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The Anchor
"Operas in Five"

VOLUME XVIII JANUARY 1904 NUMBER 11

King Winter
BY W. ROBINSON

King Winter has come in his armor of ice.
His white hair bestrawled with glittering snow.
With a crown of dry autumn leaves, withered and seren.
That rustle and drop in a way that is dreary:
His head is clothed with a glistening device
Of beautiful holly and gay mistletoe.

He glides not in peace over meadow and wood.
As summer exercises the garbids of Nearing;
He prowls up the earth, he roars through the air.
He rushes, he races through forest, o'er fen;
Oh, naught can withstand him and naught has
withstood.
His song is of triumph and well does he sing.

Then hurls he a mantle of shimmering white.
As wildly he circles and dances about.
Now tossing the foals of the covert hither,
Now tearing and twisting and twirling it there.

He is mad as he soars through the whirls to the sight,
And drives all before him in shuddering rout.

He screams wild with hatred, as vaunting he tries
To tear from its shelter the cooling heat.
How fiercely he batteries at window and door.
And shrieks through the rafters and under the floor.

Then away through the nights on his wild raid he flies,
On the wings of the west wind unfettered and fleet.

All is still—and the moon from her dome in the sky
Looks down upon spirit—land sparkling and white.
Upon castles and ramparts and wide, rolling sea.
And疲惫 cities with silvery trees.
While peacefully resting the world people lie.
Knowing not that King Winter has come in the night.
Minnesota and Michigan were to meet. It was the last big game of the year. Minnesota men, after their splendid showing against Chicago, were confident of victory. Michigan men too stood shoulder to shoulder, and were ready to stake their last dollar on their eleven. As both teams were "western champions," the game awakened an uncommon amount of interest.

It was late Friday afternoon. In his room sat Pump Niessink and six or seven of his companions. Pump was a notable character at Minnesota College. He had worked his way by writing for Chicago papers. His articles on foot-ball were widely read.

"How many of you fellows are betting on tomorrow's game?" inquired Pump. Everybody answered in the affirmative. Then Pump entered into a discussion of the merits of the two teams. He had not progressed far however, when a note was handed him by a messenger. This is what it said: "Pump, come to my room at once. Must see you before we are packed off to bed. Drop everything and come. Fred." Pump immediately hurried to the room of the captain, and found the boys just rising from the table. It was not long before he sat alone with the captain of the Minnesota eleven. Pump was the first to speak.

"Now Fred, don't make a fool of yourself by such an act."

"Pump, you know as well as I do that Minnesota can't lose."

"Minnesota has lost before, and why not now?" asked Pump. "You never will understand," answered the big full-back, drawing up his large frame. "We're stronger than ever before and will surprise all tomorrow. I'm going to bet every cent I have, and more, I've borrowed some and up that goes too. Here is $500. You know Pump that my position on the team prevents me from betting it myself, so I'm trusting you to place this at even money."

"Fred, I can't do this," answered Pump, dropping his eyes to the floor and shaking his head. "I would do it willingly for you if you could afford it. But you can't. Think how you have to work to put yourself through college. Before you commit such a rash act, think of your mother and sister, who are sacrificing everything for you. It makes me sick to see you risk all on this one game. Should Michigan win you would have to quit college, for you could not possibly afford to go on. Think better of what I have said, old man."

"Pump, I know you are my strongest and best friend. If I really thought there was a possibility of Minnesota's losing, I might hesitate, but no such possibility exists."

"Why man," and Fred began to warm up to his subject, "it's a perfect cinch; and if I could get $500 more I would put it up without the slightest hesitation. But say Pump, answer me, do you expect to bet yourself?" For a moment Pump did not reply. Then he muttered something about that being different, and that their two cases were not parallel. Fred kept on pressing the matter, until Pump finally admitted that he had determined to back Minnesota at even money. Pump tried to show Fred that he had no mother and sister to support, and that it made little difference to the people at home, whether he continued in college or not.

Fred arose when he heard Coach Williams inquiring for him. He told Pump that unless he placed his money for him, he would get Walter to do it. This brought Pump to time.

"I'll do it Fred," Pump added, "but only under the heaviest protest. I see your mind is made up but that fellow must not handle your money."

The Michigan team with its coaches, trainers, and rubbers, reached Minneapolis Friday night. They were quartered at the "Wonder's Hotel." As Captain Redden pushed his big burly form through the doorway, there was much confusion. Each man was cheered and encouraged by him as they passed by.

"An even $500 on Michigan," shouted a man sporting a big diamond stud.

"Taken," came the quick response. Immediately there was excitement. The betting was on in earnest. "Got any more?" asked
Pump. No one answered. Then the two entered a small room and took seats at a table. He had $1,000 to wager, but half belonged to Fred Marshall. Just then he thought of the letter he had received from home, telling him of his father's failure in business. But what mattered that now? It was finally agreed that $500 a piece should be wagered. Pump pulled out a roll from his pocket and carefully counted out $500. The other gentleman did likewise. The money was then handed over to the clerk, who again counted it over, and placed it in an envelope. There it was carefully marked and laid away in the safe.

As Pump was leaving, Curly hurried up to him. "Give me $500, Pump, I can get 10 to 5 odds for you." "Where?" asked Pump excitedly. "It's a snap, I can't give it away," answered Curly hurriedly. Pump gave him the money and off trotted Curly with the last $500. Then Pump hurriedly scratched these lines:

What has not been done, you must do, Fred. The money is up. The game is yet to be won. You must do it. Now go in for victory. Pump." Calling a messenger boy he sent the note to Captain Fred Marshall in his room. Then he got ready to "report" the game.

It was nearly two o'clock. Fully 20,000 people had been seated on the grand stands and more were coming. Suddenly, amidst yells and cheers, the two teams dashed forth upon the field. Practice was seen over, and the referees blew his whistle.

Minnesota was to kick off to Michigan. Accompanied with yells and shouts the ball flew through the air and was returned by Michigan only ten yards. "Watch Heston," added a man in the press box nudging Pump. Michigan was working the ball down into Minnesota's territory, when the Purple, urged on by Marshall's defensive game, braced and held the Blue for "downs." Both teams were playing a good game, Fred getting the best of it in punts. It was Michigan's ball on Minnesota's 40-yard line.


"Go it, old man, go it," cried a Michigan man. "Catch him, do catch him and bring him back," screamed a pretty Minnesota girl, who was probably seeing her first game. Everybody was on his own or some one else's feet, shouting like a mad man. On sped the runner toward the goal posts. Suddenly out from the bunch shot Smith of Minnesota. The big stalwart guard was gaining on him. Heston heard him coming but dared not look back. Over the white chalk marks flew the two pairs of legs. The Purple pair was gaining fast. Every one held his breath. But three more chalk marks must be crossed, and there on the 5-yard line big Smith made a desperate lunge forward, and down came Heston on Minnesota's 1-yard line. It was a beautiful tackle. No signal could be heard in the awful noise that followed. Twice Michigan battered away at that stone-wall of a line, and twice it refused to yield.

"Third down, goal to gain," shouted the referee. If Minnesota could but hold this time their goal would be saved. Every man braced himself for the final effort.

"23-72-3-37," came the signal. Heston was given the ball and slipping by just outside of tackle, he rolled over the goal line. In the turmoil hats were smashed, canes broken, and heads cracked, but no one cared. Then Redden kicked goal and the score stood, Michigan, 6; Minnesota, 0. But the game did not stop here. Minnesota was now playing madly. Fred Marshall was in every scrimmage and showed reckless abandon. He bucked the center, or hurdled the line for good, substantial gains. Minnesota had worked the ball down to Michigan's 25-yard line, but Michigan held. Then the Blue got ready to kick. "Break through, and block the kick," shouted hundreds of Minnesota men. "Tear 'em up, tear 'em up," was heard on all sides. Back went the ball. Smith was through like a shot, and right behind him thundered Marshall. As the ball rose under the mighty kick, Smith pushed his hands squarely in front of it, and down fell the ball, rolling toward the Michigan goal. Like a flash Marshall was after it, and as the piece of leather bounded over the white goal line, he threw his lumbering form upon it. Now it was Minnesota's turn to cheer, and right heartily did they respond.
Minnesota missed goal, and when the noise subsided, the score stood—Michigan, 6, Minnesota, 5.

Only a few minutes of the first half were left. Minnesota got the ball on Michigan's 40 yd. line and Marshall determined to try for a goal from the field. True as a dart he put the oval squarely between the posts. That kick brought Minnesota men to their feet, and right lustily did they cheer old Marshal. Michigan, with desperation, got back into the play. They assailed the Minnesota center, but were always repulsed. They massed their men on tackle but Minnesota's reserve force was always hurried up. Then the whistle blew, and the first half closed with the score standing, Minnesota, 10; Michigan, 6.

The two elevens were hurried off to their dressing rooms where the coaches gave each man some pointers.

"Pump" sat in the press box throughout the ten minutes intermission. He was madly excited. If Michigan could only be kept from further scoring, the game would belong to Minnesota. One hundred dollars was no small sum for two boys to divide.

Just then a messenger boy rushed up. "Is Pump Niessink here?" he shouted. "Here," answered Pump, reaching forward and grasping the envelope which was thrust at him. He hastily tore it open, and this is what it said: "Pump, I could not get odds of 10 to 5 for you. Have left your $500 at the Wonder. The blue is weakening, Johnny."

The seriousness of the situation dawned upon Pump in an instant. Whose $500 had been put up? Fred's or his own? He must make his decision at once. No time was to be lost. Pump first thought that he might divide the $500, regarding $250 as Fred's and the other $250 as his own. That certainly would be the square thing. Then the thought came to him that this would never do, as his honesty might be questioned.

The boy was placed in a terrible situation. Well, something must be done; a decision must be reached and that decision abided by, come what might. Pump turned in his seat. "Fred's money is up and mine is at the hotel," he said.

Thus muttering to himself he turned again to his duty, send-
THE ANCHOR

Michigan players. But four of her regular men were in the line-up. Capt Redden called his men back for a conference. Pump could not help but admire the splendid nerve of the men as he saw them file back. The Captain saw that, with but one minute left to play, some thing must be done.

"A goal from the field!" As he gave this order he gazed nervously at the men grouped around him. James claimed the right as being the only kicker left after the regulars had been retired. Then Maddock, reaching hold of the captains arm, hotly exclaimed: "James will do nothing of the sort. I'm the only senior left on this battered up team. It's my last year in college, and you've got to let me kick this goal."

Captain Redden looked at him, waivered a second, and then, remembering his nerve, and his previous record, replied: "Maddock will kick this goal." The men jumped back into the line. Their faces were pale, but their legs and nerves were steady. This kick would decide the game. That Michigan line had one more duty to perform. That line must hold, and not a Minnesota man must get through.

When the crowd saw Maddock step back some began to cheer. Maddock held out his hands. Back came the ball as true as could be. A step forward, a swing, a snap; the ball had been kicked and Minnesota was through, but just a second too late. Up rose the ball in its mad flight, and with it the crowd. It twisted and turned. But it never swerved from its true path. In a second it was flying between the posts, and the game was won. The score stood, Minnesota, 10; Michigan, 11, and Maddock knew his time had come.

Pump sat in the press-box alone. After every body had left the grounds he roused himself. Buttoning up his overcoat, with his collar turned up, and his hands deep in his pockets, he stalked out of the grounds. Pump was intensely absorbed in thought. "Why didn't Fred kick? why didn't Fred kick?" he kept saying to himself. He reached the Wonders hotel, held a brief conversation with the clerk, then sat down and wrote these hurried lines.

"Dear Fred:

I have been called home suddenly. Will not be back again this year. Through some misunderstanding your money was never up. You can get it from the clerk at the 'Wonders.'

Yours in haste

Pump."

Tea Parties in Old Times"

In those happy days, a well regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sundown. Dinner was a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbor on such occasions. But tho' our worthy ancestors did not give grand dinners, yet they kept up the social bonds of friendship by occasional banqueting, called tea parties.

At those old time tea parties there were no suffocating crowds no brilliant drawing-rooms, no towering feathers, no sparkling diamonds, no immeasurable trains, as there are in our days.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes—that is to say, such as kept their own cows and drove their own wagons. The company commonly met at three o'clock and went away at six unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. They did not treat their company to ice creams, jellies or wines, or refresh them with musty almonds, mouldy raisins or sour oranges, as is often done in the present age of refinement. Our ancestors were fond of more substantial fare. The tea table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy.

The company being seated around the board, each, furnished with a fork, tried to get the fattest pieces of this mighty dish in much the same manner as sailors spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was adorned with immense apple-pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure of an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough fried in hogs fat, and called doughnuts.

The tea was served out of a majestic teapot ornamented with painting of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending
pigs, with beasts sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and various other ingenions Dutch designs. The heavy distinguished themselves by their skill in replenishing this pot from a huge copper teakettle. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately(chide-hand, and sipped with great decency, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd old lady, which was to hang a large lamp directly over the tea table by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth.

As these ten-parties the greatest propriety and dignity of department prevailed. No flirt, no gossp, no babbling of old ladies nor chattering and romping of young ones, no strutting of wealthy gentlemen with their brains in their pockets, nor amusing conceits and monkey entertainments of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all.

The parties broke up without noise and with confusion. People generally walked home, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their homes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, caused no scandal at that time.

Jennie L. Pikaart, Pres. '06.

The Anchor.

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The New Year

The Anchor wishes to extend a New Year's greeting to all its friends and patrons, bespeaking at the same time their further sympathy and support. The Staff enters upon the new year with trembling rather than with confidence. It is no easy matter to issue a college paper and the Staff itself knows best how far it has come short of its own and its friends' ideals of what the Anchor should be. We make no apologies, and, for safety's sake, no promises. Two things, however, we would like once more to impress upon our friends, for the benefit both of ourselves and of those who follow after us. The first applies especially to the students at college now, the second to all our subscribers.

1. No college paper can ever hope to have any literary merit, unless the students who issue the paper are willing to contribute literary productions. It is by no means a difficult thing to find fault with the Anchor, but it is a cheap thing to do so, and then refuse to let the Editor have the stories, poems or orations which you write and which might help to improve the paper. If, fellow students, you are not willing to help, you have no right to criticise.
2. No college paper can be published without money. We have been issuing small, twenty-two page numbers the whole year, simply because we could not afford more. If all the subscription money due the Anchor were to be paid up, we might issue a paper such as visionary people sometimes dream of. During the holidays, Mr. Dykstra, our subscription manager, has written a number of letters to back-subscribers. If you get one, please remember that it does no one any good to grumble—and pay up your subscription, as some of our friends, thank goodness, have already done.

Basket Ball

Hope has at last developed an athletic team which looks as though it might distinguish itself. Three basketball games were played in December, and in each one the team showed remarkable ability and form. The following is the team's line-up:

- Right forward—Judson Kolyn
- Left forward—George DeKruif
- Center—Peter Pleune
- Right Guard—H. Vruwink
- Left Guard—A. J. Muste, Capt.
- Sub—J. Hoekje

The first game was played Dec. 2 with the Grand Rapids, Y. M. C. A. Second team. The visitors were a strong aggregation of fast, clean players, but could do practically nothing against the swift work and accurate team play of the college boys. Last year this team was defeated twice but only by a narrow margin. This year the score stood: Y. M. C. A. 14; Hope 65. Geo. DeKruif, one of this year's additions to the team, played a "star" game, getting a total of fourteen baskets to his credit.

December 9th witnessed the second game. The team from South Haven was composed of big, rough fellows who would have made a splendid nucleus for a football team. Rough play and "knocking" characterized the game, which was rather hard on the lighter players of the college team. The score however, was entirely satisfactory: South Haven, 22; Hope, 44. Henry Vruwink played a fine game at guard, finding time, besides for throwing a good number of baskets.

The third game of the season was played December 21st with the Grand Rapids Medical College. This team was organized very recently and had played only one game before their match here. This accounts in part for their utter inability to do anything with the College team. The latter was not up to its usual form either, and the men were engaged for the greater part of the game in attempting to roll up a monstrous score. In this, at least, they succeeded. Score at end of game: G. R. Medics 8; Hope, 101.

Games with the Grand Rapids and Kalamazoo Y. M. C. A's and Olivet college have also been arranged by Manager Nichols, and the college expects the team to win distinction for Alma Mater in this new line. The success of the team has aroused considerable enthusiasm in athletics and some forty students make use of the gymnasium every night. Twice a week the young ladies have the gymnasium, and play basketball, Mr. Geo. DeKruif coaching them. In a game preliminary to the match with South Haven on December 9th the College girls defeated the Holland High school team.

Col. French

On December 1st another very successful number of the College lecture course appeared. Col. French presented his Stereoptican Lecture on the Mt. Pelee Eruption. His views were by far the best that have been exhibited here, the marvellous color effects of many of them making them especially interesting. Tropical forests, city streets, men and women, volcanoes in eruption, all were presented in clear, definite outlines and striking colors. Col. French operated his lantern, while he delivered his lecture. He told the story of the Martinique disaster in a most simple, yet interesting way. The lecturer indulged in no flights of oratory but proved himself a master of the story teller's art.

At considerable financial loss to himself Col. French remained in Holland all of the next day, and in the afternoon delivered his lecture to a house of four hundred children, for whose special benefit this arrangement had been made with him. In the evening he gave his lecture on Alaska before a large audience. The management of the Lecture Course greatly appreciated Col. French's willingness to deliver these two extra lectures, since many of the patrons of the course seemed pleased to have a second opportunity of hearing him.
Alumni Notes

It is very interesting to many to read the account given in the Intelligencer of the visit of Rev. Wm. Veenhuis, 71, to his former home in Pella, Ia. after an absence of twelve years. Rev. Veenhuis is now pastor of a Presbyterian church at East Stroudsburg, Pa. No doubt if he visited his Alma Mater, he might write very interestingly also of the changes on the campus during the past thirty-three years.

Rev. J. VanWestenburg, '88, pastor of First Reformed church, Pella, Ia., has been greatly troubled by weak eyesight, and is spending a three-months vacation in Kirksville, Mo., under treatment. We have heard also of a somewhat similar trial borne by the Rev. A. VandenHeuvel, '85, of Overisel, Mich.

The Second Reformed church of Zeeland has secured the Rev. W. Moredyk, '66, of Roseland, Ill., as its pastor and expects to welcome him in their midst soon after New Year's.

Rev. H. Sluyter, '99, has left Berne and is now located at West Cotsackie, N. Y.

Rev. W. Miedema, '93, has accepted a call to the Reformed church at Constantine. Rev. F. Manssen, '90, has been called to leave Raritan, Ill., for Bethel, Ia. Rev. H. P. Schutman, '97, of Leota, Minn., has been asked to fill the vacant pastorate at Rock Valley, Ia.

Many disappointments also must be recorded this month: The church at Forest Grove, Mich., has not been able to prevail upon Rev. G. J. Hekhuis, '85, to become its pastor. Rev. N. Boer has written "No" to North Holland. Rev. J. Laman, '88, has declined the call to the Third Reformed church, Holland. Rev. J. E. Winter, '98, has declined the call to Britton, Mich.

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Treas.—Olive Barnaby.
Marshal—Hannah Hookje.

Translate into colloquial English, "G'on next."

Dr. Bergen recently told Visscher that he was spending too much of his time with girls. As a result, Raymond takes this opportunity of announcing to the professors and others who might be interested that this term he will have nothing to do with said girls.

When those oyster-stews are over, Anno dear,
And there'll be no more free lunches you to cheer
You'll betake you to the club
And go knocking on the grab
When those oyster-stews are over, Anno dear.

---

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Prof. Beardsley writes that he cannot "conceive" how any senior could be deficient in spelling and will deduct in examinations for all misspelled words.

The following interesting contributions will soon be published in the Anchor:
How I Made My College Course in One Year, Three months. C. Martha De Jong.
Post-graduate Dutch, C. A. Broek.
Etiquettes and Other Tales, J. C. Hoekje.
Practical Pedagogy, Lilla M. Thurber.
Astronomy vs Chemistry in Sugar Beet Culture, D. B. Yntema.
1001 Excuses and How to Use Them, R. d'Zeeuw.

The third floor room which Ruisard keeps
Is not attained by early flight,
But he while his companions sleep
Is toiling upward in the night.

John Hoekje is spending his nights and days with clam-chowders and search lights.

It is said that the Greek Prof. did not enjoy his vacation as much as other years. He forgot to assign lessons to the Juniors and Sophomores.

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A friend recently said that she was afraid Judson was overworking, as he spent his Sundays at home and studied the rest of the week. You can often see a light in 24 Van Vleck after midnight, but we hope Judson won't overwork while he is so young.

In how many students does cerebral activity occur before graduation? Name one. What was the cause of his death?

Have you seen Miss T's new ring? If not, just tell her and she will be glad to introduce you to the beauty, which will be on parade in Sunday school and chapel.

If you were to write on English Grammar, would you prefer to have been taught by the inductive or deductive method?

Parse, conjugate and decline – Flunk.

Pump and Ham have found that skipping is not a pass port to "E."

If the Seniors averaged G in Psychology working 2 hours a day and the Juniors averaged L working 3 hours a day. What is the best way to get thro a Physics Exam?

The number of times which no 3 of the B. B. kit must be refilled is alarming. We would advise the Reprobate however to use hot water.

Of late Koly has shown a great fondness for meeting stoves, posts or iron railings.

Have you seen "the smile that won't come off" on Prof. Mast's face? We remember that our former Biology Prof. had the same appearance last spring.

Give the synopsis of the verb cram in the first person singular.

Stranger to DeKruif, "Are you a member of M. S." DeKruif, "No, not yet."

Going east from Zeeland to Holland, DeKruif says Miss T. makes the best head way of any one he knows.

Visscher thinks that after this when he wants to express his opinion of Brook publicly he will do it privately and if Vander Meulen is around he won't do it at all.
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