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STUDENTS HEADQUARTERS

William of Orange

William of Orange, Holland's noblest son!
How rich how strong thy character shines still,
E'en as in days when Alva wrought the ill.
Though faith and love and mercy were undone;
Though Spain her soldiers sent thy sons to kill;
Though treacherous rulers tried thy love to chill,
Still thou wert calm, unmoved, O Silent One!
Thy faith in God shone clear in darkest hour,
Thy riches, honor, kindred, blood—yea all
Was given to thy country, and thy pow'r
Was consecrated to God's highest call.
Where service could be given, there thou wert;
Ne'er didst thou waver, ne'er shook fear thy heart.

G. A. Luyzena '18
BAGATALE.

11, Harry, see what a nice brown bag is floating in the water! Do get it for me, it will be so nice to put in my playhouse.”

“I wonder what it can be? I’ll get it as soon as it floats near the bank.”

Harry Colby, a boy of eleven years, and his sister Lucile, aged eight, were playing on the banks of a small stream that ran through a field near their home, when Lucile saw a brown handbag floating in the water. Harry found a long stick and waited for the bag to come within reach. Soon the water carried the bag near shore and with the aid of the stick Harry brought it up to the bank, where Lucile grasped it with eager hands and lifted it up onto the green bank.

“Oh, Harry, it looks just like papa’s handbag, only it is not so brown and the buckles are not as shiny. I wonder how it got into the water?”

“Someone must have dropped it off the train while going over the bridge. Let’s open it and see if there is anything in it. If it does not belong to anyone perhaps mama will let you keep it to put your doll clothes in.”

The children dragged the bag further up on the bank and after a little tussle with the clasps and straps Harry succeeded in opening it. There were some old clothes in it, and on taking these out, they found only an old overall suit and a piece of black cloth. These they threw upon the bank, and as they found no name of any kind in the bag, Harry was about to close it when they were startled to hear a voice coming from within.

“Oh, little boy and girl, I am so glad you saved me from being carried by the stream into the river. Surely I would have been carried into the lake and lost if the river had gotten hold of me.”

The children were frightened, Harry took his hand off the bag and Lucile crawled close up behind him. “Do not be afraid, I will not harm you.” “Who are you?” asked Harry.

“I am Johnny Brownbag, and now that you have been so kind to me, I will tell you the story of my life if you wish to hear it.” “Oh, please do,” answered the children. “But do not get too near to us, for mama once told us a story of Johnny Brownlegs, a bad fairy who pinched little boys and girls in their sleep, and we are afraid you are his cousin because you are called Johnny Brownbag.”

“Have no fear. I am afraid I will die soon, and because you have been so kind to me I will tell you the story of my life and a secret which I have kept for many years.

“My first home was in Chicago. One morning, while I was standing on a shelf in a storehouse on Euclid Street, a man came in and took me down from the shelf, looked me over and said, ‘That’s a pretty good-looking bag, guess I’ll put it in the McCauley shipment.’ He then took me into another room and set me down on the floor among a number of other bags, suitcases, and trunks. What a buzz of voices among those different bags and suitcases! All were wondering what was to happen. I was so frightened that I could not talk. Soon I saw a man picking up the bags and putting them into a large box. After we were all crowded into the box he put a cover over us and, my! how dark it was in there. We all huddled close together and wondered what was to happen, when all of a sudden we felt ourselves tumbling over and over. Finally we ceased tumbling and it seemed from the jarring as though we were being carried on a wagon. I do not know how long we rode nor where we went. After what seemed an age we again went tumbling over and over, when we heard someone pounding on the box and the cover was taken off. How glad we were to see the light; but we still huddled close together, for we did not know where we were. A man began to take us from the box, and when he took me out he dusted my nice brown coat and brass buckles, and carried me upstairs into a large room where I was again placed upon a shelf.

“I began to look around me to see what my new home was like. All about me I saw hand bags,—big bags, small bags; thin bags, fat bags; green bags, brown bags, black bags; and bags of every kind and description. ‘Well,’ thought I, ‘this is a goodly company of bags, so I think I will stay here. For I
know I shall be happy." As the days passed by I became
acquainted with the other bags, and one told me that my new
home was called the Rosenthal Bag and Trunk House.

"My stay in my new home was not a long one. One morn-
ing a young man came in and said he wanted a hand bag. He
was planning on taking a trip across the lake to his old home,
and since he was only going for a few days he did not wish to
take a suitcase, as that would be too big and troublesome.
The clerk took me down from the shelf, and as I liked the
appearance of the young man, I tried to look my best. How I
puffed out my sides to make my brown coat sleek and smooth,
and how I sparkled my brass buckles in the sunlight that was
streaming in through the window. The young man looked
me over and my heart very nearly leaped out of my throat for
joy when he said, 'Guess I'll take this one; it looks like a pretty
good bag.'

"He paid the clerk, who thanked him and bowed graciously,
picked me up, and started out of the store. So jaunty was
his step and merry his whistle that I vowed I would do my
best to please him. After we had been walking for about
twenty minutes we stopped before a large, grey stone build-
ing. The young man rang the door bell and soon a servant
appeared.

"'Here, Jim, take this bag up to my room and put it on
my table,' said my new master.

"The servant took me, carried me up two flights of stairs
and, opening a door which led into a small room, he placed
me on a table. When the servant went out I began to look
about me. The room was not a very large one, but it was very
neat and tastefully arranged. On the walls were pictures and
banners, and on a shelf in one corner were several trophy
cups. Above the bookcase were arranged in the form of the
letter M, two baseball clubs and a broken oar. From the
appearance of the room I judged that my new master was a
college man and had been active in athletics. While I was
looking around, my gaze fell upon a picture that hung directly
above the table upon which I had been placed. It was the
picture of a young girl scarcely out of her teens. While I was
looking at the picture, the door opened and my master stepped
in. He placed some bundles on the table, took off his hat and,

coat, threw them on a chair and came over and picked me up.
After looking me over again he took a pen and inside, just
below my nice shiny lock, he printed the name 'Harry Colby.'

"How queer," interrupted Harry, "that is my name and
my father's, too."

"So it may be, but you know there are many Colbys and
I do not doubt but that there are many Harrys.

"To go on with my story. Harry, for so I shall now call
my new master, then placed the little packages which he had
brought within me. There was a little shawl for his mother,
a pipe for his father, gloves for his sister, a book, writing
paper and a postal album for his little brothers. There was
one little package all very carefully wrapped and tied and I
could not see what was in it. I imagined it was something
for the girl whose picture hung above the table. After put-
ting in a few handkerchiefs, ties, and a collar or two, Harry
closed and locked me and set me down beside the bookcase.

"A few hours later Harry picked me up and we started for
the boat. We had to take a car, and after about a half hour's
ride we got off and there I saw the lake for the first time.
My! how big it did seem! At first I was somewhat frightened
at the thought of sailing over it. However, when I saw the
big boat that we were to ride in I did not feel so afraid, and
since I was with Harry I trusted a great deal in him. We
went aboard and it was not long before a whistle began to
blow and a bell to ring, and the whole boat began to quiver
as though it were alive. The boat began to move slowly and
soon we were out of the channel and into the lake. When we
got out on the lake the boat moved still faster. I was pleased
with the novelty of my first boat ride and felt just as though I
were an old sailor. The lake was nice and smooth and the
sun was just dropping below the water like a huge ball of fire.

"Harry took me up to his stateroom, set me down on the
bunk, and then went out locking the door behind him. I soon
tell asleep and after I had been asleep for some time I awoke
with a jump. Something seemed to be tossing me back and
forth and, oh how my sides and stomach did ache. I became
so dizzy I could hardly see. Just then Harry came in, set me
on the floor, and said to himself as he was getting into the
bunk, 'Guess it will be a pretty rough night.' I did not sleep
the rest of the night. My head ached just terribly and I held my sides as tight as I possibly could. I thought morning would never come, but finally, just as I felt that I could not stand it much longer, light began to come in at the window and the tossing and the twisting seemed to stop a little. After a little while the whistle began to blow and I thought that we must be entering the harbor. The bell began to ring the signal for slow speed and with a grating sound, as though it were rubbing against something, the boat stopped. There was a hurrying and scurrying of feet overhead, and I knew that we had come to our destination.

"Harry jumped out of his bunk, dressed in a hurry, grabbed me and ran up the stairs to the main deck. Looking about he spied someone down on the wharf and, waving his hand, he made for the stairway leading to the gangplank. He was very anxious to get ashore, and in his eagerness he even became so rude as to jostle the women folk quite roughly. As he made his way over the gangplank, a young woman, smiling sweetly, came to meet him. I recognized her as the original of the picture which hung over Harry's table. As Harry went forward to greet her I turned my eyes away, for I knew that it was not polite to look on when lovers meet after an absence.

"While we hurried to catch a car I closed my eyes and cars, for I had been taught that children should be seen and not heard, and especially when fond, young hearts are talking sweet nothings. When we got to Harry's home how pleased they all were to see him. After exchanging greetings, Harry opened me and took out the little remembrances he had brought. Such 'Ohs' and 'Ahs,' and such hugs and squeezes as Harry got from his brothers and sister. The neatly wrapped package Harry deftly slipped into his pocket, and I knew it was not to be presented in the presence of the others. Mr. Colby immediately filled his pipe, sat down in his easy chair, and as he blew smoke rings he saw his dreams about his son materializing. Mrs. Colby's eyes filled with tears as she stroked her shawl, and, going into the kitchen, she buried her head in the soft folds of the shawl and quietly began to cry, feeling that Harry was fulfilling her hopes and that he had not betrayed her mother-love.

"The two days that Harry was to stay home passed quickly, and we went back to Chicago. Within the next few years Harry and I made numerous trips and I got to be quite a good sailor. One day, in the fall, Harry came to his room all excited and, putting a few dirty collars within me and a wrinkled necktie or two, hurried to the boat. On board the boat he went immediately to his stateroom and, opening me, he put a little square package away down in one corner. After that I did not leave his hands and he carried me wherever he walked on the deck. I wondered what could be the matter; why, instead of clean collars and pressed ties, he had taken the dirty ones, and why, since he had placed the little package inside of me, he had not let me out of his hands. Surely he had never acted thus before. When we got to Harry's home, everyone except the young lady, who had met us at the boat and accompanied us to Harry's home, were surprised to see him. She blushed and dropped her eyes as Harry's mother looked at her. Harry evading all questions, took the little package out of me, called the young lady aside and taking her arm, led her into the parlor. Father Colby winked knowingly at Mrs. Colby. After a short time Harry came out of the parlor with the young lady leaning on his arm. She was smiling happily and tears, tell-tales of joy, were glistening on her eye lashes. In the folds of Harry's sleeve she tried in vain to hide a little diamond that Harry had just placed on her finger. Harry blushed like a small boy caught at some mischief; never before nor after have I seen him so flustered. Going up to his mother he took her hand and in it placed the hand of the girl at his side. Not a word was spoken; words are inadequate when hearts are welling over with joy.

"Harry went back to Chicago the next day, happy and thinking of the few remaining bachelor days before him. The days and weeks passed, and with the coming of the spring I received a new mistress. Harry and his wife went to live in a little home that Harry had furnished on the North Side. I was pleased with my new mistress and liked my new home. One day Harry came home all smiles; he was to have a two weeks' vacation. That night at supper it was planned to spend the vacation at Harry's old home across the lake. Preparations were made and these caused me a great deal of pain; but since
then I have rejoiced often because of the results of that pain. Mrs. Harry cut a hole in my lining, just below one of my snaps, and made a small pocket there. She was real fond of rowing and swimming, and said that when they would go to the old beach where she as a girl had learned to swim, she would put her diamond in the little pocket for safe keeping.

"During their vacation Harry and his wife often went to the beach, and one day as they were going out for water liies, Mrs. Harry put her ring in the little pocket and left me to keep it safe for her in the check-room. While they were gone a man looked in at the window, seeing the clerk busy and with his back turned, the man reached through the window, took hold of me and made off. I screamed as loud as I could for help but no one seemed to hear me. The man boarded a car, and when we had gone a mile or more we got off before a small, tumble-down house, half hidden in lilac and elder bushes. Once in the house, the man broke my lock and opened me. I drew the little pocket as far under the snap as I possibly could, for I did not want him to find the ring. Finding only the two bathing suits and a few toilet articles, the man swore and, going upstairs, threw me into the attic.

"'Alas,' thought I, 'now my days of service are ended and my nice brown coat and my shiny buckles will moulder and rust in this dark place.' Still, I rejoiced at having so carefully protected the ring, and I vowed that I would ever keep my secret. That night I could not go to sleep, and while I was thinking of what had happened, a little mouse came running by. When he saw me he stopped and said,

"'Good evening, stranger, how are you?'

"'Good evening' said I, 'I am not very well, thank you.'

"Mr. Mouse then asked what the trouble was, and I told him my story; but I was very careful not to mention the ring. He sympathized with me, and before he left we had become quite friendly. After that the mouse became a regular visitor and I became quite fond of him. I invited him to bring over his family and to live with me. Fourteen long years I lay there in the attic, and I furnished a home for Mr. Mouse and all of his descendants from the day I had invited Mr. Mouse to come and live with me. One evening the attic door opened and a man came in, not the man who had stolen me, but a large man with very dark hair and complexion. While he was looking around he spied me and picked me up. He turned me upside down, threw out the little nice, home and all, and carried me down stairs. He then got a screw driver and fixed my lock which had been broken all these years and had caused me continual pain.

"That night the man put within me the overall suit and dark piece of cloth which you have just thrown there upon the ground. About midnight he took me and we started out into the night. It was a very dark night and I could not see where we were going. After we had gone some distance the man stopped, took out the clothes and put them on. The black cloth he put around his face, leaving just enough space to look through. I then realized that the man was a burglar. Going a little further, he hid behind a building and waited. He must have known that somebody was coming that way, for it was not long when I heard footsteps and someone talking. The burglar jumped out and in a gruff voice told them to hold up their hands. It was a young man and lady. The young man jumped forward to protect the lady and the burglar shot him. Grabbing me, the burglar ran and did not stop until he had run a long distance from the place of the holdup. When he thought that he had gone a safe distance he stopped, took off the overalls and black cloth, put them within me and went on again.

"Finally we came to a freight yards and there the man got on a train that was just going out. When we came to this stream he threw me off the train, and as I fell into the water I thought that my end had come. Now that you have been so kind to me and saved me from drowning, I will tell you of the secret that I have guarded for so many years."

Just then Harry heard his mother calling him and, picking up the bag, he and Lucile started across the field for home. They had become so interested in the story that they had not noticed that the sun had already set. Hurrying toward their home they met their father and mother who were just setting out to look for them. Seeing the bag Harry had, Mrs. Colby took it from him and asked him where he had found it. The children began to tell the wonderful story which the bag had
told them, when Mrs. Colby gave a little startled cry and said,—

"Why, Papa, look; this is your old bag, see, here is part of your name still visible! I wonder if the ring is still here? Oh, Dear, here it is, just where I put it the day we went rowing."

CHARLES STOPPELS, '15.

THE PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL FATHER.
(Used by permission of Association Press)

CERTAIN man had two sons; and the younger of them said to his father, "Father, give me the portion of thy time, and thy attention, and thy companionship, and thy counsel which falleth to me."

And he divided unto them his living in that he paid the boy's bills, and sent him to a select preparatory school, and to dancing school, and to college and tried to believe that he was doing his full duty by the boy.

And not many days after, the father gathered all his interests and aspirations and ambitions and took his journey into a far country, into a land of stocks and bonds and securities and other things which do not interest a boy; and there he wasted his precious opportunity of being a clum to his own son.

And when he had spent the very best of his life and had gained money but had failed to find satisfaction, there arose a mighty famine in his heart; and he began to be in want of sympathy and real companionship.

And he went and joined himself to one of the clubs of that country; and they elected him Chairman of the House Committee and President of the Club and sent him to Congress. And he would vainly have satisfied himself with the husks that other men did eat and no man gave unto him any real friendship.

But when he came to himself, he said, "How many men of my acquaintance have boys whom they understand and who understand them, who talk about their boys and associate with their boys and seem perfectly happy in the comradeship of their sons, and I perish here with heart hunger! I will arise and go to my son, and will say unto him, 'Son, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight; I am no more worthy to be called thy father: make me as one of thy acquaintance.'"

And he arose and came to his son. But while he was yet afar off, his son saw him and was moved with astonishment, and instead of running and falling on his neck, he drew back and was ill at ease.

And the father said unto him, "Son, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight: I am no more worthy to be called thy father. Forgive me now and let me be your friend."

But the son said, "Not so. I wish it were possible, but it is too late. There was a time when I wanted to know things, when I wanted companionship and counsel, but you were too busy. I got the information, and I got the companionship; but I got the wrong kind and now, alas, I am wrecked in soul and in body and there is nothing you can do for me. It is too late, too late, too late."

BLAKE W. GODFREY, Brooklyn.

REMINISCENCES OF A PIONEER.

OU want me to tell you about our settling here? Well, perhaps it would be well. You young people, living in luxury, little realize how we struggled, suffered and sacrificed, that you might now enjoy what you have. Oh, no, I have never regretted it, but I cannot forget how we kept steadfastly on through hardships and disappointments for the sake of our children.

"Well, conditions were not very prosperous in the Netherlands and did not promise to become much better, so some of us began to talk about emigration. We thought of the Dutch East Indies and of Cape of Good Hope, but after we had sent two men to investigate, we decided to go to America. A company of about fifty sailed in September, 1846, on the 'Southerner,' a brig, and we were on the ocean forty-seven days. Dangerous? Yes, I suppose it was, but we were so full of hope and enthusiasm that we scarcely thought of that. Fortunately we had no severe storms.

"When we arrived in New York, we didn't know exactly
where we were going. We told people to 'the west,' Texas, Michigan, Wisconsin or Iowa, and wondered why they smiled. You see, we had no idea of the size of the country. We made our way to Detroit and waited there a few days while Dr. Van Raalte, our leader, decided where to go. Owing to the close of navigation it was impossible to go beyond Michigan, so we went on to Black Lake, which he thought was the most suitable place because of the rich soil, the commercial advantages offered by navigation, the proximity to the lake, which would moderate the temperature, and because of the fact that it was a spot where many would be able to find work with or danger of scattering. Early in the spring of 1847 we arrived here, coming by the way of Allegan, where we left the women until we could provide some shelter for them. A party of Americans volunteered to come with us to teach us how to chop trees, build log houses and to make roads, for we knew very little about such things and, of course, there were no clearings, no houses and no roads, except Indian trails, until we made them. Our first shelter was put up on the hill east of Holland, where we thought the city would be. It was a very crude affair, but it served until we could make a better one and it was interesting in being the place where the first of our number died and the first child was born.

"Until we could build a church, we held services outdoors. We cut down a large tree, used the stump as a pulpit and the log for a bench. You think it humorous, perhaps, but it was a very serious affair to us. Church services had never meant so much to me as then, when we were meeting disappointments and discouragement on all sides, and might have failed, had it not been for the help of our God."

"We soon realized that we needed some form of government; so as we could not become citizens immediately, we resolved ourselves into a kind of democracy, governing according to the majority rule. Our meetings were known as 'Volksvergaderingen' and there we discussed and regulated labor and wages, decided to build roads and bridges, organized our school and even settled personal grievances. Many strange things were brought up for discussion and many heated arguments held.

"Our little colony was just like one large family, all caring for each other and putting their money into a common fund with which to buy supplies. We built a 'colony store' from which provisions, bought with this money, were given out. That was not a success and lasted scarcely a year. A 'colony vessel' was bought on the same principle but that, too, was a failure. In addition to this, our ignorance and lack of experience caused us trouble, for we thought we could reproduce conditions of the Netherlands here, and we built a windmill near the Grand Haven bridge and later, a water-power mill. Both were unsuccessful and you can imagine how all these failures drained the colony of money.

"In the latter part of that summer, when we thought we could stand no more, malaria broke out and the colony soon became one bed of sickness. The strange climate, the undrained marshes, unsanitary conditions, lack of medical aid, and of experience were to blame for the spread of the disease and the great mortality. I'll never forget entering some of those crowded huts, where each family was forced to accommodate itself to a few square feet, where household duties were being carried on amid sickness, death, and the dressing of corpses. Oh, it was terrible! We were near the point of despair, when suddenly the weather changed and we were saved. The autumn and winter were so mild that we could work outside most of the time and the invalids soon recovered.

"At this time we showed another one of our Holland traits, although we did not know at the time that it was peculiar to us, in the erection of a 'wees-huis,' an orphan-asylum. We were accustomed to have one in the Netherlands and as the malaria had left many children orphans, we took this means to care for them. It happened that the children were adopted by families and that the building was never used for the original purpose, but it showed our spirit, at least.

"One thing, which will show you the inconveniences and deprivations we were forced to submit to, was the difficulty we had in obtaining our supplies. These had to be brought in from Allegan by ox-team or sometimes even on back over the very poorest of roads. We received mail only once a week, for that had to be carried in on back a distance of ten miles. You can imagine what an isolated feeling that gave us and
how welcome some news was from those whom we had left behind.

"After the first trying years, conditions gradually grew better. Our ground was in a fair condition, we had our crops, and each family, except the newcomers, had its own house and farm. Our hope was revived and we went about our work with renewed energy and determination. We all felt that a great deal of credit for our success was due our minister and leader, Dr. A. C. Van Raalte, for often his courage and perseverance, cheered and spurred us on when we were on the point of giving up. But the present development of the colony, its material prosperity, and intellectual and social elevation which has raised us from the immigrants of 1847 to the American citizens of today, must be attributed largely to the fact that we had come here with the definite purpose of bettering the economic, social and religious conditions, not so much for ourselves, but for our posterity.

'THE SACRED BEADS.'

ISS ABBOTT, have you met our new boarder?"

Eleanor Abbot looked up into the beaming, good-natured face of her landlady. "You mean the foreigner, I suppose, Mrs. Williams. I have noticed him, but not talked with him. He is a Greek, isn't he?"

"No; an Armenian. I am so sorry for the poor fellow. You see, he left Armenia thinking that he could get work here at such high wages that he would become rich in a short time. He is so peculiar, however, that he has found scarcely anything to do, and he finds it hard to live. Mr. Milton has given him a position in his greenhouse now, but the pay is very small. I do wish that you could see some of the jewels he has. I'm sure he could sell them, but he doesn't seem to care to, or otherwise his prices are too high. He has a string of beads that is beautiful."

Miss Abbot finished her supper and retired to the library. She wished she might see those jewels, for somehow, she was always fascinated by odd, peculiar ornaments.

"See, Miss Abbot, here are the beads I was telling you about. He didn't like to have me take them, but I promised to bring them right back. Aren't they grand?"

And the landlady's eyes shone with admiration.

The girl uttered an exclamation of delight. She had never seen anything so exquisite. A double string of beads of a most beautiful shade of red; each bead perfectly carved and perfect in contour and color, and the clasp a rare design in dull gold. She examined them carefully, and then handed them back to Mrs. Williams. What rare workmanship! She wanted those beads, and was going to have them if such a thing were possible. The price might be above her means, but she was going to try to obtain them.

The next evening Eleanor Abbot waited in the library until the foreigner had gone into the dining-hall to supper. There was something pathetic in the little man's appearance. His face was thin and haggard; his eyes were sunken and dull; and, as he walked, he looked constantly about him, as if fearful that someone might be following him. Miss Abbot went in and took a seat next to him at the table.

"Last night Mrs. Williams showed me the beautiful string of beads which you brought with you from your home in America. I have never seen anything so lovely. You don't care to sell them, do you?"

The man hesitated. A shrewd light shone in his eyes. "Forty!"

"Forty dollars? That's too much. I can't pay it."

Again the man hesitated. "Thirty," he said.

The girl shook her head. "Even that is too much. I'll give you twenty-five dollars for them. Twenty-five dollars cash. Do you understand?"

The Armenian nodded. "Wait!" he said, and ran up the stairs. Quickly he returned, carrying a small package. He looked stealthily about for a moment, and then handed the package to the girl. She opened it, and saw that it contained the beads. Then she counted out before the excited man twenty-five dollars.

"You not tell; not say where you buy!" said the man.
In her room that evening the girl again examined the beads. "I surely did get a bargain, and the money will last the poor fellow a long time. I wonder what the beads are, and where he got them. He acted so strangely about my telling where I bought them. I wonder if he could have— Well, I've got the beads, and they're perfect beauties."

The beads, however, did not prove an entire enjoyment. Every time she wore them, something unfortunate happened. One day she lost her keys; another she broke a mirror, and this misfortune was followed by the usual round of accidents; then her leading saleslady left without giving notice, and one of the other clerk's slipped on the stairs and sprained her ankle. Misfortune followed misfortune, and always when she wore the Armenian beads.

As she walked toward her boarding house one noon, several weeks later, she noticed, in the square, two foreigners eagerly conversing. She looked at them closely, for she thought that one of them might be the Armenian, but she saw that they were strangers. As she passed, they turned and looked at her, at which one of them spoke a few hurried words in some foreign tongue. The girl's curiosity was aroused, but she walked on.

Several days passed and the Armenian had left the city. Then, one morning, the two men she had seen in the square entered her store, looked around, and walked out again. She paid no attention to their actions, for she thought that they had made some mistake.

Again and again she saw these two foreigners about the city. They seemed to follow her, to watch her, and often they passed by her store, and stopped to look in through the window, but their actions were peculiar, not obnoxious. One evening, however, she attended a reception and, as she was walking down the hall from the dressing-room, she saw, coming toward her, one of the foreigners. As he passed, his glance fell upon the beads which she wore about her neck, and she saw a peculiar, sinister look in his eyes. She wondered vaguely what that look could mean but soon forgot about the incident.

The next afternoon, Mrs. Goodrich, the mayor's wife, entered Miss Abbot's store.
“Eleanor, have you heard the strange story about the Armenians? You haven’t? Well, it seems that a year ago a string of sacred beads, which hung in a temple in Armenia, was stolen. The thief was a peculiar man, an Armenian, who had somehow become very much prejudiced against the government and religion of Armenia, and the opinion was that he thought to avenge himself of some imaginary wrong by stealing the sacred beads. When the thief was discovered the man had fled, and it was rumored that he had gone to America. Two of the temple guards took a vow to recover the beads, and they followed the man. It seems that he went first to New York; but when his pursuers arrived he had moved westward. At last they traced him to this city, but he had left before they found him.

It seems, however, that he had sold the beads to some woman here. It must have been some one staying at the Sanitarium or the Tavern. The two temple guards have been around here for several weeks, and have told no one their business until yesterday, when Mr. Goodrich asked them what they desired in our city. They gave no description of the beads, and desired no help in recovering them. Isn’t it uncanny, Eleanor? Where did you buy your new beads? Wouldn’t it be strange if those were the sacred beads?”

Eleanor Abbot’s face turned red and white in turn. The peculiar actions of the foreigners were explained; the men had seen her wear the beads; had suspected her, but desired to be absolutely certain before they attempted the recovery. But Mrs. Graham must not know. The girl laughed, and answered: “Wouldn’t it? But there’s no danger about that. Mine are by no means costly beads.”

“My husband said that he thinks the woman has left the city. The Armenians told him that they do not think so, and they gave him their word of honor that they would first be certain in regard to the whereabouts of the beads, and would then buy them back. They said they would do the thief no harm, for they believed him insane. Their only desire was to recover the beads without making the story public, and then to return to Armenia.”

That evening Eleanor Abbot went to her supper in a state of wonder and excitement. She was sure that her beard
were the sacred beads, and just as sure was she that the Armenians knew that she had the beads. What was she to do? There was one thing upon which she was fully decided,—she was going to keep those beads. She would not wear them again in public for a long time, and then perhaps the men would think they had made a mistake.

That night she wrapped the beads in a handkerchief, and put them carefully in a little wicker tea-pot in her book-case. For the next two days she saw nothing of the Armenians. Then, one afternoon, Mrs. Goodrich called again.

"Have you heard anything more of the beads?" Eleanor asked her laughingly.

"No, I haven't, and Mr. Goodrich hasn't seen the men, either. I wonder if they have left town. They may have followed the woman who bought the beads. We'll probably never hear of them again."

That evening Miss Abbot attended a concert. She returned to her rooms and retired at once. Somehow her mind constantly reverted to the Armenians, and the story of the beads. When she finally fell asleep, it was to dream that a man, fearful in stature and features, entered her room, walked directly to the book-case, took the beads from their hiding-place, and left the room again. She awakened with a start, and something prompted her to go to the book-case, and see whether the beads were safe.

She removed the cover from the tea-pot, and a sheet of paper, together with a roll of bills, fell out and lay at her feet. The beads were gone! Slowly she picked up the paper and opened it. She turned up the gas and perused the note, which read as follows:

"You buy sacred beads. We take beads back to Armenia. Leave money. You keep money, we keep beads."

CHRISTINE VAN RAALTE, '16.

NEW YORK AND THE EUROPEAN WAR.

HE writer never fully appreciated Wordsworth's lines,

"Joy was in that dawn to be alive;
But to be young was very heaven,"

until this past summer. The first news of the European war positively hypnotized the uneasy metropolis of New York. At one time, the cruel magician, War, would wave his wand and fill the people, en masse, with over bubbling enthusiasm, and then again the more serious aspect—the dread reality of the atrocious butchery would cause the folk to stop and consider.

It was a common sight to see, standing in front of the different Consulate Offices, bands of patriots, many in uniform, eagerly awaiting to return to their Fatherland. The writer recalls a typical scene. Four hundred Germans were standing in front of the German Embassy office—an enthusiast began singing the "Wacht am Rheine"—immediately the mob caught up the strain and they sang it with a zest that thrilled the bystander. Presently, their zeal lead them to march through the streets still singing the "Wacht am Rheine" and "Deutschland Uber Alles." In one of the side streets, their songs re-echoed the "Marseille," for here they passed the French Consulate office, in front of which were just as many eager French patriots. Such demonstration augured riot and the police, seeing this, soon put an end to it.

This tense excitement, a few days later, took on the form of genuine fear and this especially among the poorer classes. Fear of losing the money which they had deposited in the Savings Banks, for they reasoned thus: Europe needs money to carry on this war. She will borrow from America. America will pour our hard-earned money into Europe and who knows then what will happen. The hazard is too great. Such logic lead many to "run the bank." One of the strongest, if not the firmest Savings Banks in the city, had the unfortunate name "German Savings Bank." This bank does business in the heart of the lower east side. A rumor ran riot to this effect that the German Savings Bank had offered to the Kaiser and his army their entire capital, and that this money was to be
shipped to him in a few days. The next morning, a double line of five blocks in length was awaiting the opening of the bank-door. Similar incidents caused the banking officials to enact "sixty day laws," which proved a life-saver for many a bank which otherwise would have gone to the wall.

The closing of the Stock Exchange sounded the knell for busy Wall Street. The commendable feature of these trying days was the rapidity and saneness of the actions and checks brought about by the "men higher up." Had not the Stock Exchange been closed, many and many a man would have been reduced to pauperism.

Along the once busy river front, there was little action. What a sad sight it was to see dozens of "ocean greyhounds" huddled together in dry dock! Not a single German ship dared leave the Hudson, for they knew that outside Sandy Hook, French and English cruisers were lying in wait.

Although these incidents were filled with excitement, yet they were of a cruel and biting nature as well. These are a few of the many incidents which made an indelible impression upon an eye witness.

GEORGE STEININGER, '16.

The Pine Tree

Edward Zagers '18


ROWDS of girls came hurrying from the train at Williams' Bay and piled into the waiting boats. Everyone was eager and expectant, curious about the experiences and the fun we were to have.

The lake trip to the Association Camp, just at sunset, was a very lovely introduction to those pleasures, but most of all we enjoyed the glimpses of the white tents among the trees, the buildings upon the hills, and the sloping water front of the camp itself. The first thing that we noticed was girls, just girls. Girls here and girls there, in groups and alone, all ready to welcome the newcomers and to guide us up the hill to the large, airy dining-hall. There we were introduced all around, and prepared to enjoy ourselves to the full.

At the meeting in the large, open air auditorium that night, we sat directly behind some rows of Chinese students. Several of these girls had been to Geneva before, and all of them were bright, happy, and full of fun. Indeed, we soon found that they laughed most of the time. It was a pleasure to see their animated faces and to hear their queer, garbled English. One Chinese girl was the teacher of a mission study class and her room was always crowded with eager listeners.

We soon became accustomed to the routine of classes in the morning, recreation of some sort in the afternoon, and a service in the auditorium at night. Our day was begun by the ringing of the rising bell which sounded through the entire camp—unless we had been previously awakened by the light coming in under our tent flaps or the singing of the birds in the trees nearby. Those early mornings were wonderful. The run down the hill to the lake, the clear, pure air, the rush for breakfast, and the "Holy, Holy, Holy" we sang before the meal, filled us with the zest of life and prepared us for the day's work.

And it was work, though delightful. First, there were our Bible classes. Courses were offered covering every part of the Book, from prophets to epistles. Words fail me to tell of how wonderful these classes were and what they meant to all
of us. The chief attraction of the Conference, however, was the series of lectures on "The Essentials of the Christian Faith," given by Professor Longacre. This series was purely interdenominational in character and was designed for every girl alike. They proved very instructive and helpful. After the lecture came our various mission study classes, which were very interesting, since the leaders were such fine, capable men and women. The different technical councils, giving us practical hints on Association work, finished the morning.

The afternoon was devoted to recreation. Then there were boating, swimming, and walking, besides all kinds of games. One day all of the seven hundred and two girls were taken for a boat ride around the lake, stopping for an hour at Geneva City. The shore was lined with beautiful homes and country palaces which would have been worth a long trip to see. We all enjoyed it thoroughly. Another time, everybody went in relays to see the famous Yerkes observatory, which contains the largest refracting telescope in the world. First there was a steep hill to climb, and then we suddenly came out on the level of the great building. Photographs of the sun, moon, and stars were shown us, and then up the winding staircase we went to see the great telescope. One of the men there gave a short, explanatory talk, made the floor rise and the dome revolve, and succeeded generally in getting us into an awed frame of mind. The view of the whole lake, spread out before us as we stood on the platform at the base of the dome, was very fine.

On that same day, the Chinese girls gave a little party. The welcome speech was in their native tongue, Chinese songs were sung, a Chinese "stunt" was given, and even Chinese refreshments were served. There were other parties, too. One day all of the girls met at a reception on the spacious lawns near the lake, and at another time there were different denominational receptions. Then there was an afternoon given up to water sports, swimming and boat races, and fancy diving.

Perhaps the best time we had, however, was on what we called College Day. Then all of the girls in our central field came marching, dressed in white with varicolored sashes to represent the different states, singing our state songs. Each state sang her song during a pantomime representing it, and then all united in a round. The field secretaries had a funny, little pantomime, too. The four Japanese girls bowed and scraped in a description of a fashionable call in Japan, and the Chinese girls made a realistic Chinese school, in which everyone shouted as loudly as she could. The moving-picture man was kept busy that day.

In this way our afternoons were kept very full. The evenings were spent in a variety of ways. Once we had a beautiful vesper service out on the hill in the moonlight. Then we had various addresses, one by Rev. Ganfield of Wisconsin, another by Professor Henderson, and still another by the Conference executive.

Rally evening was the most exciting. Then we all lined up according to delegations, with banners and colors flying, and marched over the hill to the auditorium to the music of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The building was decorated with banners and flowers, and everyone was in the best of spirits. The program consisted of various reports from the different fields of Association work. One girl talked of the work done in the rural districts by the Eight Weeks Clubs, and of the good they were doing. A representative from India told of the schools in her country provided for by the Association. A Japanese girl and another from China made their appeals for help and inspiration and told of how much American college women had meant to them. One of the girls from Armenia described in halting English the awful isolation and despair she had felt when compelled to wait for seven long days at Ellis Island, when she first came to our country. She said she had thought the American people "the cruellest in the world," but added quaintly that she didn't aim any more. She gave what was perhaps the best idea of what our Association may mean to a girl, in describing her first experience and her feeling that "the Y. W. was back of her." The whole evening was full of intense interest, and we were all sorry when the meeting closed.

The final service was conducted by our conference executive, Miss Cutler. After her beautiful address the volunteer choir sang,

"Peace I leave with you,
My peace give I unto you."
and the conference was ended. No, not ended, for it still lives on in our hearts and, I hope, in our lives. We cannot lose the wonderful inspiration given us, and we would not, if we could. The one wish remains, that many more girls may go next year to get a glimpse of the divine vision, as we have glimpsed it there.

SARA A. WINTER, '16.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE LAKE GENEVA Y. M. C. A. CONFERENCE.

The impressions received at Lake Geneva are deep and lasting. They are not fitting and emotional, but strike deep into the heart. It cannot be otherwise. There, where nature has painted her most charming and appropriate scenes; there, where lake and wood, hill and valley alike lend enchantment; there, where nature and man have combined to satisfy the needs and desires of both the care-free and the burdened heart; there heaven seems to be nearest the earth; there man stands on a par with man, and Creator and creature wrestle and commune; there we find the Lake Geneva Camp.

We cannot but be impressed by the deep and genuine feeling of fellowship that pervades the camp. The grasp of the hand of fellows of other institutions is as welcome as is that of our own men. In work or in play; in dining hall, auditorium, or upon the athletic field, all meet upon a common basis. All petty prejudices and religious differences are blotted out by the one fundamental principle of unity in a common cause. Chinese, Indian, Japanese, American and Latin-American walk and talk together, sing and pray together, and unite in the spirit of a common need that must be satisfied to meet the demands of the world. We catch the idea of a greater world than our own narrow sphere of activity. We experience a fore-taste of a World Brotherhood. We catch a vision of the sublimeness of a truly noble life, by coming in personal contact with the greatest men of our religious world; men whose lives are an inspiration to the fellows, and a reinvigorating power to the words they speak.

Such are the forces that make the impressions of Lake Geneva truly lasting, a matter of the heart rather than of the mind; an effect better felt than put into so many words. Do you wonder why we recommend Lake Geneva to the fellows?

FRED DE JONG, '16.

The thing that impressed me most at the Geneva Conference was that religious spirit that prevailed throughout each day’s work. At no time previous had I been at a place where wrong doing would be so out of order or where our trivial misdemeanors seemed so great as at this conference. It was as if every fellow came into touch with the living Christ. Men who never before had felt their own spiritual needs, became concerned not only about their own but also about the needs of others. The Geneva conference is not merely a revival, but it is a place where each man must meet himself face to face and there decide what part he is to take in the great world-wide expansion of Christianity. The religion presented there is a practical religion for our every day life. I sincerely advise every student at Hope to attend one of these conferences during his college life.

DOUWE DE BOER.

It is not probable that any one of the tight hundred-fifty men who went to Lake Geneva will ever forget that trip. The Lake Geneva Conference leaves an impression which cannot be erased. One could not very well listen to such men as Bishop Henderson, Bishop McDowell, Robert E. Speer, Dad Elliott and be the same man that he was before he went.

The Lake Geneva Conference last June brought men into a closer living relationship with their Saviour than they had ever experienced before. Some who had never before acknowledged Him as their Saviour, among them several foreign students, accepted Him there. Others who had experienced that relationship, experienced it there as they never did before.

The keynote to the success of the Conference, as all of the delegates will agree, was prayer. The delegates saw the power of prayer illustrated in the lives of the leaders and speakers, and almost every delegate felt its influence in his own life.

The influence of the conference was, and is felt, in the life
of every delegate, but it is going farther than that. It is going to be felt in all the colleges represented there, and it is going to be felt throughout the whole world.

J. F. VELTMAN.

The Lake Geneva Conference is an evidence of progress in Christianity and civilization. Just as the slogan of the leading captains of industry is "Efficiency," so also is the watchword of Geneva "Efficiency." The sentiment of the Conference was admirably expressed by Mr. E. T. Colton when he said, "God does not wish to put a round man into a square hole." Many have thought that Geneva's sole object is to place men behind the pulpit, but such is not the case. The primal purpose of the Student Conference is to show men the wider mission of life and to teach the principle of unselfishness. We know that the question of self is transcended the moment a man allies himself to a great cause. Here lies Geneva's opportunity. Upon that campus one meets men who embody the true Christian principals and ideals, one hears speakers who have a real and vital message to deliver, and from all these leaders of a great cause there radiates a something which creates the atmosphere of Geneva. We feel and know that the Master is smiling on Lake Geneva and that her future success is assured.

GEORGE A. PELGRIM, '16.

Lake Geneva has broadened my view of religion. It has taught me that religion is universal. There no distinction was made between the Japanese, the Chinese, the Hindu, the Hawaiian, the negro, or the American. There no distinction was made between Methodist, Baptist, Reformed, or any other denomination. We all appeared as one united church, working unselfishly for one great Master. There no distinction was made between rich and poor, old and young, teacher and pupil. We were all gathered together to plan a united line of attack. We all seemed to be inspired with the belief that when one allies himself with a great cause, self must be transcended, and that we must have an unselfish outlook upon life. It was this universality of religion and the unselfishness of every one there that impressed me most strongly at Geneva.

HENRY DUKER, '15.

Experiencing only, is believing in Geneva. You go because others say it is good—really for self-satisfaction; and you come back having pleasantly disappointed yourself. Good music is a great inspiration, and Geneva's songs are music indeed. To hear from a distance that mighty company in the Auditorium sing "Faith of Our Fathers," makes a man hurry to get there. When he gets there he sings because he can't help it. Hear the quartet sing "The Riches of Grace in Christ Jesus," and you have thoughts for a day. Make an effort to hear it next year.

ANTHONY VAN WESTENBURG, '16.

Lake Geneva said to me, "Whatever your occupation in life is going to be, you cannot get along without your fellow-man, neither can he get along without you; so it's up to you to make the most of yourself in order to help him to be at his best."

"It takes an all-around man," to be of the most use to the greatest number of men. Do you want to be such a man? Then strive to develop all of your faculties. Spiritual, Physical and Intellectual. Avoid being one-sided. Do not cultivate your spiritual nature at the expense of your physical and intellectual, nor value the body and mind above the soul.

"Recreation, education and consecration—these are the trinity of noble manhood. If you succeed in keeping these in proper relation to each other, you will come nearer to the standard set up by the perfect man, Jesus Christ. Then, and then only, will you find your true niche in this old world of ours. Service after all, is a man's highest calling."

MARION GOSSELINK, '15.

It is perhaps as futile for us who have been at the Lake Geneva Conference, to try to awaken enthusiasm among you who have not been there, by telling of its wonders, as it is for those who have done Europe, to hold those who have never been east of Chicago enraptured, by recounting the splendors of the Old World. Both must be experienced to be of vital interest. But we hope to arouse enough interest among our students to make a large delegation this year. Last year there were nine Hopeites at the Y. M. C. A. Conference; this
year we hope for twice that number. Constant personal contact for ten days with men whose personalities are saturated with Christianity; addresses by men who realize as few do, the needs and opportunities for service; intimate acquaintance with men from many colleges and many lands; these are the things that give those who have been at Geneva, new enthusiasm, new ideals, new convictions, new purposes.

JOHN J. DE BOER, '15.
of study may be cleared up, resulting in the enjoyment of some subject which previously had seemed dull and difficult.

Then again there have been students at the school who seemed unable to find themselves and simply drifted along month after month and perhaps even year after year, having no definite aim toward which to work and apparently content with the mere passing mark in the subject. Such students have not only wasted their own time but have had a decidedly detrimental influence upon others. Why they should ever be content with the mere accidental occurrences of the day, when life with its great and grand opportunities is demanding the best preparation and closest application of the individual to whom have been afforded the advantages of the higher education, is indeed strange. Fellow student, whether you have enrolled in the college or in the preparatory department, lay everything under tribute, the hours spent in study, the time upon the athletic field, the privileges of the library and the society, and demand that these shall return to you such results as pay. The investment of time deserves just as real a reward as does the investment of money, every bit of which must produce results or be lost. So again to each and every one we bid a hearty welcome to Dear Old Hope, of whose name and record we are proud, and we trust that she may count on each and all to uphold this inheritance.

**OUR NEW FACULTY MEMBERS.**

Six changes have been made in the teaching force of Hope College since last June. We desire to give Anchor readers a word of information with regard to each of the six new teachers that have come to our school.

The new head of the modern language department is Mr. Edward Elias. Mr. Elias was born in Prussia and secured his early education there in the Hoch Schule and Real Gymnasium. After graduation from the latter institution he traveled in France and acquired a first hand knowledge of the French language, people and customs. He then came to the United States, and, after his graduation from the Kansas State Normal School, established the modern language department in that college and taught there for seven years. During these years he took a course in modern languages at the graduate school of Harvard University. He secured his master's degree from the graduate school of Chicago University. During the last eight years he has taught modern languages at Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana. In Professor Elias the students of Hope have a genial friend and a thorough, conscientious teacher.

Dr. G. Boone McCrery now heads the philosophy department of Hope. Dr. McCrery graduated from Muskingum College, Ohio, in 1895 and from the Allegheny Theological Seminary, Pittsburg, in 1898. He then had four years of strenuous but valuable experience upon the home mission fields in Kansas and Oklahoma, in localities that were then just emerging from barbarism. His graduate work has been in History and Greek at Chicago University and in Philosophy at the Grove City School of Philosophy. His doctor's degree was conferred by Grove City College in 1913. Dr. McCrery comes to us from Cooper College, Sterling, Kansas, where he was located since 1908.

We have already found Dr. McCrery to be an excellent teacher, an able counselor, and one who will be of great help to the religious organizations of the college.

Dr. Frederick Gordon Waide is in charge of our department of Education. Dr. Waide was born in London, Ontario, and after graduating in 1890 with honors in the Classical Course from Western University, London, he pursued graduate study at Harvard. He was Professor of Classics at King College, Tennessee, 1902-1904, Fellow in Pedagogy at New York University, 1905-1907, and Professor of History and Education at the Arizona State Normal, 1907-1914. The degrees of M. Pd. and Pd. D. were granted him by New York University in 1907 and 1911 respectively.

Mrs. Waide comes from a Southern family of Tyler, Texas. She is a graduate of the State University of Texas and holds a Master's degree from the School of Pedagogy, New York University.

Dr. Waide promises to give our Department of Education the standing it ought to have.
Miss Alta Lich is a graduate of the University of Michigan (1913). She is filling the position of instructor in English left vacant by Miss Moore. We have no doubt that her work will be done with thoroughness and skill.

Our faculty has been strengthened much in the person of John Tillema—of the class of 1914. His influence as a student among students has been praiseworthy and we are confident that the growth in this same direction will increase. Mr. Tillema was born at East Clinton, Ill. He received his preparatory and college training at Hope. The Anchor takes pleasure in referring to him as its former Editor-in-Chief.

Miss May Louise Brusse, daughter of Hope, 1907, is another addition to our faculty. Miss Brusse was born in Zeeland, received her preparatory training in Grand Haven and completed her course at Hope. She has taught for four years in the Northwestern Academy. Miss Brusse has already gained the confidence of many and we rejoice to have her with us.

Y. M. C. A. TOPICS.

The following is a list of the topics and leaders for the Tuesday evening meetings of the Young Men's Christian Association for the fall term:

September 22—Looking Unto Jesus

J. De Boer

September 29—A Good Beginning

President Vennema

October 6—Call of Christ (Consecration Meetings)

M. Stegenga

October 13—Joint Reception.

October 20—Missions

Rev. Van Kerssem

October 27—The Great Illusion

Professor Nykirk

November 3—Ideals versus Realities

T. Zwemer

November 10—Week of Prayer.

November 17—Personal Influence

G. Steininger

November 24—God's Gifts and Our Gratitude

T. Van Westenburg

December 1—Christianizing Religion

Rev. Van Zomersen

December 8—Missionary Meeting

C. Stoppels

December 15—True Loyalty (Consecration Meeting)

H. Maassen

Wednesday morning, September 16, was the great annual rally day, when all the Hopeites, full of enthusiasm and in high spirits, gathered in the chapel to cheer "Old Hope" and to welcome old friends. The large number of new students soon caught the spirit of good will and friendliness with which they were so heartily welcomed. Many friends and former students of Hope were there to listen to the address of the Hon. G. J. Dickema, and to the welcome given by Dr. Vennema.

The members of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations have been very busy, these first weeks, meeting the new students and helping them become familiar both with the school and school life. On the first Thursday afternoon of the new year, the Y. W. C. A. gave a reception to the new girls. The weather was exceptionally fine so that the lawn party was just the thing. Both College and Preparatory girls were well-represented and a happy afternoon was spent together.

Tuesday night, September 29, was the reception evening of the Y. M. C. A. The young men gave themselves up to a jolly good time and there's no doubt about the fun everyone had. Dr. Vennema gave a short talk on "Good Beginnings."

Parties and receptions are quite the thing, in the beginning of the school year, to draw all the new students into the college activities and to show them how truly welcome they are. Several societies have entertained for them.

On Friday evening after the pull, the Minerva girls gave an informal reception to all the new Preparatory girls in the dormitory hall. Everyone soon felt at home in the cheery surroundings and went in for a social good time. The Minervas gave an original play which proved to be quite the attraction of the evening. Dainty refreshments were served.

The Delphi Society gave a party to the new girls, Wed-
niday evening, September 23. The hall was decorated in a most unique way to carry out the effect of an arctic party. Soft lights falling on glittering snow and evergreen branches gave a splendid reproduction of a northern zone. In this way, the atmosphere without was kept fresh and cool, while within, a warm welcome made everyone feel happy.

The Philathea Society also entertained the new girls with an informal party in their society hall. An interesting program was given, after which the girls spent a delightful social hour together.

On the evening of September 28, the Sorosis Society entertained the new girls. Voorhees reception hall was a merry place that evening, for the jolly spirit of the girls was quite catching. The room was arranged in the coziest way. On either side of the fireplace, the seats were decked with pillows. The numerous bouquets of salvias added still more to the cheery atmosphere. Every girl went away with the memory of a happy evening.

Of all the evenings for a good time, the Friday night after the pull seemed the very best. Every college class indulged in a party. The Freshmen and Sophomores decided to remain in town that they might be near each other, while the Juniors and Seniors spent the evening on the beach at Macatawa. Ask the Sophomores if they like ice-cream! The hay-rack ride of the Juniors was quite a novelty. Everybody enjoyed himself thoroughly.

The college Y. M. C. A. desires to announce that Mr. Reginald Buchanan, who is the traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, will spend October 18th and 19th at our college. Mr. Buchanan is a graduate of McGill University and Huron Theological College and is preeminently well fitted for work among students. We may therefore congratulate ourselves upon our good fortune in being able to secure a visit from him. He will hold meetings with the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. and the Volunteer Band, as well as personal interviews with those interested in the field of missions.
later at Pella, Iowa, where he resided at the time of his death.

The Rev. Victor W. Blikkink, '09, has given up his work at Long Branch, N. J., to take up his new pastorate at Canajoharie, N. Y. Mrs. Blikkink was Miss Agnes Staplecamp of the class of 1909.

The Rev. Dirk Dykstra, '06, has returned with Mrs. Dykstra to the Arabian mission field, after spending some time in this city. While here, Mr. Dykstra studied at the Western Theological Seminary, finishing there last May.

Mrs. Frances Phelps Otte, '82, has returned to her home at Albany, N. Y., after spending the summer at East Northfield, Massachusetts.

Prof. Herbert G. Keppel, '89, has returned to Gainesville, Florida, where he occupies a chair at the State University. Mr. Keppel spent the summer at his home in Zeeland.

The Rev. John M. Van der Meulen, '91, of Louisville, Kentucky, spent several weeks of the past summer in Zeeland and Holland. During the month of August, Dr. Van der Meulen occupied his former pulpit at Hope Church.

The Rev. Gerrit J. Penninga, '05, of Arabia, was a recent visitor in this city. While here he addressed the students at Chapel exercises.

Mr. John W. Wichers, '10, of Zeeland, had planned to go to Berin for a period of study there, but has been compelled to change his plans on account of the outbreak of the European war.

Dr. Henry E. De Kreeke, '70, has left Central Park, where he spent the summer, and returned home with his family to Louisville, Kentucky.

Miss Mae L. Brusse, '07, has accepted a position in the Department of Modern Languages at Hope College.

Miss Gertrude Hooftje, '12, is teaching this year in Holland High School.

THE CLASS OF 1914.

In so far as we have been able to ascertain, the members of the class of 1914 are located in the following places this year:

Cornelia Booms, teaching in Hull High School, Hull, Ia. Kathryn Pelgrim, at her home in Holland.

THE ANCHOR

Dorothy Trompen, teaching at Cedar Grove Academy.

Nellie J. Vander Velde, taking a training course in Y. W. C. A. at Detroit.

Adriana Hammekool, teaching in Chicago Public Schools.

Ruth Vander Berg, teaching in Zeeland High.

Nina Lindeman, teaching in Coopersville High, Coopersville, Mich.

Hazel Clements, teaching in Bangor High, Bangor, Mich.

Helen Koelofs, at her home in Amsterdam, Netherlands.

Charlotte DePree, at her home in Zeeland.

Cornelia J. Oltmans, missionary to Japan.

Arthur Visser, University of Iowa.

Henry Bilkert, Princeton Seminary.

Herbert Van Vranken, New Brunswick Seminary.

Edwin Kroppe, teaching in Cedar Grove Academy, Wis.

John Flight, Hartford Seminary.

Henry Van Houte, teaching at Tall Timber, Montana.

Charles Peet, teaching at Marion, Ky.

Leppo Potgieter, teaching at German Valley, Ill.

Robert Kroodsma, Princeton Seminary.

John Van Strien, New Brunswick Seminary.

Raymond Lubbers, teaching at Orange City, Iowa.

Henry Ter Keurst, Illinois University.

Cyrus Droppers, University of Iowa.

Elmer Ter Maat, teaching in Cedar Grove Academy, Wis.

Nicholas Sichterman, Princeton Seminary.

H. Michael Veenscoten, Western Theological Seminary.

Harry Hoffs, Western Theological Seminary.

William Greenfield, University of Michigan.

Cornelius Muster, New Brunswick Seminary.

Clarence Lokker, University of Michigan.

Henry Jacobs, Western Theological Seminary.

Conrad Jongewater, assistant secretary at Battle Creek Y. M. C. A.

Clarence Holleman, Western Reserve University, Cleveland.

John Riemersma, University of Michigan.

Jacob Althuis, Western Theological Seminary.

John Muyksens, teaching at Orange City Academy, Iowa.

John Tillman, instructor at Hope College.
Inter-collegiate athletics did we want, fellows? Well, inter-collegiate athletics we have, with the exception of football. Some of us still have, "a soft spot in our hearts" for the great game and for us it is rather strange not to hear the 55—84—but what is the use—so it has been decreed and so it is. But our hopes for a banner year in athletic contests are not at all blotted out. The prospects for a winning basketball team are bright. With most of the old men back and a few high school stars in our line-up, we will surely have a team which will make a good showing with the other college teams. Baseball and track work will be given more attention than heretofore, so that in those branches of athletics we will also be well represented. Tennis is becoming a rather popular game and with Mr. Winter as manager we need not fear that the courts will not be taken care of. Mr. Winter was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Gebhard.

If athletic games are played only for the physical development the contestant receives, it is doubtful whether they are worth while. There is more to be obtained. To win with fair or foul means should not be uppermost in our minds, but to play the game fair and then win is a noble practice. We believe that Hope College has taken a step in advance. We need no longer play independent teams, but now it is our privilege to play more college teams. Men who think the same as we do, whose purpose in life is the same as ours, and who expect us to be gentlemen always, will now meet our teams. Let us show them, therefore, that Hope College students are true sportsmen—willing to fight to the end and if defeated to take defeat like men.

A BATTLE ROYAL.

"The Sophs must be beaten," said a Freshie, the first time he put his foot on Hope College soil. It is said the first man to be elected at the Freshman class meeting was the tug of war captain. Hardly could they wait for the event. Every afternoon, we could see them in groups of two or three marching off to some secluded spot to practice. It is said that in the out-skirts of the city hardly a tree is left standing, all having been pulled by the ambitious men.

At exactly 4 o'clock the battle was to commence, and it was only the fault of the pistol that it didn't. All pistols seemed to be bewitched on that day. After a minute or two, the tugging was again started and this time started for good, for it seemed as if the end would never come. The Freshies gained rope. The Sophs immediately drew it back. The Sophs shifted places. The Freshies cheered. But not so soon, you newcomer, for the second year men are still alive. For thirty-three minutes the see-sawing game continued, and then there was no more hope for the south-bank protectors. Like water rats they followed, one after the other. There is no harm done, Sophs, you had a bath; the Freshies didn't. If you can hear all defeats as you stood that one, you may boast a victory.

The tug-of-war was supervised by members of the Senior class. The Sophomore coach was J. Moore, while Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Drew held the reins for the Freshmen. All must be given credit for true sportsmanship, and the large crowd that witnessed the fight say it was the best tug-of-war in years.
Miss Briggs—"Prof. Elias, can you suggest a good reference book?"

Prof. Elias—"I recommend Johnson’s Encyclopedia. I think you will have no difficulty in remembering the name."

Question—Why shouldn’t the Freshies go near the park?
Answer—Because the squirrels might get them.

**A New Wrinkle.**

Henry was very proud of his kittens and brought them to show to the visitor. His mother heard them coming along the hall and, alarmed at the noise, called out, "Don’t hurt the kittens, Henry!" "No, mother," came the answer, "I’m carrying them by the stems."

Prof. Patterson—"This plant belongs to the Begonia family."

Te Linde—"Oh! are you taking care of it while they are away?"

**A Little Misundertsanding.**

The janitor of the primary school was a fierce looking man. Willie Purrell had spent his first day in school, and surprised his mother on coming home by being very silent and moody. The next morning he refused to go to school. When she tried to take him there he kicked and squirmed until she let him stay at home. At noon she told his father, "What’s the matter, dear?" she asked the father. "Won’t you go to school if mamma takes you?" "No, no, daddy, I’m afraid. Yet ‘day a big—big man came into school—with a ladder—and he looked around—and he said—we won’t hang them today—we’ll hang them tomorrow."

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**THE ANCHOR**

Rhea—"Aren’t some of the latest hats absurd?"

Lockhorst—"Yes, but when some people put them on, they do look so appropriate."

Dr. Vennema (in chapel)—"The Juniors may occupy the settees in the rear."

Aside from Johnson—"I like settees better than anything else."

Dr. Elias came to faculty meeting and reported the latest war news. He said, ‘I saw the sign: ‘See de Kaiser.’ (C. De Keyser)."

Stein. (the day after the ‘Pull’) —"I hear you lost yesterday?"

Hazel Fortune—"I should say not."

Stein.—"I mean your ice cream."

Hazel—"Oh! you."

**An Advertisement.**

"Wanted, a room for a gentleman twenty-eight feet long and twenty-two feet wide. (Dick Smallegan may apply)."

**Just a Mistake.**

An Irishman came over to this country to find his brother. He had the number, 2209 Broadway, and as he was walking down Broadway he saw a trolley-car go by. On it he read, 2209 Broadway. "Well, well," he cried, "there’s my brother’s house running away."

Max Reese (canvassing)—To a busy editor—"Sir, I should like to call your attention to a little work I have here."

Busy Editor—"Yes. Well let me call your attention to a whole lot of work I have here."

(I wonder if Max sold a book).

**Cause for Worry.**

A quaint old negro stepped up to the ticket window and hurriedly demanded a ticket for Pigfoot Junction. "Hope de train won’ be long comin’," he said anxiously. "My nephew’s v’y low. "About ten minutes, uncle," the clerk reassured him. The darky went to the platform and studied the Bulletin-board very seriously. Then he returned to the window. "Did you say my train would be long in ten minutes, sah?" he
asked anxiously. "Yes, uncle." "Jest axed you, sab, 'cause dat dere board says all trains on time 'cept one, and I was jest fergin' dat dat dere one would be mine." "All trains on time, some one has tampered with the Bulletin-board," exclaimed the clerk, and he rushed outside. He stared for a moment at the sign and then at the negro. Slowly his face relaxed into a broad grin. The Bulletin-board read: "All trains on time Sept. 1."

"Everybody out but the wash, and that's going out in the morning."

Stranger (at front door)—"I'd like to speak to Mr. Jones."
Maid—"He's out, sir."
Stranger—"Mrs. Jones will do then."
Maid—"She's out, too."
Stranger (after due consideration and matured deliberation)—"Well, I'll just sit down by the fire and wait until they return."
Maid—"I'm sorry, sir, but the fire's out, too!"
Miss Immink (in German class)—"Mr. Winter, answer this question in German: Wie ist Otto?"
Art—"Otto ist nicht hier, aber er ist sehr warm."
Miss Immink—"Yes, but that's hardly an answer to my question."
Art—"Well, you're supposed to use your imagination."

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