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THE ANCHOR

November 1913
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"Epera in Dee"

A THIRD PERSON MASQUINE SINGULAR DECLINED.

E was a college man of no mean ability, skillful in arms, used his parts of speech to good advantage, and proposed to secure unity.

It was late one midnight in June. A canoe with two figures in it, glided slowly down the Iowa river.

The trees on either side of the little stream showed black against the starlit sky, and through the leaves the moon sent long shafts of light across the rippling water. The distant roar of the dam sounded a low accompaniment to the chirp of the crickets, and from the moonlit shadows came the faint, quivering call of an owl. As the canoe glided with the current around a bend in the little river, the lights of the town sparkled and twinkled in the distance, and the moon for a moment, shone full on the boat.

In one end was the small, trim figure of a girl in a white shirtwaist and sailor hat. In sharp contrast to the man opposite, she sat firmly erect, her hands folded in her lap.

He was big and brown, his coat was off, his sleeves rolled up to his elbows; he wore no hat, and his thick brown hair was moist and ruffled. He was looking away to the dark shadows above the bend, his strong, clear-cut face silhouetted against the blackness.

At last he looked at the girl and smiled as he spoke. "It's a good thing you know me pretty well, Clarissa, you're used to my negligence. Your immaculate propriety is really appalling. I don't know how I dare risk your friendship with my Bohemian ways. But it is so warm."

As he tucked his handkerchief around his neck the girl looked up at him, smiled slowly, and said in a quiet little voice quite in harmony with her clothes, "You are somewhat careless, are you not, Clifford? Put then, it is your way. I am not like other girls. I don't like to be careless. I don't mind it so much in a man, but I do not like to
She could not see the man's face, for he had paddled the canoe into the shadow along the bank; but he was sitting quite still, his hands gripping the paddle which was across the boat in front of him.

She went on; "It's my fault, I should have seen that you were caring—and stopped it. I'm so sorry. I like you so much, Clifford—but I really couldn't love you. I couldn't. I couldn't marry you, Clifford," she said imploringly.

The man coughed and choked a little.

"Does it hurt as bad as that?" she asked, locking her fingers together in her lap and leaning forward. "I'm so sorry. It really seems to me it would be almost easier to accept a man than to refuse him, even if you didn't love him," she said, half to herself.

"No," said Clifford sharply, and in a strained voice.

"How good you are to feel as I do about," she said after a minute. "Almost any other man would be so selfish as to want a girl anyway. It's very sweet of you," tearfully, "I wish I did love you."

The man put the paddle in the water and the canoe glided toward the boathouse, the lights coming nearer and nearer, the roar of the lower dam sounding louder.

The girl looked at the man's face as the moonlight struck it. He was staring over her head, his eyes on the shore, and his lower lip held tightly between his teeth.

They reached the boathouse; the man put on his coat and cap; helped the girl out of the boat; paid the boatman, and then the two started toward the town. They walked in silence for some time; the man's brow was knit, and his lip still between his teeth. After sometime the girl put her hand on his arm and looking up at him, said softly.

"I hope you won't let this spoil your life, Clifford, and I hope you won't think that I have led you on. I can't stand it to feel that I have spoiled any man's life." After a pause, "you really will get over it. I'm sure. That sounds hard. I know, but you'll try to get over it, won't you?" imploringly.

She could not see his face now, and she did not give him time to answer, but went on, "I never would have thought that you cared in this way. I might have seen it, I suppose, but I didn't. I've always been so careful to stop things like this in time; I should have seen."

The man choked.
She stopped and they walked the rest of the way in silence, only the man's slow, repressed breathing breaking the stillness.

When they reached her home, they stood on the porch for a moment. Clarissa held out her hand. The man took it carefully, turning his head from the light on the corner.

The girl pressed his big hand in both of hers.

"Don't let it break your heart, I beg of you, Clifford. I wish I could love you, but I don't. I'm so sorry. Good night."

"Good night," said Clifford, his voice strained.

The door closed on her. The man stood for a moment, his hands in his pockets. Then turning, he strode down the street muttering, "Well, I'll be hanged,—and she thinks I'll get over it,—she thinks I'll get over it—and I—I—never—had it!"

Two days later, Bob Mulford, Clifford's roommate, dashed up the stairs three steps at a time, into his room, and slammed the door with a bang.

"A little box and a blue letter for you, Clifford. Here they are. What you got in that box?"

He tossed them across to the young fellow lounging in the Morris chair near the widow, sat down on the bed, tearing open a couple of envelopes, and then, after glancing at the slips of paper in them, dropped them on the floor. "Nothing but duns,—all the 'blue letters' I seem likely to receive," he growled, watching Clifford as he carefully opened his letter.

"Well, you needn't try not to look happy, old man," he said kindly, "I happen to know who it's from, having roomed with you most a year, and I'll make allowances for your youth, if you do forget yourself and bubble over—!—"

"The Dickens!" interrupted Clifford, jumping up and looking wildly around. "Great Heavens! Bob," he said, jamming the letter into his pocket, and hurtling himself into the clothes press. "Oh, I say, Bob, help me, can't you, you idiot? For goodness sake, tell me how much time I've got before that 5:30 train to Roscoe."

He emerged with one slipper and one shoe, and dragging his coat by one arm.

"Hi, there! What are you doing with my slippers?" asked Bob.

"Are you crazy, man?"

Clifford fired the slipper at Bob, who dodged.

"Can't you help a fellow, now?"

"Brush that coat there, and get me a collar. Hurry! I've got fifteen minutes—to catch that train."

Bob began to work, a mystified look on his face.

"Must be something pretty bad," he said, "Never went to Kitty this way before. Too bad her mother's sick so she can't come up to the commencement, isn't it? Coming back tonight?" he asked coolly.

"You're star actor in the class play, remember, and tomorrow's the last rehearsal."

"Oh, hang it! I suppose I'll have to. Here give me that blue tie."

"You didn't tell me what you got in your box," Bob continued calmly.

"Don't know. Look and see if it will keep you still," tugging at his tie.

Bob cut the string, opened the box and started back.

"Gee, who likes you so well as all that, I wonder! Sending you diamonds. Gee, Whiz!"

Clifford looked, grew perfectly white, and sat down on the bed.

"The Dickens! man! What's up?" exclaimed Bob, anxiously.

"Here give it to me!" and thrusting the ring into his vest pocket, Clifford picked up a Turkish fez which happened to be on the couch and rushed down stairs.

"Cliff—you fool! You aren't going to wear that hat, are you? Here take this, and remember that it goes on your head and not on your feet," yelled Bob from the top of the stairs. Clifford ran down the streets, reaching the little station just in time to swing on to the last car of the moving train.

The two hours to Roscoe were endless. Clifford walked from smoker to parlor car and back—tried each empty seat in every car—read a Chicago paper upside down—and fingered something in his vest pocket. More than once he stepped on the platform and read over the blue tinted note—much to the amusement of a group of girls who could see him from where they sat.

At Beverly, where the train stopped for supper, Clifford paced back and forth on the platform.

"What is the matter with the young man?" asked a kindly faced old lady eating her lunch from a paper bag, as she leaned over to offer
the young woman in the seat in front of her a "home-made doughnut."
"I'm sure I don't know," answered the girl, smiling as she accepted the doughnut. "I've been wondering myself. He seems to be worried about something."

"Maybe he's sick. He looks so white," said the old woman.
"More likely he's in love," replied the girl, lightly.

The train started and Clifford got on and sat down in a corner and pulled his hat over his eyes.

"Poor boy," said the old lady under her breath.

Just before the train steamed into Roscoe, Clifford got up, buttoned his coat and went to the platform. As the train reached the station he jumped off, stopped a moment to look at his watch, muttering "7:35.—Guess I'll go right up."

He stopped before a low vine covered house, and looked at his watch again. He wiped his face, then stepped on the porch and rang the bell.

"Miss Kendall," he said to the maid, "I wish to see her.

He took a card and wrote under his name—"I must see you for a few minutes," and gave it the maid who showed him into the library.

Clifford sat down in a large arm chair by a vine covered window end waited.

There was one chance in fifty that she'd see him. He'd be hanged if he would, if he were she—and there was one chance in fifty that she'd understand after he'd explained—if she did see him—

The door opened and a tall, slender girl walked slowly into the room. She was dressed in a loose white gown with a little sweep, which made her look even more stately. She was beautiful. She held her head in the air; her dark eyes were even more dark for the heavy shadows under them and her brown hair was piled high on her head; her face was pale.

The man rose quickly, stepped toward her, and said gently, "You are very good to see me, Katherine. I don't know whether I can explain to you so you can understand me. You are good—awfully good to see me! It's more than I had hoped for."

She did not speak at first, then in a low, measured voice, she said, looking him squarely in the eyes, "I don't see how you dare to come near me!"

She took a long-stemmed carnation from a vase on the table and twirled it in her slender fingers.

The man pressed his hand hard over his eyes and said, "Katherine, you have loved me and trusted me, haven't you?"

"I have been so foolish," she answered icily.

"Well, for the sake of the love and trust you have had in me—even though it was foolish—you will allow me to explain, or try to—will you?"

He talked slowly. The girl looked at him, contempt in every line of her face and figure.

"To explain?" she said scathingly. "To explain?—Ol it isn't necessary at all,—believe me. The letter I received yesterday from Clarissa Wilnot explains everything very nicely. It was nice of Clarissa to write me about it, not knowing that I was interested, or that I ever knew you,—she was perfectly innocent; but, as I say, it was nice of her."

She broke the stem of the carnation and rolled the two stalks together between her fingers, speaking quietly, still looking the man squarely in the eyes.

"And nice for me to hear it all that way, too, since it spared me the agony of any doubt in the matter, having it come straight from headquarters, you know."

"Clarissa is a dear little girl. She used to live here, you know; I've known her always. You are indeed to be congratulated on your taste. She wrote me all about how you felt about it; how you couldn't speak for fear of breaking down, and how badly she felt for you. It was so nice of you to think of the river for the back-ground—and a moonlight night—almost exactly one year from another river and another moonlight night. The delicacy of it was beautiful, I thought."

She put her hand on the edge of the table and he noticed how it trembled. He twisted a button from his coat, and it fell to the hardwood floor with a vicious little click that made him jump.

Trailing the carnation across her lips, she said:

"My only comfort is that I have not announced our engagement to a soul. The ring I have worn around my neck, since it came last week—waiting till the year was up to announce it. So, I still have my self-respect left—as far as that is concerned. It doesn't matter, really,—but I have my pride."
She held her head proudly and her eyes flashed.

"I have a few letters and things which I shall return to you very soon." She swayed slightly, her hand clutched the table. "And you will understand that I do not—" She faltered and Clifford stepped to her side, took her gently in his arms and placed her in a big chair. Then going to the table in the corner of the room, he poured out some water and held it to her lips. She drank and leaned her head back, her eyes closed. Clifford sat down on a low stool near her and watched the faint color come back to her face, his own face drawn and haggard. Then he took both her hands in his, and said softly but firmly:

"Katherine, I'm going to talk to you now, and you are going to listen. We are not going to be unhappy because of a misunderstanding." She made an effort to draw her hands away and rise, but he held her there. "No, sit still, dear. You must listen—it's only fair. It is a question of whether you are going to believe most in Clarissa Wilmot or in me—and you have always believed in me up to now—so I am going to assume that you are going to do so again. Now, I can see how Clarissa Wilmot is perfectly sincere in what she says when she writes that I proposed to her, but I am also just as sincere when I tell you that I did not propose to her. I did not propose to Clarissa Wilmot, Katherine, nor had I any intention of such a thing."

Katherine looked into the man's honest eyes—and shut her own.

'Then she said languidly:

"But she wrote me the very next day after it happened—the very next day—and Clarissa never makes jokes. She's not that kind—anyway, she didn't know that I knew you, unless you told her." She sighed.

"No, I never told her," said the man. "But I am going to tell you all about it."

"But you said there was nothing to it." Katherine sat up very straight; her eyes snapped. "I wish you'd go away,—I hate you," she said, two big tears forcing themselves to her eyes in spite of her efforts to keep them back.

Clifford took her hands again and said, very firmly, "No,—I'm not going away and you do not hate me, and you are not going to, either. You shall listen to me for a few moments, and then, if you do not believe me, I'll go away and let you alone."

"You know, I've been around with lots of university girls this year, more or less;—I've told you all about it,—and I've been with Clarissa a good deal because I've known her a good while and we get along fairly well."

"Well, Clarissa is a good little thing and has been nice to me, in her way, and has helped me fill up lots of hours, when I wanted you and you weren't there,—so I have felt her a very good friend."

"Well, since this is so, and since I have known her a good while, and since my mind was so full of you that night that I couldn't help it, and since we were to announce our engagement next week, anyway, I thought I'd tell her about it, thinking, of course that she would be glad with me and for me. I don't know how I went about it, I am sure,—we were on the river—as she wrote you,—but the first thing I knew she was telling me to stop,—that she didn't care for me, and she was so sorry, and a lot of things like that. I was dumbfounded, of course, when I found that she thought I was asking her to love me. Gee! It was a deuce of a position to be in. I couldn't tell the girl after she'd refused me, and so forth, that I hadn't asked her,—very well,—and I rather objected to being a broken-hearted, dejected lover, when all I wanted was congratulations;—but what could I do? I wouldn't hurt Clarissa for anything. She was perfectly sincere in it all,—felt so sorry for me,—hoped I wouldn't feel badly,—wished she could love me! She meant it all right, only she was a little, little thing and has been... so I didn't say anything, but let her talk. I suppose it would have been more manly, perhaps, under the circumstances, to have told her exactly what I meant,—but she jumped right in from the start and took it all so far,—granted, and I knew she didn't gossip much, so I thought I wouldn't hurt her. She never would have gotten over it, you know."

He raised her hand to his lips and pressed it there. She was looking at him, a bright spot in either cheek. He went on. "It would have been more fair to you, of course, to have told her, but I thought you'd understand, when I told you, and see it as I did."

It was growing dark in the library; the faint light of the moon shone through the vines over the window.

"What did you say when she refused you? Poor little Clarissa?" she said softly.

"Say?" said the man, "I didn't say anything. I kept my face in the shadow. She said, I—""

The girl broke into a hysterical laugh.

"Oh,—I think it is the funniest thing I ever heard," she said.
"The very funniest. You,— and Clarissa,— the moonlight, and the refusal! It's too funny." She laughed till she cried.

He sighed a little and said when she stopped to wipe her eyes:

"I swore by all the gods I'd never tell a soul but you and I never shall. I never thought of Clarissa telling. It was a deuce of a scrape; but I did feel sorry for the girl. Do you understand, dear?"

Katherine's laugh rippled, again and again.

"O, you poor, dear boy. It certainly is the worst scrape anyone ever got into. It was hard for me,— but—," she stopped a moment— "but it would kill Clarissa to know. You are a much bigger man than I ever thought you were, Clifford."

The moon went under a cloud and the room became dark again.

Half an hour later they stood on the porch.

"I've got to take that eleven o'clock train, Kitty," he said. Tomorrow's the last class play practice and I must be there. O, I wish you would come up for the week."

"Yes, I'd like to, but mother can't be left, and besides there's Clarissa, and it would hardly do."

Clifford stepped down a couple of steps. Katherine stood in her white gown, above him. He took something from his vest pocket and put it on her finger.

"You'll wear it, dear? Please. We won't announce it, really, till fall,— on Clarissa's account, as you say. Dear little woman, to think of that," he said tenderly. "But you wear the ring, dear?"

He looked up at her and stepped back up the two steps. They stood silently for a few moments, watching the moon through the clouds. Then Katherine's head slowly leaned on Clifford's broad shoulder; and she sighed happily, and said:

"Yes, I'll wear it if you want me to." Then, with a happy laugh, "O, Cliff,— but suppose she had accepted you?"

—Henrietta Marie Bolks, '18.

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**My Friend**

A stanch old friend keeps watch with me,
I'm never alone, for he stands near.

Each moment, when I look, I see
His stately form, so grand, so dear.

I call him friend, because my gloom,
My mirth, my spleen, my sudden zeal,
Are all alike to him; there's room
In his great heart for all I feel.

I have no fear that he will fail,
I cling confidingly to him;
His friendship true is toughest mail
Against molesting cares, and grim.

My friend is an old willow-tree
That stands a sentinel,— in the vale;
That willow-tree keeps watch with me.
O willow-tree! Stanch friend, all hail!

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**THE ADVANTAGES OF LIFE INSURANCE.**

HE greatest discovery made since man began to hunt for truth is man's discovery of himself. The greatest organized institution, helping to expand and extend that discovery and to establish it as a practical fact, is life insurance. It was not the only thing that made man discover himself, but through the practical application of the law of life insurance, man understood himself, and his own supreme importance. Before the discovery of the law of mortality and its application by life insurance, a man's power to support his family was limited by the length of his life. If he died while still young, fate received the blame for his failure to support his family. Now, the responsibility has been brought back to the man's door, since life insurance has become the moral law giver.
While the head of the family lives all the members share with him the privileges which life insurance gives to the family as a whole; if he dies it prevents the pitiful condition the family would be forced to endure. It prevents a sudden change from wealth to poverty, and if the family had been living in narrow straits, the development would proceed in an orderly manner without any violent change in their environment. A man is rated by what he is worth, physically and economically, and at his death it passes this value on to his family.

Economists declare that members of the social group are to be treated according to their needs, and not their capacities. This is what life insurance does. It provides for the education and culture of the children, when deprived of a father’s support. The state maintains an educational structure, in order that the children may receive such training as will be necessary for them in the social group. The opportunity of an education is taken from the child when he is compelled to leave school in order to aid in the support of the family.

Life insurance has also a meaning to society at large. It enables men to pay their just debts and implants in them the idea of progress, the desire to work for larger plans. By scientific distribution it adds to material wealth, and by its response to social needs, to social wealth; it aids the normal development of society since it enables the family to develop along normal lines. In every society there are dependents who must be provided for, and life insurance tends to decrease this number to a large extent, by increasing and maintaining the efficiency of the better class. It increases the number of those who, having provided for the necessities of life, are able to give time and strength to the enrichment of life, by culture and the arts and the development of better structures in the social organism.

What does it mean when a man at the age of twenty insures his life? It means that he has initiated a new process by which he will be able to pay his debts, and the probability that he or any member of his family will never be dependent on society for support. Every man owes a great debt to society, since he has been nurtured and educated by the social processes of that generation. It requires time to pay that debt, and time is one thing he is not sure of. He may die tomorrow. The man who dies young cannot pay his just debts by ordinary methods, and the only remedy for this is life insurance which is a process that assures a man that he will live forty years longer. He can provide for the payment of his debts, by the sum which he already earned and other sums which he may earn in each year as long as he lives.

It also means to him an increasing sense of self-respect and of freedom. He has provided for the payment of his debt from his own resources, and he now is assured that he can carry out his plans, even though death may intervene. This danger to his life plans have now been measured and provided for, and he may now plan and work with the assurance that he has forty years still before him. He has capitalized his youth, his health, his education, and his skill in a form that enables him to pay his debt but not in a form that enables him to spend it or lose it. Since he has provided for the future of his family, he can with more liberty use the capital which he has accumulated.

Let it be said, that life insurance does not directly create material values, and is only a method of distribution; but the sociological answer is that distribution is necessary in order that other social processes may go on. It not only increases wealth by distributing it, but transforms material wealth into social wealth. It transforms money into comfort, self-respect, education and character. It seeks the betterment of society, that is, the society of the future. It makes appeal to the profoundest instincts of manhood, and those who answer the appeal are better prepared for their work as social units. Life insurance draws men together as moral and social forces, whose highest interest lie in the future and in their children.

Some one says, let a man place a certain amount of money in a bank, and in thirty years it will equal the value of the life insurance. This sounds well in theory, but how does it work in practice, it disregards the one element, which makes life insurance necessary. The chief consideration, the uncertainty of human life, has been left out. Take for example two thousand men, all married, each owning a house and lot with a little mortgage on them, so that the necessity of prudence may be seen, and allow them a comfortable income, so they can save yearly a hundred dollars without more than ordinary economy. Let us divide them into two classes, one thousand of them depositing their savings in the bank, while the other class, recognizing the opportunities of life insurance, take out a five thousand dollar policy, which can be had in most companies for about a hundred dollars a year; granting four per cent compound interest on the savings bank deposits, and take no account of the life insurance dividends on accumulations.
A year passes away and we have sixteen widows, eight with one hundred and four dollars in cash, not enough for the last sickness and funeral expenses, and eight others with five thousand dollars each. Let five years roll by and we have forty widows, whose husbands have saved from one hundred and four dollars to five hundred and sixty-three dollars and thirty cents; and we also have forty other widows, who are able to keep their homes with their five thousand dollars. Another five years roll by and we have eighty-one in each class, one lot has five thousand dollars, the others from one hundred and four dollars to one thousand, two hundred and forty-eight. We will not look into the family history and ask how many homes have been sold under a foreclosure, how many children struggling for a living, or how many prematurely old women we have.

We could go on until the bank class will receive as much as the insured class. There will then be two hundred and thirty-eight in each class, or four hundred and seventy-six in all. About one quarter of the whole number who started in the race have passed away. What would be the opinion of those who had deposited the money in the bank, now when it is too late? The question would naturally arise, "How could they rectify their mistake?" How shall they answer for their homes broken up, the children uneducated and forced to toil at a tender age, the dwarfed and stunted lives that cannot be lived over again? The only answer to this and the one thing that surmounts all these difficulties is life insurance.

No reasonable argument can be given why a man should not carry life insurance, as insurance companies now write out policies suited to every condition of life. The contracts that are given out by the old substantial companies can invariably be relied upon.

A man should not die without insurance on his life, as he had no right to be living without any, especially the man in moderate circumstances or men on salary, as this is a safe protection for their family; and many a man who was able to carry insurance for his wife and children, has left a perfectly helpless woman to look after his business, and permitted her to be thrown upon the world almost penniless. Few women are educated for a business life and competent to settle an estate, and when deprived of a husband to manage affairs, the shrinkage is so great, that a life insurance is a perfect boon to such a woman. If a man is heavily involved in business and a borrower at the banks, he is rarely pushed for settlement, if the bank knows he carries a good life insurance which is due him.

In summing up, we will mention a few things that life insurance does, as quoted by Darwin P. Kingsley:

1st. "It answers the question whether or not a man will live long enough to provide for his family. To the extent that money can represent a man’s productive power it doesn’t matter when the properly insured man dies.

2nd. "It cultivates aggressively the principles of self-respect and individual responsibility, which are the very essence of our civilization.

3rd. "It prevents the social defaults which premature death otherwise brings—defaults which are quite as disastrous to society and frequently as dishonorable as those which occur in banking and general business.

4th "It meets, as nothing else does, or can, the demands for capital of a society rapidly developing and offering the faith and earning power of unborn generations as security for money which must be spent now.

5th "It is a banker for millions of people—a banker who cannot be ruined through panic, but who allows every depositor to draw on him at any time to the extent of his cash credit.

6th "It joins business to a constructive sociology; it puts the man of small means into touch with a statesmanlike plan; it enters the realms of imagination and takes us at least to the threshold of a new social order."

In closing we will say, that the power of life insurance, both morally and physically, is unlike the power of any other institution ever erected by mortal hands. No progressive condition can menace it; no advance in humanity can bring about its destruction. In the coming century there will be fighting on many fields; there will be a vast sacrifice of human life, an untold waste of human effort. Organizations will be crushed and destroyed, because new forces and new and better men demand a better state and better governments; but without destroying any good thing now existing, without halting or impeding the advancement of any new truth, without waste, life insurance will go on. It is a strong city and a sword of fire. It holds in a vast citadel of conservatism the ambitions and the hopes that run through the notes of every
wedding march, that cluster about every cradle. It has, securely locked in its treasure house, the commercial faith of men, of cities, of states, and of nations. By its discoveries and by its laws life insurance changes man from the creature to the master, from means to an end. It banishes the constant and demonizing fear of death and makes men free.

"As if this flesh which walls our life
About were brass impregnable"

Riemersma, '14

AMERICA FOR THE JEWS: THE JEWS FOR CHRIST
AND THE WORLD

AMERICA—to us this name signifies political and religious liberty, equality of opportunity, and the fraternity of the races; but to the immigrant Jews it means very heaven, the Promised Land, the New Jerusalem! Little wonder, then, that the United States harbour more Jews than any other country in the world, excepting Russia. Since 1881, owing to the anti-Semitic sentiment and disorders in Russia, by far the greatest part of our Hebrew population has emigrated from that country. Between 1880 and 1910, more than a million Jews have come from Russia alone. While the population of the United States as a whole has not even doubled during those thirty years, the Jewish population has multiplied, nine fold. In 1880 the Jews in the United States numbered 250,000, now they number two million or more. Half of these dwell in the city of New York; 200,000 in Pennsylvania; 200,000 in Illinois; 90,000 in Massachusetts; 85,000 in Ohio; 70,000 in New Jersey; 52,000 in Missouri and 50,000 in Louisiana.

A Russian Jew, by settling even in the most congested districts of our largest cities, leaps in one bound from fifteenth to twentieth century surroundings. In Russia he meets only with isolation, ostracism, and persecution; even those who spurn their mother religion and adopt Christianity, do not thereby succeed in releasing themselves from the stigma of their Jewish descent. Here we honor and admire a Jew who dares openly to confess his belief in the Messiahship of Christ. Here all avenues of progress are open to the Jew. Here he meets with toleration and opportunity, and may dwell wherever he pleases. We cannot estimate or appreciate how much the Russian Jew appreciates his home in America.

What is America doing with the thousands of Jews who flock invariably to her large cities? Assimilating them, to be sure. From the ranks of orthodox Judaism rises a cry of dismay at the rapidity with which the Jews and things Jewish melt away in the American crucible. Were it not for the re-enforcements from Europe the Jewish religion would soon cease to exist. But while we succeed admirably in Americanizing the Hebrews, we fail to Christianize them properly. The Christian church stands powerless to reach the "lost sheep of the house of Israel", because it feels the worm of indifference and materialism gnawing at its own vitals. Judaism and Christianity in America seem to drift toward the same fate—decay and consequent weakness. Of all the activities of the Christian church, missions to the Jews have suffered most. Nevertheless, wherever Jewish missions have been given a fair trial, they have abundantly justified all the sacrifices of the church.

Jewish evangelization is of comparatively recent date. Although begun a century ago, it has barely passed beyond the experimental stage in America. The oldest two extant Jewish Missionary societies are those of the Lutherans, the first organized in 1878, the second in 1883. Three other societies were organized in the eighties, eight in the nineties, and twenty-seven since 1900.

These forty societies labor in seventeen different cities; nine in New York, with its Hebrew population of 1,265,000; six in Philadelphia, with its 135,000 Jewish residents; five in Chicago, whose 200,000 Jews dwell; and two each in Atlanta, Boston, Memphis, Los Angeles, Pittsburg and Washington. Other Jewish centers occupied are Cleveland, Patterson, St. Louis and New Orleans. Thirteen of the societies are denominational, while the boards of the rest are composed of members from various denominations. The New York Jewish Evangelization society, for instance, is represented by seven different denominations in its board of directors. The denominations working independently are the Lutheran, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, and the Episcopal. Sixteen of the societies publish magazines in the interests of their individual work and the Jewish mission causes in general. The most important of these periodicals are the "Jewish Era" of the Chicago Hebrew Mission, the "Jewish Evangelist" of the Brooklyn Christian Mission to the Jews, the "Glory of Israel" of the

The direct, visible results of a century of effort seem discouraging. Out of a Jewish population of two million only ten thousand Jewish members are found today in evangelical churches. The laborers themselves admit the discouraging failures of their work. A few hundred conversions are reported every year, but even as regards the genuineness of these conversions very conflicting opinions are current. Dr. Fishberg in his recent book on the Jews, says in a footnote, "I am aware that the missionary societies publish reports showing that in England and America many Jewish souls are annually saved by baptism. But most of the Jews who are baptized in these countries at present belong to the poorer classes, who are actually bribed to declare themselves Christians, and thus justify the endowments of the missionary societies by pious Christians. I have known Jews who have been baptized many times in several cities in England and the United States, and received payment on every occasion. One assured me that a missionary in New York, an apostate of Jewish origin, knew all about the trick, and did not mind it as long as he could show that he gained a soul for the church." That this slanderous remark contains a particle of truth is evident from the statement of the Rev. John Legum, missionary of the Pittsburg Lutheran mission. In a letter to me he says, "So many so-called missionaries are a stumbling block in the way of Jews becoming Christians. They are not trained; they are not properly looked after. Some of them know well enough how to collect money and tell lies about their successes, but cannot impress a Jew with the truth of the Gospel, and this causes contempt among Jews and Christians."

But the indirect, invisible results produced by Jewish Missions no one can estimate. Very many Jews are secret believers who conceal their convictions from their kinsman to prevent their ostracism from all their Hebrew associations. On the other hand, many of the converted Jews become zealous workers for their Master. Not a few enter the gospel ministry. The Rev. Louis Meyer, associate editor of the Missionary Review of the World, is a Hebrew Christian. Many Jews drift into the church, not so much through direct missionary effort, but through kindly human association with Christians. Inter-marriage between Jews and Christians results invariably in favor of the latter. The

children from such a union grow amid a Christian surrounding, and in their turn more readily marry with Christians than with Jews. Moreover whatever blessings the Jews enjoy in America are a direct result of Christianity. Thus it appears that the Christian religion has exerted a profound influence upon Judaism.

In view of the formidable obstacles that stand in the way of successful mission work among the Jews, we need not be surprised at the scant progress hitherto made. The Christian church itself is responsible for many of the hindrances and difficulties. Ignorance regarding the work and its importance causes indifference, apathy, selfishness, and neglect. Moreover, the unchristian spirit of the churches, as exemplified by the persecutions of the past, has seriously hampered the efforts of the missionaries. Conversely, the Jews often fail to see that the Christianity which persecuted and ostracized is not the Christianity that it seeking to evangelize them. Prejudice blocks the entrance to their hearts. This often manifests itself in open opposition and interference, as is illustrated by the following news from New York. The Jewish Evangelization Society had a hall on Broome street, with a fine show window filled with tracts and scriptures in various languages. Twice these were stolen. The plate glass was smashed and replaced so often that insurance could no longer be had. Over $200 was spent on this front. It became necessary to board the place up, and it has remained in this condition, a disgrace to New York and our American institutions.

A final difficulty lies in the work itself. A lack of adequate support from the churches has meant a general lack of consecrated workers and of suitable buildings for the various activities. Sometimes the workers are poorly fitted. Rev. John Legum thus criticizes the work of the other missions in Pittsburg. "The chief workers, ignorant of Hebrew, could not make any impression upon those to whom he claimed to be sent by a voice coming from heaven. Half of the time he did not have any Hebrew help, but sometimes he used to employ all kinds of persons to do something, and some of them did all kinds of things. When I struck the city, I found that Jewish Christianity had been discredited. Most truth-loving Jews believed Christianity had no message—at least none to the Jews." The inter-denominational character of the mission societies is also a weakness. Missions to the Jews should be conducted like missions in foreign lands. They ought to be denominational, and the missionaries regularly ordained. This would
prevent the scattering and shifting of responsibility. Then, too, the sense of individual ownership would stimulate interest and increase the support.

The methods employed in Hebrew evangelization are as various as the number of Jews to be won. Rev. J. R. Lewek, of the Chicago Gospel Mission to the Jews, says, "There is no stereotyped way of dealing with the Jew. Every case is a new case. I do not believe that in my sixteen years experience as a missionary, I have dealt the same way with two people." Since nearly all Jews live in the large cities, Jewish mission work resembles that of any city rescue mission. In this respect, gospel meetings, prayer meetings, street preaching, personal invitation, and heart to heart talks, are effective means to reach the Jews.

Still more, however, do Jewish missions resemble missions to Moslems, in that both Jews and Mohammedans worship the same God, and both have a perverted notion of Jesus Christ. In this respect, the methods used to reach the Hebrews are the distribution of tracts, a wide and free circulation of the New Testament, Bible shops, sewing classes for girls, clubs for boys, house to house visitation, and preaching in the synagogue wherever permitted. The importance of the New Testament in the Jewish vernacular for Hebrew mission work cannot be overemphasized. Nearly every conversation among the Jews results from the reading of the New Testament. Another excellent method is exemplified by St. Paul, that of proclaiming Christ in the synagogues. In this way the Soldiers of the Cross invade the very heart of the enemies' territory. It requires great courage and a thorough knowledge of the Jewish mind and heart. Nor should we forget the house to house visitation. Dr. A. Lichtenstein, Jewish missionary of St. Louis and the South spoke recently in the churches in New Orleans, and declared that he would "go out from store to store and from house to house to teach the Jews of Jesus." The Jewish authorities commented thus on the proposal, "We hope the Jews in our community will give him the reception he deserves by slamming the door in his face, and if he continues to molest them, send him to jail." After visiting the Jews for nearly three weeks, the Jewish article was shown to him. He replied, "The Lord has his way. I visited homes and stores. I have distributed New Testaments and religious books, but a very few have rejected me and some were glad to have me stay and talk to them. . . . By the grace of God, a mission will soon be opened that the 50,000 Jews of New Orleans may learn of Jesus.''

Orthodox Judaism cannot survive, much less flourish, in Christian America. Jesus Christ, so long blasphemed as an impositor, now receives words of warm appreciation from Jewish leaders. Synagogue worship among the Reform Jews now resembles our church services much more than the orthodox worship. The week-day instruction in the synagogues is despised by the young Hebrew when he compares it with our public schools and libraries. Circumcision is hardly at all practiced here. The dietary laws and the Saturday observance of the Sabbath becomes a practical impossibility.

While Christ's command, "To the Jew first," is the supreme motive for evangelizing the Jews, another urgent motive is that of obtaining missionaries for the foreign field. The church often asks in despair, "Where shall we obtain workers?" The answer is: "convert and train the Hebrew." Physical virility, mental capacity, and spiritual zeal are characteristic of the Jewish people, and are exactly the qualifications needed in a foreign missionary. No one could more successfully tackle the perplexing Moslem problem than a trained Hebrew Christian missionary. America's opportunity now lies at her own door. nowhere else can we find Jews of more sterling qualities than the Americans elsewhere can we find Jews of more stirring qualities than the American Hebrew. The movement now on foot among the Jews to settle in Palestine would mean a great loss to our nation, and a still greater to the church. If the Jews need the religion of Jesus Christ, their segregation in Palestine would make missions to them doubly difficult. Rather would we see the Jewish people become one with Americans and the Hebrew religion become one with Christianity. Let America be to God's chosen people their Zion, and Jesus their long-awaited and long-waiting Messiah. Then shall America and the Jews become to the World a blessing hitherto undreamed of. "For if the casting away of them is the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead?"
"THE SECRET OF NIGHT"

HE sun was just dropping below the horizon in all its fiery splendor, as a canoe glided slowly around a bend in the river, and was guided idly toward the sandy beach. As it grated on the sand, a stalwart young man jumped gracefully out, and turned to assist his companion, a girl, whose beauty and grace shone in the very hue of her blue sailor suit, and in the clear cut cameo face under her felt hat.

It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon in late summer, when all Nature had put forth her best, all in tune and harmony with the hearts and faces of the two young people.

"Let us keep it our secret for awhile, Bob," she said as he picked up the paddles and they started on the path toward home. "All right, dear," he answered, laughingly. "But I am afraid that my love for you cannot be hid. The boys are sure to see it before we tell them."

Thus talking and laughing together, they soon reached her home, when after kissing her good night, Bob left and strode whistling homeward.

Just two years before this, Alice Rockwood, had come out West to regain her health from a nervous breakdown, and had found employment in the office of Barney & Davis, where young Robert Dawson was employed as superintendent of the firm which was building up the great West. Friendship between the two whose work brought them much together, was soon formed, and had gradually ripened into love, culminating on this day, when they had pledged their love.

When Bob reached his home, he was in a joyful mood, and his cup of happiness seemed to overflow; for had not the finest girl in the land promised her love for him? He picked up a book of Heine's poems and fell to reading them after having filled and lighted his pipe. But even Heine's love lyrics could not express Bob's great emotions and feelings, for surely Heine could never have known a girl as sweet and noble as Alice.

He took up her picture and while studying it, the glow of love shone from his eyes as only it can from a lover's eyes. Bob was soon to be transferred to a higher position, the salary of which would enable him to make the loveliest of God's creatures his own wife. "My wife,"--the words fell softly and reverently from his lips as he sat in blissful reverie. He tried to picture her, a perfect chatelaine, graceful and gracious as a tall, white, splendid lily, in his own home and his heart throbbed with loving passions. There was seen no cloud to darken his happiness, but Fate often raises us in highest ecstacies before plunging us into bitterest grief.

The next few days at the office, Bob was not so much occupied with his work that he could not stop occasionally and turn in his chair to look at Alice, as she sat with her back toward him, busy at her work. Whenever he gently called the name which was always nearest his heart, --"Alice"--she turned blushingly and love would meet love in their eyes. Once they were interrupted by the arrival of the express agent, who was bringing in a large sum of money to be used in paying the men on the railroad. He warned them to be careful of the money, for he said that certain desperate bandits who had held up a neighboring town were supposed to be headed in this direction. "Watch out, Bob," he said, as he turned to leave, "they will take big chances to get that $15,000 or $20,000." Bob paid little heed to what the agent said, for the money would be in his possession for only a night or so, and besides the bandits would hardly chance entering a town where they were expected. He only remarked laughingly to Alice, "that would make a tidy sum for us to start a home of our own, wouldn't it dear?" But Alice worried about the agent's story, and in her woman's mind, she felt that Bob might be in danger. Bob put the money in the big safe, of which only Alice and he knew the combination, and forgot the story: but not so with Alice.

That night, living only a stone's throw from the office, Alice saw the light burning there and knew that Bob was still at work. She fell asleep, thinking of him, but her mind was uneasy.

The town clock struck one and the whole town lay in the silence of sleep. The night was warm and still. There was no one to see Alice arise from her bed as if in a trance, put on her slippers, take the office key and slip quietly and softly from the house. She moved like a phantom of the night, not stopping until she had reached the office and entered it. Then stepping to the safe, she slowly turned the combination until the door opened. Taking the money in her hand after closing and locking the safe, she left the office and hurried to an old oak tree which she and Bob had used for their trysting place. She hid the money in its hollow and again returned to her room—still fast asleep. Only the trees of Nature were witness and their silence was forever commanded.
Early the next morning, Bob walked into the office, with the pay-master, who was to receive the money. Joking about the threatened bandits, Bob turned the combination of the safe, little aware of the real loss. Swinging the door open, he reached for the package, then searched frantically, but all in vain. He turned a blanched face toward the paymaster. "My God, Harry," he said hoarsely, "the money's gone—gone." "Impossible," returned the other coolly. "You alone knew the combination." "Yes," answered Bob "only I and—" but he stopped, and said no more.

When Alice reached the office she was in her usual gay and happy spirits, but she stopped suddenly, as she entered and saw the sheriff there with one hand on Bob. She looked inquiringly at him and was soon told the story of the loss. She was frightened and altho she knew her lover was innocent, she saw that the evidence was against him. And did he not tell her yesterday, that it would make a fine sum to start a home with. Could it be possible that Bob, the man she loved was a thief? and for her sake? No, no! the idea itself was wicked. Bob was too honorable—but where was the money? That was the same question that Bob was asking himself for in his heart he knew that he was innocent. Only one other knew the combination. Could Alice have—no, not could one of God's own angels have stooped to have done it? He looked at her face, but only saw love and pity for him there—no flush of guilt could ever stain itself upon that beautiful face. And as the sheriff led him away, he only whispered softly, "Alice—oh, Alice!"

The result was that nothing definite could be proved against Bob and he was released. Released from the law—yet—but his place in the firm was lost to him, as was also his high place of respect among his fellow citizens. He would have to leave the town and start life anew, in a place where there were no home ties and where he would be a stranger. Only one tie held him for a while, the only thing which made life bearable for him. If he should lose that also—lose the love of the one woman in the world—God alone would know what would become of him. She had fallen sick with nervous prostration immediately after the shock of the loss, and he was waiting until she should recover sufficiently so that he might learn his fate from her own lips.

Scarcely two weeks had passed since that happy Sunday which he could never forget, and now he sat by the old tree, his and her trysting place. He was very downhearted. How near he was to the truth of the problem—and yet how far; for the great trees could not tell its secret as he looked up at it, and it only rustled its leaves. Bob did not respond to the beauty of Nature as she spoke quietly and soothingly to him, for his heart was sore and troubled. He drew the picture of Alice from his pocket, and as he looked at it, his face softened and a tear glittered in his eye—"Forgive me, dear, for any little suspicion I may have had of you. Speak to me, and that you still trust me. God knows I am innocent of any wrong, but you must tell me also, or my heart will break." But the sweet face only smiled up at him. Throwing himself on Nature's bosom, Bob wept.

Meanwhile, Alice lay sick. She felt her lover's trouble and her heart went out to him, and she longed to feel his strong arms about her, to comfort him. In her delirious moments she would cry out to him in broken, pathetic cries, "Bob—oh my Bob—I must go to him and help him!—Bob—I am coming and will bring the money—here it is—Bob—Bob."

But if she made any attempt to leave her bed the nurse would detain her and try to soothe her troubled mind.

Soon, however, she was well on the road to recovery, and one day Bob was allowed to come to see her. As he entered her room, he read in her face that she alone believed in him, and he was happy. Their mutual love was sincere and deep, but the suspicion which hung over Bob, must be cleared before the cloud shadowing their happiness could be lifted. "It will come out all right, dearest," said Bob, "God will not allow us to suffer so unjustly. Your love is worth more to me than you can realize. Without it, I could not have stood the test."

After darkness had again fallen upon the earth, Alice again arose and as before left the house, however this time she was not alone with Nature, for the nurse had seen and followed her, but suspecting something she decided not to awaken her, but only to follow and watch. Alice ran swiftly through the night to the old oak tree, took the package from it and returned it as before to the safe in the office. Back to her room she went but the nurse did not awaken and tell her the secret, fearing the results on her nervous condition.

The next day Bob and the heads of the firm were informed of the secret of the lost money. They were all overjoyed at finding so simple a solution to the loss. The girl's nervous state of mind, together with the agent's story readily accounted for her actions. Bob's position of respect was again won and forever held, and the firm gave him his
promotion, and also a fine sum of money as a wedding present.

Alice did not learn till later how the money was found. Once more they were floating on the bosom of the river in their canoe. It was late fall and the falling leaves were scattered on the water about the tiny craft as it was paddled along. Bob then told her the story and she was an interested listener. "And to think, Bob," she said, as a tear glistened in her blue eye, "that I was the cause of all your trouble."

So he quickly paddled toward the shore and said, "We will rest here a while, Alice.

The day was beautiful, though chilly, but their hearts were warm and again in exquisite tune with the harmony and quiet of Nature. When he sat down beside her, the sun golden vested was just setting, painting the deep softness of the twilight with a radiance as pure as prayer.

"Alice, my sweetheart," he said, as they stood in each others embrace.

A late songster thrilled its melody, and it came to them like the evening itself, set to wordless music. But in their hearts was the song that is fadeless, immortal.
In much the same way there exists a larger and a nearer environment among the alumni of Hope College, and both exert a strong influence. Among those of the larger environment may be included the missionaries and ministers, whose earnest efforts and attested activities we all respect and revere. Among the alumni in the nearer environment we may number those engaged in the work of teaching. This paper does not mean to imply that the labors of the former are of more or less importance than of the latter; nor can it discuss their differences, but it does imply emphatically that there is a certain and useful element among the alumni; growing in numbers and efficiency, who hitherto have rarely received recognition, but have been regarded as incidental. These are heretical in the sense that they are not controlled by a narrow dogmatism, but have opened their minds’ eyes to the broader and fuller rational life. They may be unseemly in the same sense that all are unseemly who do not agree. But this newer element needs no apology. Its work and status shows its importance and the need it supplies. This newer, growing element includes in its number teachers in the universities, colleges, and public schools of every grade. Such an element is bound to make its influence felt, and may rightly be referred to as the nearer environment for the educational department of the college.

For the purpose of organizing this newer element and to extend the usefulness of this nearer environment, plans were materialized for forming a teachers’ club, at the meeting of the Michigan State Teachers’ Association at Grand Rapids. At the banquet held a very enjoyable time was had; all entered into the spirit of the occasion; speeches were made; an organization was perfected.

This year, at the meeting of the teachers at Ann Arbor, a banquet was given at the Forest Lawn Tea Room, at which about 20 teachers were present. After a splendid supper, Egbert Winter, as president of the organization, and acting as toastmaster of the occasion, introduced the following speakers: Prof. J. B. Nykirk, Dr. E. Pieters, Prof. Wm. Prašken, Dr. John G. Winter, Supt. John C. Hoejke and Prof. L. Eidson. All responded with remarks and reminiscences appropriate to the occasion. All voiced the sentiment which appeared in verse in a recent number of the Anchor:

“Awhile may memory
Steal our thoughts,
To meditate on olden days
And unforgotten joys.”

The Anchor

The various toasts, while mingled with humor as only such occasions can create, also contained more serious sentiments. To all the work at college stood out clearly in memory as real work, persistent effort, and conscientious application. They learned to work at college and are not now resting on their merits but are still on the “grind.” Hopes were expressed for a more complete organization, so that this may extend into influence accordingly. The same officers were re-elected.

It is the intention of the officers to hold at least one meeting during the coming winter. At that meeting a constitution will be adopted, plans discussed, and the organization placed on a complete foundation of interest and activity. The aim of the organization will be to bring all the teaching alumni of the college together for their mutual benefit, to strengthen the educational department of the college thus its influence, and to try to locate the graduates. Hope teachers have a reputation throughout the state, as students and workers. Organization can maintain that reputation, increase the field of activity, and work to the good of the college as a whole. By such an organization a newer and nearer environment may be created which shall react its influence upon the student body, stimulating them to continuous, conscientious, hard work.

—E. W., ’01

On the evening of November 20, Mme. Scotney’s company furnished a musical program, has which perhaps, never been excelled in the history of our Lecture Course. The four members, who composed the company, Mme. Scotney, soprano, Howard White, basso, Karl Barleben, violinst and Frank Waller, accompanist, were all artists of the first-class. Mme. Scotney’s voice impressed one as decidedly unusual. Its wide range, clearness, strength and emotional qualities, together with the personality of the singer, held the audience spell-bound.

Mr. Barlebene’s rendition of the “Gipsy Melodies” and especially the “Faust Fantaisie,” by Sarasate, showed he was master of the violin. Mr. White’s voice was not at its best, because of a cold, but notwithstanding this his numbers were applauded, the listeners being especially pleased with “Mother of Mine,” and “Invictus.” Due praise is often withheld from the accompanist, but Mr. Waller’s work was so fine, his touch and motion so sure and delicate, that we cannot help mention his work. The company was very liberal in responding to the enthusiastic applause. It was an evening which the lovers of good music will not soon forget.

—C. B.
**HOPE VICTORY**

Another laurel was added to the crown of old Hope when Henry C. Jacobs took first place in the Eastern Inter-State Oratorical contest at Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Jacobs was not only representing Hope college but was also Michigan’s representative against eight other states. The other states were Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Virginia, Indiana, and Illinois. The representatives from New York, C. A. Moore of Syracuse University, Ohio, B. J. Bruner of Hillsdale College; and Florida, H. S. Jones of Stetson University were snowbound and failed to arrive in time. The contest was delayed more than an hour to await them. So it was in the face of the opposition of the picked men from five other states, that Jacobs was awarded first place.

The contest was an excellent one and very close. The other contestants were chosen in the same way Mr. Jacobs was, first winning out in their respective colleges and then capturing first place in the intercollegiate contests in their own states. Mr. Jacobs did at Albion last spring. Several times during the delivery of the oration at Columbus, Mr. Jacobs was interrupted by the applause of the audience. The contest was held in Convention Hall, a building seating five thousand and which was taxed to its utmost capacity by the delegations of the National Anti-Saloon League convention which was being held there last week.

Second place in this contest was post graduate of Evanston University and now working for his Ph. D. in the Garrett Biblical Institute of Evanston, Ill. The hundred dollar prize in this contest is divided between the two first places, giving them $75 and $25 respectively. Mr. Jacobs by winning this contest becomes the representative of the Eastern Inter-Collegiate Prohibition association in the National Oratorical contest which will be held at Washington, D. C., in the latter part of June next. In this contest will be six speakers representing the various sections of the Inter-Collegiate Prohibition league all over this country. The prize in the National Contest is $500.

Mr. Jacobs is a native of Alton, Iowa, and a member of the Senior class at Hope College. This is the first year that Hope has been represented in Prohibition contests and has completely won everything in sight. The cry now is “On to Washington.” There was a big demonstration on the part of the students in the morning at Hope College when the news of the victory was announced but the students say this was no sample of the reception which will be accorded the victor when he returns to the city the latter part of the week. The student body is considering plans for a day off in which fittingly to celebrate the honor which has come to her.

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**SOCIETY**

On Friday evening, September 26, the Minerva society entertained the Preparatory girls at Voorhees Hall. After a pleasing program was given, the girls spent an enjoyable evening together.

The Philomath society invited the “D” class girls to an afternoon entertainment on Tuesday, of the same week. They entertained their friends with an interesting program and served refreshments afterwards.

The Hope College School of Music, assisted by Miss Moore, gave a Faculty Recital, at Winants Chapel, on Monday evening, October 3. An exceptionally large audience met to hear an exceptionally good program.

The annual Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. joint reception was held Thursday evening, October 16, at Carnegie Gymnasium. In spite of the rainy evening, a great many were out. A good literary and musical program was given, after which all scattered to find in what families they belonged. Simple refreshments were served in the group-and-help-yourself style.

The Delphi Sorority entertained the Freshman girls on Wednesday evening, October 1, with a Backward party. The idea was religiously carried out in both refreshments and program. It was rather bewildering at first, but caused a good deal of fun and amusement. The girls all testified to the fact that ice cream is ice cream whether served as first or last course, and that the President’s welcoming address, was just as welcome at the end as at the beginning of the program.

The Deutsche Gesellschaft was organized Wednesday evening, October 15, when Professor Delano invited all those interested in Ger-
man to meet with him on that evening. There were about thirty present. The following were elected officers:

President .................. Mr. Schoon
Vice President ....... Ruth Vanden Berg
Secretary-Treasurer ...... Johanna Aelts
Librarian .................. Sara Poppen

On Friday, September 26th, a crowd of interested spectators gathered on the banks of Black river to watch the outcome of the Sophomore-Freshman Tug-o'-War. Either side pulled with such zeal that the very rope broke in despair, and after several similar attempts, it was decided to postpone the Tug until the following Friday. Both the Sophomores and Freshmen indulged in class parties to atone for their disappointment. On the next occasion, their efforts were crowned with greater success. Both sides responded nobly to the honor of their classes, until finally the Sophomores accepted the urgent invitation of the Freshman, and carried over their end of the rope, amidst a din of applause. The Freshmen celebrated their victory by a jolly, get-better-acquainted party. The Sophomores, with their ardor scarcely dampened by their chilly plunge, spent a merry evening together.

Fred Van Dyke, '11, is studying this year at Louisville, Kentucky.

Rev. James Verburg, '10, has accepted a call to the Second Reformed church at Grand Haven.

Dr. A. Bonthuis, Prnp. '03, has been forced to return from China for furlough, on account of ill-health.

Rev. S. F. Kiepma, '00, has accepted a call to the Presbyterian church at Olathe, Kansas, and will leave Grand Rapids in a few weeks.

During the summer, Arnold Mulder, '07, published a novel entitled "The Dominie of Harlem." The book has been meeting with much success.

Dr. G. J. Kollen, '68, president-emeritus, has returned from his trip abroad. He conducted Chapel recently and gave the students an interesting account of his trip.

Dr. A. Oltmans, '83, of Tokio, Japan, expects to leave for America about the first of November. He will arrive in Holland during the latter part of the month.

Rev. A. Walvoord, '04, who has been studying at the University of Chicago during the past year, visited college recently and addressed the students at Chapel exercises. He also gave a very interesting talk before the Volunteer Band. M. Walvoord leaves for Japan in January.

Capt. Van Strien handed in his resignation under a storm of protest but John would have his way and his reasons were valid, so the board accepted them. George Veenker was elected his successor and is proving himself worthy of the high calling. George surely knows the game.

Basket-Ball

Spitz-boob or some other kind of 'boob.' The popular game of the season is making its entry. Manager Van Houte is already arranging a schedule for the students' league. We expect a great team this year, even in face of the loss of such men as Brink, Hekhuis, Ver Hoek and Mart. More about this later.
"When you're up—you're up
And when you're down—you're down.
But when you're only half way up
You're neither up nor down."

This beautiful bit of verse expresses very nicely the present status of our football record. Won two games; lost two games.

Saturday, Oct. 4th.
The Catholic Central High school of Grand Rapids, met the collegians on October 4. 'True' and 'Tep' characterized the entire game and the end of the fourth quarter favored Hope 81-0. The little visitors put up a game fight, and, at times, picked out the weak spots in our team. Coach Van Patten, although pleased with the final result, gave his men a talk which could not be rightly called flattery.

Saturday, Oct. 11.
The "horse-doctors" from Grand Rapids, paid us a visit this Saturday. A car-load of veterinary surgeons or rather "soon-to-be's," escorted their team to the college campus. The step and voice of these four score men assured a hot, old fight. (I say 'step' because there was so much of it—not a man on their eleven weighed under 180 pounds.) Lack of team-work on the part of the "Vets" and hard fighting on the Hopeites' side, made the final score read 27-0 in the local team's favor. Captain Veenker was easily our star, making gain after gain. "Letty" Core, the Grand Rapids idol, would make a splendid player if he just wouldn't "kick" so much.

Saturday, October 18.
Kazoo, Kazoo, how do you do!!!
Well, they did us. And that game we so much wanted to win. Think of it! Beating old Hope four times in succession! Will some one please tell us why they beat us? They haven't a better team. Here is a faint clue. Our boys were just a bit scared when they saw the Kazoo eleven run through their signal practice. Can it be that we are beat before they come?—?

The first half tallied 25 points in the strangers' favor and after that—the dark. They couldn't score in the second half on a bet. During halves the coach pleaded with the men to just hold 'em and hold.

Saturday, October 25.
"Sweep them off clean" was the slogan which greeted the Normal aggregation. This team beats the Kazoo college team every night before supper—at least—their manager said so. How are you on slope? Kazoo Normal beat Albion 25-0; Kazoo College lost to Albion 23-3; Kazoo College beat us 25-0. Kazoo Normal could only score two touchdowns against us. Can you figure that out? Hint: Hope has some team. Once again our boys awoke to find that the Normal had piled up 14 points and when they learned this they grit their teeth and, as usual, the Normals or any other school can do nothing with them. The second half demonstrated Hope's superiority and had the penalties been fewer and the...the...Hey! what are you doing for the team? Do you come out to the games? You know, football is not a paying proposition, and we need you to "lean a shoulder." By the time you read this Anchor, Hope will have played Ferris Institute. Let not your conscience bother you when you read this.

Professors Going Into Athletics...

When Blomendale stretched the wire from Van Raalte hall to the trees along the path, he little knew that he was furnishing an avenue for the professors to show their athletic abilities. Such, however, is the case. Thus far Patty holds the hurdle record. If any of the other professors have tried to out Prof. Patterson from first place in the hurdles, we have not heard of it, nor have we, to our sorrow, seen them try. The first day that the wire was up, Patty jumped on his wheel and started cross-lots for home. For the amusement of the onlookers,—students and well-known graduates—he gave an exhibition of his prowess at hurdling. Getting a flying start, he hit the wire close to the tree, cleared the handle bars and both strands of the wire, and landed on all fours, a winner over his nearest competitor, the wheel, which failed to clear the wire. With a professor as coach in football, another on the cinder track, and one in hurdling, Hope ought to go some in Athletics.
Dr. Delano (in German class)—"Next Wednesday we shall spend an evening with Corthe."
Eager voice from the back seat—"Gerty who?"

Brook—"The moving picture show costs ten cents."
Harriet B.—"No sir, all nickel shows cost five cents."

Flight—"Ouch, I hit my crazy-bone."
Hollem—"That must be your humerus."

Good voice from a faculty-member—"Don't let your college studies interfere with your education."

Martha O. (translating in German)—"She grasped his arm with her weeping eyes."

Otto's new version of the song—"When It's Moonlight now in Dixie-land," is "When Its Moonlight now in Zeeland."

Excuse me, Van Vranken, but are you enjoying the social hour at the dormitory these days?"

Hollem (in German class)—"Does that word mean parrot, professor?"
Prof. Delano—"Well, yes, some of them are. It means girl."

Marion H. said she had to laugh at a dance last summer when she saw a man kiss a girl right on the floor. How could he do it?

"If you think you know, say it; it's better to be a fool discovered than a wise man neglected."

Student—"Professor, what's the French word for horse?"
Professor—"We don't use horses in French."

The new wire trap, which was spun around the trees northwest of Van Raalte Hall, caught its first victim last week, when Prof. Patterson became entangled in its intricate meshes. He managed to escape by turning a complete somersault over the handle-bars of his bicycle. The by-standers pronounced this a wonderful feat.

Wanted—By Herbert Van Vranken, seat Nos. 8 or 10 at table G at the Dormitory.

Say, Veenker, do you realize that if you'd pay attention to all the cases the girls have on you these days, you'd have a full schedule the rest of your college course?

"I'm not much of a mathematician," said the cigarette, "but I can add to a man's nervous troubles, I can subtract from his physical energy, I can multiply his aches and pains, I can divide his mental powers, I can take interest from his work and can discount his chances for success."—Ex.
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