let that bother me now. For I would like to visit the graves of some of my former companions."

With renewed courage and with a somewhat quickened step, he entered the gate and walked slowly about from grave to grave, stopping from time to time to read the inscriptions on the stones as best he could. As he passed here and there to comment on the sad fate of some he had known intimately, the thought suddenly occurred to him, "I wonder where my Helen is buried?" He recalled how when he came to her home after his long and anxious journey only to hear the nurse say that she had died the day before, he had stayed just long enough to look once more upon her beautiful face and then had fled, he neither knew nor cared whether. Somehow he could not associate that beautiful form with the grave and all that it suggests. He never inquired where she was buried, although he thought it must be at her mother's side miles and miles away. Still he walked on slowly finding here a new grave and
there an old one partly sunken whose tombstone was already crumbling to pieces. "Here is an old and neglected grave," he said. A strange feeling came over him, a feeling he could not express for he had never experienced anything just like it. He wanted to leave the place immediately but an irresistible, unexplainable force held him back.

"Can it be possible that my Helen lies buried in this very cemetery," he gasped. "Can it be possible that after forty years, I should happen upon her grave by chance? I wonder how long that person has lain here." He took out his pen knife, brushed away the snow with his glove and then scraped off some of the moss which had grown over it. His heart beat faster and faster as he with difficulty deciphered an "e" and an "r." Now other people had entered the cemetery and were going to the graves of their loved ones. Here and there he saw people kneeling beside the tomb as if in communion with the spirit of the dead. Mr. Brewbury watched them but kept steadily at his work. The darkness, which was fast coming on, and Mr. Brewbury's poor eyesight made his task exceedingly difficult. "I think I will come back tomorrow and finish my work here," he muttered to himself, and was just making preparations to go when Mr. Gardner, the sexton approached him.

"What are you doing here so late in the afternoon, Mr. Brewbury?" the sexton asked. "It seems strange to see you here, for you are not a very frequent visitor in fact, I believe I have never seen you here before."

"I guess you're right, Mr. Gardner. I've lived in this city forty years but never visited this place. Somehow it has no attraction for me. I just happened to stroll out this way this afternoon, and before I knew it, I was here. I've looked for the graves of some of my friends but— By the way, sir, do you know whose grave this is? You see I've been trying to find out but I haven't been able to arrive at any conclusions. I have deciphered an 'e' and an 'l' and the figures '8' and '7'. "He pointed them out to the sexton as he spoke and then asked, "I don't suppose you have any way of finding out, have you Mr. Gardner?"

"Oh, yes, O. yes!" the sexton replied, "you see we keep a record of every grave, when the person died and what lot they occupy. Just come along with me, we have the books in a vault right over there. But wait a minute." The sexton walked to the edge of the lot, brushed the snow from the corner stone and said, "This is lot 37.

S. E. I wonder what's the number of the grave." He went to the foot stone of this old sunken grave and an one side found the figure 3. "37 S. E. lot, number 3," he muttered to himself. "Now if you will come with me I will find out for you."

The two men walked along in silence until they came to the vault. The sexton pulled a bunch of keys from his pocket, quickly selected the right one and entered. "Just wait a minute, Mr. Brewbury until I light my lantern." He lighted it and hanging it on a nail projecting over a sort of cupboard, he told Mr. Brewbury to come in and shut the door. "Now we will see if we can find a record of Lot 37—3." He opened a drawer and pulled out a large book. "This dates away back into the seventeenth century. That wouldn't be it." He took out book after book and looked through them. "It seems there is no record, but wait——. He turned over a few pages and ran his finger down the column." 25, 27, 28, 32, 33. Here it is—— 37 S. E. grave 3 — Helen Bumberg, born 1812, died 1832.

During the sexton's search the old gentleman remained perfectly quiet, fearing to speak lest he betray his inner emotion. He seemed to quiver all over and his breath came in short gasps. When the sexton had finished giving him the information, Mr. Brewbury could contain himself no longer and broke out in sobs, "O, I thank you, I thank you," he stammered brokenly.

"Oh. That's all right, old friend, that's all right, but I cannot understand your emotion," replied the sexton, looking at him in utter bewilderment.

Then Mr. Brewbury told him, as best he could, the story of the long ago. "Now if you will pardon me I will go, for I would prefer to be alone."

He walked out of the vault toward the old, sunken grave. When he approached it, he again broke out in tears and sobbed as though his heart would break. He knelt beside the grave and softly said to himself, "O, to think you have lain here all these years and I have neglected to find you through fear and dread of burying-places! Now I have found you. Now I will come to visit you. Each evening I will come to you, Helen. But when I leave I will not say good-bye, because you are always with me in spirit. It will not be long, it will not be long until——." He arose and slowly made his way homeward, turning back from time to time to breathe one more "Good-night."
The evening sun had just set when Mr. Brewbury left that sacred spot. The moon was now rising and was casting over the lane, down which he walked, a strange yet brilliant light. He walked on in silence noticing no one but rejoicing in his great find. Still wrapt up in meditation, he reaches home and we leave him standing before the fireplace still gazing into Helen's face.

—Minnie Schuelke, '15.

THE INSIDIOUS WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

How often does the single turn of the Wheel of Fortune change us completely for the rest of our lives? How often is the silver cord of love snapped heartlessly asunder and the pitcher brimming over with happiness broken upon the very edge of the fountain? How often the cup of our dreams slips from our hands ere we even take a sip of reality?

A cold, deep twilight was fast enveloping the Canadian forests in velvety darkness. To the westward and over the river, could be seen, between the giant trunks of ancient pines, great bands of deep scarlet light reflected from the Western sun, while massive milky clouds strove to blot them out.

Along a slightly worn footpath that led from the river a decrepit old man was walking. His huge, giant frame threw grotesque shadows higher and thither, among the towering pines. His walk was slow and lagging, each step seemed a painful effort. His face though weathered and drawn, still showed much of nobleness and refinement. His gaunt, haggard frame gave evidence of a fine physique in his early manhood. In his hand he carried a knotty, hickory cane and over his shoulder, he carried a well-filled buckskin sack, the burden of which taxed to the utmost his enfeebled strength. The weariness—the disappointments—the sorrows of age, seemed to show in every line of his gaunt, depicted body.

Out of breath and very weary, he at last reached the door of a dilapidated hut at the edge of the small clearing. With an effort he opened the door and staggered in. His burden slumped from his shoulders unheed; his cane fell upon the loose board floor, rattling through the deep, heavy silence of the woods. He sank into a huge armchair at the cabin's solitary window. A strange indefinable sound escaped from his lips that betokened, perhaps, disappointment and regret. He sat there motionless for a while, his head thrown back against the chair in utter weariness. At length he moved his trembling right hand to his breast pocket of his shabby coat, and drew forth a small miniature of ivory end gold. He held it tenderly in his palsied hands. "It was the irony of fate Zona," he said at last, "not the failure of my love. It was fate, the irony of—" his voice trailed off into a feeble whisper. His head dropped down upon his slow heaving breast in despair. He pressed the miniature freely to his breast—his mind seemed to be lost in reveries of the past. He was reviewing for the last time the scenes of a life marked by many unusual experiences.

He saw himself playing in the royal gardens with the other royal children. He lingered long on the happy, carefree days of his youth and smiled grimly at the awakened thoughts of student days at the great university. He saw himself developed into early manhood, with a big vigorous, healthy body and a firm character.

He entered the Emperor's cavalry, a noble, daring officer. But his quick perceptive mind, his intuition, and sound judgment drew him into diplomatic circles. Those were troubled times for his country. The fate of the empire rested upon the action of her diplomats. Here he had carried himself with great credit. Honor and Kings' favors were his. He was the man of the hour.

Then came the war with Italy. He commanded the magnificent cavalry of the Emperor. Whatever he undertook, he did wholeheartedly. He gained fame as a general, as well as diplomat. So far his life had run smoothly. But the wheel of fortune began to turn.

One day upon one of his campaigns, he and his troop passed down through a small Bohemian village. Being thirsty, he dismounted at a neat little cottage to ask for a drink. A sweet girl answered his summons and led him to a well, drew a bucket of clear sparkling water for him, and offered him a brimming gourd to drink from. Their eyes as well as their hands met in the exchange and he forgot to drink from the gourd in drinking in her rare beauty. He tarried till his entire troop had passed and then hastened to give order, to camp immediately, while he at once went back to the enchantress at the well. Two days he spent ardently wooing the one woman in all the world to him. He entered now upon the most splendid campaign of the entire struggle and the end of the war was already in sight.

He hurried back to court to obtain the Emperor's permission
and sanction to his marriage; for surely the Emperor could deny him nothing. After such a brilliant campaign as he had just finished, and after such incalculable service to his country, the concession to his marriage to a peasant girl would be trivial reward indeed.

But the Emperor thought differently. He must marry into the German imperial family and rise higher in the tangled web of European politics. A marriage with a Bohemian peasant was preposterous. He, the Prince Charles of Austria, marry a peasant! Not if the Emperor knew it. So the Emperor had the innocent girl abducted. Charles having thrown tile honors, fortune to the winds, determined to marry her; (in spite of all opposition, but) she was found to be gone. Again the Emperor had tried to force the German princess upon him, but with anger and disappointment he abandoned his position forever and set out to seek his lost Zona. He traveled the whole world over, but in vain; his Zona was irrevocably lost. His burning pitcher of happiness has broken, at the very fountain itself.

At last old age and weakness over took him in his search and he became a recluse in the wilds of the Canadian forest. Here in the midst of the vast silence he brooded over his joys and sorrows till his journey in life was over.

His had been the life of a man of strong character, of broad mind, and a great deep heart of affection able to love immensely, and to be loved. When life seemed to open the gates of happiness and he caught a glimpse of what life might be, some unseen hand nimbly shut the door in his face. Happiness was stifled in his heart as the song in the songbird's throat when its life is suddenly stifled by a ruthless huntsman. The silver cord of his love had been cruelly broken off.

He stared again, opened his dungeons eyes once more, and gazed upon the tiny bit of ivory and gold. "Zona, Zona," he whispered. "Zona."

A look of exceeding peace and joy passed over his haggard face. A great conversion shook his body. "Zona" he murmured, over and over, then his head sank on his breast and his shread eyes gazed unseeing at the portrait in his hands. His spirit had fled from its earthly unconsant habitation and had entered its way to the great mystery to meet the unknown face to face and who knows—perhaps his Zona.

A large mellow moon stood astent over head, striving to banish great storm clouds. It cast a subdued radiance upon the head of the dead man, illuminating his noble face and making his silver hair to glisten. All about reigned deep and intense silence. An autumn wind bent the heads of the patriarchs of the forest as if in reverent awe, the moon hid her bright face behind a cloud in sympathy and the whole world seemed to mourn for the man, whom the wheel of fortune had broken, but who had been faithful unto the end.

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**Sonnet**

I studied once a sonnet how to write,
And thought it would be easy for me, too,
To fill a stanza with ideas bright
And in poetic art make my debut;
But never thought I'd be in such a plight
To know what first my dubious pen should do.
At first I said 'twas not the teacher's right
To map out such a task for me or you.
But now since starting on the path, I've found
The pen keeps running like a clock when wound;
And though it does not always make good sense
And sound, it surely is some recompense
To have a paper with some writing on it,
Which I may thus hand in, entitled "Sonnet."

*George A. Pilgrim—'15*
IN RETROSPECT

WELL, another school year is almost finished and "what have I done?" is the question we are asking ourselves. All of us began the year with high hopes and aspirations; with the determination to exceed anything we had done before, with the resolution to grow in heart and mind. To mean more to the school, to be a truer friend, to meet the duties and difficulties of each day manfully, to whip the temper inside and out "as we had never whipped him before"—such were our aims!

Now, in taking a review, some of us find, perhaps, that we have made very little progress toward the "City of our Desires." Somehow, we are not the bright and shining lights we resolved to be in the classroom; we did not secure the place we determined to in

 contests of mind and body; we were not always our "best selves" when with our friends; we had misunderstandings with the faculty and—Oh, there were many times when "earth's smoothness" was turned very rough indeed!

Yes, it has not all been smooth sailing, and we have not accomplished nearly what we might have done, but not one of us is going to cease trying and give vent to the coward's slogan, "What's the use?" With the three long summer months before us, we will have the chance to take a review of our inmost selves; to learn just what the weaknesses were which caused the failures of the past year; and to "match breast forward" into the duties responsibilities and pleasures of the coming year. If our place is to be in the larger world of men and affairs, or here, in this little school world, let us all be one of those heroic men or women who

"Never doubt clouds will break,
Never dreams, tho' right be worsted, wrong will triumph.
Holds, we fall to rise—are baffled to fight better
Sleep to wake."

C. B.

THE RAVEN CONTEST

On Thursday evening, May 29, the annual contest for the Raven Oratorical prizes of thirty and twenty dollars was held in Winnaunt's Chapel. Each of the seven speakers appeared at his best and the audience witnessed a true "battle of the giants."

The first speaker, Theodore Zwemer delivered an oration entitled, "On Courts of Justice." Mr. Zwemer pictured to us the present American Courts, claiming that, "delay and technicality" are the two great evils which must be overcome before our courts can rightly perform their proper function.

In a pleasing oration, Arthur Cloetinug, the third speaker, spoke, on, "The Spirit of the Nation." Mr. Cloetinug showed that in the past our nation has always solved its problems and that those of the present and future are as sure of solution. The Freshman class has every reason to be proud of its representatives. We hope to see a large number next year.

The second speaker Leonard Yntema, in an oration, "The Edict of Civilization," offered a stirring appeal for world peace. Mr. Yntema has an excellent voice and pleasing stage appearance that promise well for future contests.
Henry Ter Keurst, the fourth speaker, made a strong appeal for "The Emancipation of the Toiler." Mr. Ter Keurst deplored the condition of the laborer and offered minimum wage legislation as a remedy.

In a forceful manner Harry Hoffs then spoke his winning oration on "The New Democracy." He pictured the industrial situation of the country, deplored the means used by both capital and labor for attaining their ends and prophesying a time of peace when the new democracy shall be inaugurated.

"The Newer Freedom" was the subject of John Tillema's oration. Mr. Tillema said, "There are two kinds of freedom where a man does as he pleases and freedom where a man does as he ought." He showed that the only true freedom is that obtained by respecting the rights of others. This is the Newer Freedom and must solve our industrial problems.

The last speaker, Henry Bilkert, portrayed "The Inevitable Conflict." He pictured the position of capital and labor and said that labor legislation backed by an awakened public conscience must pacify the two. Mr. Bilkert won second prize of twenty dollars.

The contest was a success in every respect. The audience was pitifully small but those who were present heard a number of orations of a standard only equalled at the state contest. In the winner, Harry Hoffs, we have a man who deserves the confidence and support of every student. In the past Hoffs has shown us what he can do and we are confident that he can do better for Hope next year than at any time previous. If we all pull hard for Hope and for Hoffs, the state contest next March is ours.

**OUR CONTESTS**

Our season of contests has come to a close, and we feel urged to make some remarks. We have never before had so many public speaking contests as during the past year. The work of many of the contestants has given evidence of those qualities which come with practice and experience. Judging from the reports we get from other colleges, there is more interest in debating and oratory at Hope than at most schools. There is one element in these contests which must be improved if the interest in this kind of work is to continue. We must have more experienced judges and fairer decisions. When earnest and fair-minded students spend weeks in preparation for these contests they have a right to demand a just decision. In athletic contests we employ only expert judges and referees and pay them for their services, but it seems to be a popular conception that it requires no pains to judge an oratorical contest or a debate. It is unjust both to the contestants and to the judge to ask him to come here to pass a decision on a debate or an oratorical contest if he has not had considerable experience in this kind of work, and know what is essential in a college oration or debate. It is absolutely necessary that we make some changes in our methods of securing judges for our contests. If a decision in oratory is to be rendered on the basis of both thought and delivery, we must have separate judges, for each function and they must be experienced.

On the evening of May 13, the Junior class held its preliminary contest in Winnants Chapel for the purpose of choosing four representatives to which it is entitled in the Raven Oratorical contest, held May 29. This year there were six Juniors who wished to compete in the Raven. They were Henry Ter Keurst, Harry Hoffs, Henry Bilkert, John Tillema, Edwin Koeppe and Leppo Potgieter. Their orations were "The Newer Freedom," "The Crucial Problem of Democracy," "The Emancipation of the Laborer," "The New Democracy," "Social Equality," and "The Inevitable Conflict."

The six orations were of excellent grade and all the speakers have exceptional ability, and the judges found it no easy task to choose the four winners. Those chosen were, John Tillema, whose oration was "The Newer Freedom;" "Henry Ter Keurst, "The Emancipation of the Laborer;" Harry Hoffs, "The New Democracy;" and Henry Bilkert, "The Inevitable Conflict."

The last contestant of the evening, Mr. Potgieter, was rather unfortunate in that, while he was speaking, a heavy rain beat upon the building which distracted the attention of the audience. If it had not been for this fact, he, undoubtedly would have been one of the four winners.

The Junior class has always been especially strong in oratory, and for the past three years it has been necessary to hold preliminary contests in order to pick the men who should represent the class in the
Raven contest. We are sure that each man did his best and in the words of Prof. Nykerk "it truly was a battle of the Giants."

Attorneys Owen and Phelps and Judge Higbee, of Grand Rapids were the judges, and they spoke very highly of the ability of all the speakers.

On the night of the 25th of April, the Knickerbockers held their fourth annual banquet in the Gymnasium. Mr. Dods's artistic skill in decorating, changed the spacious Gym into an ideal banquetting place. After an elaborate six-course dinner, numerous excellent toasts were given. Mr. Wm. Leenhouts, acted as toastmaster, and the "Kicks" managed to keep the guests in a roar most of the time.

After the Ladies' contest May 8, a reception for the faculty and friends of the Dean and the "Dorm" girls was held from half after three to six o'clock.

On Saturday evening May 10, the young ladies of Veohees hall entertained their friends at an informal party. Light refreshments were served.

Miss Martin attended the "World in Chicago" from May 15 to 19.

Arbor Day was celebrated as usual this year, but fortunately the Seniors were unmoled by the "Freshies." The day was spent at Alpena Beach where they had the "time" of their lives. But oh, the sun burnt faces and the cold sores! The excellent refreshments were furnished by Mrs. Kleinheksel, and were considered the best the Seniors ever tasted.

On the 23rd of April the worthy Seniors had a glorious time up the river.

Mr. Paul E. Hinkamp, '07, has received a scholarship from McCormick Seminary, entitling him to a year's study abroad.

Walace Vischer, '12, has accepted a position as professor of Modern Languages at Hildale College. During the summer vacation he will take trip to Europe.

Mr. Wynand Wichers, '09, has recently been elected as professor of History in place of the late Prof. Boers.

Arthur Heusinkveld, '12, has been granted a scholarship from the University of Chicago. The scholarship entitles him to special library work.

Mr. Albert Lampen, '11, has received a fellowship from the University of Michigan. Mr. Lampen will spend next year in post-graduate work there.

Prof. J. W. Beardlee, Jr., '98, has been chosen to fill the position of professor of Biblical Languages, left vacant by the resignation of his father.

Rev. Jean Vis, '10, has accepted a call to New Sharon, Ia.
Mr. Cornelius Everts, '10, has accepted a position as assistant superintendent of schools in Prairie City, Iowa.

Dr. G. J. Kollen, '04, will leave shortly for Europe, where he will remain until late in the summer.

At the commencement exercises of Princeton University in June, the degree of Master of Arts in Philosophy will be conferred upon John W. Wickers of the class of '10.

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If you like good jokes, read "The Argus."

De Hope is also a welcome exchange.

Bayonet:—Your exchange column makes very interesting reading—not.

You have a bad habit of mixing your ads with your literary numbers.

There appears on our desk this week, a new magazine, "The For-Writer's," published by the Boston Literary Society. It is a magazine "wherein the past and present unite to help those of the future." Among the articles in it are such as "The Philosophy of Composition," by Edgar Allen Poe, "On Authorship and Style," by Arthur Scobenbauer, and "The Acquisition of a Vocabulary," by Benj. Franklin.

The exchange editor heartily recommends this magazine to all who are interested in good literature.

The Calvin College Chimes is up to its usual high standard. The Dutch story, "O Tempore Mutabile," in the latest issue is worthy of notice. The four boys hiding from the "Cop" in the thick...
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shadows are fitly described by the words "lummels" and "schelmen." The story closes in the characteristic Dutch and German way; with a moral, wherein the author aptly concludes that in spite of the fact that men are often inclined to dream of "the good old times," there has never been a time like the present and that the future bids fair to eclipse the present. The article "In Cases of Emergency," is also well written and worthy of careful perusal.

Say, Kleinjahn, you're a good, old soul, and I want you to listen to this hard-luck story. Sometime ago, you remember, I told you that we were going to win that 'perpetual trophy.' Well, we got it. It's hanging up there in Van Raalte hall. But, Kleinjahn, my boy, every time I look at it, my spirit sinks and I weep for the recurrent sad thoughts which press upon me (yes indeed), nigh overwhelming. We should have won that race and even now I can't explain why we didn't. Just think of it—Strien, a close second, Heneveld, at the captain's heels, then a straining of eyes for the next. Six strangers run by and then we see the familiar stride of the old war-horse, Bilkert, and then——Mulder——Peet——Hollemann. No, Kleinjahn, I'm not weeping—I'm just wondering what the Rapids will say when we wallop 'em in the coming relay. If we don't clean up on that bunch, I'll eat my hat. We're going to bring that cup back with us or—-?—-?

Say, Editor just a minute—will you take this write-up—just came in from Grand Rapids—see this cup—its' a blinger eh!—our fellers just ran there old heads off—seven minutes better than it was ever made before.—Thirty-five miles in three hours, 1 minute and 28 seconds—that's a hugging some eh! Hollemann started out for us and ran a splendid race beating his man by a few yards. War-horse, Pete, relieved Clarence and ran like old Mercury—then Koepp Pelgrim and Muykens, whose road through the hills was a tough one then De Roos—Bilkert Peet—Heneveld then Capt. Strien then the—cup.
Grand Rapids, likewise, ran a swell race being only one minute and a half behind us. Du Bridge hated to part with the cup but here it is. Think you can put this write up in the May Anchor? Thanks—so long.

Our annual Inter-class meet was a decided success. An ideal day, lots of enthusiasm, scores of competitors and best of all, good, wholesome rivalry. All praise to the Juniors, who managed to get away with it this year, piling up forty-eight points out of a possible one-hundred and thirty. The "A" class (a welcomed surprise) took second place with thirty-four points. The Freshmen put forth their best endeavors, but could stand no more than twenty-seven points. Yes, the Seniors were represented, but owing to the disqualification of Colenbrander and Vander Woude, they were forced to content themselves with eleven scores. The "Sophs" out of the generosity of their hearts, I think, subtracted just nine points from the total.

"Stege" of the "A" class showed splendid form in the half and 440. We've a 'corner' in that man. Holleman also received honorable mention for being the biggest point winner of the day. Hank Poppen threw the shot and some of the smaller boys are still looking for it. (If found—return to campus).

The management offers this suggestion that in future years class-elimination contests be held especially in the broad, fungo and ball-throwing events. The reason is self-evident.

Tramp—tramp—tramp—the girls are hiking
On their way to Grand Rapids.
Martha, George and Eberdine
Having now but a canteen
Are plodding, tie by tie, the distance o'er.
Sign early for the 'tramp' club.

Holland High for the second time this season, suffered defeat on the Hope diamond. Both teams played a stronger game than they did at their first meeting. The final score credited Hope with eleven runs to Holland High's four.

On May 10th the Holland Independents slipped one over on the Hopeites by beating them by a score of seven to four. The veter-
Ter Keurst (on finishing his examination in Greek)—"Am I through now?"

Prof. Dimnent—"Yes, as far as my books are concerned."

Ter Keurst—"Well, we'll read the rest of this book in the world to come."

One half the world's trial may
With laughter be adjusted.
And he who laughs with right good will
Need never be distrusted.—Ex.

Ask Max Reese who sits next to him at the dorm, and then watch him smile.

Hyink and Van Saen reported an exceptionally good time at the Voorhees reception.

Heard at the Junior-Senior reception:—Hekhuizen—"We leave with you our duties, our privileges, and our dear faculty. Why did he mention the faculty?"

"Pardon the slang expression"—Prof. Bath.
"After all said and done."—Prof. Eldon.
"Differentiation"—Prof. Godfrey.
"Yes, indeed."—Miss Martin.
"Now, don't you know—?"—Miss Moore.
"Kem aan, dat weet je toch wel."—Prof. Raap.
"Does the class understand this? Thank you."—Prof. Kleinheksel.

"Now, girls, I wouldn't do that."—Mrs. Durfee.
"Ah, pardon the horrible pun—ah!"—Prof. Nykeel.

O U Chemistry
Dr. Godfrey—"Johnson, do you believe in spotting?"
Johnston—"Yes, because it's one of the best ways of effecting a union."

Mrs. Durfee (in Wordsworth class)—"Mr. Pelgrim what did you do last night?"
Proud as you are of the daughters, and proud as she is of graduation honors there will soon be but a memory of such event, unless a portrait keeps the record of each milestone of youth.

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