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**Repository citation:** Hope College, "The Anchor, Volume 27.13: February 17, 1915" (1915). *The Anchor: 1915*. Paper 6.

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# The Anchor



Volume XXVII

HOPE COLLEGE, Holland, Michigan, Wednesday, Feb. 17, 1915

Number 13

## OVERTIME GAME GOES TO HOPE

### Kazoo Normals Lose After Long Tussle

Two thirty P. M. Friday, Feb. 12, and all's well. Hope's basket ball team leaves for Grand Rapids and thence to Kalamazoo to play the crack Normal College quintet.

Five-thirty and all's still well for Slim and Stein are safely tucked away in the train coach bound for Kazoo. They were safely tucked away because it was only with muscular persuasion that the rest of the squad could force these two persons into the coach. They were of a firm belief that they were off for a city from which there was little chance of return. The captain was finally prevailed upon to make a contract provided that the victims do their part to help win the coming game, and that he would use his influence, to see that they would be returned safely to Hope, but if the game was lost he would leave them to their inevitable fate. So Messrs. Slim and Stein determined to save their reputation; the rest to help them save it; then all, as one man, solemnly vowed that they would play as never a team did for old Hope.

At half past eight both teams came upon the floor, amid the cheering of the crowd, and went thru the preliminary form of throwing baskets. After five minutes of warming up the referee came upon the floor and blew his whistle to open one of the most interesting game ever played on the Normals' floor. Both teams were so filled with the spirit to do or die, that in the first few minutes of play they seemed to have a touch of stage fright, but a foul called on Hope seemed to break this tense feeling, for both teams then settled doggedly to their tasks. This foul netted Kalamazoo their first point, and the ice was broken. Soon after Kazoo's forwards and center with quick passes and good team work shot a field goal and the score stood three to nothing. A quick pass from Stogie to Stein gave us our first points and filled our players with more pep. In this manner the game progressed. The ball sped from hand to hand with lightning rapidity but the defence of both teams was of such a nature that it was almost impossible to break thru it, as the score showed at the end of the first half, thirteen to seven with Kazoo leading.

The second half however told a different story. When the Hope men again appeared, at the beginning of the second half, determination was written all over their faces. The plays started off with a rush. So good was the team work of the Hopeites that they lacked but one basket of tying the score before the Normals could get a point. The defence of Ott and Geb and the rushing offence of Stog, Stein, and Putty was such that it fairly dazed the Normalites. But soon Kazoo tightened up their defence and from that time on time was called it was anybody's game. At one time the score stood 20 to 14 against us, but another burst of speed by our fellows soon tied the score, so that when the whistle blew the score was a tie, 22 to 22. Then came that nerve straining fifteen minutes of overtime play, during which the crowd at times roared with applause as the ball would sail toward the basket or

some sensational team work was displayed. Then again it would settle into deep silence with every eye straining to watch the course of the speeding ball. The awful suspense was at last broken when one of Kazoo's men mistook Stein for one of his team mates and threw him the ball, which he speedily and gracefully threw into the basket. And thus ended the game.

The Hopeites truly ought to be proud of a team that can play such a game and win for its school honor and glory. Let them in return show their appreciation by coming out to the next game and cheering them on to another victory.

T. P. Prep. '15

## VALENTINE PARTY A SUCCESS

### Dean and Co-eds of Dormitory Entertain Fraternal Society

Saturday evening, Feb. 13th, was a big night at Voorhees. Bleeding hearts strung artistically decorated, the reception hall and beautiful, smiling, feminine face added grace to the occasion. A genuine informality soon made that oneness of feeling so essential for a real good time. Games were arranged by the Misses 'Betty' Van Burk and Sara Poppen which called for wit and brain in the order named. Specimens of the talent displayed will be published elsewhere in this issue. After the playing of games, a short program was enjoyed. Miss Van Zee sang two beautiful solos and Miss Stronks besides acting as accompanist for Miss Van Zee played two well-known but always welcomed piano solos. A chorus of girls now sang appropriate songs. Special mention must be given Miss Georgana DeJong, mezzo soprano, who held down a rather held-up a most difficult part in one of the songs. Partners were now chosen and the grand finale loomed high. Ice-cream and good hot chocolate capped the climax of this most pleasant gathering. Too much praise cannot be given to Mrs. Durfee and her girls for knowing how to entertain.

## CAN THE HOPE QUINTET HOLD THE FORT AGAINST THE CELERY INVADERS?

We must beat Kalamazoo College! Students, read the head life again. The only way we can defeat Kazoo is to have every one of you, whether Prep. or College student, come out and root for your team. Last week we were at Kalamazoo, and saw Mather, the College coach, and every member of the school, as well as those of the team, wearing a broad smile on his face. When we asked the cause of all this happiness, we were told that they were going to run away with Hope Wednesday night. Kazoo has three men on its team that have played together for five years, and the other members have played with them for the past two years. Students, they are good, very good; in fact they have the championship banner of the M. I. A. A. coming to their halls on a fast mail. Their only ambition now is to win the inter-collegiate championship of the state; it is on this road where we clash. Students, we MUST send the warriors of Kazoo back to their tepees scalps, and shame-faced, and the only way to do that is for each and every one of you to come out and root for your team.

## SEMINARY HAS A BIG WEEK

### Dr. McClure of Chicago and Dr. Brown of Grand Rapids Gives Lecturers.

Every one who heard Dr. James G. K. McClure, president of McCormick Theological Seminary of Chicago speak in the Seminary Chapel last Tuesday afternoon was profoundly impressed by the message and the man. Dr. J. W. Beardslee Sr. introduced the speaker—one veteran in the service of the master introducing another. The speaker's subject was, "The Apostolic Spirit." After expressing his pleasure in being privileged to visit the local Seminary he began with his address. First of all the apostles possessed the spirit which enabled them to accomplish much. A man's spirit and conduct is as important as his creed. The apostles showed genuine consecration. And the minister of today must continue daily to consecrate himself for every day brings new trials and new problems. Furthermore the apostolic spirit revealed that these men had the assurance of a message. They were fully convinced that the world needed the gospel of Jesus Christ. In the third place the apostles showed a fearlessness in the face of trials—nothing daunted them and so the minister of today has need of fearlessness to proclaim the truth. The apostles in their manifold labors showed a distinct initiative. It is impossible to prescribe a fixed program for every occasion different situations need various methods, and the method that is successful in one community may fail in another surrounding. But the apostles depended largely upon teaching for the continued success of their work. Because of the fact that our forefathers in the Netherlands had been so thoroughly indoctrinated, therefore they were able to withstand all opposition and come out victorious. The minister of today who wishes to see permanent results upon his work must teach; Elijah produced much excitement in Israel, he was a mighty worker for God, but his work yielded no abiding results, but the teaching of his successor, Elisha brought about a reformation in Israel. The appeal made by the speaker to be filled with this apostolic spirit and to manifest it in life was manly and impressive. The address revealed the man as a scholar and a devoted follower of Christ who walks with his Master. It is earnestly hoped that he will visit this city again.

Last Thursday evening Dr. J. Alex Brown of Grand Rapids Mich., gave a stereopticon lecture in the Seminary Chapel on "The Making of the Bible." The pictures of the various manuscripts, of the museums where they were kept, of the translators who faced persecutions because of their purposeful resolutions, together with the explanations and remarks by Dr. Brown made the lecture interesting and instructive. The wonderful history of this inspiring book was again impressed upon the minds of the audience.

The seminary lecture course committee promises some more good things for the future and college students will do well to profit by the addresses of these men who come with a distinct message.

## Literary Department

### Washington

O truthful, pure, courageous, manly heart,  
Fain do we turn our minds to thee this day,  
To extol thy name, a word of praise to say,  
And to our Fatherland, beloved, impart  
A warning message: may she ne'er depart  
From paths of truth and right; never betray  
The principles which thou, in thine own way,  
Thru manly sacrifice, hast set apart  
The Ship of State, midst turmoil, hungry war,  
O "wary Fabius," calmly did sail on  
To freedom's golden port; great scrutiny  
And wisdom thine. Our Nation's guiding Star  
Thou art and e'er shalt be: so hast thou won  
Immortal fame and ceaseless jubilee.  
—ALBERT BAKKER, '16.

## The Hundred and Twenty Bolts

As George Mead wandered down the busy street that afternoon, walked over the old bridge to the east end of the street stretching beyond as far as he could see, and passed that great gaunt skeleton of what had once been the Old Security Insurance Building, just in process of destruction, as one might say, the idea suddenly dawned on him, "Why not ask for work here?"

For three of the longest weeks Mead had ever spent, he had been hunting for work. He was born in a small town in the southern part of New Jersey, and here he had worked in a silk-mill as long as he could remember. But he disliked being inside all the time and so he had left for the great city to try luck there. But luck had as yet not favored him, and the three weeks spent in hunting work seemed ages to him. He had tried everything—lumberyards, factories, boat-docks and all, but in vain. If he only had enough money to get back home to the old silk mill! But now it was a case of find work or starve.

And so, as he looked up at the great steel girders, hundreds of feet up in the air, this question came to him, "Why not ask for work here?" He had passed the building often before, but his mind seemed always to be set on something far ahead and he didn't notice things close at hand.

How small those workmen seemed away up—nine, ten, some twelve stories above the street! How could they walk those narrow beams without falling! It would be dangerous, but he was "game."

He crossed the road again and entered the empty building. He looked about him, in search of an elevator, but these had been taken out. And so, with a quickened step he mounted the stairs. Up and up, he went until he reached the ninth story. Here everything was busy. A great network of girders stretched above him, and the "chug-chug" of donkey engines, the din of derricks and the squeaking of the cranes almost deafened him.

Not far from the head of the stairway, if it might be called that; for he almost had to burrow his way

thru the rubbish—a red-headed Irishman was at his work, clipping off the heads of bolts, with hammer and chisel. The Irishman looked up at Mead as he came up, grunted and then fell back to his work. Mead noticed there were several doing the same work—all of them loosening the bolts in the girders, so that the huge derricks might lower them to the ground.

Mead did not notice Finnegan's glance or his grunt, but walked up to him and asked, "Say, is the boss around?"

"Humph!" grunted Finnegan's glancing contemptuously at the erstwhile silk-mill operator. "do ye think y're goin' to find work here? Not a sissy like you! Go down to the milliner and get work there!"

Mead said nothing but walked around until he came to a foreman. "Do you think you've got work for me?" he bluntly asked.

"Well, I don't know. One of the clippers fell yesterday. Mebbe you can take his place, but its hard work and there's lots to learn. Finnegan, over yonder, is our best clipper.—I don't s'pose you've got the muscle he's got!"

Mead looked over toward Finnegan and then at his own arms. He had always thought he was quite muscular, but compared with the red-headed Irishman he didn't amount to much. That broad, mighty back, those sinewy, brutish limbs, and those strong clenched hands—how he envied them!

"Well," said the foreman, who was short on men, "you'd better be up in the mornin' and start at it. If you can do the business, there's three dollars a day in it for ye."

"Alright, I'll be up! How about the tools? Who furnishes them?"

"We'll furnish those! But, say, don't come dressed up the way you're now!"

Mead walked back to the stairway, and as he passed Finnegan, the Irishman stopped and said, "I s'pose you're goin' where I told ye!" He answered nothing but descended the stairs to the street below.

The next morning he was "on the job." Furnished with hammer and chisel he started clipping off the bolts in the great girders. The work was hard and tiresome and many were the cuts and bruises he received from flying bits of steel and iron. From where he stood, he could see Finnegan clipping away, noticed how the Irishman clipped off as many as four to his one. But he worked on with determination, resolving within himself that before long he would equal Finnegan. For he was only twenty-five and Finnegan already forty-five. His body could become just as strong as Finnegan's. Why not?

At noon, all the clippers ate their meals together. Seated on their dangerous perches, they enjoyed their lunch just as much as the millionaire in the down-town cafe. The first day, naturally, Mead kept the attention of all by answering their questions. After dinner, Finnegan was first to leave. He had not said a word to the new man and when he left the others told Mead how many bolts the fellow could clip in an hour. Mead took it all in, but within him-

(Continued from Page 3)

# The Anchor

Published every Wednesday during the College Year by Students of Hope College.

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Terms - - \$1.25 per year in advance  
 Single Copies - - - - - 5 cents

Entered at the Post Office of Holland, Michigan, as second-class mail matter.

## Editorial

### HYMN WRITER DIES.

During the past week, one of the greatest hymn writers of Christendom has gone to her reward. Fanny J. Crosby was granted a quarter of a century more than the allotted time of three score years and ten to praise and magnify her ever present Master.

Blind since childhood, this faithful christian woman has comforted gladdened, revived countless souls by her beautifully simple, trustful hymns. Surely the angels rejoiced to greet this noble character.—

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
 "Safe on his gentle breast—  
 There by his love o'er-shadowed,  
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.

"A k! 'tis the voice of angels,  
 Orne in a song to me,  
 Ov' the fields of glory,  
 Ver the Jasper sea.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
 Safe from corroding care,  
 Safe from the world's temptation,  
 Sin cannot harm me there.

Free from the blight of sorrow,  
 Free from my doubts and fears  
 Only a few more trials,  
 Only a few more tears.

Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,  
 Jesus has died for me:  
 Firm on the Rock of Ages,  
 Ever my trust shall be.

Here let me wait in patience,  
 Wait till the night is o'er;  
 Wait till I see the morning,  
 Break on the Golden Shore.

Refrain—  
 Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
 Safe on His gentle breast,—  
 There by his love o'er-shaded,  
 Sweetly my soul shall rest."

Such was the firm belief of this aged, blind song-writer.



"I've stopped the paper, yes I have,  
 I didn't like to do it,  
 But the editor he got too smart,  
 And I allow he'll rue it.

"I am a man who pays his debts,  
 And will not be insulted;  
 So when the editor gets smart—  
 I want to be consulted.

"I took the paper eleven years  
 And helped him all I could sir,  
 But when it come to dunnin' me,  
 I didn't think he would, sir.

"But that he did, and you can bet,  
 It made me hot as thunder;  
 I says, I'll stop that sheet I will,  
 If the doggone thing goes under."

"I hunted up the editor,  
 And for his cunnin' paper  
 I paid him 'leven years and quit!  
 Yes, sir,—I stopped the paper!"

"The friends thou hast and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel."—Shakespeare.

## SEND IN THE NEWS

If you have a bit of news,  
 Send it in;  
 Or a joke that will amuse,  
 Send it in;  
 A story that is true  
 An incident that's new  
 We want to hear from you!  
 Send it in.

Never mind about your style,  
 Send it in.  
 If it's only worth the while,  
 Send it in.  
 Of some patient labor done  
 Of an application won,  
 Or some good that has been done,  
 Send it in.

Will your story make us laugh?  
 Send it in.  
 Send along a photograph  
 Send it in.  
 If some good your words can teach,  
 If some lapsing student reach,  
 Send along a glowing speech,  
 Send it in. —'15.



The Rev. Peter Moerdyk conducted the chapel services last Wednesday morning. Although Mr. Moerdyk graduated nearly forty-nine years ago, he is still very strong and active and the short talk he gave, comparing college life at present with that of earlier days showed the enthusiasm and eagerness with which he entered into the life of the students.

Miss Ruth Blekkink was unceremoniously notified last Thursday evening by a number of students that she was to have a party at her home on that evening. The bunch came in high spirits and enjoyed the usual fun.

Friday evening, the twelfth of February, was a great day at the Seminary Hall. A reception was held in which a novel feature was the "open house." This idea had never been carried out before and it proved a great success in making the evening especially interesting. The gymnasium and bowling alleys in the basement was surely a novel delight to the guests. A short program was given, Mr. J. Bennink being the president of the evening. The singers were Mrs. M. Hoffman and Miss Henrietta Van Zee. Dr. Beardslee Sr. was called upon for a few remarks. Miss Florence Stronks rendered a piano solo. While the refreshments were being served, she furnished the company with music.

Old "Sol" did his best last week to drive away the ice and snow, and he succeeded admirably, especially along the country roads. But just to spite him a bunch of students came together on Thursday evening, took a bob, and started in high glee for the home of Marvin Brower, in Hamilton. But who can defy the sun, or the elements when they decide there shall be no sleighing? Fearing to exceed the speed limit, the company travelled three miles, slowly and deliberately, and to their sorrow, found that two precious hours had elapsed since their departure. This was too much even for a slow (?) bunch to endure. The team turned back and came to a standstill before the Hotel Cafe! Old "Sol" may do his best, but he cannot keep a "bunch" of students bent on pleasure, from having a good time.

### Y. W. C. A.

"Loyalty" was the subject discussed at the Young Women's Christian Association last Thursday afternoon by Miss Henrietta Neerken, the leader. She mentioned Lincoln as one of the greatest examples of loyalty and one who was true to his convictions. Loyalty means honesty

to ourselves, for if we are honest to ourselves, we shall be loyal in all our other relations.

As a good many of the Associations have held memorial services in honor of Miss Dadge, the late president of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association, Miss Neerken gave a short resume of her life in connection with the topic. Miss Dadge who has been one of the ablest and most efficient presidents that the association has ever known died at her home on the twenty-seventh of December. Her sudden death has been keenly felt not only in the work of the association, but also by the multitude of friends and even strangers to whom she has been such a wonderful blessing. Her life was overflowing with kindness and sympathy for others, while she rarely thought of her own convenience. Such living shall indeed have a glorious reward. It is hoped that the association may soon find a leader to guide and direct it and to fill the vacancy of a life which will ever be held precious in memory of those who knew her.

## Exchanges

"The College World," Adrian College:—The appearance of your paper is not as neat as it might be. The quality of the paper, itself, does not seem to be of a very high grade, and the printing is very indistinct.

The Mirror, Pratt County High School, Pratt, Kansas:—We congratulate you on the fact that your school had the ambition to put out two debating teams. This proves that even some of our High Schools are realizing the significance of this method of educational development.

Agitation for the establishment of a Student Book Exchange has also begun at the Ypsilanti Normal College. The Student Council has referred the matter to a committee. This is unmistakably a progressive move that should be inaugurated in every college and University. The University of Michigan Book Exchange was formally opened Jan. 25, for the exchange of all kinds of texts used in the University.

The Spectator, Capital University, Columbus, Ohio:—You have a very strong and high class Literary Department, as well as a full and interesting exchange department. The "Studies in Macbeth" are especially worthy of mention, because of their distinct literary value.

The Normal Leader, Fredonia N. Y.—We are glad to receive you. We would say that your paper, as a whole, is of a commendable make-up, but the editorials in your January number present rather the appearance of quotations than of the development of a thought relative to some phase of college activity, or at least, of some theme that has bearing upon College life, in general. A little improvement in the literary development of your paper, we believe would be of value.

Mike—"Pat, what does halt mean?"

Pat—"When the captain says 'Halt' you must bring the foot that's on the ground up beside the one that's in the air, and stand still."—Ex.

"An intensely bashful young man was driving one night with a young lady whom he had been calling on for some time previous. The stillness of the evening and the beauty of the scene inspired his courage, and sitting stiffly erect and with his face forward, he asked suddenly, "May I kiss you?" "Surely," she coyly replied. "Aw," he said, his face scarlet, and larruping his horses into a run, "Aw, I was only fooling."

## An Invitation to you Mr. Student

It is with pleasure that we extend to you, an invitation to call and inspect the new line of Suits and Top Coats that we have just received for Spring 1915.

Our stock is complete and includes the product of America's leading designers of men's clothes.

We will be expecting you to come in and look them over—when shall it be?

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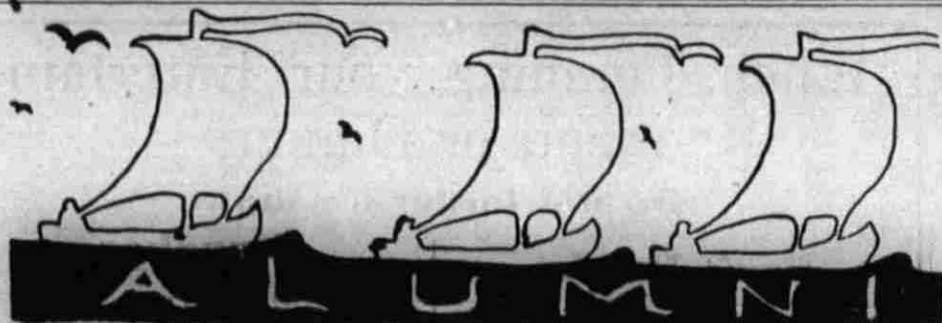
are equal to any \$18.00 Clothing. Most of these Suits are made of medium weight wools. The price is

**\$10.00**

If we can fit you, you can pick up a bargain. Come in the morning if you can.

## A. KLAVER

210 River Avenue



Mr. John Bennink, '12, of the Western Theological Seminary, has received the promise of a call from the Emanuel Reformed Church of Roseland, Chicago, Illinois.

The Misses Helen de Maagd of Coopersville and Evelyn De Pree of Zeeland were among the guests at the Seminary Reception last Friday evening. Both are 1913 graduates.

The Rev. James E. Moerdyk who for the past fifteen years has been a missionary of the Reformed Church in Arabia, is preparing to return to America next spring on his second furlough. Rev. Moerdyk is a brother of Mr. Wm. J. Moerdyk, '13 of the college, and a son of the late Dr. William Moerdyk of this city. He graduated from Hope in the class of 1897.

The Rev. W. J. Van Kersen, '91, President of the Alumni Association continues to improve slowly at his home in West Fifteen Street. He is still confined to his room, however.

The Board of Education of our Reformed church, the Rev. John G. Gebhard, D. D., '78, of New York, Secretary, has just issued a pamphlet containing addresses made on the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Van Bunschooten Bequest. This gift made possible to a large extent the great work that has been done since then in educating young men for the gospel ministry. Many of our Alumni owe a debt of gratitude to this kind benefactor of a century ago for the fund that has grown from this bequest has made it possible for many of us to obtain the education that has meant so much to us. The pamphlet may be procured by writing to the Board of Education.

**THE HUNDRED AND TWENTY BOLTS**

(Continued from First Page)

self it was, "I'll beat you yet. Finnegan!"

Weeks passed by and the hostility between Mead and Finnegan increased. Hardly ever did they speak to each other, and when of necessity they did, there followed an exchange of curses and threats at each other. Finnegan kept his reputation as the best clipper on the force and Mead worked harder every day; and faster and better each day did he become. His muscles became strong, his limbs more sinewy, but he never could attain to Finnegan's corporosity. And yet Mead often thought "I can beat Finnegan, I can beat him!" At some time or other, he must have that too loudly, for he noticed that Finnegan's hostility increased still more. Often a bolt flew past Mead as he walked a dangerous beam or stood on some loose girder. He said never a word, but noticed that they always came from Finnegan's direction. This could not endure—something must be done.

And so, one day, just as Mead was going down to dinner as he walked across one of the girders between the two anchors of the bridge upon which they were working at the time, a hammer dropped in front of him just missing his head and clattered down on the girder below. He looked up, and sure—there was Finnegan's evil glance just above him.

And still Mead uttered no protest, but only mentioned it to the young fellow next to him at dinner. But this was enough; for before he had finished his story, Finnegan, back of him, snapped out, "What? d'ye think I dropped that hammer on purpose?"

Mr. Edward Hofma, Prep., '81 of Grand Haven. Senator from this district in the Michigan Legislature, has offered an amendment to the present law making unlawful the misbranding and adulteration of drugs, and prohibiting fraud and deception in their manufacture and sale. As a physician, Dr. Hofma is particularly interested in good food and good health for the people of our state, and has done considerable investigation along these lines.

The Rev. Peter Moerdyk conducted the chapel exercises one morning last week, and spoke to the student body for a few minutes. Dr. Moerdyk is a member of the class of 1866, the first class to graduate from the college. He told of college life in the early day at Hope, when all the students studied diligently. Life was so simple and uneventful in those days that there was little else to do. He pointed out to the students how many advantages they have to be thankful for in their college life of today. Dr. Moerdyk recently moved to this city.

The Rev. Teunis E. Gouwens, '09, has accepted a call to Mountain Lakes, New Jersey. The church there is newly-organized and Rev. Mr. Gouwens will be its first pastor. He will be installed some time next month.

Mr. Albert La Huis, Prep. '76, and his daughter, Miss Mae La Huis, '13, intend to leave soon on an extended trip to the Pacific coast. They will visit the two great Expositions, and will spend some time in San Francisco as the guests of Chaplain and Mrs. James Ossewaarde, '90.

You sissy, if it struck you, you'd 'a been only a grease spot! A Mead couldn't stand an acorn falling on his dome any way."

Mead's indignation was aroused. He sprang at Finnegan's throat, and had not the others stopped him, both would have dropped into the river below. But Finnegan's audacity increased. "D— ye, and, ye think y're a better clipper 'n me, don't ye? I'll show ye."

This was exactly what Mead had been looking for. Now he could show that he was just as good as Finnegan—and so he answered quick as a flash, "We'll fight it out! Up at the other end of the bridge there are still two cross girders left, you take the top one and I'll take the lower. Whoever clips his bolts first may let his girder fall,—if you get thru first it'll fall on me, and if I finish first you fall into the river. Suit ye?"

Finnegan looked about him, but when he saw the crowd gathered around, he dared not refuse, and so, altho reluctantly, he answered, "Yes."

The two beams to which Mead had reference were, I—beams, held between two uprights, and each one was joined to a beam just above by bolts placed at distances of three inches, on each side or flange of the beam. If Finnegan finished first the lower beam would crush Mead, if he finished first, his would loosen the entire square, so that Finnegan could not but be dropped into the river. The number of bolts in each beam was the same except that, in the upper beam, only one row of bolts held the girder up.

The crowd cheered. For what is more interesting to such men than a contest between two of their own bunch? An umpire was appointed for

each man to see the thing thru fairly and squarely.

Immediately after dinner, the contest was to begin. The onlookers took their places on every beam and girder available. Everyone was there to see it, even the foreman from the floors below and the boys who carried the rubbish away as it fell on the walks. Newsboys were there and everything was excitement.

Finnegan took his place on the upper girder and Mead on the lower. He laughed as he noticed Finnegan's anxiety—for just as if suspecting a trick, he pounded and hammered his girder to find if it were not loose. But everything seemed all right.

Each one took his place at the farther end of his beam in such a way that he could watch his rival. The umpire shouted "Go!" and the race was on. Finnegan pounded away at his chisel like mad, while Mead took his time. He laughed and grinned at his opponent as he slowly started to peg away at his bolts. With fearful eyes the upper man watched at first, but when he noticed he was clipping two to Mead's one, a look of triumph spread over his face and he kept at work in his mad fury. Mead, down below, took things easy, as if it made no difference to him. Slowly and steadily, he worked away, as tho he didn't care as long as he finished before Christmas. Talking away with those near him, never but once did he even so much as look up at his rival. And Finnegan, on the other hand, pounded with all his might. And every blow counted. After ten minutes the score stood ten and six! Surely Mead could not keep up with him!

After forty-five minutes, the score stood only forty and twenty-five! And there were a hundred bolts to be cut before the beam would fall. How Finnegan bent to his work! His life depended upon it! His broad back bent nearly double with every blow he struck. His great sinewy hands held the hammer and chisel like vises. And how his muscular arms were aiming every ounce of their strength toward their goal!

And all the while, Mead only talked and chatted away, only just keeping up. The score now stood fifty and forty-five! Surely Mead would win yet! But no! With still greater fury the Irishman pounded away. Great beads of sweat stood out on his face and his oaths and curses showed his thoughts only too plainly. Yes, he was gaining again! Seventy-five and sixty! Mead could never win against such odds! But look! Finnegan's strokes were not as heavy as at first! Surely he could not be weakening?

And still Mead laughed and talked and never noticed his rival's struggles. Ninety and eighty-four! Only twenty left for Finnegan! But Mead's score crept higher and higher and Finnegan saw he was losing. Hundred and ninety-five! Hundred four and Mead only two behind! Finnegan was striking more and more slowly. He was drenched with sweat, and as he looked down at his cool-headed opponent's success, he muttered, "I'll kill ye' for it!" Hundred six and hundred seven! Surely he could not strike off many more before the beam would fall! Already he thought it was shaking, and Finnegan looked about to see if there was not something he might hold on to and save himself. But no! not a thing! He started again. Mead had but two more to clip and surely the structure would fall. Hundred five and hundred nine! One or two more and Finnegan would find himself in the river. Hundred six and hundred thirteen. In awful dread he awaited and expected his fall. The crowd looked on in silence—at any time, too, they expected him to fall. Hundred six and hundred nineteen! Why didn't the beam fall? And only ten bolts holding it! Finnegan could bear

the suspense no longer—Up he sprang and ran for safety.

And the crowd cheered for Mead as he clipped out his hundred and twenty-fifth bolt and yelled to Finnegan. Never mind running, Finnegan! "There are still a hundred and twenty bolts in the other flange of my beam!" And without another word Finnegan rushed thru the crowd and while the onlookers congratulated Mead disappeared.

—G. RAAP, '16.

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A PRAYER FOR EVERY DAY  
The day returns, and brings the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man; help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely all this day, and bring us to our resting beds weary and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep. Amen.  
Robert Louis Stevenson.



**A Few Jewish Proverbs**

"A fire in the house is worth two in your neighbor's."  
 "Nothing succeeds like a failure."  
 "A penny spent is a penny wasted."  
 "Der longer you live der more it costs you."  
 "A good fire is petter as a bad auction."  
 "Der bigger the fire der more der insurance."

Max and Dick, while selling books this summer wanted to go from one town to another. They asked the ticket agent the fare and he said, "\$1.80 for both of you."  
 Max and Dick—"We'll give you \$1.50, that's all we have."  
 Agent—"The fare is 90 cents apiece, and we never cut the rates."  
 Max and Dick—"Well, we'll walk."  
 Agent—"That is your privilege."  
 Max and Dick started out, and when they got half way they heard a locomotive whistle behind them.  
 "There is no use of whistling," said Max, waving his hand, "we won't come back again."

"Why are you so pensive?" he asked.  
 "I am not pensive," she replied.  
 "But you haven't said a word for twenty minutes."  
 "I didn't have anything to say."  
 "Don't you ever say anything when you have nothing to say?"  
 "No."  
 "Will you be my wife?"—Ex.

We are shipping quantities of pork to Europe, thus proving again that the pen is mightier than the sword—Exchange.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—Franklin.

"What is then an Optimister, Jakey?"

"An Optimister Ikey, he is one who takes ten cents on the dollar, and then sells you goods on ninety days without security."

The drum makes the most noise but it is the silent baton that directs the orchestra.—Ex.

Many theories that seem sound do not work out because there is little in them except sound.—Ex.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches—but there is no law against acquiring both.—Ex.

Town lady having her house remodelled, called in Sy Wassink and asked if he was a carpenter.

Sy Wassink—"I am."  
 Lady—"Can you do all kinds of work?"

Sy—"Yes, mam."  
 Lady—"Can you make a Venetian blind?"

Sy—"I can."  
 Lady—"How would you go about it?"

Cy—"I'd stick my thumb in his eye."

Bishop Hughes, now well known to Holland Lecture Course patrons, also appeared on the Lecture Course of Northwestern College, and delivered a Lecture on "The Biography of The Boy" that was pronounced a marvelous success. He evidently is a great lecturer.

"A kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles."—Washington Irving.

The Daleville Leader; Daleville Virginia: We welcome you to our exchange column. Your paper presents a neat and high class appearance.

**Y. M. C. A.**

An exceptionally large number attended the Y. M. C. A. last Tuesday evening. Dr. Leenhouts interested the young men with an excellent and inspiring address on the subject, "The Clean Life." In connection with the fifth chapter of Galatians, Dr. Leenhouts explained that for those who live in conformity with the laws of nature there can be no penalty for the law of God finds no fault with such. The punishment is for those who, deviating from the path marked out by the Creator, fall into grievous sin. In order to serve God efficiently we must not only endeavor to keep our minds clean but also our bodies. He also showed that the iniquity of diseases is often visited on posterity to the third and fourth generations, hence we owe it to posterity as well as to ourselves to live clean lives. Statistics show that clean living lengthens the average life. Throughout the entire address the speaker impressed all with his sincerity and conviction.

**Valentine Prize Winners**

I wish that you were Voorhees Hall And I a clinging vine.  
 I'd drape myself around you, dear, And then you would be mine.  
 —H. Z. B. Prep. '15  
 If all the hearts of maidens fair Where hanging in this atmosphere I'd make the best move of my life And take from Voorhee Hall—a wife. G. P. '16

"Be willing to give the other man credit for sincerity."

"A man's thots generally constitute his table of contents."

"If you believe you are right don't be afraid to say so."

"Let others find out your importance."

"When you are in doubt—don't"

"It is easier to keep up than to catch up."

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."

"Do not study, read or sleep in chapel."

**A Pathetic Scene at a Ladies Dormitory**

"She keeps a little worn-out shoe Among the treasurers she possesses,

And oft, when no one else may view Her when she sits with unbound tresses,

The little relic lures her gaze And brings her thots of other days

"She holds it up and lovingly, Markes every curve and all the creases;

She sees the faded figure three, And then her pensive brooding ceases;

She wore it once, when life was sweet; Now number sixes hurt her feet."

"Happiness is a butterfly, which, when pursued, is always just beyond your grasp, but which, if you will sit down quietly, may alight upon you."

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