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The Anchor

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VOLUME XXVI  DECEMBER 1913  NUMBER 3

JUSTICE

The day's work at the great national prison at Fort Leavenworth was finished, and the long lines of convicts herded to their cells, were winding down the corridors. Convict 8376 came to his cell and, removing his hands from the shoulders of the man in front of him, entered. All was silent in the mausoleum of the living, save for the shuffling of the prisoners' feet as they shunted down the dimly lighted hall in their degrading lock-step.

The day had been like all the other days of the last fifteen years,—a day of hard toil in the prison sweat-shop, with no cheer to brighten it, no hope to shorten it, and few happy memories to bless it. It was merely a unit, one of the thousands composing the twenty-five years of his sentence. Fifteen years had already passed, but before his release all his intellect, shriveled by the burial of the man, a living soul with a living body, would have been blotted out, leaving a man, created in the image of God, a brute.

The man turned toward his table and thrust forward his hand in glad surprise. A letter had come for him. True, parts had been cut out by the prison censor but enough remained to enable him to understand what his brother Bob meant. One sentence burned itself into his soul. It read, "I am working for uncle now." The man straightened with a groan. Bob, working for his Uncle Henry! Bob, the innocent boy—for so he remembered him—about to be caught in the meshes of vice and crime and then in the toils of the law!

Memories of his boyhood flashed upon him,—memories of days when his brother had almost defied him, memories of his young manhood when Bob had come to him with all his despairs and all his hopes. And now this boy whom he loved as his life, was associated with his uncle, a notorious criminal.
It had been this relative that had taught the convict in all the arts of counterfeiting and had made him his partner, forcing him to perform all the dangerous tasks. When the older man was at last caught, his true character was revealed. By turning state's witness he bought his own miserable freedom with the price of his nephew's life. Immediately after the trial he had again taken up his criminal trade.

Suddenly a thought flashed upon the criminal's consciousness, the thought resulted in a plan, and the plan in action. Remembering his influence over his brother, he determined to escape and go to Chicago and to plead with the young man that he give up the life he was leading. The knowledge of the consequences of his reception did not deter him in his resolve.

With all the skill of a veteran criminal, sharpened by the knowledge of the pressing need, he set to work. A file to cut the bars of his cell, a chair leg to knock down the guard,—and he was free. A swift ride on a stolen horse to an ex-convicts home put him out of immediate danger of recapture. An old suit of clothes and a battered felt hat transformed him into an ordinary tramp.

Now remained the task of reaching Chicago. Walking when he had to, riding the bumpers when he could, Martin Doyle—for that was the name he had left behind when the gray walls of the prison had closed about him fifteen years before—made his way from city to city, from state to state. Constant vigilance was the price of freedom. Each moment he expected to feel a heavy hand on his shoulder and to hear a gruff voice in his ear, "You are my prisoner." When at last the maelstrom of Chicago's underworld closed about him, he felt safe for the time being.

Down near the river in one of the worst quarters of the city, Henry Doyle and his nephew, Robert Doyle, had just finished their work for the day and put away the incriminating apparatus, when a knock was heard on the door.

Placing his hand on the butt of his revolver, the older man called, "Come in," and Martin Doyle entered. Bob looked at the man seriously, wondering where he had seen the man before. But his uncle knew the man. Paling a trifle, he said, "What do you want?"

"Is this Bob?" asked the elder brother in a low tone.
"Yes."
"I want to speak to him."
"No, you don't," came back the grim answer, and the counterfeiter reached for his gun. But the other had him covered.
"Drop that gun," he said in the same low tone,—the automatic dropped with a clang.
"Now leave the room."

Martin Doyle turned toward his brother with a stern look on his face, for he well knew that only by leaving at once could he escape the officers whom his uncle was sure to inform of his presence. However, he had come all the way to Chicago, not to gain freedom for himself, but to save his brother.
"Bob, do you know me?"
"No, and yet,—" was the puzzled reply.
"I am your brother."
"Why did you come back?" cried the young man falling back in his astonishment.
"To see you."

Then Martin Doyle began to plead with his brother to leave his uncle and lead an honest life. At first Bob was obdurate, but Martin plead as he had never plead before, well realizing that those were his last five minutes of freedom. Bob was beginning to weaken when the officers came.

His brother arose and, turning toward them said, "Yes, I'm your man."

Then as the handcuffs were being snapped on his wrists, he turned toward his brother.
"Bob, do you realize that because I escaped and came here, they will lengthen my term so that I cannot possibly survive it? Will you let me do this for nothing?"

A lump rose in Bob's throat, preventing his speaking, but a grip of his hand on the prisoner's shoulder was assurance that the plea had been successful.

After the men had left, Bob sat with his face covered by his hands. Great sobs were shaking his frame. Suddenly he arose, dashed the tears from his eyes, and, with never a look for his uncle leering at him from the corner, left the room.
A scoundrel was yet free.
A youth was saved from crime.
A hero was led back to a lonely cell.

O. K. E., '15.

HENRY FABRE

"There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls like stars that dwell apart."

EPUTATION and renown often seem to go hand in hand with solitude and seclusion. Though this statement may seem paradoxical it is nevertheless true and may be borne out by the lives of many of our great men. Men who are truly great and have received world-wide renown seem to shrink from the world's gaze and long for a secluded space far away from the limelight. We number among these, such men as Washington and Lincoln, Tolstoi, the eminent Russian author; and in the world of philosophy such men as Bergson, Kant and Eucken. Many others too numerous to mention may be recalled as having been men dwelling apart, but in consequence of their greatness being pulled forward into the world's eager gaze. At the first opportunity offered they become hermit souls again. In Henry Fabre we find this prevalent modesty marking his greatness.

This distinguished naturalist now dwells near the little village of Serignan, on the Mediterranean coast of France. Henry Fabre, who recently passed his ninety-second year, lives in a small six-room cottage on the outskirts of the village. The dwelling is surrounded by worthless, sunbaked, wind swept wastes, yet to Fabre it is a veritable paradise, yielding to him from within its barren tracts, insects of all sorts which are the objects of his study.

When a mere lad he was thrown upon his own resources by the death of his parents and compelled to make his own living. Through persistent study, unaided, he passed the examination for the teaching of mathematics, upon which line of work he had decided to enter. His first position was with Ajaccio College. Here he won the regard and affection of his associates through his ability and conscientious labors. At this place he was encouraged anew to delve into nature's storehouse through the friendship of one of the professors, a noted botanist. Inspired by his friend, Fabre spent his spare time in the study of plants and animals. In the year 1865 his genius came to the attention of France and he was given the decoration of honor for original work. In addition, the position of preceptor to the Prince Imperial was tendered him. But this opportunity for a career rich in honors and material rewards was pushed aside because his passion for original research could not have been followed out had he accepted it. At twenty he was married. He was now compelled to look upon the study of nature as a vague dream of the future and to work harder at teaching. At one time he planned and perfected by experiments in his laboratory the manufacture of a fine dye from the madder root which grew in abundance in the neighborhood. Success was almost within his grasp. Freedom from further thought of the family pocket-book and household expenditures seemed near. So near in fact seemed the culmination of his labors that a factory was even in process of construction when fate ruled otherwise. The advent of aniline dyes into the commercial world sounded the death knell of the vegetable dye since the former could be made so much cheaper. So with characteristic patience the man toiled on and again placed in the far future the dreams of his youth.

Not until he reached the age of sixty years was it possible for him to materialize his dreams and work more freely at his hobby, the study of insects. It is wrong, however, to call it work, as the word is commonly used. To Fabre it meant enjoyment and pleasure to delve into the secrets of his insect friends. He bought four acres of land on the outskirts of the village Serignan, there building his little six-room cottage and laying out a picturesque garden. "Thus at the age of three score years his dream materialized. He writes of his hobby, "The wish is realized. It is a little late, I my pretty insects! Is the time remaining enough, O my busy hymenoptera, to enable me to add yet a few seemly pages to your history or will my failing strength cheat my good intentions?" His good intentions have not been cheated for within the past three decades much has been added to the study of entomology.
by his investigations of the lives and habits of the insects. In botanical investigations he is also an authority. The whole of the French flora is represented in his magnificent herbariums, the result of sixty years work.

"Current Opinion" speaks of him as the greatest of all the world's entomologists. Through his research into the habits of a great number of minute animals such as the ant, caterpillar spider gnat, etc., he has discovered that insects prefer the pursuit of pleasure to the struggle for existence. As a result of such findings, the theory put forward by Darwin, viz.: there exists a struggle for existence in all animal life, becomes invalid. Another strange fact is brought out in his writings, a condition of affairs which is met with surprise by this entomologist, the prevalent immorality of the insect world—its cruelty, its utter disregard of results, its insanity, interspersed with the disclosure of hedonism. In his writings he makes this remark, "The story of that unspeakable hypocrite the praying mantis is one of cruelty, license and grotesque honor such as human annals cannot match." Fabre has expressed his views in most succinct form somewhat as follows: "Because I have stirred a few grains of sand on the shore am I in a position to know the depths of the ocean? Life has unfathomable secrets. Human knowledge will be erased from the archives of the world before we have the last word that the gnat has to say to us." He further takes the position that, "Nature is scientifically a riddle without a definite solution to satisfy man's curiosity. Hypothesis follows on hypothesis; the theoretical rubbish heap accumulates and truth ever eludes us."

This French recluse is not alone the most patient and careful of scientific observers, he is a man of keen and delightful sympathy with all insect life. According to Maeterlinck, he ranks as one of the finest poets of the past century. One magazine says, "His literary style is such as has not been surpassed by any writer on natural history known to us, certainly not by White of Selbourne himself." Fabre's delightful book, "The Life of the Spider," ranks with Maeterlinck's "The Life of the Bee," and we are given to understand that Maeterlinck himself willingly admits having been inspired in his work by his association with the aged naturalist-philosopher. In addition Fabre has written the "Life and Loves of the Insect" which has been translated from French into English. Many other shorter articles have come from his pen but have not, as yet, been published in other than the French language.

In his book, "The Life of the Spider," our naturalist-philosopher tells us in a most charming and interesting manner of his ceaseless search for the secret of the tarantula. He would invert a test tube containing different animals such as the grasshopper, the wasp, or the bee over the hole of the tarantula. Each time, no matter how soon he investigated, the body of the victim after having been attacked he found it stone dead, literally assassinated. How could this "Diana" as he called the tarantula so effectually slay its victim? Finally, after a long continued investigation Fabre found that the assassin, possibly through some inborn predisposition, planted her fangs in the nape of the neck reaching what is essentially the vital center or the cervical ganglia. Here, was the only place where the tarantula could effect immediate death with her poison fangs. During these investigations he found it necessary to sacrifice a young sparrow by exposing it to the attack of the tarantula. As proof that Fabre does not want only to cruelly torture the objects of his investigations we read these remarks he made following the death of the sparrow. "There was a certain coolness among us at the evening meal. I read mute reproaches because of my experiment, in the eyes of my home-circle. I read an unspoken accusation of cruelty all around me. The death of the unfortunate sparrow had saddened the whole family. I myself was not without some remorse of conscience; the poor result achieved seemed to me too dearly bought. I am not made of the stuff of those who, without turning a hair, rip up live dogs to find out nothing in particular."

So this aged Frenchman, living in seclusion and in very moderate circumstances, is heralded as the greatest naturalist of his time. His last years have been freed from anxiety by a modest pension which has been bestowed upon him by the French government of his achievements and distinguished life.

FRATER.'14.
Twilight Thoughts

As I sit at my darkened window
And look at the bustling throng;
The women and men that hurry
That hurry and hasten along,
I wonder with wonder unceasing
If labor will ever be ceasing.
Gently there comes a whisper
Out of my innermost soul:
"He that is faithful to duty,
Regarding his ultimate goal,
Shall hereafter be happy and blest,
Have sure ease from sorrow; find rest.
Fretta '14-'15-'16

THE WRECK OF THE ARGUS

Being a descriptive narrative of the wreck of the Freighter Argus, occurring November 2, 1913, in Lake Huron.

The first mate, a fine clean-cut young fellow named Ralph Thompson, stood on the bridge. He little noticed the activities of the deck hands, and paid little heed to the routine on ship board, minding only his duty of guiding the vessel out into the lake. But he was thinking.

This was to be his last trip of the season, and the trip to which he had looked forward with a great deal of longing since April. For after this journey he was to go back to his Tess and claim her for his own. Thanksgiving ever was to witness the glad event.

Ralph had passed a prosperous summer. He had been promoted to first mate and had laid by a neat little sum, which he had predicted "would keep two comfortably through the winter."

Tess had never failed him, and her tender letters always brought him joyous news at the end of each trip. All these thoughts in his mind hastened the long and weary hours of his watch, for he had been on the bridge since noon, and it was now nearly dusk.

When the vessel had cleared the harbor it was already dark and Ralph went wearily to his stateroom to get his much needed rest.

Lake Erie had been rough and unruly that night, but the Argus dauntlessly broke through the waves, for she was one of the sturdiest freighters in fresh water.

Dawn showed her going up the Detroit River and the first mate again on the bridge, signalling and saluting to the vessels bound down stream. Just in sight of Belle Isle he signalled one long loud salute, and then very eagerly peered through his glass at a certain spot on the island. Yes, Tess was there as usual, and Ralph's face beamed with joy as he saw her with her brother waving and saluting the boat.

The vessel drew nearer the figures on shore and soon passed within hailing distance. Ralph called to her and she answered laughingly: "Yes, only three weeks, mate, and you'll be back here."

Soon the mate was out of hearing as the boat steamed up the river, headed out into Lake St. Clair.

Never before had the lake seemed more beautiful and picturesque, nor the distant, even shores on either side so like
a moving film of changing scenes as on that frosty Sunday noon, as the Argus wended her way slowly toward the larger lake for her trip north.

The afternoon wore on and a sharp northwest wind had risen by dusk. Both the captain and first mate were in the pilot house when the Argus sailed up the narrow channel and peered out over the turbulent waters of Lake Huron. Neither was in a very pleasant mood, for they could just dimly see the storm signals in the growing dusk close by the light house.

Even the crew were feeling sullen and desolate as they looked out at the sea ahead, and their gloom increased as the captain ordered the life-line stretched. All on board realized that the crossing in this rough sea would be all but pleasant that night.

The wind from the northwest was ever growing stronger, tossing huge waves against the sides of the ship and throwing spray high over the pilot house. From the bridge the captain looked aft and saw the waves sweep over the deck, and with each mighty heave of the now raging sea, an impassable stream of gushing water washed over the slippery deck and cut the after cabin from the forecastle, but he said not a word. He calmly, though brusquely, gave his orders and watched the dashing expanse ahead.

At times would come a lull and only the roar of the sea and the noise of the water streaming out of the scudders from the deck could be heard. But then the attack of the waves redoubled and would furiously engulf the vessel and all but lose her in the trough of the sea.

The huge bulk tossed about as if it were only a little cork. But on they plodded against the raging storm and the gallant crew were in higher spirits because they were kept busy. They were not discouraged, for they had been with the Argus on as rough a sea as this before and she had weathered many a storm nobly.

But they began to realize that this was the most violent storm they had ever struggled against, and there was terror in the captain’s eye as he felt a terrible jolt of the vessel and heard the creaking of plates as they were torn loose.

The cargo, at the last lurch, had shifted to one side of the ship, and already she was listing far toward the starboard.

And this was not all that occurred at that last heave to the side, for down in the boiler room two firemen had been thrown violently against the steel sides of the ship and lay unconscious on the floor.

Everything seemed confusion then. The engine shrieked for more steam, and then the great piston moved slower and slower like a tired monster after a hard struggle for life will bring down his huge paws weakly, but with all the strength left in his body. Finally the engine stopped, leaving the vessel to the mercy of the sea, which was now without mercy. All the lights had gone out when the dynamo had stopped, and havoc reigned in the inky blackness on deck.

Hardly a foothold could be had on deck, for the vessel leaned far toward starboard and almost floated on her side. The storm was furious, the wind blowing a gale and carrying snow and sleet ahead of it.

Men crawled along the port edge of the cabin to get to the topmost part of the ship. Above the uproar and beating of the storm and waves could be heard an occasional volley of oaths from some sailor, or some times a prayer cried out as one slipped off into the raging sea after trying in vain to grasp at a rail with numb fingers.

The life boats were ordered lowered, but the riggings were found frozen solid in the pulleys.

The forward crew had long read the fate of the doomed vessel and had succeeded in manning a life-raft ready for the final calamity. But they did not wait long before a mammoth wave swept against the ship and completely overturned it, brushing the life-raft into the icy waters, with three sailors, including the mate clinging to it.

The turning of the ship was accompanied by one universal shriek, louder than the raging of the waters, like the crash of thunder. And then all was hushed, save the wild wind and remorseless dash of the sea, telling of some strong swimmer in his agony.

The mate still clung with one companion to the raft, half frozen and numb, uttering one more prayer for his loved one before going to his watery grave. Dimly he could see her waving her last farewell from the island a few hours before, and, if men can look into the future at such a moment as this,
he could see her by his side before the fireplace in the little home he had prepared for her. Then a cold relentless wave tore his frozen fingers from the raft and he sank into the deep, black water, the last of the brave crew of twenty-eighth.

FRATERS, '14-'16.

WHAT ABOUT IT!

BOUT a month ago the stands which surround Ferry Field at Ann Arbor were filled with a throng of approximately twenty-five thousand people gathered there to watch the contest between eleven of the choicest athletes of Michigan and the best eleven which Pennsylvania could produce. Earlier in the season the despised "Aggies" had overwhelmed the team in which so much pride had been taken. But, with the confidence of the entire student body still unshaken, Yost set to work to reconstruct his eleven. So this day as the hope of the West trotted out on the field there rose a vast shout. That enormous crowd was showing that it was with its team and had confidence that Michigan would triumph. The battle started and as play after play was made the roosters shrieked their loyalty and so inspired their team that when the last whistle blew, the victory was theirs. The team which earlier in the season had been reckoned only a shadow had come back and defeated one of the strongest eastern elevens. And why? The victory was due almost solely to the triumphant faith and hope of the students.

It would be obviously unfair to attempt to draw any comparisons between the large University of Michigan and our own little Hope, but even if we are not as big ought we not still to have our small share of the things she has? We cannot, certainly, hope to produce a world-beating football team but we can produce teams which will at least be a credit to the institution rather than a disgrace. The reason that we haven't done much of anything along this line as yet, is almost directly traceable to the lack of enthusiasm among the students themselves. When there is a hard-fought game in prospect a multitude of about fifty wildly enthusiastic collegians turn out, walks deliberately up and down the sidelines and sternly re-

presses any and all desire to shout. Is it any wonder our teams lack "pep," lack that all-necessary ginger so essential to a winning team? There must be something vitally wrong in a school where no more interest is shown in the athletic activities of the college. These games may seem pernicious, may appeal to many as a waste of time and energy, but in reality there is underlying all principle which cannot be neglected. It is the spirit of loyalty to the school. It is almost axiomatic that the students in those schools which have the most sporting enthusiasm are the most devoted to their alma mater.

We are lax not only in the spirit which we bear toward athletics, but also toward our school in general. This is, as we have said, an almost inevitable corollary to the former. We attend the majority of our classes with the frankly avowed intention of doing the least possible work in the greatest amount of time. We expect our professors to drive us perpetually, standing over us in the attitude of a taskmaster threatening us with the club of failure if we do not labor. This is wrong and ought not to be so. We are men and as men we should appreciate our privileges, opportunities and duties. If we are favored above the majority, ought we not at least accept the responsibilities which accompany those privileges? It has often occurred to us to wonder just what was the fundamental cause of this daily philandering, whether it lay with faculty or with students. At times we have blamed one and at times the other; which is to blame? The prime cause seems to lie in an all too evident feeling of antagonism between the student body and faculty. The students on their side feel that it is the duty of their professors to drive them to their work and if they are not driven the word is passed around, that "Prof. so and so is easy" and all proceed to lay down their oars and drift through their classes. This attitude is felt by the faculty and they, in their endeavors to correct this, often lean so far on the other side that they nearly over-balance themselves. The severity which is thus engendered is keenly felt by the student and feeling himself wronged he becomes lax and dissatisfied, becomes that most dangerous of all persons, a "knocker."

There is, however, a remedy for this. a cure which has worked and will work again. We mean the arousing of a real,
vital, living college spirit, a spirit so strong, so patriotic that it will sweep all differences before it. It is a sad state of affairs but we fear it is true that there is more loyalty shown to the various campus organizations than to the school itself. This in itself is a dangerous state of affairs. When private interests outweigh the interests of the general good, the general good is bound to suffer. We cannot think more of our societies than of our school without our school suffering. A school is known by its activities and the men it produces. The best advertisement of any institution is a live interest among its students and brilliant achievements by its alumni. We have the later, we need the former. Our school paper is carried all over the country and if we sacrifice its quality for individual gains we injure the reputation of our school. Our basketball team is known far and wide and if we allow its quality to suffer from lack of enthusiasm we injure the reputation of our school. The same applies to every branch of student activity. Men judge the worth of a school by the abilities of its graduates. Hope is no exception. If we attempt to slide through our classes, to "outwit" our professors and appear to do more work than we really do we will surely be unmasked when we enter that larger field of our life's activities and Hope will suffer. Get the spirit of Hope, the true love of the dear old college. Forget the petty dislikes of the classroom and remember only that on you depends the future of the college. Everyone must and will work for the benefit of all. It is only through general welfare than individual content is reached. We are men and know our duty. Let us do it!

In a couple months Hope is going to send representatives to Albion to enter the man's and women's State Oratorical Contests. Prepare to go with them if it is in any way possible and demonstrate to all men that Hope is "on the map" and when Hoff's wins the contest let him know what a great good he has done his school. In a few days the basketball season will be in full swing. Turn out and root till we are once more the Michigan Intercollegiate Champions. Show the team that you appreciate their efforts for the school. Today the regular classes meet. Go to them with the firm purpose and earnest resolve to do with might and main your daily duties. Forget that you ever knew the day when you were glad to bluff your way. Prove to your professors that you realize that they are laboring for the good of all the school. When we get the firm conviction that the honor of our school rests upon us and that in our power rests the future reputation of alma mater, then we will begin to have the true spirit of Hope. Do it now! 

O. K. E., '14.

REFLECTIONS

The thoughts that follow were aroused by the finding of a licarilla Apache Indian skull on a mountain in Northwestern New Mexico.

O THIS is where the coyotes have left thee? And in the cleft of wonder rock lie thy saddle, blankets, head ornaments and adorned hat, where they were placed with thy remains by thy dusky relatives. I know when thy spirit had departed this mortal frame, thou wert tied to thy faithful pony and, accompanied by thy mourners, were carried under cover of darkness to the top of this mountain, and that with fear and trembling they laid thee down in thy last earthly resting place, casting over thee and thy possessions a few boughs of the pines hard by. And I see that in the dread of their tyrant master, Superstition, they have left the very axe with which these last honors were gathered. Methinks I can see them now, hurrying along with swift-pounding hearts, heaving bosoms, and trembling joints, surrounded about by the gloomy darkness of the tall pines, with no sound to break the stillness of the sad hour save the mournful hoot of the birds of night. Down the mountain side they wend their way back to the little group of tepees in the canon below. Presently I see mad flames leaping heavenward and know they are burning the wigwam village and all their goods so as to leave no hiding place for thy evil spirits, which are sure to return. Now I see them depart to begin life anew in the canon across the ridge, a place uninhabited by thy dreaded spirits.

I know that, forbidden by the dread god, Superstition, thy brothers will never return to this lonely grave, and I feel that I am the first human being to view these thy bones. I thank our God for the higher light which is my privilege to enjoy,
fleeing me and mine from the god Fear, that has ever barred your progress.

I wonder what were the thoughts which pursued each other within this skull of thine. Thy imagination was never delighted by a printed page; thou hast never marveled at the huddy burly life of our great cities, nor ever gloried in sunrise or sunset scene on ocean or sea.

In thy opposition to the onward march of the Western Star of Empire, thou hast been called the fiercest of all red men. But, who knows, perhaps thou di'st have some just cause. For were not the wide plains and roaming herds of bison taken away from thee? Yea more, for thou wert thyself taken away from the plains and imprisoned within these mountains to be ruled by the iron hand of thy "pale-faced" masters. Perhaps if the homes of thy critics were seized by intruders, and a new language, new customs, and new proprietary relations established, they too would regard their unwelcome guest with suspicion and exhibit a reserve of manner that might be mistaken for a haughty and taciturn spirit.

From what I had heard and read of thee, dusty brother, I had thought thee almost without human nature, in truth, an aborigine ruled by savage instincts and emotions. But with thankfulness and pleasure I have come to know thee as a genial companion, a lover of story telling heartily appreciative of the humor of others, and a vivid and interesting narrator of personal experiences. I have seen thee listen with keenest attention while a tale was being told, have heard thee laugh loud and long at its humor, and have listened with wrapped attention while thou wert giving a vivid portrayal of thy life's experiences. I have, with joy, seen thee appreciative of a kind word or deed extended you, and, in pity, seen thee cut to the heart by the contemptuous word of a friend. I have, to my sorrow, seen thee heart broken by the death of a child. I have come to know thee as an artist, most appreciative of the beauties found in nature, and have seen the stamp of real genius in thy blankets, baskets, and ceremonial costumes.

Thy "pale-faced" master accounted thee lazy and dishonest, but I have seen some of thy race become expert farmers, wealthy sheep and cattle owners, and leaders of men. I have seen thy brothers receive honors at our foremost universities.

Perhaps thy masters forget that thou dost not care to become a farmer, a lumberman, a road builder, a herder, or whatever else they may have decided. As for thy honesty, I have seen thee given the freedom of cultured homes, the care of valuables, yet never was ought missed. Also I have seen thee most willingly pay a long forgotten loan. Traders have testified to me that far less money was lost on thy accounts than on those of thy white neighbors.

Dusky brother, thy lot has not been the most delightful. Thou hast been mistreated, misjudged, and neglected. Thy days have been lived under the rule of the great god, Superstition, and though oft I have seen thee eagerly leave thy goats and sheep to the mercy of the wild beasts of the forest to enjoy the happy comradeship of thy fellows at a "fiesta." The most of thy days have been spent in sorrow and without hope, deprived a country and the opportunity for the fullest expression of thy true self. Let us hope thy condition is better. Now that thou hast crossed the border line into that unknown, but alluring world of spirit, the Happy Hunting Grounds, and that a better and happier day is coming for those thou hast left behind on this side of the vale.

FRATER, '14.

"HOSH"

Farce in One Act.

SCENE I.

Stage Directions.

Eighth street on very sultry day. Enter Holleman and Reese.

H.: Would that some one were here "Ter Kerst" for me, for this heat endangers a man's religion. See your apothecary shop, bearing the sign, "Cold drinks, the nectar of the gods." Let us tie us thither and imbibe the refreshing contents of the famous "Stein." (They tango in.)

SCENE II.

R.: Pray do not look through your window, for it will give you an awful pain (pane) and make you feel quite "Sick(ly)."
H. to clerk: Kindly condescend to concoct a couple of cocoa colas, in plain English, set 'em up!
R. (peering into depths of glass): I wonder who put the coke in cola.
H.: Why! the same guy that put the coal in cola, but behold, you bottle of Page's glue, don't it look stuck up?
R.: It sure does, but how about the feathers on the latest hats?
H.: But see that other bottle with black liquid content, that looks like ink, do you think it could be "Gossel(link)?"
R.: No! it looks to me more like "Elferd(ink)."
H. (to clerk): Give me a box of cosmetic.
Clerk. Will you have it scented or unscented?
H.: —a—well, I'll take it right along with me, but what have you in the line of writing material?
R.: You can't take that with you.
H.: Why not?
R.: Can't you see it is station(ary)?
(Enter Van Vranken).
H.: Hello, Van, come and have a smoke with us. I'll take a "Stogie." What will you have?
Van.: I prefer a "Mass Maid."
R.: Well, if that's the case I'll have a "Slim Chance."
H.: Speaking of girls reminds me. Have you heard of that Wisconsin girl who lost a string on her "man—Telind?"
R.: No, but I know a riddle which you can't answer.
Van.: Go ahead and spring it.
R.: Why is the harp the oldest musical instrument?
H.: Well! why is it?
R.: Because ever since Eve stole the apple men have been harping on it.
(A closing song by Holleman), "Since Mary swallowed her watch she can not run."

FRATERS, "16"-"17".

THE ANCHOR.

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HERE has always been a fascination connected with the stories of the old alchemists. Don't you remember how as a child, those white haired chemists gripped your imagination?—always seeking for the hidden substance which would transmute the baser metals into gold, which would change the unsightly, the gross, the useless to the beautiful, the fine, the serviceable. Perhaps in your childish heart you made the high resolve to find the hidden secret and make the world happy!

Then as you grew older you became aware of a finer alchemy going on about you—not the changing of metals, but the changing of the hearts of men as they learned the hidden secret of the "life beautiful" from the Great Alchemist.

At the time of the "world's high holiday" the magic of the Christ Child comes with increased power, and then, if ever, is the heart of mankind happy. In the "outer courts" do we find ringing bells, shining faces and Merriment, but "within" there is also a greater abundance of love, joy and peace, of service, sacrifice and selfishness than before, for the heart
cannot withstand the alchemy of the Great Gift. Then does
the desire grow strong that we may be brought into the
eternal things of this blessed season, the things that abide,
the love that manifests itself in unfailing good will, and the
joy that rings Christmas bells all the year round. C. B.

CHRISTMAS

We are again beginning to feel the spell of Christmas. Almost unconsciously, in a way we cannot fully understand, we are carried along on a flood-tide of joy. Many of us have experienced discouragements during this school year. We have fallen so far short of the goal which we tried to attain. In spite of our best efforts to keep our minds directed to noble ideals, we have so often failed, and we have become pessimistic and down-hearted. But as the bright sunshine on a clear day renews our enthusiasm and makes our spirits more buoyant and courageous, after the depression of cloudy and rainy days, so we are being renewed and quickened by the spell of Christmas. From gloom and dissatisfaction with ourselves and our fellows, we are brought to feel how good it is to live and love and learn. We are again in tune with the Reality which rules over all. How welcome and how beautiful now are the tidings of the birth of Jesus, the most significant token of the love of God for us. How blessed now the assurance that we live, not in a malevolent universe, but in one that has been redeemed by a loving Father. How hopeful now our trust in the coming of the Kingdom of God.

RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS

By obtaining the required standings in the recent examinations at Ann Arbor, two more of our young men were added to the list of those who are eligible to the next scholarship, which will be awarded during the year 1914. We now have five men on a list of nine from the entire state. They are Hessel Yntema, Wallace Vischer, William Moerdyke, Lambertus Hekhuis and Robert Kroodsma. These men have made a record for the college that is enviable. The Rhodes scholarships are the finest prizes offered to the students of our colleges and universities. Lower classmen, the highest intellectual ambition you can have in college, the greatest honor you can bring to your school, is to secure one of these scholarships. What has been done by former students can be done again. Why not begin to work for them now? If you make one of these scholarships your aim in college, it will help you make your college course worth while. Remember, that which is worth striving for cannot be obtained in a few weeks or even a few months.

The Junior class took “time by the fore-lock” when they had a class party on the evening before Hallowe'en. But in spite of their precaution they did not escape its terrors, for the ghosts of All Hallows Eve were there to welcome them, and later in the evening each one had the extreme pleasure of a promenade and weird interview with these ghostly creatures, which of course was a delightful experience.

On Friday evening, October twenty-first, Henrietta Bolks was surprised by a number of her class-mates, who came to spend Hallowe'en eve with her. There was no lack of jokes and pranks appropriate for the evening and the party was a jolly affair, characteristic of care-free Freshmen.

On Monday morning of November third, a surprise awaited all those who were so lucky as to have gone to chapel. That is, a surprise to all except the A class, who performed their stunt on that eventful morning. With great pomp they marched into chapel, clad in bran-new mackinaws which looked warm enough to withstand the stormy blasts of winter. The A's are on exhibition now whenever they grace the campus with their brown-coated figures. You can't mistake them.

After the society meetings of Friday evening, November seventh, there was a grand rush for the Y. W. C. A. room where the Sorosis girls awaited their hungry customers with smiling faces, and other more substantial evidences of their welcome. The room was tastefully decorated with pillows,
pennants, tea tables, and prettily dressed waitresses. Besides the refreshments served at the tea-tables, there were sandwiches and candles on sale. Music was played throughout the evening.

The A class found time so tedious for their lively spirits that they broke loose on Thursday night of November sixth and regaled themselves with a private jollification at the Ladies' Literary Hall.

Monday, November seventeenth, was a day of jubilation for the students when they met en masse to welcome the "conquering hero" from Columbus. Everybody joined in the song written for the occasion by the inspired Mr. Hoff. Afterwards Dr. Bruske gave one of his interesting and humorous talks. Dr. Vennema was called upon to speak in the popular subject, "Mr. Jacobs"; this was followed by the quartet, who sang their praises upon the same subject. Mr. Lugers gave a friendly and effective talk; then Professor Nykerk entertained us with a few side lights upon the Columbus trip. The last speaker was Mr. Jacobs, who spoke a few moments to us confidentially as fellow students. The meeting was a public congratulation to Mr. Jacobs, who won such a splendid victory for our college.

The end is not yet. Even to, Seniors, a party hath charms. Armed with pillows and chaffing-dishes they went to Macatawa Thursday evening, November 20th, where they spent the evening. The merry-makers reported plenty of entertainment and a rousing good time.

The second lecture of the course was given Friday evening of November twenty-first, when Mr. MacInnes Neilson gave a lecture on the poet, Robert Burns. The lecturer described Burns in so interesting and sympathetic a manner that it gave the listeners a clearer insight into the life and character of the poet. Burns was portrayed as a man of the soil, who drew his inspiration from the simple, lowly things of life. The lecture was interspersed with Scotch songs typical of the humor and pathos of which Burns was a master in poetry. Miss Hazel Wing accompanied Mr. Mac Innes Neilson on the piano during his singing.

Dr. S. M. Zwemer, '87, of Cairo, Egypt, is expected to arrive in this country on the 22nd of December. He will deliver an address before the Kansas City convention, which is to be held toward the end of the month.

Rev. John F. Heemstra, '95, has accepted a call to the First Reformed Church at Roseland.

Prof. J. E. Kuizenga, '99, has recently given a series of lectures on "The Value of Bible Study" at Ferris Institute, Big Rapids, and before the Religious Education Association of Kalamazoo College, Kalamazoo.

Dr. Henry E. Dosker, '76, has brought out a new edition of his book, "Topical Outline Studies in Ecclesiastical History," under the title of "Outline Studies in Church History." Dr. Dosker has been making a special study of the subject and is considered a reliable authority.

Rev. William Moerdyk, '66, has given up his pastorate at Grandville and has settled in Holland. Rev. Cornelius Vander Schoor, '05, has accepted the call to the church left vacant by the resignation of Mr. Moerdyk.

Rev. Dirk Scholten, '83, has accepted the appointment of classical missionary for the classis of Iowa, formerly held by Rev. John Kuizenga, '67.

Dr. J. Krau denier, '86, of Cairo, Egypt, is in this country for furlough and is doing a good work in interesting the churches in his field.

Rev. George Hankamp has moved to Jamestown to take the pastorate of the Reformed Church there.
The Anchor

Kalamazoo College has twenty-four contestants in her preliminary oratorical contest. They expect to win the state contest quite handily. With such enthusiasm any college will be successful.

A contributor to the Holead M. A. C., defines college spirit as a "harmless form of temporary insanity." If that be true, it would not hurt a few more of us if we went crazy.—Ex.

The Albion College Pleiad again reveals Albion's characteristic enthusiasm. You are to be congratulated on the zeal which you display in taking hold of things. Now if you can only tinge that spirit with a little altruism your college and your paper is bound to succeed in the future as it has in the past.

Olivet has won the M. I. A. A. football championship. Congratulations, Olivet.

Some day Hope is going to get in the M. I. A. A. And then—.

The Pella Ray is always a welcome arrival. The paper, for a weekly, is well gotten up and arranged. The editorials are often terse and to the point. They indicate that your editor is wide awake and aware of what is happening in and out of college life.

The November number of "The College Index" has appeared in a much improved form. We are glad to note that you are trying to separate your advertising from the reading matter. You might go a step farther and eliminate this evil entirely.

The Anchor acknowledges with pleasure the receipt of many College and High School periodicals. We only regret that space forbids us mentioning and criticising all of them.

FOOTBALL MANAGER'S THANKSGIVING

Student—Thank you for your interest in the team and for your loyal support.

Coach—Thank you, Van Putten, for your gratuitous, common-sense coaching.

Player—Thank you, gentlemen, for your untiring, stick-to-it-ive efforts.

Captain—Thank you, Vink, for putting "pep" into the bunch.

Manager—Thankful that the season was a success.

The Catholic Central, Veterinary College, Kazoo College, Kazoo Normal and Ferris Institute met our aggregation this season. The sum total of points scored showed that of the 179 Hope received 132. None of our men, however, were picked for the "All-Merken" eleven which, I am sure, is an oversight on the part of the critics.

Veenker has been re-elected to captain the "1914" squad and that augurs a "stellar" season. We are really sorry to lose Con, Hank Poppen, Holleman, Jack Althuis, Billy Greenfield and Wally, but we shout for joy and feel confident that "1914" will be the best team we produced.

TRACK

Prof. Faries, an "old time" Pennsylvania runner, is infusing "ginger" into our winged messengers. On November 14th twelve men started in the two-mile race, Holleman capturing the gold; Strien, the silver, and Peet, the bronze. This is an excellent sign of a prosperous track season.

BASKET BALL

Nine rahs!! Stogie is back!! There was much joy and
rejoicing in the Hopeites' camp when a herald announced that Frince Stegenga would again "don" the basket ball togs. What would we do without "Stog" at center? Already he has spirited the men and "fire and lightning" is characterizing their playing. The first team will likely consist of Stog, Lokker, Daleman, Veenker, Vander Velde, Smalegan, Stein and Stegeman.

**Good men are in this line-up and with team work Hope will have a "five" to be proud of.** The schedule thus far contains such teams as M. A. C., Baylis, Olivet, G. R. "Y", Detroit "Y", Ramblers, Traverse City, Manistee, Mission House, Northwestern. Manager Van Houte is active and is determined to make basketball a paying proposition. Negotiations are on with Notre Dame, Michigan and other like teams.

---

**Locals**

**Ethel**—"I gave Jack Manting some balsam of fir for his cold."

**Janet M.**—"Maybe that's what makes him so soft."

**Prof. Moerdyke**—"A cow has no vocal cords. How then does she make a noise?"

**Student**—"She blows her horns."

"Do you want to see a monkey, Dorothy?" asked Johanna Aelts, holding up a small mirror. "Oh, yes," said Dorothy Vande Berge. Then looking into the mirror she modestly exclaimed, "Oh, how cute!"

**Prof. Kuizenga (in Psychology class)**—"Have any of you ever experienced a pleasant pain?"

**John L. Mulder**—"I did. I once had a case."

**Sara Winter (at table)**—"Did you hear that, Dorothy?"

**Dorothy**—"No, was it worth while hearing?"

**Miss Martin**—"I was speaking."

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**The Anchor**

**Visser**—"Do you know why it's nice weather now after all the rain we've been having?"

**Con.**—"No, why?"

**Visser**—"I went to Brink's and bought 'The Clouds.'"

If Holleman, who has been carrying "mort" for a living, should get a "Charley"-horse, take a "Flight" in an air-ship, go on a "Pilgrim"-age to "Bilkert"-town; and while there go "Kraus"-ing, buy a "Dolly," smoke a "Stogie," and raking the "Bung" from a barrel, drink a "Stein" of beer, then feeling rather "Sikk(1)y," imagine that in "Winter" he saw a "Ducky" swimming in a "Brook" in the shade of a "Bosch," next seeing Vander Velde, make "Ot-to"(c) the mark,—would not he, we ask, have a "Slim" chance of getting "Moore"?

**F. S., '17.**

Ted Elferdink (in the grocery store)—"If I had an engagement with you it would be like this," placing a date next to a peach.

**Rhea O.**—"Oh, no it wouldn't. It would be like this." And she put the date next to some canned lobster.

**Holleman (reciting in elocution)**—"'Tis Ruth (Truth) alone is good."

**Cy Droppers** is the guy that put the cat in catsup.

**Stein**—"Is this your own ladder?"

**Stogie**—"No, it's my step-ladder."

---

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