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The Anchor

"Spera in Deo"

VOLUME XXIV

JANUARY 1911

NUMBER 4

The New Year

*Another year is past,
Another year of life;
Gone are its glories,
Its shadows and its strife.
Was it filled with hope and cheer?
Was it filled with sadness?
Memory alone retains
The misery or the gladness.*

*Another year is gone,
Another year of life;
It brings us hopes, the brightest
Great victories in the strife,
It brings to us the power
To make or war, at will;
To give to others happiness,
Or life with sorrow ill.*

*Another year of learning,
Of laboring for the best,
A year of preparation
To meet life's coming test,
And if the past be beautiful
Or if the past be sad,
Come, make the future bright with cheer!
Come, make the whole world glad!*

SOROSITE '13



The SOROSITE SOCIETY

THE DUST.

Grayson, June 28, 1895.

Franz Dear,

Isn't it a nuisance to have a wife who is such a goose that she feels impelled to write you a letter before you have gotten fairly out of town? I suppose most people with fifteen years of married life to their credit would have gotten over such nonsense long before this; but I haven't.

Rather an odd thing happened yesterday. I went out to sweep off the porch, and Frieda was playing on the steps. She didn't move quite as soon as I supposed she was going to, and when I swept the dust down on to the first step, a little of it went farther than I intended, and fell upon her feet. She looked up at me and said, "Now I'm going to be an old maid, Mammie." "Why?" "Because that's what happens to girls when somebody sweeps dust over their feet." "Who told you that?" I asked. "Tony Ferrara." "How does Tony know?" "His mother said so."

So I suppose it is another of those queer Italian superstitions that Mrs. Ferrara is always telling the children.

Frieda says that before Mrs. Ferrara puts the baby in his cradle, she always turns round three times before the fire, singing her favorite song, so that no harm shall come to the baby. Isn't that pretty? I didn't suppose people in this day and age of the world hung on to any such superstitions, even if they were pretty.

You will surely be home by five o'clock Friday, won't you, dear? The Canfields are in town and I wish we could have them up here for supper; and Friday seems to be about the only possible time.

You went off in such a hurry that I didn't have time to tell you about the things I wanted you to get. But you will be busy, anyhow, so it doesn't matter this time. You might get some fruit for the children if you can.

Lovingly,

GEORGIA.

Grayson, March 5, 1905.

Dear Mildred:

Where under the sun have you been keeping yourself all these years, and what propelled you out of that place at last? I had given you up for lost—and then the other day there came a letter from you.

May you come? Better ask if I will allow you to stay away. I came very near taking the next train to come and get you, after your letter came. That letter brought back every blessed prank we were in, all the while we were in college.

You surely will have to play spinster aunt for us, Mildred. Can you imagine Georgia Masterson having a daughter twenty-one years old? That is the state of affairs. Moreover, I have a son who is eighteen, and the baby of the family is twelve.

But I am going to save all the news until I see you. Come as soon as you possibly can, and depend upon it that we won't let you go until you positively have to.

As ever,

GEORGIA.

Grayson, March 20, 1905.

Dear Mildred:

I knew I was a trifle past "sweet sixteen," but really, it makes me feel sort of antiquated to have my children coming to me with their love affairs. Why, Mildred, it is no time at all since I was singing Frieda to sleep in the afternoon—and here she came to me yesterday to ask my advice about Don Benson.

She and Don have been classmates ever since they started in preparatory school, and they are Seniors in college now, you know. That is enough to tell you—"you know the rest, from the books you have read."

I don't blame the children. Don is an admirable young fellow, and—well, you have seen Frieda, and you can judge for yourself whether it is just because I am a "fond parent" that I feel as I do about her. But, Mildred, they are so young! Don is only a year older than Frieda. They are older than Franz and I were, though—that's a fact.

Women are illogical "critters," aren't they?

But you have troubles enough of your own, without being

bothered with any of mine, so I'll stop for this time.

Yours as ever,

GEORGIA.

Grayson, May 25, 1905.

Franz Dear:

How does it happen that you are always away at psychological moments? Last night Frieda told me that she and Don are engaged. I simply couldn't wait two whole weeks, until you should come home, to tell you. It seems as though you had been gone six months already, Franz, instead of only two weeks.

Don has been here at the house quite a little, lately, and really, Franz, I cannot find any fault with him. Of course he is only a boy, but boys grow into men, don't they, dear? And he is an exceptionally nice boy, I think.

But think of being father—and—mother-in-law. Oh, Franz! It seems such a little while since Frieda was toddling out to meet her "daddy" when he came home. I can't make up my mind to it.

Don't stay in that town any longer than you have to, dear, for I need you dreadfully. It isn't material things, you know, but I am in need of spiritual consolation that you alone can give. There! don't you ever again insinuate that my college education didn't do me any good, sir! Anybody who can write an oratorical and impressive sentence like that one, ought to have a Ph. D. instead of a paltry B. A., now oughtn't she?

Anyhow, come home as soon as you can to your foolish old mother-in-law-elect of a

GEORGIA.

Mr. and Mrs. Franz J. Rheinhardt
invite you to attend the marriage of their daughter,
Frieda Winnifred,
to
Don L. Benson,
at their home, September 15th, 1906,
at eight p. m.

Grayson, Sept. 7, 1906.

Dear Mildred:

A week and one day more—I can hardly realize it. I don't know what in this world we shall ever do without Frieda. That sounds commonplace enough, I know. Probably every mother has said it, since time began. But when it comes to your own daughter, you find out how it feels.

Of course Beth is old enough to help me a good deal—it isn't that, so much. But I have grown to depend upon Frieda; she is my "right-hand man."

The child has been so very sensible about the arrangements for the wedding, too. I hope you don't mind my bragging, Mildred—but you know we read so much sage advice to girls about not breaking their parents' financial backs with their weddings, that we are apt to think after a while that most girls must be selfish and unreasonable about such things. You are the only one outside of our family and the Bensons who is to be invited—Frieda wanted it so—and all the arrangements are to be very simple. So there has been no grand rush as yet, and it doesn't look as though there would be.

Don came today. He has been in Oregon since he graduated a year ago last June, you know he has improved very much in that time, and I'm afraid I'm going to be inordinately proud of my new son-in-law.

I have to laugh at Franz; he is as proud as Lucifer of Don and Frieda, but he seems to think that because he is a man he must conceal all such things. His success at concealment is indifferent, and the result is too funny for anything.

The other day, when I was rummaging in some old rubbish, I found a letter that I wrote to Franz about eleven years ago. You know what a goose I always have been about Franz—if he goes out of town for over night, I feel as though I must write to him. Well, I was telling him in that letter about how one day I swept some dust over Frieda's feet, accidentally, and she quoted an old Italian superstition, to the effect that she would never be married. Isn't it odd that I should find it just now?

Oh, dear me! I ought to have kneaded that bread up a full half-hour ago, and here I sit, scribbling. I must stop, this instant. 'Scuse me, as the children say, if I brag too un-

conscionably.

Lovingly,
GEORGIA.

(From the Grayson Courier for Sept. 13, 1906.)

In a fire which destroyed the residence of R. H. Benson, 34 Crescent St., early this morning, the eldest son, Don L. Benson, was very seriously injured, in a peculiar accident, and his recovery is doubtful. Mr. Benson had made his way to a room on the second floor, to awaken his younger brother, Robert, and found that the boy had been overcome by smoke. He started to carry the lad out of the house, and when about half-way downstairs he, too, was overcome by the smoke and fell, striking his head upon a projecting corner. Firemen rescued the two, and the younger was found to have suffered but little injury. The elder, however, did not recover consciousness. He was at once removed to Grace hospital, and at last reports was still unconscious. The hospital physicians pronounce the case concussion of the brain.

(From the Grayson Courier, Sept. 15, 1906.)

D. L. Benson, who was seriously injured in the fire which destroyed the Benson home early Thursday morning, and who has been unconscious ever since, recovered consciousness this forenoon; but the hospital physicians hold out little hope of his recovery. The case is a pathetic one, for the young man had just returned from Oregon and was to have been married today. His mother, Mrs. R. H. Benson, has also been ill since the fire, but is recovering.

Sept. 15, 1906.

Dear Georgia:

I cannot tell you how sorry I am to hear of Don's misfortune. I sincerely hope that the case is not so bad as it appears, and that he will soon begin to improve. Don't fail to let me know if I can help you in any way. I wish I could help Frieda, poor child. It is a terrible experience for her.

Have no time for more just now, but will write more in a day or two.

Lovingly,
MILDRED.

Grayson, Sept. 20, 1906.

Dear Mildred:

It seems to us that there is a little improvement in Don's condition, although Dr. Cole still considers it very serious. He has been delirious ever since he recovered consciousness, but last night he slept quite a little, and this morning he recognized Frieda when she came. He soon became delirious again, however.

I am worried about Frieda. The strain is beginning to tell on her, and I am afraid she will break down if Don is not better soon.

Must stop now and get to work. You will excuse these little short letters, won't you? I will make it up to you some day.

Lovingly,
GEORGIA.

October 1, 1906.

Dear Georgia:

Just a line to tell you how very glad I am that Don is improving at last. I hope, if only for Frieda's sake, that he will recover fast. The last three weeks have been so hard for all of you. It is a blessing that the worst is over at last.

It is my turn to ask pardon for my "little short letters." I guess. More later.

Yours,
MILDRED.

Grayson, Oct. 20, 1906.

Dear Mildred:

Don was out today, for the first time, and you can imagine that we had a sort of family jubilee. His father had him out for a little drive, and brought him up here for a few minutes.

Now that he is so much better, I hope Frieda will cheer up. Poor child, she has looked like a ghost, for two weeks, and I have been worried about her.

If Don continues to get on as fast as he has, the wedding will probably be somewhere about Christmas time. It could be before that, I suppose, but then they couldn't be here for Christmas; and we do so want Frieda to be at home for just one more Christmas. I'm foolish about that, I've no doubt.

When women get to be as old as I am, they ought not to be so childish about things. But Frieda found out, sort of by accident, how I feel about it, so she wants to have it so—the dear child.

Mildred, do you remember my telling you about that old superstition? Gracious! it almost looked, for a while, as though it might be coming true after all, didn't it?

Now I must stop and write a little note to Franz. He has been away all the week, and I have not had one minute to write to him. As ever,
Lovingly,

GEORGIA.

(From the Grayson Courier, Dec. 26, 1906.)

A very pretty Christmas wedding was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Franz J. Rheinhardt at noon, yesterday, when their eldest daughter, Miss Frieda, was married to Mr. Don L. Benson of Portland, Oregon.

The wedding marks the culmination of a college romance. The bride and groom were classmates in preparatory school and college, and were members of the college class of 1905. Mr. Benson went West shortly after graduation, and for the past year has been in the employ of an electrical supply company in Portland, Ore.

* * * * *

After the ceremony a dainty wedding breakfast was served, after which Mr. and Mrs. Benson left for their new home in Oregon. They have a large circle of friends in Grayson who will join the Courier in wishing them a long and happy married life.

Here endeth the chronicle.

BATA M. BEMIS.



THE APOSTLE OF LOVE.



HE who loves not, lives not; he who lives by the Life cannot die." The supreme test of a life in all ages, among all peoples, under all conditions, has been and ever will be love. Love of country has inspired men to risk their lives; love of home has been more precious to many than aught else. The greatest men of the world have been those whose hearts were filled with love. Lincoln's hold upon the American people is due, not so much to his high attainments, as to his open-hearted, kindly love. Longfellow is enshrined as the hearthside idol in our humble American homes, simply because his poems breathe forth the spirit of a loving, sympathetic heart. Far outweighing other forces, far excelling and surpassing other virtues, love stands alone in the fulness of its beauty.

I wish to tell you of one whose life motive was love, and whose service was beautiful and glorified by love. The motto of his old age may give some clue to his character: "He who loves not, lives not; he who lives by the Life cannot die." I speak of him who can most truly be called the apostle of love, Raymond Lull, the first missionary to the Moslems.

To more fully appreciate the significance of Lull's life, we must understand the character of his times. Lull was born in the time of the crusades, when the Inquisition was just beginning its terrible work, and the Moors were being driven from Spain. Rome, the center of the religious world, was a hotbed of immorality; and her popes were without character or pride. Lull himself was accustomed to luxury, and spent his young manhood as seneschal at the court of James II of Aragon. His life there was the gayest of the gay, and even approached profligacy.

But did we not call him the apostle of love? How came he by this title then, he who thought only of himself and his own pleasure? One day as Lull was seated composing a poem, suddenly there appeared to him a vision,—the Redeemer upon the cross, with living blood trickling from hands and brow. Full of remorse and sorrow, Lull laid aside his lyre and the unfinished poem. Henceforth his life was changed.

Court life became distasteful, and after a struggle, whose bitterness none can know, Lull began the work for which he is known today as the apostle of love.

Lull's life work was three-fold. He invented a philosophical system to persuade non-Christians of the truth; he established missionary colleges; and he preached to the Moslems and became a martyr. Of the first two labors we shall not speak, though their mighty impress is still felt today; but let us look for a moment at the third.

In an age when the Christian weapon was lifted against the Moslem, Lull substituted the gospel of love for the gospel of the sword; while the crusaders were besieging Jerusalem in an attempt to win it from the Mohammedans, the apostle of love was preaching the tidings of peace and good will to the followers of the false prophet. At a time when all Islam expected violence and injury from the Christian world, Lull was offering rest and safety to those who would accept. By this life did he earn his title.

But no! Did I say he earned his title by his life? Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. But when that life is voluntarily and freely laid down for an enemy, the love is increased a hundredfold. To be stoned to death by those to whom he was preaching love and forgiveness,—was that not a fitting end of Lull's life? Who can say that he deserves his title less for his death than for his life?

We are living in an age of missionary enthusiasm. The world is beginning to understand, as never before, the significance of the mighty world movement, which is now being forwarded. But it does not yet understand that the missionary motive is love. It does not yet grasp the measure of the life of such a man as Raymond Lull, nor does it comprehend the meaning of his title, the apostle of love. To us comes the privilege of understanding the beauty and the fulness of a life of love; to us there comes also the duty of making others realize that the truest missionary motive is love. Let us adopt as ours the motto of Raymond Lull, the apostle of love: "He who loves not, lives not; he who lives by the Life cannot die."

GERTRUDE J. HOEKJE, 1912.

Expostulation and Reply

(With apologies to Wordsworth)

"Why, maiden, in that old gray den,
Thus for the length of half an hour,
Why, maiden, do you poise your pen,
Oblivious that the clock struck four?"

"Where are your smiles?—that light required
By beings else forlorn and wild!
Up! Up! 'tis skating we've desired
What makes you so industrious, child?"

On Monday thurs. near glassy lake,
When play was sweet, I knew not why,
To ree my gay companions spake,
And thus I made reply:

"The eye it cannot choose but see
The phantoms of oncoming woe;
Until these notes completed be,
I must the joys of youth forego.

"Think you, from all this mighty sum
Of bards and playwrights long forgot,
A hasty survey might be won
Sufficient for the searcher's lot?"

"Not less I deem that there are powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
Storing our brain-cells in the hours
In times of our unconsciousness.

"Then ask not why I'm here, alone;
Until these lists have reached their limit
Disconsolate I'm forced to bone—
Wait, I'm coming in a minute."

SOROSTS '11

THE COLLEGE GIRL AND HER SOCIETY.



ALL experience, however insignificant, requires a perspective to establish its true value; and if that experience be epoch-making in the building of character how much more important the perspective becomes. And so with a college education for the average girl, a few years outside the college walls establish its real significance. To this perspective is due the inspiration for this article.

Not long ago a woman of wide experience and travel, in conversation with a young college graduate said, "It would seem to me that a college education should do away with the carelessness in speech that seems to prevail among young people. I hear this one and that one 'em' for 'them' and dozens of other careless mistakes; and I wonder what good your college education does." And the college girl replied, "I plead guilty to your arraignment of us. We do know better, and it is a grave fault, but do you think that I would do without my broadened horizon; my study of the most important problems that men and women meet with in outside life; my capacity to enjoy the things worth while,—things that perhaps do not give us any material gain but do give a hundred-fold in the elevation of standards of right living and pure thought—that I would do away with these better things because I do not happen to observe all of the rules of grammatical construction?" And this attitude on the part of this particular college girl is typical.

It is true that if a girl after four years of sane courses of training,—the result of years of planning on the part of the best minds in educational circles,—does not come out of her college course the better equipped for life, it is not the fault of the institution, but it is the fault of the individual. Any girl can make up her mind when she enters college that she is going to get along with the least amount of effort possible; and that girl will come out of her college life the worse for her experience. But the average girl enters her college doors with the determination to get the most that it holds for her. She gets the best out of her studies,—she is not a "plugger,"

because the "plugger" never has time for anyone or anything but herself. She does conscientious work in the class room, perhaps she does not make a brilliant record in all branches, but she makes a creditable average; she makes friendships that have a more lasting influence upon her life than those she will ever make at any future time; she enters with a zest into whatever works for the good of her friends, her class, her society, her college. She is the helpful girl wherever she is. Why? Because her contact with the little world of her college zone shows her the importance of giving out of her store as well as receiving from others.

One of the most broadening influences in a college girl's life is her college society or sorority. One of the arguments against the sorority among college girls is the narrowing tendency it produces. In a degree, perhaps, there are grounds for the charge, but this is a social problem of the world as well as of college. The sorority girl naturally thinks first of her fellow members, but it is only the narrow nature in a girl that allows society lines to dull her sense of obligation to her fellow students. Such a girl will be a snob wherever you find her, in college or out of it. It would seem that any organization that suppresses the individual for the betterment of the many, is not a detriment to its members. In more than one case a girl finds her capacity, her capability through an enforced responsibility thrust upon her in her society. She is ashamed to fail and she surprises both herself and her mates. And should she show a disposition to shrink, woe be unto her! The youthful animosity toward the sluggard is almost animal-like in its intensity, and the resulting contempt for her failure is more than even a strong character can withstand, much less a weaker nature. And yet with all the submerging of the individual need or inclination for the welfare of the many, there is nothing that brings out the individuality of a girl's character more quickly than her work in her literary society. She cannot be a prototype of her sister or she becomes a nonentity in both her society and her college. She learns to express her own thoughts in a terse manner, she becomes unafraid to match her reasoning powers with those of her fellow students. The literary society becomes a clearing house for ideas, academic or theoretical as well as practical. A premium is

placed upon originality; and every opportunity is given to the girl that shows an inclination to broaden her capacity in whatever line in which she shows her superiority, as well as to encourage the girl in her effort to improve herself in other lines than in that for which she shows a natural aptitude. A number of individuals of diversified talents make a perfect whole,—a whole that becomes a thing of which to be proud,—producing a solidity of aim and purpose that results in what is called society spirit. Society spirit merges itself into college spirit, for that which belongs to the one must of necessity be dependent upon the other.

The question of whether the college society or sorority is a benefit to the girl can best be answered in the words of a college girl. "I consider my experience in my college society of more real benefit to me than either my parents or my professors will give it credit for. I learned there to put into practical use those things which I learned of first in the classroom, and what is of far more importance I learned to suppress my own inclination, and bow my will to the wish, and for the benefit of others." BLANCHE A. HOWELL.

HENRY VAN DYKE: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.



HERE seem to be no formal biographies of Henry Van Dyke in existence as yet, so with the assistance of "Who's Who in America," an old number of "Book News" and such of Van Dyke's books as I possess, I have made bold to compile this little sketch. Happily, there are some of his writings which give us delightful little glimpses into his home life.

He was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, November 10, 1852, so that he is now about 58 years old. He is a graduate of Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, Princeton College, Princeton Seminary and Berlin University, and holds degrees from six other institutions besides. He is, or at least was until recently, Harvard University preacher and a lecturer at Yale; and he holds the chair in English Literature at Princeton Seminary, New Brunswick, where many of Hope's alumni are. They find their work with him an inspiration. It is said

of him that his lectures are most logically and simply arranged, so that each is a complete picture, easily to be remembered and set down in notes. But the trouble is, that the students are apt to become so absorbed in listening to Dr. Van Dyke that they forget to take any notes at all.

When he was a sophomore at Princeton, in his eighteenth year, he wrote the "Triangle Song" which Princeton students still sing. It is said to have been written on the spur of the moment, when some of his fellow-students wanted a new song. As an undergraduate, Dr. Van Dyke frequently contributed to the college publications, and in his sophomore year his essay on "The Ideal in Art" won a prize in the "Nassau Literary Magazine."

After his graduation from Princeton Seminary he studied in Berlin University for a time, and then for twenty-two years he preached—for four years in Newport, R. I., and for eighteen years in the Brick Presbyterian church of New York City.

When he was twenty-nine, he married Miss Ellen Reid of Baltimore. In some of his books he refers to her as "My Lady Greygown," and he dedicates "Fisherman's Luck" to her in these words:

"Here is the basket; I bring it home to you. There are no great fish in it. But perhaps there may be one or two little ones which may be to your taste. And there are a few shining pebbles from the bed of the brook, and ferns from the cool, green woods, and wild flowers from the places that you remember. I would fain console you, if I could, for the hardship of having married an angler; a man who relapses into his mania with the return of every spring, and never sees a little river without wishing to fish in it. But after all, we have had good times together as we have followed the stream of life towards the sea. And we have passed through the dark days without losing heart, because we were comrades. So let this book tell you one thing that is certain. In all the life of your fisherman the best piece of luck is just You."

And in his essay on "Lovers and Landscape" there is a pretty little thing. He says:

"Even on a trout-stream I have seen nothing prettier than the sight upon which I once came suddenly as I was fishing down the Neversink.

"A boy was kneeling beside the brook, and a girl was giving him a drink of water out of her rosy hands. They stood with wonder and compassion at the wet and solitary angler, wading down the stream, as if he were some kind of a mild lunatic. But as I glanced discreetly at their small tableaux, I was not unconscious of a new joy that came into the landscape with the presence of 'a lover and his lass.' I knew how sweet the water tasted from that kind of a cup. I also have lived in Arcadia, and have not forgotten the way back."

Dr. and Mrs. Van Dyke spent their honeymoon in Norway—seven years after they were married. He describes it in "Fisherman's Luck." They started, he says, "from the self-evident proposition that it ought to be the happiest time in married life." They reasoned that that happiest time might possibly fall in the first month after the wedding, but that it was not likely. Then, too, people seem to suspect a couple of being newly married, and when they meet their friends, the friends grin, as Lady Greygown said. Her husband added that there was no fishing in December, in which month they had been "imprudent enough to get married." So they decided to go every year on a sort of voyage of discovery for the moon of honey; then they would compare notes and select the best time of year for their honeymoon trip. The result was this trip through Norway, which Van Dyke describes so delightfully.

So all through his stories there comes out, every little while, some little touch which shows his devotion to his Lady Greygown, and the delightful companionship which exists between them. In the essay on "Talkability" he states it as his belief that talkativeness is a vice, but "talkability" is a virtue. He goes on to say:

"I remember riding once with my Lady Greygown fifteen miles through a cold rainstorm, in an open buckboard, over the worst road in the world. Such was the cheerfulness of her ejaculations (the only possible form of talk) that we arrived at our destination as warm and merry as if we had been sitting beside a roaring campfire."

They have had five children, I believe,—two girls and three boys. One of the boys died, and the father speaks of

it as follows: The fireplace he mentions is one of the little "woodland altars" they made on one of their fishing trips.

"Well, the fireplace is still standing. The butternut-tree spreads its broad branches above the stream. The violets and the bishop's-caps and the wild anemones are sprinkled over the banks. The yellow-throat and the water-thrush and the vireos still sing the same tunes in the thicket. And the elder of the two lads often comes back with me to that pleasant place and shares my fisherman's luck beside the Swift-water.

"But the younger lad?

"Ah, my little Barney, you have gone to follow a new stream,—clear as crystal,—flowing through fields of wonderful flowers that never fade. It is a strange river to Teddy and me; strange and very far away. Some day we shall see it with you; and you will teach us the names of those blossoms that do not wither. But till then, Barney, the other lad and I will follow the old stream that flows by the woodland fireplace,—your altar.

"Rue grows there. Yes, there is plenty of rue. But there is also rosemary, that's for remembrance. And close beside it I see a little heart's-ease."

Henry Van Dyke is a man of varied talents, and he uses them all, as few men do in this age of specialization. It is interesting to see how his different friends regard him. To Hamilton W. Mabie, Van Dyke seems to appeal primarily as a preacher and an "apostle to young men." To Katherine H. Norris, who contributes a sketch of him to "Book News" he is "first and foremost a poet, with all the idealism, the sentiment, the music and harmony with which Nature abounds."

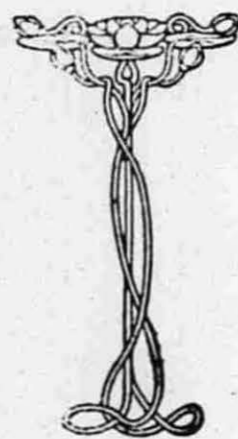
To his students at Princeton, I have no doubt, he is pre-eminently a professor of English literature who has the rare gift of making the authors about whom he lectures live again in the minds of his hearers. To the reading public, he is a writer who is equally at home in the fields of poetry, essay—and story-writing, travel and adventure, nature-books, literary criticism and, what is by no means least, in the field of popular theology, if I may use the term. His "Gospel for an Age of Doubt" is a vigorous and rational presentation of Christianity

which cannot fail to interest and appeal to every thinking person.

There is no need to say anything in praise of his literary style. His story of "The Other Wise Man," which was first preached as a Christmas sermon, has been reprinted again and again, until over 250,000 copies of it are now extant. It has been translated into Dutch, Swedish, Turkish, Chinese, Japanese, French, German and Spanish. What need to say more?

The golden age of American literature may not yet have arrived, but the age which can produce a Henry Van Dyke is, to say the least, not entirely degenerate, from a literary point of view.

BATA BEMIS.



THE ANCHOR.

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EDITORIALS

THE STUDENT—A UNIT.



O doubt most students have been disconcerted to find that an idea which they thought entirely new had already been expressed by some author in better language than they could use. Ideas which are entirely new are so rare that one would almost despair of being original. Yet, among all the powers which a college education should give a man, the power of expressing his individuality is foremost. College life cannot make an individual, but it can give one's individuality an opportunity to develop. Though we cannot hope to astonish the world with the knowledge that we acquire, we can, at least, satisfy our craving for discovery by making all investigations independently. After we have found out as much as we can by our own effort, we may accept or refuse the con-

clusions drawn by different writers, using our own research as a basis of judgment.

It is considered a choice attribute to be original, yet originality in its usual sense means merely a decided individuality. The most original people are those who are most truly themselves. Alive to what is going on, they are not content to have others form their opinions for them. On the contrary, everything appeals to them because of its intrinsic merit, and nothing is taken for granted. Suppose a psychological problem is brought forward for discussion in class. The original thinker tries to solve it by correlating what he has read with what he knows of real life, thus basing his judgment upon his own experience. Call him presumptuous if you will, but the thinking student will never be accused of plagiarism, nor will he take pleasure in expressing other people's ideas in his words as if the art of simplifying gave him possession.

In order to be a unit, each student should express his individuality in his intercourse with others. The most successful student is the one who is most fearless in his participation in college affairs. In a crowd, he does not calculate how the stand which he takes is likely to affect his popularity. Forming his judgment from the issues themselves, he decides for or against a project without regard to what others may do. To be original a student must be himself, but he need not be for himself alone. The active thinker knows that personality counts only when used for a worthy end. Unselfishness is always a good foundation for fearlessness.

There is no better place for the development of originality than the small college. Here nearly everyone knows all the rest, and exerts some influence upon them. Opportunities for individual research are abundant, and numerous organizations give ample scope for co-operative effort. Each student should feel that he is a unit in the aggregate of college life. If he thinks that his ability is not appreciated, let him offer his services where they are needed. Advancement and recognition are sure to follow. The amount of power that each student wields depends upon himself alone, and in the proportion that the units feel their responsibility, the mass of college activities is strengthened and increased.

ATHLETICS

Hope 39	Grand Rapids G. & M's 24
Hope 57	Mt. Pleasant Normals 24
Hope 26	Detroit "Y" 38
Hope 46	Jackson "Y" 43

There are three distinct reasons why we were so successful on our Xmas vacation basket ball trip. In the first place we had a hustling manager, who made such a trip possible and then we had a coach, a real coach. How George DeKruif whipped a winner from such green material is still a mystery to me. Local fans no longer need only to revel in the memory of old games, for this winter they will be able to see as fine an exhibition of basket ball as was ever played in Carnegie gymnasium. Ask anyone, who knows about Hope basket ball how this is possible and he will quickly answer, because of the coach. The third reason why we were successful is simply the fact that the slogan of the team was not a glorious time, but a winning time. Every man on the team took care of himself and now we can think not only of a very good time but of victories.

The surprising feature of the trip was the excellent showing of the men who wore the basket ball colors for the first time. Everyone of them played a game far beyond the expectation of coach and captain. Fellow students, in the team that made the trip,—H. Stegeman, F. Kleinheksel, M. Stegenga, J. Vruwink, A. Van Bronkhorst, G. Stegeman and J. Weurding, we have a winner and they are worthy of your hearty support.



On Wednesday evening, December 14, the Sophomore class was very pleasantly entertained at the home of their classmate, Gebhard Stegeman. A delicious supper was served. Stunts and games furnished amusement for the evening, and everyone seemed to enter into the spirit of Yule-tide merriment.

On Monday evening, December 19, the Stegeman home was opened to the Freshman class. The Freshmen thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and both classes appreciate the cordial hospitality of the Stegemans.

The debating teams of the three societies have been chosen, and the debaters are working diligently for the inter-society debates. The first debate will be between the Cosmopolitan and Knickerbocker societies. The winning team in this debate will be one of the teams to represent Hope in the inter-collegiate debates. The losing team in the Cosmopolitan-Knickerbocker debate will debate the Fraternal team, and the winning team in this debate will be the other team to represent Hope. The Knickerbocker debaters are Clarence Dame, Gerrit De Motts, and Harry Hoff's. The Cosmopolitan debaters are William Stronks, Oliver Droppers and Frederic Zandstra. The Fraternal society will be represented by Stanley Fortune, Frederick Van Dyke, and John Bennink.

During the holidays many of the former students of Hope were visiting friends in the city. Miss Margaret Walsh was hostess at a charming reunion of old college-mates Saturday, December 31.

The second recital of the departments of music and expression was given Tuesday evening, December 20. A program appropriate for the Christmas season was rendered.

If you, gentle reader, had been fortunate enough to have been in the town of Hamilton Thursday evening, December the twenty-ninth, you might have experienced considerable difficulty in securing a seat in the Presbyterian church, billed not for a lecture or a sermon, but for two hours of care-dispelling entertainment by the "Knickerbockers." But suppose Business Manager De Motts had saved an orchestra seat for you, as was the good fortune of the writer, you would have been justly proud of your Alma Mater, and proud of that organization which so ably represented her. The program including solo, violin, piano, vocal and cornet, as well as the ever popular quartette selections, and humorous readings, was delivered without any amateur manifestations and received encouraging ovations from a very appreciative audience. However, the feature of the evening was Prof. Kawa-

kawer, whose humorous monologue called for repeated applause. Right here it might be well to state the object of the undertaking as well as to ascribe due credit to the "Knicks." It would be needless to relate the numerous triumphs, which have crowned their efforts, inasmuch as their activities need no interlocutor,—let these speak for themselves. Credit, certainly must be given the Knickerbockers for entering upon this path, as yet untrodden,—a new phase of Hope college life. Although the prime motive for this venture was to ornament their already beautiful hall, in order to hold out a more enticing invitation to prospective "Knicks," yet the wholesome cosmopolitan spirit with which they have represented and will continue to represent our Alma Mater deserves to be emulated by our other societies,—Hope first, then society. This is the ideal kind of advertising which all owe to our college.

ALUMNI.

Fort Worth, Texas, Dec. 29, 1910.

Readers of the Anchor:—And this is Texas. Wonderful lone-star state! A land blessed with beautiful southern women, excellent saddle horses and all the grandeur that a perfect creation has given it; but cursed with eternal cannibalistic flies, and blighted with a summer's drought—a perfect picture of paradise parched and withered. But, lest the figure be too strong, permit us to say that here at Christmas time roses blossom under our windows, and even strawberries ripen in the garden. Doth it sound good to thee?

But why seek one's fortune in the West? Why wander along the "edge of civilization," in no-man's country? "Why remain in the depleted East?" we ask. "Men of fame seek not to meet the sun, but follow it." It is here that one can acknowledge dame civilization as his mistress, and still not be her slave.

How deeply interesting to work one's way through the great southwest! Being, as it were, married to each other, your two correspondents have no thoughts of loneliness, and always have the advantage of laughing with more than double

force at the occurrence of everything humorous. And certainly this is a happy life. This little program has but barely begun, and behold! many ways already have we encountered of earning our almighty dollar. Filling the shoes of some of Oklahoma's ailing pedagogues for a week or so, opening Dallas' medicine show—all these are now memories, which will not easily be forgotten. And during these latter days, even having worn the toga in the manufacture of Armour's Whitecloud and Shield Bologna, we have felt that if we are not sons of toil, we are nothing. For four days we wondered whether we were not studying ancient history, being registered as "B. C. 1379 and 1450"—beef-cutters.

In the land of Mexico the white man has no chance. So when that haven is reached in the spring time we will have to be content to live as sight-seers only. There is only one sad thing about this,—since we break camp every few weeks we do not remain in one place permanently enough to obtain from some academy-university the title of "professor" Ph. D. For this is simple life, close to nature.

We are thankful that we may constantly hear such encouraging news concerning the 1910 A. B.'s. The school of the prophets is flourishing. Good! How peculiar human nature is! During the Freshman and Sophomore years it is the students' sworn occupation to seek another's life. But when Seminole days have come, presto, change! the same men learn to save life. We surely would like to hear these budding pastors preach. Got a call yet? "Doc" Bavinek, "Czar" Pasma, or "Screaming" Warnshuis?

And, now, after we have had our fling, we send you our greetings,—once from us, and twice from our land-lady who smokes Surbrug's Golden Scepter and Mexican Cuttings.

What do you think about the negro question?

The saints from Fort Worth salute thee.

JOHN W. WICHERS,
HARRY P. ANKER.

EXCHANGES.

The Detroit High School Student of November is a piece

of art, as are all the numbers of this paper. While the various interests of the school are well taken care of, the exchanges should be given more recognition. Lovers of the fine points of football would enjoy the story, "Coaxley's Bet," although its motive is disappointing. "The Failure" is not so well worked out, but it is a really interesting episode.

The **Blue and the Gray**, your November and December issues present a faultless appearance. They would, however, do your school still more credit, if they contained more literary articles.

The editorial section of **Purple and Gold** is well sustained. The cover design, though ambitious, lacks art.

The aspect of **The Picket** is never very prepossessing. A more striking cover, a greater fund of contributed material, and more interesting type, would go a long way to improve this paper.

Verdurette desires to encourage magazine-reading, and discusses valuable articles found in the recent periodicals. In her explanation of this commendable course, we read—"the value of all the mass of learning that we are accumulating in our college course is conditioned by our ability to put it into practical use. The thoroughness of a student's education is in direct proportion to his ability to apply the grasp of general principles which he has acquired in his college course, to the general, practical, concrete problems which confront us in our every-day life." In short, students, keep in touch with current events.

We are pleased to have the **Adrian College World** with us again. The last two issues contain matter worthy of a college paper. The covers are becoming, but a more attractive style of type should be adopted. We wonder what the **World's** exchange editor considers the object of his department to be. We miss any reference whatever to other school papers.

Crimson and Gray, you may be reasonably proud of your stories. They're interesting, and have some point. Enlarge the exchange section, and head it with a neater cut.

The Christmas number of the **Cue** appears in very dainty dress. The article on "The Passion Play of 1910" is appropriate to this particular issue, and we enjoyed reading it.

because the author wrote in a calm strain, free from the bias of enthusiasm.

The **Collegian** publishes an interesting apologetic for football, entitled "The Worth of the Game." Football is said to develop "aggressiveness, determination, and self-control" better than any other game.

The retiring staff of **Calvin College Chimes** may call their last effort a triumphant success, or anything even more bombastic. They have ended their regime in a blaze of glory. The picture of the staff is neat and distinct.

Volunteer, your story contest called forth excellent productions. "Me Mudder" and "The Doctor" bear evidence of real talent.

Other attractive Christmas numbers are those of the **Hamilton H. S. Review**, **Normal Advance**, and the **Pleiad**.

LOCALS.

Clerk—"Yes, we have every one of the 57 varieties on sale."

Bilkert—"No, you haven't. Not since my Uncle John won Julia."

Johnnie—"That fellow playing guard will soon be our best man."

Mabel—"Oh, this is so sudden!"

Richard V. D. B. (speaking of a certain young lady)—"She hasn't very good taste. She doesn't seem to enjoy my company at all."

(Before the entrance of the girls in Schiller class) Westrate—"Don't you think it's hot here?"

Prof.—"Not now, but it will be soon."

Mae De Pree—"My father won't allow us to have mistletoe on account of the germs."

Te Paske to Flossie—"If we must part, let's go together." And forthwith they boarded the train for the west and home.

Brooks and Margaret—Ditto.

Arthur Heusinkveld is at present suffering with feminitis.

Prof. Kuisenga—"What became of Nineveh?"

Small D.—"It was destroyed."

Prof. K.—"And what became of Tyre?"

D.—"Punctured."

Den Herder says that in making love, as in making books, much depends on the press work.

If the person who borrowed the German dictionary from the reading room will please return it, he (or she) will be given a chance to borrow the new dictionary which Prof. Raap intends to buy.

Did any one hear John Bennink cry when his room was stacked?

German Reports a la Schlosser.

1 pinch distilled Scherer.

2 oz. purified Kluge.

1 cup assorted reading.

2 cups play.

1 tablespoon humility.

If a stiff report is desired make the cups heaping full. Be sure to have all ingredients guaranteed by the pure food and drug act or we will not be responsible for results. Let the mixture boil down and simmer for several weeks adding a tablespoon of patience gradually. Then bake for two hours or until solid enough to stand alone. Extreme care must be taken or the result will prove indigestible.

Dr. Godfrey—What other metal could be used instead of potassium?

Dame—Sulphur.

Favorite Expressions.

Luidens—"I have a nobby idea."

Helen—"Please tell me what it is."

Floy R.—"Horror."

Agnes S.—"Oh, how sad."

Dr. Brown—"Now, Charles."

Mary L.—"It is very unjust."

Margaret—"Are they engaged?"

Prof. Nykerk—"Pot-boiler."

Irene S.—"Really?"

Prof. Brush—"It might be remarked."
 Flossie D. J.—"I'm gitting awfully wicked."
 Gertrude H.—"Girlie."
 Gerarda—"Be sure to call me up."
 Hendrine—"Nit."
 Albertus V. R.—"This is a vile cigar, it was given to me."
 Prof. Schlosser—"Nein, nein, nein."
 Brooks—"Happy New Year."
 Anna W.—"What a joke!"
 Bata—"Take 'em away."
 Fortune—"Oh, you."
 Schwitters—"Glassy lakes."

A. Heusinkveld—"I don't think the class would appreciate Diderot's works. Personally, I enjoyed them very much and read them all."

Lucile—"I showed mother Leon's photo. She says one can easily see that he's Dutch, but I don't mind."

Ann Schuelke, after trying for some time to make her class understand the meaning of the word "vocation," asked, "What is my vocation?" One of the little girls bravely ventured the suggestion, "Talking."

Floy Raven claims that she has had the pleasure of walking with the "hit of the season."

Albertus Van Raalte says that no one reads the Anchor at Olivet.

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