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'Tis spring!
And all about from shady bowers
The happy birds their carols raise.
The purling brook winds o'er the green.
All nature calls aloud to man:
Rejoice! be free!

Can man
For fleeting pleasure all forsake?
The passing joys of summer days
Soon are no more, and in their place
Cold winter's chill realities—
Sad, leaden skies.

And so,
By all of us is heard the call
Of present pleasure, future good.
Shall we our God-like gifts forswear
And all our powers divine gainsay,
True self, deny?

Not so.
Let everyone with soul intent,
His own appointed task fulfill;
And then when fall the shades of night,
Sweet peace and unalloyed content
Will mark his dreams. —'14
THE TRIUMPH OF A PRINCIPLE

The law of moral evolution dominates all history. When it speaks, powerful principles awaken, before which the forces of evil surrender. It was a principle that unfurled the banner of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity to herald the advance of Democracy; also a principle rang out the proclamation of freedom, emancipating three million slaves. Well does Emerson say, "Oh, for a Statesman—a single one, who understands the living might inherent in a principle." When once this awakens, it is only a question of time when every individual and institution will be transformed; for, truth is ever victorious. Today, the forces of Alcohol, that Tyrant which has ever held the ages enthralled, are yielding to the principle of Prohibition, whose triumph likewise is inevitable and sure.

Undisputed evidence predicts this triumph. The wealth of industry, forced to economy through keen business competition, makes efficiency the rule. Also, legislation concerning living wages and workmen's compensation compels employers to insist on efficiency, for the payment of a standard wage to the incompetent and the employment of those peculiarly liable to accidents would be ruinous financially. This fundamental law of business condemns the saloon, for cold scientific investigation has proven that liquor causes inefficiency, because it paralyzes the nerves, increases liability to accident and dissipates productive energy. Recently, the Pittsburg board of trade, seriously concerned with their own business welfare, passed strong resolutions for Prohibition. When all the great business enterprises refuse to retain the inefficient on the pay roll; and when that imposing army of organized labor denounces liquor as its dread foe because the inefficiency resulting to the workman closes the gates of opportunity to him, can any clear-minded citizen believe that the saloon can endure?

The liquor traffic is not only the foe of industry, but it is also branded by economics as a robber, because it is non-productive of wealth. The farmer draws riches from the soil and the miner brings wealth from the depths of the earth, but the distillery produces a valueless product. If all America's beer were drained into the ocean, there would be little loss of food value. If all the money invested in the liquor interests were converted into some other enterprise, that same amount of capital would not only increase our national wealth, but it would also employ six times as many laborers and pay five times as much in wages. True, the saloon replenishes our national treasury with revenue, but for every dollar of revenue, it impoverishes the public sixteen times that amount; because the twenty-five per cent. of all insanity, the thirty-seven per cent. of all pauperism, and the fifty per cent. of all crime, for which liquor is responsible, grievously burdens the public with exorbitant taxes. When all the money that is wasted for drink would annually pay our public debt and leave $500,000,000 every year to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and house the homeless; and when the absence of liquor-cursed wrecks, dependent on society for care and support, would save the people millions of dollars,—does not our government stultify itself to permit this greedy monster to gorge itself with wealth at the price of national loss?

Likewise, the present movement for a clean government predicts the overthrow of the liquor traffic. An awakened people will no longer be deceived by fraudulent elections; nor will they any longer obediently subscribe to the prestige of wealth to corrupt legislation. Everywhere, publicity and governmental investigation are hounding crooked business and enforcing civic honesty. But how can this propaganda for civic righteousness be consistent without effecting the fall of the nefarious liquor traffic? Think of this monster in our political life, controlling our elections, intimidating our public servants, defeating honest legislation! Think of this anarchist standing in open contempt of law, defying justice, sheltering gamblers in its parlors, harboring the children of vice in its dens, welcoming criminals to its secret city of refuge! Think of this hypocrite subsidizing newspapers to vitiate public opinion and raising annually $5,000,000 to defeat the cause of temperance! Yes, King Alcohol must fall, for patriotic Americans will in their irresistible program to establish a clean government, extirpate this curse of political liberty in order to make Democracy real and America free.

But the mightiest voice that dooms the saloon is that sad and pathetic dirge that rises from liquor-cursed society. For, the saloon's most costly toll is not industrial inefficiency, not economic loss, not political corruption, but a degenerate character, and a demoralized people. Its highest price is not in liberty, but in virtue; not in money, but in men. The saloon's patron falls its victim, and behold!—his body diseased...
his reason blasted, his memory blighted, his will paralyzed, his conscience silenced, his sense of duty deadened. Man's higher self surrenders; his lower nature is enthroned. The purity of womanhood is defiled with the filth of the saloon, and behold!—ruined hopes and blighted souls. The sanctity of home is tainted by the polluting hand of the saloon, and behold!—mothers' faces plowed deep with grief and childhood's innocence pay the penalty of sin. The divine powers of body and mind are poisoned by the saloon's deadly sting, and behold!—a multitude of wrecked humanity within asylums and penitentiaries, remorsefully pining their weary lives away.

Fellow citizens, if these conditions are allowed to exist, what is government for? Is it not the purpose of true government to increase the "sum of good qualities" in the governed individually and socially, and to promote their virtue? While it legislate against social evils, it reaches the very height of inconsistency when it at the same time grants the saloon a license to create the pauper, to brood vice, and educate criminals. Since true government cannot sanction this institution which destroys the welfare of society and debauches our nation's highest asset, a virtuous citizenship; since true philanthropy does not only stand at the foot of the precipice to sympathize and weep with its unfortunate, but also scales the heights to conquer the saloon which is standing atop, casting its victims over the brink by the thousands,—every patriotic American should arise as a champion of society to save our country from the thralldom of liquor.

While true government demands protection for society, the saloon takes refuge in that narrowly individualistic argument of personal liberty. Their case was well presented by the noted Labor attorney who recently in this city said, "If a man wants to drink, we have no right to restrict his personal liberty. For, when we reduce the number of his desires, we are decreasing his happiness." But, is not this philosophy the most abject sensualism? When the number of base desires are being restricted by society in the proportion that society becomes organized, does this principle of prohibition not underlie the very development of our civilization? Further, does not the liberty of the individual terminate when it infringes on the liberty of society? Indeed, when in modern life society is so inter-related that the acts of one individual affects the whole social fabric; when, as Spencer says, "No one can be perfectly moral until all are moral and no one can be perfectly happy until all are happy," there can be no liberty except liberty under law. And when the Supreme Court calls Prohibition no infringement on personal liberty, because the retail of liquor is not an inherent right of citizenship; and when one-fourth of all the insane in our asylums and one-fourth of all the criminals in our jails do not hail the saloon as the champion of liberty, but curse it as the dread monster that has crushed their liberty under it iron heel, the saloon yields the argument and sinks away defeated.

The psychologist may claim that intemperance can be fought by educating one's self-control; the sociologist may argue that the number of drinkers would be reduced if the intensity and monotony of our industrial life were remedied, and if more wholesome social accommodations were offered; but when these facts from industry, economics, government, and society shall once arouse Public Opinion, a nobler citizenship will in the name of liberty, justice and humanity, condemn this dread institution as a remnant of barbarism. And Prohibition is coming, for the greatest movement of the age is being launched against the liquor traffic; a movement not of wild sentimentalists, but of authoritative European scientists who recently pronounced alcohol a poison; a movement championed by universities, and supported by a host of true patriots; a movement which made the Webb bill a law, which introduced the Sheppard-Hobson bill for National Prohibition into Congress, which abolished liquor from our navy; a movement which has already banished liquor from the larger portion of our country. No wonder then, that the Liquor Dealers' Journal exclaimed in despair, "To us there is the handwriting on the wall, and its interpretation spells doom". Assuredly, the day has dawned, when Science and Democracy, when our government itself, will reinforce this moral propaganda to free America—to redeem humanity.

(This oration was awarded second place in the State Prohibition contest held at Holland, April 30, 1914.)
INFINITY AND MR. SPARKS

The rain was dropping with steady persistence when I turned the corner and came into Humbert Avenue. Like many avenues, it was but a small and very dingy street, that led absolutely nowhere, and was only one step above a slum. Its inhabitants were largely furnace-men, bricklayers and washer-women; one of the latter I had come to seek.

At 48, the number given me, no sign was accorded to my knocking. The only symptom of life was afforded by a lean, gray cat, which crouched as far as possible out of the rain, beneath the scanty shelter of the next door-way. So I knocked there, at No. 46—like 48, a small, two-storied establishment, unlike it, scrupulously neat.

It was a man and no washer-woman who answered my second knock, albeit a small man, his head projecting forward in enquiry, and a peering look in his eyes. Small, old and kindly were the impressions afforded by my first glimpse of him.

"Mrs. Birter, sir? I'm afraid she's out working, and won't be home for some time. Won't you come and wait out of the rain?" he said, apologetically; then to the cat, "Why, Muffles, you there? I've been looking for you. It's time for your milk." Pussy went in with a grateful mew, I with equally thankful words.

The hall was tiny, but absolutely neat and papered in good taste. To the left a door through which I was led gave upon a room surprising in a house of such an outward appearance. Round three walls ran well-filled book cases, to the height of about four feet. On the fourth side was the fire-place, lit by a comfortable pile of glowing coals, while above the book-cases, and on each side of the fire-place, hung pictures—good reproductions of the Dutch and Venetian schools, and above all, of Watts. I stepped over to an especially fine one—Bellini's "Madonna of the Two Trees." Meanwhile my host had disappeared into the hall again.

He returned in a moment, still apologetic. "The cat," he explained, "it was hungry. Will you, sir, do me the honor of taking tea with me? I was first making it when you knocked. Mrs. Birter probably won't be home for an hour."

It required no apologetic air to persuade me. Again I was left in somewhat sudden fashion, to hear in a moment the welcome clinking of china.

As we sat over the fire, myself and my unknown, but hospitable companion, for the first time, I got a good look at my host. His clothes were shabby, his face adorned with large, black-rimmed spectacles. There, perhaps, never was a man more insignificant, who, yet largely by reason of his constantly apologetic air, attracted notice. In short, he was distinguished by his conscious nullity.

With the tea he became communicative, and told me his name which suited rather the street than this room—Sparks. In return for this information, I restrained my love for anonymity and aliases, and informed him who I was. Given thus handles to the conversation, we began to talk. With that abruptness which characterizes the truly nervous he asked, "Do you ever worry about immortality?"

"About what else should I worry?"

"Then you're a person who pays attention to the important things. Most don't. Perhaps you can help. Anyhow, I'll tell you about myself."

Then he began to talk and I gleaned some particulars of his life. He had been a postman—perhaps hence came his enquiring, yet apologetic air. When about forty-five an uncle, the usual uncle of romance, died and left him a moderate income. With this he, a man of rather simple, though thoroughly good taste, was rich. He stayed on in the dingy street,—"Why should I leave my friends?"—and probably did many surreptitious charities. Always something of a reader, for the last years he had read continually, though with discrimination, had accumulated a small, but well-chosen library and some excellent reproductions of his favorite pictures. He did his housework himself, and seldom travelled from the place he knew and the neighbors he loved.

So far it was easy to understand, but the key to his whole life would have been missing without his first question.

At last he broke out, "You say you worry about immortality. Do you know, most people never think about it?" Then to my gesture of remonstrance, "Yes, I know what I am saying. I've asked everybody in this street and a lot of others, and once they found out I wasn't a preacher they thought I was mad. Mad! As if it wasn't they. And yet sometimes I'm not sure. They're so many, and I'm only one."
"No," said I gently, "you do belong to the minority, but it's a minority made up of prophets, poets and statesmen. If Browning was mad—"

"There you are," he interrupted, "Browning was a Christian while I'm only a seeker."

He paused in front of Bellini's "Madonna." "The old Venetian knew and Watt knew, but I can't be sure." He turned to me abruptly. "Do you know how I spend a lot of my time? I look for infinity. I tried to find it in painting and music and books, but I've never found it yet. Some months ago I got a new idea and I've been working on it. Do you mind if I tell you what it is?" I murmured negation—I know not what words.

"You'll probably think me mad. I'm not always sure myself that I'm not. But there must be infinity, mustn't there? And if we could only find it in one thing we'd know it in all, wouldn't we?"

"Certainly," I asserted. "Well, if we found infinity, that would solve all of our troubles about immortality, and religion and the insufficiency of poetry and life, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose so," said I doubtfully. "But it must! How could it help it? Well, I'd been experimenting with numbers, trying to see what was the biggest I could think of, for I knew that infinity must be more than that. I was trying to experiment with Mrs. Birtler, but she wasn't a good subject. Then it struck me that as we lose conscious control of our minds, time passes much slower. You know you can dream a lot and think a lot in a minute when you're half asleep. Separate your will absolutely from your mind and then you'd have infinity. You'd dream forever and yet wake up the next instant. That's contradiction. If you could do that, you'd know everything, though where your mind would go, I can't tell you."

I was gasping in my chair. He turned to me. "It is possible isn't it? A little mad, but possible. Of course it's mad; all those paradoxical things are."

"But," I interposed, "such separation is perhaps what we mean by death."

"No, for in the separation I want, our minds could return in an instant?"

"Do you think you'll ever do it?"
HOW WE WERE DISCOVERED

NOW in the 7th month, in the reign of the Spanish Ferdinand and Isabella, it was so that there was a basket-ball game in Genoa. And it so happened that one of the players was called Christopher Columbus, for that was the name given unto him by his father and mother after a long and hard fought battle over all the names that they had ever heard and over fair names without number that Miss. Columbus had dreamed of before little Christopher had discovered Europe. And Columbus played with all his might, for his team had not lost for 10 years. Now they fear would rub it in for they were playing their old-time rival, Venice. But the men who had so long stared on the Rialto were rich, and well favored, and strong as oxen, and healthy as Texas onion crops, so that disappointment weighed heavily that might upon the people of Genoa, because they went down to defeat and lost the trade route to India, for that was the prize to be bestowed upon the winners. Now Columbus always had loved to stroll down to the wharves of his native city to mingle with the dock waiters and watch the ships from India unload their rich cargoes of silks and spices from the mysterious Orient. And it was so that he was a loyal citizen as he swore in his heart and said, "My city shall have a trade route to India." And with this oath Columbus betook himself to college and specialized in geography and the art of sailing with sea-ships. Now it was so that before anyone could graduate he must needs draw a map of the world, and such a map was not complete unless it had on it all of Europe, part of Asia, a narrow strip of northern and eastern Africa, and a few islands of which Iceland was the largest, all of which must be marked fringe with Goa and Malacca, and other wild beasts. And so on the eve of graduation, Columbus sat down and drew a map of half the world, but he wis not that it was so. Now Columbus was a great lover of books of travel and his favorite author was Marco Polo, who had bumbled his way through India and China and even unto Japan, which had never before been known to Europe. And it was so that Mr. Polo wrote up wonderful tales in the daily papers of what he had seen and heard. And Columbus was wont to seize his Marco books and board a trolley car to betake himself to the beach, where he would sit beneath a sour apricot tree to read and dream of beautiful Japan, and then, looking westward over the sea, Columbus was wont to jolly himself about going to this fair land, for it was so that never in all his life could Columbus get his directions straight.

Now the Columbus family were wont to spend the summer seasons at the sea-side resorts of Africa, but our hero never took well to these because there were so many colored people there, for it is so that many of the Africans are prone to be dark-skinned. And so, when his 50th year was come, Columbus said, "I'll now I have been an obedient child unto my parents, but from henceforth I will choose my own place of resort, and it shall be Japan." And so when the hot days of August in 1492 were come, Columbus gathered together his bathing suits and fishing tackle, and on Friday, the 3rd he and his companions sailed away for America, but he wist not that it was so. Now Columbus sailed with three small shipts which had been given him by Isabella, for it was so that Columbus had made a hit with her, and he was happy, for she surely was a queen. And all Europe laughed to scorn for sailing without knowing any directions. But it so happened that Columbus was a man of faith and said "Isch ke Bibble," and so the Pinta blew her whistles and the engines began to hum and they were off. And when they were come to the Canary Isles they stopped at a coaling station to put in a supply of coal and fresh water, and it was so that Columbus' companions fain would abide on the island for they loved to hear the canaries sing, and the Westward Ho! did not look good to them, for they loved not the briny deep. And so it came about that one night before the next day, Columbus gathered together his men and made them a great speech, so that when morning came all with one accord got up their loins and once again took to the deep blue sea, yea, even unto waters which ne'er before had been tickled by the prow of ships. Now when they had cruised for 21 days, their compass slipped a cog, for it was so that the needle cocked over a whole degree, and lo his men were alarmed and that they were come to a place without natural laws, a place which even God had forgotten, and that they were about to run into a region of boiling water inhabited by shools of devils and that ere long their ships would take to hurdling off into a bottomless abyss. And so the companions of Columbus made counsel and plotted to chuck him overboard, but this did not occur, for he was determined to spend the winter in Japan, and it came to pass
that on the morning of October 12, when it was yet night, they saw a light, and so when the day was come, which wasn't long for already the night was far spent, Columbus and his men dropped anchor and we were discovered at last, and the name of that island was San Salvador, but Columbus wist not that it was so, but thought he was in Japan. But now the committee of citizens that came down to the dock to make welcome to Columbus were not Japanese, and Columbus called them Indians, for of a truth it was so. Now when Columbus resorted with the Indians and saw that it was good, he returned for three more winters, and in the fourth season that Columbus wintered in America, it was so that he said, "I am weary with too much tango; bathing, boating and motoring have worn me out; I need rest, for the hand of exhaustion is upon me, and even now death crouceth upon my door-mat." And he called his physician, who felt of his pulse, and looked at his tongue and said, "Two dollars" for that is the oath by which all American physicians swear, "of a verity thou must have rest. Flee unto Spain, and close thine eyes in dreamless sleep." And Columbus went out and did thusly, and so it was that in 1506 he passed in his coin to be ferried over the river Styx, to discover the fair lands that lie beyond.—(Selection from an eighty-nine volume history of Hope College.)

---14.

MICHAEL FARADAY

NE of the greatest experimental philosophers the world has ever seen, and one whose genius and power of investigating scientific problems, especially in the line of Physics, is often overlooked and underestimated, was Michael Faraday. It can be truthfully stated that the progress of future research will tend not to dim or to diminish, but to enhance and glorify the labors of this mighty investigator. He was born at Newington, England, September 22, 1791. He received little or no education and was apprenticed to the trade of a book-binder. While working at this trade, a few scientific works fell into his hands, which he read very eagerly and forthwith devoted himself to the study of and experiments in electricity. A friend of his seeing his interest along scientific lines, took him to hear four lectures by Sir Humphrey Davy, who, from that time on, became more intimate with him, and it was largely through Davy's influence that Faraday received his appointment as assistant in the laboratory of the Royal Institution of Great Britain. In 1825 he was appointed professor of chemistry for life.

His earliest chemical works which were due to the influence of Davy, were a study of chlorine and his discovery of two chlorides of carbon. It was he who made the first rough experiment of the diffusion of gases. He succeeded in liquefying several gases and investigated the alloys of steel and produced several new kinds of glass intended for optical purposes. A specimen of one of these heavy glasses afterwards became historically important as the substance in which Faraday detected the rotation of the plane of polarization of light when the glass was placed in the magnetic field, and also the substance which was first repelled by the poles of the magnet.

He achieved great success in his earlier experiments, but these did not begin to compare with his discoveries in electricity. The construction of a voltaic pile, with seven half-pence, seven disks of sheet zinc and six pieces of paper moistened with salt-water, proved to be his first electrical experiment, and with this he succeeded in decomposing sulphate of magnesia. From that time on, whatever subjects might from time to time claim his attention, it was from among electrical phenomena that he selected those problems to which he applied the full force of his mind, and which he continually kept in view, even when, year after year, his attempts to solve them had been baffled.

His first group of discoveries center about magneto-electric induction lines of magnetic force, their character and distribution.

The second group embrace the chemical phenomena of the current, electro-chemical decomposition and electrolysis. His third great discovery is the magnetization of light and lastly the magnetic condition of all matter, around which are grouped his inquiries on the magnetism of flames and gases, and on atmospheric magnetism.

His first great notable discovery was the production of the continuous rotation of magnets and wires conducting the electric current round each other. The realization of the continuous rotation of the wire and magnet round each other was a scientific puzzle requiring great skill in its solution. The electric current always formed a closed circuit and on the other, the two poles of the magnet have equal but opposite prop-
erties and are inseparably connected, so that whatever tendency there is for one pole to circulate round the current in one direction is opposed by the equal tendency of the other pole to go around the other way and thus the one pole can neither drag the other round and round the wire nor yet leave it behind. Faraday caused the current in some part of its course to divide into two channels, one on each side of the magnet, in such a way that during the revolution of the magnet the current is transferred from the channel in front of the magnet to the channel behind it, so that the middle of the magnet can pass across the current without stopping.

The induction of electric currents was another discovery. Although unsuccessful in obtaining the desired results on three different occasions, success finally crowned his work. He then discovered the first evidence that an electric current can induce another in a different current.

However, the discovery which has proven to be of the highest value to science, is the magnetic rotation of the plane of polarized light. In 1845 Faraday discovered that if polarized light is passed through a transparent substance in a magnetic field and in the direction of the magnetic field, the plane of polarization rotates. It shows that wherever magnetic force exists there is matter, small portions of which are rotating about axes parallel to the direction of that force.

The practical applications of Faraday's discoveries have increased and are continually increasing. He was a man of far-sightedness in selecting subjects for investigation, a man of persistence in the pursuit of what he set before him. He had a high sense of order, for the most entangled and complicated matters fell into harmony in his hands. His letters and conversation were always full of whatever could awaken a hearty interest and free from anything that might arouse ill-feeling. He had no selfish pride and always thankfully accepted a correction and made use of every expedient however humble, which would make his work more effective.

When he was unable to attend or apply his mind to sciences, he remained content and happy in the exercise of those kindly feelings and warm affections which he had cultivated throughout his life. He was rich in mind and heart and had not a trace of worldly ambition.

It has been fittingly said of him that, "he did not learn his gen-
tleness in the world, for he withdrew himself from its culture; and still this land of England contained no truer gentleman than he. Therefore I lay my poor garland on the grave of this just and faithful Knight of God."

SACRIFICE

The calm summer's day was drawing to a close. The long, pale shadows, ghosts of the dying day, stretched their unsubstantial length away from the descending sun. Peace lay over everything, such peace as only the evening of a perfect day can bring. But in the heart of the lonesome man striding along the winding path, a tempest raged; he was fighting for his future and his manhood. With lowered head he followed the path which he had so often taken in gayer, happier moments. As the minutes passed, however, he seemed to be coming to a conclusion and finally, with his shoulders once more erect, and his face set in a serious, determined cast, he began to hurry a little to reach his destination.

Back in the little town once more he strode firmly along beneath the branches of the arching maples until he came to a rather imposing house. He turned in and rang the bell. A moment and the door was opened by a woman in the full glow of her youthful beauty. As she opened the door, her eyes lit up with the joy of remembrance and in a voice vibrant and sweet she cried, "Oh, Karl!" at the same time extending her two hands with hesitant shyness. He took them both in his and looked at her keenly, intensely for a moment as though striving to recall every lineament, every beautiful line, then he said, "Martha, how good it is to see you again. My train came in just about an hour ago, and I hurried up as soon as I could. How like the old times it seems!"

"Oh, I am so glad to see you again, it has been so long, Karl. Come in, please, and let us visit as we used to."

"Gladly, but I would really rather walk with you once more, as we used to so often; over the old Pine Trail. That was always my favorite haunt in moments of joy or sorrow."

With a happy little laugh, she said, "I am sure that this cannot
be sorrow," but the man said nothing, only waited.

As soon as she had slipped into her jacket and pulled on her gloves, they left the house and set out for the way over which he had just come. And now they turned from the main street to a rambling country road, which they left, in turn, for the old Trail. Their talk had been chiefly three common-places which friends exchange after a period of absence, insensibly changed and became more intimate and personal. Memories thronged the mind of each, fond recollections of happy occurrences in various places, and as the girl spoke of them, her eyes grew large and tender and her voice became musically low. But a restraint seemed to come over the man. He seemed to be steeling himself for something, to be trying to check his vagrant impulses.

"Do you remember, Karl, that time, so long ago, when we sat on that fallen tree over there and talked over our futures; your dreams of fame you would win and mine of my musical hopes?"

"Yes, Martha, only too well, I fear. Come, let us sit there once more and watch the sunset. How long it seems yet what a short time it really is since last we sat here."

He paused and for a space both were silent. Suddenly, as though he had been dashed with cold water, he spoke. "Martha, I want to tell you something, something that has been in my mind for many weeks, something which I have thought over most seriously. I hesitate to speak about it for it will hurt you, I know, but it is best for both of us and I must, I have to. You remember, I am sure, that day so long ago, when first we swore we loved each other and you remember how we agreed that as soon as I had finished my university course and had a small practice, we would marry. But now . . . !"

"Karl!"

"Please, let me finish, first, Martha. When I had finished my college course, and was first prepared for graduate work, the highest goal that I could see was to be a successful and respected physician, to minister to the wants of the suffering. And you promised to wait until I had received my degree and then as soon as I had a large enough practice we were to marry. Meanwhile you continued your study of the violin under Mastenbroek and won considerable local fame and I won the Meldent research prize and received my degree. New worlds opened before me, vistas of fame which I had never suspected or hoped for. Martha, I cannot stop, I cannot spend my life as a poorly-paid ill-equipped practitioner. The world is calling me to come and give of my brains and of my art that the suffering and pain of thousands may be alleviated. I must go. It is my duty. In ten years I will have great things if my genius does not desert me. I must go to Europe, to Germany. I have already been offered an assistantship in the great University. There I can learn much, do much."

"But Karl, can I not go along? Take me with you. Let me help you, care for you, cheer you on when you become discouraged or despondent."

"I cannot ask you to go. I love you too much dearly to ask you to throw away the best years of your life. I am poor, Martha, every step which I have come, has meant a desperate struggle. You remember how I worked while here at college, waiting at Herman’s for my meals and doing anything else which opportunity offered to make my way. Then came the more tedious years at the university. I am constantly more surprised to think that I am through. Do you know that I could never have made it had I not won the Meldent prize? And I still owe notes to friends who were kind enough to help me. The meagre salary I shall receive as assistant is scarcely more than enough to support one, yet from it I have to pay those debts. Don’t you see that it is impossible to take you with me."

"But have you really thought of me? Have you considered what it must mean to me to have you leave me thus? I have loved you, as few women can, with my whole heart and all my soul. I gave up everything for you, Karl, my hopes of study at the Conservatory, all my musical aspirations. Four long years I waited, rejoicing in your success, dreaming of our future and now you say you cannot marry me, you leave me for your own selfish hopes of advancement? I am a woman, and have forsaken everything to fill the highest place a woman can fill. And now you forbid me that privilege? Can you know what it means, Karl? No! No! You cannot—you are only a man. You do not know the secret yearnings and desires of a woman’s soul, the need she feels for a strong arm on which to lean—of a home in which to rule."

She stopped, tense as a tautly strung bow string. No weak tears flowed, but her very heart seemed breaking. Then Karl spoke gently: "Martha, you are making it very hard for me. I love you
more than I can ever say. Day after weary day, my only solace has been the thought of you, my only recreation, dreams and plans for the future. And then, little by little, the vision came, the certainty that I had a place to fill. No man can be happy outside his niche. He must fit in or his life will be a failure. Already there are too many futile toilers striving to lift the world from the wrong end of the lever. I could not ask you to share such a fate with me, and so I pray you to set me free, even as I free you from our ill-considered vows."

"Free me! Thus? Karl you are chaining me to the most hideous future possible to any woman. I can never love another as I have loved you. Love comes but once to woman with all its fire and passion and when it leaves, she is but a burnt out ember. Think, and reconsider. Come, forget those dreams of future fame and honor and take me with you anywhere. Out in the open country, Karl, where God is close to man. There we will live and do our best as day by day it appears. That man who best does his accustomed duty is, after all, the best man."

Karl bent over and grasping both her hands, rose and drew her to him. There they stood, face to face, the girl with eyes cast down and every muscle quivering, the man deeply stirred but firm in what he thought was right.

"Martha," he said, and his voice was clear, though it trembled ever so slightly. "Martha, you are both right and wrong, but despite what you say, I cannot agree. My call is not to immolate myself afar from men, but to serve the greater humanity. My own self calls for you, you are my mate, the only woman I ever have loved or ever shall. Can you not see, dearest, that it is only of you I am thinking, only for you I care? But that inner small voice I must obey! It is the divine call to the work of my life. To disobey, is death, the call must be heeded."

The gentleness of his voice seemed to play upon her very heart strings and she began to sob gently, then controlling herself she whispered, "Karl, I have waited and I can wait."

The full pale moon was risen and all the earth was flooded with fairy light. The tall, pointed pines rustled allkily in the breeze while all about, the crickets those musical little fiddlers of field and dell, played their shrill accompaniment to the drowsy peep of an occasional sleepy bird.

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A DIALOGUE

N. B.—This is not meant for humor.
Hon. soit qui mal y pense.
Freshman:—"Say, aren’t you glad that you’re through with this place?"
Senior:—"Oh, I don’t know, I’ve had a pretty fair time while I’ve been here.
F.—"What did you take?"
S.—"Everything in my course and then some; I even took a few flunks once in a while good naturedly.
F.—"What did you take as electives?"
S.—"Oh, I took time out for that.”
F.—"But they only allow you a certain amount of time out, don’t they?"
S.—"Yes, but that’s the same as in basketball. It’s all in the game."
F.—"By the way, which Professor did you like best?"
S.—"I’d hate to tell you. But say child, are you wearing any medals for asking questions?"
F.—"No, but that’s the only way I can learn."
S.—"That’s so, too. Go ahead and ask some more."
F.—"Did you begin your studies here in the Freshman year?"
S.—"No, I started that this year."
F.—"Did you ever have an ‘E’?"
S.—"Yes, heaps of them."
F.—"What does ‘E’ stand for? Papa says it means ‘exit’. Is that true?"
S.—"No, my child, it represents the ease (E’s) with which you get them."
F.—"And what does ‘F’ stand for?"
S.—"That’s an abbreviation of the German word, ‘Fehler,’ meaning mistake. It’s usually a mistake when a fellow gets one.
F.—"What did you mean when you told me that one of the ‘Profs.’ encoraged you?"
S.—"‘Encore’ comes from the French and properly means ‘sneow again’, I didn’t get your drift.”
F.—"It is quite difficult for me to understand all of the tech-


S. — "So I would infer from your questions."
F. — "For instance, what do you mean by a 'booby'?"
S. — "That's an easy one. Give me something hard. 'Booby' comes from the German word 'Bube' meaning a bright ignoramus, if you know what that is."
F. — "Yes, what is it?"
S. — "That's Latin for just plain dunce. You've heard of a 'booby prize,' haven't you?"
F. — "Yes, what of it?"
S. — "Oh, nothing; but it reminds me of Elbert Hubbard's cute definition of a husband: 'A booby prize in the marriage lottery.'"
F. — "That's good. Do you suppose I will be able to quote great men as freely as that by the time I get to be a Senior?"
S. — "I have my doubts, child, it requires a great deal of study and concentration. You'll have to plug pretty hard before you get that far."
F. — "What do you mean, 'plug'?"
S. — "'Plug' is the genteel word for grind."
F. — "And what's 'grind'?"
S. — "'Grind'? That's the process of pulverizing a mixture of brains and text-books in the mortar bowl of education."
F. — "I understand you perfectly. We use a mortar-bowl in Chem. Lab., you know. I believe I've learned a great deal from my talk with you."
S. — "Your belief is well grounded. But I love to do good to somebody, even though it's only you."
F. — "I have just one more question to ask."
S. — "All right, spring it."
F. — "What do you mean by a fellow having a 'case'?"
S. — "That's mighty personal, but I'll answer it. 'A case' is a serious derangement of the mental faculties, resulting from a fellow getting dead-gone on a co-ed; he can't sleep nights, tags her around all day, goes downtown every vacant hour, and takes walks every evening. You've seen cases of that, haven't you? It is especially prevalent among Seniors, although Freshmen are not at all immune from it. That's why I said it was a 'personal question.' "

F. — "Yes, I've seen instances of it. And there is one fellow whose nick-name begins with the eighteenth letter of the Greek alphabet, who has it worse than anyone else. Do you know him?"
S. — "Let's see. Oh, indeed I do, but you must learn to be less personal hereafter. Now run along and be a good little boy. S'long."
F. — "S'long."
RESOLUTIONS OF THE KNICKERBOCKER SOCIETY
OF HOPE COLLEGE

WHEREAS, it has pleased our Heavenly Father in his Providence to take unto Himself, by such a tragic death, our friend and fellow-member, Harvey H. Dankot; therefore, be it

RESOLVED, that we the Knickerbocker Society of Hope College, hereby express our deep sorrow at his departure. Although words fail to fully express our sorrow, yet we cannot but testify to the faithful Christian life which he lived during the short time that he was with us. We as a Society feel that we have lost one to whom we owe much for his genial fellowship and constant faithfulness; and be it further

RESOLVED, that we hereby express our heartfelt sympathy to the family and relatives in their great bereavement; and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, he published in "The Anchor," "De Hope," "The Leader," "The Holland Daily Sentinel," and "The Plymouth Reporter;" and be spread upon the records of the Knickerbocker Society.

Holland, Michigan, May 29th, 1914.

Eugene Filipce
Harry Hoffe
John Veltman
Committee.

RESOLUTIONS

Since it has pleased the Heavenly Father to take from our midst so unexpectedly our friend and fellow-student, Harvey Henry Dankot, we, the students of Hope college, wish to express our deep sorrow at his departure.

His genial spirit was a constant inspiration to us. He was earnest in his endeavors, faithful in his work, and noble in his purposes. We sorrow that God in his infinite wisdom and goodness has seen fit to cut off so promising a young life.

We wish to extend our sincere sympathy to the bereaved family. Their grief must be deeper than we can know, but we earnestly desire to do what we can to lighten it. May they receive comfort from the Heavenly Father who in his Providence, rules all.

M. Vander Meer,
T. Zwemer,
L. Yatema,
Com. of Students' Council.

THE ANCHOR.

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Campus ethics has been discussed so much in class-room and through the columns of our college paper that it appears almost an insult to our student body to again refer to it. And still how vital that in our conduct our theory should not be besmirched by a contrary practice. Soon we are to go out into our home communities or into other fields as students from Hope College, a denominational institution, supposed to be a strong school for character building, founded on sound religious and moral principles and pledged to maintain them. We profess our capacity to demonstrate to people how to live and how to think. We are going to dictate to them what is right and what is wrong.

That we, as men and women of superior knowledge gained thru greater opportunity, should seek to add to the sum of good influences is decidedly meet and proper. But the question is whether some of our habits and practices do not make us unfit to fill the position. If it were
possible for the people amongst whom we are going to spend our vacation to see the sum total of our actions while at college, our inconsistencies, many times petty but nevertheless, inconsistencies, certainly it were little wonder if we were dismissed with a look of contempt rather than as greeted as an example of sterling character.

Why should it be that students who have come to the campus, presumably, with the intention to abide by rules and regulations, are daily discovered to break them with the most thoughtless attitude? Kind requests and urgent appeals have been repeatedly made by the authorities to quit making new paths on the campus, but evidently all in vain. Increased chapel attendance is persistently urged. The necessity of making it compulsory is a measure not resorted to because of the faith in students with reasonable minds to seek the best for themselves and because of the confidence that Christian homes certainly have inculcated enough respect for the worship of God that no hard set rule should be necessary. What shall we say of the results? At the sad memorial service held the past week no one could help but be impressed by the grand attendance of students in the chapel. But did it not all too more emphasize the miserable deficiency of our regular chapel attendance? Compared with the attendance the next morning, the contrast was marked. Must it be said of the Hope College students “Danger gone, God forgot?” Is it not well that we exercise a little introspection before we go out into the world to reform, to elevate, and to revolutionize?

We have a request to make of all Hope College students and that is that they reserve Wednesday evening, June 10, for the entertainment which will be given in Carnegie Gym. Rousing songs and melodious harmony will be supplied without cost by our Hope College Glee club, of twenty male voices; our best college quartet will add its tribute of songs; other music, vocal and instrumental, will complete the musical portion of the program. Readings by our best artists along that line, will be given by way of variety, and a really funny one act play will round out an evening’s entertainment which none of us can afford to miss.

The proceeds will be turned over to the Lake Geneva fund, which will help to pay the expenses of about fifteen of our young men and women, who are to represent Hope College at the Lake Geneva conference held this month. These students are making sacrifices that they may be able to pay the larger part of their expense themselves, but we, as students, ought to be willing to give them splendid patronage in their efforts to obtain further assistance.

And so, if you wish to enjoy the best entertainment that Hope’s best talent can give, and if you wish to contribute your mite toward a fund which benefits not only our representatives, but also our college, through the inspiration which they will bring to our school life, remember to save WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10.

THE RAVEN CONTEST

The Raven oratorical contest was held Friday evening, May 29, in Winants Chapel. Six men, two Juniors, two Sophomores, and two Freshmen competed for the $30 and $20 Raven prize and for the privilege of representing Hope in the state inter-collegiate contest next year. It was said of last year’s Raven contest that it was a “battle of the giants.” Four of the “giants” of that occasion now wear the “mortar board,” but others have been promoted from the ranks to fill their places. And fill them they did!

Frank De Roos, ’16, opened the contest with an oration entitled “The New Patriotism.” He had confidence that an awakened public conscience and a greater popular interest in civic affairs would do much to solve our great political and social problems.

Leon Bosch, ’13, next delivered his oration, “The Emancipation of American Industry.” He pointed to the increasing tendency toward monopoly in industry and suggested an intelligent government regulation as a remedy.

“The Signs of the Times” was the subject of an interesting oration by Fred De Jong, ’16. While acknowledging great evils in every phase of our American life, he showed that the real signs of the times were the agencies making for social righteousness, civic reform and industrial equity. His pleasing presence, ease, and finely modulated voice won him second rank.

The winning oration, “The Fulfillment of a Prophecy,” was a strong plea for peace. Mr. Wierenga, ’17, proved that war is unwise for economic reasons, and that it is irrational and suicidal.
remarkable success in this contest was due to the combination of an excellent oration and a powerful and gripping, as well as pleasing delivery. We look forward to the state contest with great expectations.

Another strong plea for peace, entitled "The Decree of World Unity," was made by Leonard Yatema, '15. Mr. Yatema showed that the social and economic interweaving of nations is rapidly developing world unity. The oration was strong in argument and literary finish.

Henry Lockhorst, '17, was the last speaker. His subject was "The Crucible of the Nations." He urged the necessity of greater care in the location and education of the vast multitude of foreigners, who are flocking to our shores. Mr. Lockhorst has possibilities as an orator which a more careful preparation and training cannot fail to make realities.

The Judges on thought and composition were George E. Kollen, Rev. Tuuk and Prof. J. W. Beardslee, Jr. all of Holland; on delivery, Rev. J. Alex Brown and Prof. Palmer, both of Grand Rapids, and Mr. Craig of the Hackley High school, Muskegon.

The only lamentable thing about the contest was the pitiful small attendance. Hopeites, you need the education and inspiration of these orations and the orators deserve your support.

PREP. ORATORICAL CONTEST

The first oratorical contest between members of our preparatory department was held May 25th. The contest was a great success, and we were given an opportunity to discover what we may expect from our college orators two or three or more years from now. The contest fills a need that has been long felt and we hope that it may become an established annual event. $5 and $10 in gold were the two cash prizes which the Student council presented and two medals were the additional prizes awarded by the Melpomene society. The judges were Prof. Hoffman, Prof. Kuizinga, and Prof. Wickers. Peter Cooper whose oration was "Liberty Under Law", was awarded first place, and Carl Stapelkamp, whose oration was "Super-Democracy," took second honors.

The other speakers and their orations were John Ter Borg, "Deeds and Dreams"; Edward Koster, "The Old Order Changeth"; Abraham Rynbrandt, "The City Park System"; and Fred Voss, "Our Little Red Schoolhouses."

VOORHEES DAY

May eighth our co-eds held forth in glorious style on Voorhees Day. The artistic decorations displayed in the chapel were a feast for the eye. Long before two o'clock, the auditorium was filled with sympathetic listeners. The inspiring audience alone augured a pleasant afternoon. Promptly at 2 o'clock, the young ladies of the dormitory marched majestically down the aisle to the platform and there sang for us a three-part song entitled "Song of a Shepherd." Appreciation shown by the hearty applause brought forth an encore. The Invocation was given by President Emeritus, Dr. Kollen. The speakers then delivered their orations as here catalogued. Miss Rheu E. Ottmans, '17, "College Spirit"; Miss Eva W. Leonhouts, '17, "The Burning Bush"; Miss H. M. Van Zee, '16, "The Children's Birthright"; Miss H. M. Neerken, '16, "The Stranger Within Our Gates"; Miss Sarah K. Poppen, '15, "Columbia, the Light of the World"; Miss Dorothy H. Pieters, '15, "Apples of Sodom." Sandwiched in between these orations was a splendid violin solo by Miss Harriet Z. Baker and a vocal solo by Miss Margaret Den Herder. The girls closed the faultless program with another three-part song entitled, "Ariel's Song." Miss Sara A. Winter acted as accompanist. The oration entitled "Apples of Sodom" received first place. Miss Neerken's oration receiving second place. This decision means that Miss Dorothy H. Pieters represents Hope in the annual intercollegiate contest next spring. We have confidence in you, Dorothy, now go to it.

Muskogon Boy Member of Funston's Brigade.

In Gen. Funston's famous "Fighting Fifth" brigade that is now holding the city of Vera Cruz for the United States and watching the Mexican, Gen. Maas, is William Stoppels, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Anton Stoppels, 120 Catherine street. Mr. Stoppels is a member of Troop K, Sixth U. S. Cavalry.

In a letter to his brother Charles at Hope College he wrote: "LaCocos, Mexico. Dear Brother: I suppose you are wondering why you are not hearing from me. We have been so busy that I have not had time to write, and I did not have any material.

"This is a rather curious looking place. Most of the buildings are one-story affairs, made of abode mud. The public buildings are fine pieces of work and look well. The boulevards or plazas, as they
are called here, look fine. They are full of flower beds and statuary.

"The rich people are right on the job, but the poor are worse off than any class of people in the States. They send their children to our cook shacks at meal times to gather scraps and then, they are living high. Burros are the main means of transportation, and they certainly load them down.

"I guess you have read of the charcoal burners of Mexico. You can see them come down from the hills every day.

"The health authorities are getting the town in pretty good shape again. General Funston must be given credit for first introducing the map to these people. A few years of American rule will make a fine people out of them. Our camp has a lot of grass in its borders, and is thickly populated with iguanas and small lizards. They are bad looking reptiles, but are perfectly harmless. A few of them and some ticks make nice sleeping partners.

"The refugees from Mexico City pass by our camp, and there is a train-load every day. They come from Mexico City by rail to a little town not far from our lines, and then they walk the distance, the track is torn up, and transfer to a train that brings them here.

"The first day we were here we were called out to the water works to re-enforce the marines, but we were stopped shortly after we started. General Maas, with about 600 men, demanded Major Prussel of the marines to surrender the waterworks, and gave him ten minutes to decide. Major Prussel had only two companies of marines but he laughed at him and told him he had better use the ten minutes to get back to his troops. He went back and then started the advance. He came within three-fourths of a mile of our lines and when he saw our re-enforcements coming, he decided it was best to return.

"To tell the truth, I wished he had kept coming. We all felt pretty mean after working our heads off unloading the boat, and were itching for a fight. I think we will have a chance at them before we are done. At least, that is the opinion of the boys down here. I think Huerta won't give in and it is a cinch Uncle Sam will stand pat on everything he has demanded."

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**The Anchor**

**COMMENCEMENT WEEK PROGRAM**

The following is the program for the closing days of this school year:

Friday evening, June 12, Melophone entertainment; Sunday evening, June 14, Baccalaureate sermon by the Rev. John Van Peursen of Trinity Reformed church; Monday afternoon, June 15, "A" class commencement exercises; Monday evening, Uftias club entertainment; Tuesday, June 16, Alumni banquet; Wednesday evening, June 17, College commencement exercises.

The Senior class numbers forty, twenty-nine men and eleven women. The following is the class roll.

The Seniors are kept very busy these last weeks. Dr. and Mrs. Vermoy entertained the Senior class at their home on the 19th of May. Dinner was served for the forty Seniors; not one of whom was missing. The remainder of the evening was spent in playing games. All enjoyed the delightful social hour.

On the 20th of May, the Minerva girls entertained their guests with a royal banquet at Macatawa in the Grand Hotel. The upper party left in the afternoon and played all sorts of games on the beach before the dinner. The highest anticipations for the banquet were realized. Immediately following the banquet, the program was rendered in the large reception hall and all of the guests were pleasantly entertained.

Steak roasts at the Beach are very popular this balmy weather. The "Sophis" chose an ideal day for their roast on Monday, May 19. Of course, everyone had "the time of his life."

The Volunteer band was entertained on Wednesday, May 6, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Olmans. Dr. Olmans told many interesting things about mission work which were greatly appreciated by the members of the band.

The Junior class has already paid its respect to the worthy Seniors on the evening of May 21. At Castle Park, the upper classmen forgot much of the high rank belonging to them, and spent a jolly evening together. A sumptuous banquet of six courses was served which put everyone in the best of humor. The Juniors provided an interesting program. Mr. John De Boer, the class president, gave the guests a hearty welcome. At the close of the program, Conrad Jongeward, president of the Seniors thanked the Juniors for their kind entertainment and good wishes.

The Delphi society selected the twenty-fifth of May as the evening for its annual banquet. The Grand Hotel at Macatawa was
an ideal place for the party. The large hall, was decorated with Japanese lanterns and festoons of lilacs, which made it resemble a garden. In the dining hall, blue and yellow, the Society colors, were carried out minutely and made the room very attractive. Georgiana De Jong gave the welcoming address and introduced Jeanette Van Velde as toastmistress. Toasts were responded to by Dorothy Trompen, Helene De Maagd, and Catharine Hekhuis. Besides the toasts the following program was given: vocal solo, by Henrietta Van Zee; a recitation by Henrietta Plasman, and a song by the quartet. The concluding number was a play in one act.

The Seniors celebrated Arbor Day on the 7th of May with an all-day picnic at the beach. Their jovial spirits were not dampened although the rain threatened to do so. Every one took part in the games. Ask the Seniors how long the effects of the jaunt stayed with them.

After the field meet on the second of May, the Juniors, Seniors, and Freshmen, each had a party to celebrate the victory, or to console themselves as the case might be.

The Rev. J. M. Vander Meulen, '91, of Louisville, Ky., and Mr. Cornelius Vander Meulen, '00, of Chicago, were called to Zeeland last month on account of the serious illness in the family.

Dr. James F. Zwemer, '70, of the Western Theological Seminary has been given year's release from active work on account of ill-health.

Mr. Henry Pyl, '13, who is studying medicine at Columbia University, has returned to his home in Zeeland to spend the summer vacation.
The Rev. J. H. Karsten of this city passed away on the 26th of last month. His health had been failing gradually for some time, but his condition grew rapidly worse toward the end. Mr. Karsten attended Hope College when it was only a preparatory school, graduating in 1858. His active interest in the college lasted all his lifetime.

The Rev. Bastian Smiths, '81, pastor of the First Congregational church of Jackson, Mich., conducted the chapel worship one morning last month.

Mr. Mainus Den Herder, '13, of the New Brunswick Theological Seminary spent a few weeks in this vicinity before taking up his summer work in New York.

Our president, Mr. Vennema, '79, is visiting the churches in the southern and eastern parts of the country in the interest of the institution. He will attend the meeting of the General Synod at Asbury Park.

Mr. Edward C. Van der Laan, 11, of Muskegon, who is a student at the New Brunswick Theological Seminary, won the George Augustus Sandham Scholarship, awarded annually to the member of the Junior class of the Seminary having the highest general standing. Mr. Van der Laan is spending some time at his home before going to Belfast, Me., where he will preach this summer.

The Rev. Jerry P. Winter, '91, of Fairview, Illinois, spent a few days in this city at the time of the meeting of the council.

Mr. Gelmér Kuiper, '89, of Grand Rapids, with Mrs. Kuiper, sailed early this month for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

EXCHANGE

The Pleiad, Albion College: Your editorials are written in a very interesting and appealing manner. The editorial, "God hates a quitter," is vital in its interest, and is written with intense feeling.

More of Albion's men seem to be interested in "weenie" roasts, canoe rides, tennis matches, and other matches, than in athletics. Hopites, read the editorial "On your Mark, Get set, Go."

The Hermonite, Mt. Hermon, Mass.: We commend the interest of your alumni in their Alma Mater, as evidenced by the address of the president of the Alumni association, through the columns of your paper. The idea of giving space, at intervals, to a word from your alumni is to be commended. We, too, believe that the school and Alumni association should work in co-operation; that the latter, composed of members of broader experience should and could extensively further the interests of their Alma Mater. Literary material in the form of an essay, a story, a poem, or an oration, would increase the value of your paper.

The World, of Central High school, St. Paul, Minn., is decidedly one of our best High School exchanges; and in many respects it ranks higher than some of our College papers. Your departments are well arranged, extensive, and contain creditable material. The story entitled "Bones" is well-written and interesting. The setting and "local color" are excellent, and the drawings give it added interest and vividness. We commend the variety of the contents of your paper, and the spice that is given it by your cartoons and various cuts. Your staff artist is a real artist.

Exchange editors: with 250 exchanges on your list, your department should be larger and better.

"Said and Done" Muskegon, Michigan. Tho we had not received you before this issue, we welcome you most heartily as one of our most interesting exchanges. All the departments are carefully written, and evidently with this idea foremost in your mind,—satisfaction and interest to all. For that reason we commend your practice of introducing matter relative to your city and citizens into your paper. It is an excellent manner in which to intertwine the interests of city and school; and it will undoubtedly lead to a higher appreciation, on the part of the students, of the efforts of your public-spirited men and women, and to a greater interest in the studentry, on the part of the citizens. We also note chapters of several continued stories in your paper. This we believe, is a great stimulus to increased interest in the paper provided the stories are good, as yours are.

The impression made by a neat cover is always a means of arousing interest to know what is inside.

The Red and Black—Your paper is well arranged, your editorials, "They Say," and Alumni departments are good. Your stories and other literary material might be improved. A poem or two always fit in well.
The Billows, Ocean City High School—Considering the fact that your paper is still in its childhood days, it shows up creditably. However, there is room for expansion and improvement in every department. Head your various departments with appropriate cuts, if possible. With the base-ball team’s motto of “stick to it” you ought to advance and improve.

**KAZOO** COLLEGE vs. HOPE

Saturday morning, May 9, dawned bright and clear. Everything pointed toward an ideal baseball day. And such it was in spite of the fact that we came out on the small end of a 5 to 3 score. The “Matherites” came down eleven strong, gaily attired in Atlanta, Ga.,-Kalamazoo and Southern Michigan League suits. “Not drum was heard, not a funeral note, as our (bats) to the rampart we carried.” After a few minutes of snappy practice on the part of both teams, Hope took the field. Hope scored one in the initial frame, and kept that lead until the third, when “Kazoo” crossed the rubber, tying the score. The visitors registered two more in the fifth. Vander Velde then went to the mound for Hope. The Hopeites counted in the 7th and 9th innings, but the “Celayites” came back with an equal number in the seventh and eighth innings, ending the count, 5 to 3.

Score:—

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<tr>
<th></th>
<th>R</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Kazoo</td>
<td>.0 0 1 0 2 0 1 1 0</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hope</td>
<td>.1 0 0 0 0 1 0 1</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
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**FERRIS vs. HOPE**

On Saturday, May 16, the Governor’s boys bailing from Big Rapids and representing Ferris Institute, came down with the intention of showing up our boys. In this they were doomed to disappointment, for the boys wearing the blue and yellow had on their batting clothes and simply tore the cover off the ball. Poppen pitched his first full game and had little trouble in holding the Institute boys at his mercy. He had good support and kept his hits well scattered.

Score:—

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<tbody>
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<td>.0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hope</td>
<td>.1 1 0 0 3 0 4 0 0</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>2</td>
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**KAZOO** NORMALS vs. HOPE

In one of the fastest and most exciting games of the season Hope went down to defeat before the fast Normal aggregation, Saturday, May 23. Poppen pitched an air-tight game with the exception of the second inning, when the “Kazoo” boys bunched three hits coupled with as many errors and scored four times. From that time on Poppen had them eating out of his hand. Although striking out only six men, he depended on his support which was perfect. Hope managed to cross the plate twice. In the fifth Poppen led off with a single, but was caught stealing. Riemersma singled and reached second when Veenker walked. Vander Meer scored Riemersma with a single. In the sixth Lubbers singled, stole second and scored on an error by Baikked, who missed Dalman’s fly.

Score:—

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<tr>
<td>Kazoo</td>
<td>.0 4 0 0 0 0 0 0 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hope</td>
<td>.0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0</td>
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**THE INTER-CLASS FIELD MEET**

The Inter-Class Field Meet was again a great success—at least the Freshies think so, but the other classes refuse to express their opinions. Here and there a “black horse” sprang up, but from the very start we saw that the struggle was one between the learned
Seniors and the learning Freshmen. The meet proved to us that if Hope were only given the chance to participate in field meets with other schools much track material would be developed.

Twelve events constituted the program. The points were distributed as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Points</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Freshmen</td>
<td>48</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sophs</td>
<td>19</td>
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<tr>
<td>Juniors</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seniors</td>
<td>44</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;B&quot;</td>
<td>8</td>
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G. R. "Y" AND HOPE RELAY RACE

While the baseball men were fighting it out with "Kazoo" college another troop of Hope athletes were running the annual relay race from Grand Rapids. With the bunch of "old timers" on the team it is needless to say that the result of the race was as we expected. Never after the second lap was there much danger for Hope. That we won is due to a large extent to the consistent practice of the boys. We could see them take their daily runs regularly and so "all honor to whom honor is due."

This year Mr. Dykema furnished a beautiful bronze trophy. For six consecutive years this race has been run and we have four of the trophies to our credit. Not so bad, is it?

Fellows, track is booming and don't let the interest ebb.

The Hope runners ran in the following order:—Peet, Muyskens, Koepe, Gosselink, Stegeman, Pelgrim, Vander Brake, J. L. Mulder, Holleman and Van Strien.

SENIOR ROLL CALL

Althuis—"Is 't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?"

Bilkert—"Man is the image and glory of God, but woman is the glory of man.

Bouma—"If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them."

Clements—"Dignity of manner always conveys a sense of reserved force."

The Anchor

De Pree—"Let the world slide, let the world go. "A fig for care a fig for woes."

Droppers—"Mules and human jackasses are proverbially stubborn."

Flight—"We commend a horse for his strength and sureness of foot, and not for his rich caparisons; a hawk for her wing, and not for her jesses and bells. Why in like manners do we not value a man for what is properly his own?"

Greenfield—"Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose. Breathes the keen air and carols as he goes."

Hammekeool—"Coolness and absence of heat and haste indicates fine qualities.

Hoffs—"The rabble also vent their rage in words."

Holleman—"Calculation is of the head; impulse is of the heart; and both are good in their way."

Jacobs—"I have more zeal than wit—."

Jongewaard—"It is my humble prayer that I may be of some use in my day and generation."

Koepe—"Friendship is but a name, I love no one."

Kroodsma—"What if my words were meant for deeds?"

Lindeman—"Constant as the northern star of whose true fixed and resting quality there is no fellow in the firmament."

Loko—"Make yourself an honest man and then you may be sure there is one less rascal in the world."

Lubbers—"A real man is he whose goodness is part of himself."

Mulder—"Deliver me, ye powers, from these pinks of the nation. These tea-table heroes, these lords of creation."

Muste—"I consider how little man is, yet, in his own mind, how great."

Muyskens—"When the gods come, the half gods go."

Oltmans—"A little, tiny, pretty, witty, charming darling she."

Peet—"What! Canst thou say all this and never blush?"

Pelgrim—"The true and good resemble gold."

Poppen—

"But what am I?"

An infant crying in the night.
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry."
Potgieter—"There is something in obstinacy which differs from
every other passion."
Riemersma—"Squire of dames by law of love and mandate
of the mode."
Roeclfs—"The most effective coquetry is innocence."
Sichterman—"Variety is the spice of life."
TerKeurst—"One whom the music of his own vain tongue doth
travish like enchanting harmony."
TerMaat—"Enjoy the honey heavy dew of slumber."
Tillemans—"He has a face like a beneficence, aber—"
Trompen—"All we ask is to be let alone."
Vanden Berg—"A woman is the most inconsistent compound
of obstinacy and self-sacrifice that I am acquainted with."
VanderVelder—"A good woman is a hidden treasurer."
VanHoute—
"Night after night,
He sat and bleared his eyes with books."
Van Strien—"To think of the past one little woman can play
in the life of a man, so that to renounce her may be a very good imitation
of heroism, and to win her may be a discipline."
Van Vranken—"Be not simply good, be good for something."
Veenschooten—"Man perfected by society is the best of all
animals."
Visser—"Press on! A better fate awaits thee."—14

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