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*May the recollections of the dying year live as a pleasant memory of a time that is gone. And sorrow—may it be buried by the goodness and the joy which the New Year has in store for you.*

Happy New Year

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Resolutions of Faculty and Students

The faculty of Hope College, feeling deeply the loss of a kind friend and faithful colleague in the death of Prof. James G. Sutphen, wish to express to his bereaved wife and to all the sorrowing family and relatives their sincere sympathy in this hour of trial and suffering, assuring them that because of the companionship of many years the hearts of his fellow-teachers go out to them in their affliction.

The faculty also desire to give expression to their admiration and love for the departed, being very thankful to their Heavenly Father for giving them the inspiration and help of a life so completely consecrated to true lofty scholarship; so very faithful to the many duties of the teacher; so entirely devoted to the college which he loved and to which he gave so freely his noble talents. As his colleagues who knew him the Faculty feel that Prof. Sutphen had much to do with making the classical department of the college known and respected, and that the results of the life which he gladly and loyally invested here will continue for many years.

For the Faculty,

JOHN H. KLEINHEKSEL,
HENRY BOERS,
JOHN E. KUIZENGA.

Holland, Michigan, Dec. 16, 1911.

To Mrs. Sutphen and family:

As students of Hope College we wish to express to you our deep sorrow at the death of our teacher, Dr. Sutphen. At such a time as this words must fail. We would only voice our thankfulness for having come in touch with a personality who, in his labor in the classroom, never compromised with duty, and by his faithfulness taught us to be faithful. We take this opportunity to express our recognition, above all, of the imprint he has left upon us as a man. That, we know, can never be measured. We feel keenly that one who was both gentleman and friend has left us.

May the belief that a larger and nobler work awaits him who has already done a man's work, and a trust in the ultimate love and kindness of God, help you to bear this bereavement.

STANLEY T. FORTUINE
HESSEL E. YNTEMA

Committee Students' Council

Holland, Michigan, Dec. 15, 1911.
THE ANCHOR

WAS A GREAT TEACHER.
(From City Press.)

Perhaps few Holland people realize that in the death of Prof. James G. Sutphen one of the greatest teachers of Latin in the state of Michigan passed away. One man who is intimately acquainted with Prof. Sutphen’s record and with educational matters throughout the state, declares confidently that he was without exception the greatest teacher of Latin in Michigan. He does not make an exception even in the case of the veteran Dr. D’Ooge, the deceased professor’s personal friend, and head of the Latin department of the University of Michigan for many years previous to his retirement.

Only those who have come into contact with Prof. Sutphen as students can fully appreciate this statement. To people in general it does not mean much more than distinction in any line of work would mean when the statement is made that a man has reached a very high point in scholarship. But those who have sat in Prof. Sutphen’s class-room daily for four or five or six years can really feel the significance of the statement. It is given to very few to reach the heights of learning in any line and it is worth a great deal to have known intimately some one who had reached those heights but who in spite of it was as modest and kindly as a little child.

Many of the boys and girls—men and women now for the most part—who visited his class room have forgotten a large part of their Latin; other interests have crowded out much of it. But most of them today have a deeper respect for scholarship because they were taught by a truly great scholar, and few there are of them today who are not better men and women because they learned to love him as a true gentleman.

A BRAVE HEART.

The steam-yacht “Iris” was leisurely plowing its way through the blue waters of the South Sea on a hot September afternoon in the year 1856. The passengers were reclining in comfortable chairs under the awning of the upper deck, some reading, others fast asleep. Mr. Chambers, the owner of the yacht, was a wealthy capitalist from New York, who was giving this pleasure trip for the benefit of a party of friends. At this particular moment he was sleeping in his chair. His daughter Mabel was engaged in reading a novel. She was the only child. Her mother was dead, and she ruled her father by her slightest wish. No wonder she was her father’s pride—tall, with dark hair and eyes to match, with an impudent little nose and a firm chin, she was a charming maiden to behold. On this afternoon she was unusually beautiful, dressed in a white sailor-suit, with her hair coiled becomingly on her shapely head. The “eternal feminine” was very pronounced in her and had caused many a young man to fall deeply in love with her. One of these young men was just then “pounding out” a popular tune on the piano in the saloon. After a few minutes Mabel threw her book aside and tripped lightly to the room whence the music came.

“Dear me, Robert, how can you be so industrious on such a warm afternoon?” she asked, as she sat down in a chair.

Robert answered not a word, and kept on playing.

“Answer me, young man, or I’ll throw a pillow at you.”

Nothing daunted by this threat, the “young man” remained silent and stuck doggedly to his playing. Thump! A huge pillow hit him squarely on the back of his head. The playing ceased, and with a mock bow he rose from the pianostool and began:

“Insomuch as your gracious highness demands—”, but at this juncture he was forced to dodge another pillow, which missed him but hit the captain, who just then entered the room.

“Well this is a fine welcome, I must say,” exclaimed that worthy.
“Oh, I beg your pardon, captain. I didn’t mean to hit you; I was aiming at Robert.”

Robert had made his escape, however, pursued with taunts of “coward” and “quitter.”

“Captain,” exclaimed Mabel, “do you think we’ll have a chance to visit any of these South Sea Islands?”

“We’ll pass by some of them,” answered the captain, “but I guess we’d better not go ashore. These islands are filled with savages, you know, and I’d hate to encounter any of them.”

“I’d just love to go ashore,” exclaimed the girl. “I’ve read a good deal lately about these islands and would like to visit one or two. I might come across some rare specimens of flowers for my botany collection. We wouldn’t meet any savages. Even if we did, it would be exciting to tell about later!”

The evening was spent in music, games, and story-telling. The captain related several stories of his experiences as a sailor, and particularly did he dwell upon the wild beauty of the South Sea Islands, all of which stimulated Mabel’s desire to visit them. Before retiring, the captain predicted that on the morrow they would pass one of the islands. His prediction was true, for by noon of the next day a small island became visible on the starboard side of the boat. As the view became clearer, Mr. Chambers gave orders that the yacht should proceed more slowly. Tropical trees could be seen, while here and there a huge rock broke the outline of the coast. Truly, it was a beautiful island. Mabel was eager to go ashore, but her father firmly refused, considering the risk too great.

“Please, papa, stop the boat and let me go ashore a little while. There aren’t any savages there; I’m quite positive there aren’t.”

Mr. Chambers was very anxious to please his daughter, but hesitated to comply with her request. But, after all, what could be the harm in allowing her to go ashore a little while, Robert Ainslee would accompany her. The island looked so peaceful in its green foliage, that he finally consented to have Mabel go.

“Robert will go with me, won’t you?” asked the girl, giving him a sweet smile.

The young man had been debating with himself whether the risk were not too great for any one to go ashore. The girl saw the look of slight hesitation on his face and said:

“Of course, if you’re afraid, Uncle Jack will go with me.”

These words stung Robert, and he immediately agreed to accompany the girl. The boat was stopped, and after a few preparations the young couple were ready.

“Now don’t wander too far inland,” advised Mr. Chambers, “and when you want to return, signal to us.”

“We’ll be careful, papa dear,” said Mabel, giving her father a kiss. “Robert will take care of me, won’t you?” This last remark was accompanied with an admiring glance at the young doctor’s stalwart form.

“Trust me,” answered the young man.

A small boat was lowered, and a sailor rowed the young people to the island. Robert took his rifle and cartridge-belt with him for safety’s sake. The distance of half-a-mile was soon passed over, and after the two passengers had landed, the sailor rowed back to the boat.

Mabel was as delighted as a schoolgirl, while the young doctor was scarcely less pleased. The shade of the tropical trees was very welcome after the hot rays of the sun. The girl ran ahead from time to time as her eye caught sight of rare blossoms, while Ainslee followed more slowly, feeling very well contented with himself and the world in general. Farther and farther they wandered with never a thought of direction. Finally, tired of walking, they sat down under a huge palm and talked as only lovers can.

At last Robert rose and said, “Well, Mabel, I think we ought to return. It’s getting to be quite late.”

“Oh! I hate to go back,” replied the girl, “but I suppose we’ll have to.”

“Come on, this way,” commanded the doctor.

“No, we came this way; I’m sure we did.”

As usual, Mabel had her way, and the young man reluctantly gave in. He took her arm and began to walk briskly, aiding her over rough places. The way became rougher as they proceeded; huge rocks barred the way, forcing them to
make detours. For more than a half-hour they wandered about, and then the young man paused.

"We can't have gone so far inland," said he. "I'm afraid we've taken the wrong way."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth, when the pair heard a fierce yell, and looking behind them, they saw a number of half-naked savages running towards them. They had been discovered by Dyaks! No ordinary danger this, and well did Ainslee know that no mercy could be expected from these cruel natives. Now was the time to act, and act quickly. A few rods away his keen eyes saw a pile of rocks so arranged as to make a natural fortification. With a stride he seized the girl in his arms, bounded towards the rocks, almost brutally pushed her over the rock which blocked the entrance, andclambered after her. As he did so a shower of arrows fell around him, and he felt a sharp stinging in his neck. Instantly he knew that he had been wounded. He had been told that these Dyaks shot their small poisoned arrows by means of blowpipes, and he knew that his wound was serious if not fatal. Carefully he sighted along the barrel of his rifle, which he had retained in his flight, and fired. A yell followed.

"Got that creature, anyway," he muttered.

The girl lay crouched behind the rock which served as their protection. As long as the bullets lasted he could keep her safe. But when his last bullet was gone, and night had fallen—? Again his rifle blazed. He swore softly. He had missed. Again and again he fired, peering cautiously through an opening where the rocks made an ill-fitting joint. The savages held their ground before his raking fire, and answered with showers of arrows. A terrible danger threatened, but she must not be frightened unduly. The pain in his neck was intense, and a strange feeling of languor was coming over him, but she must not know. Night was slowly but surely coming on. The lingering tropical twilight might at any moment change into dark night. Swiftly he loaded and fired his rifle. His last bullet remained. Bang! A yell—then silence. He threw the now useless gun aside, leaned over, and kissed the girl tenderly. With wondering eyes she looked at him, then suddenly threw her arms around him and burst into tears.

"Oh, it's all my fault," she moaned. "I was determined to visit this place, and thought I knew the way back better than you did."

"Never mind, dear, it'll turn out all right. Your father will soon rescue us."

Ah! brave heart, you knew rescue would arrive too late for you, perhaps too late——.

Robert clenched his teeth helplessly and drew the trembling girl more closely to him.

"Darling," he asked, "can you pray?"

"Yes," simply.

Together they knelt on the rocks. When they ceased praying, night had fallen.

* * * * *

The next forenoon the rescuing party came upon Robert's hat where it had fallen, and finally they discovered the rocks. There they found Mabel, asleep on Robert's breast. A calm look was on his face, but he was dead. H. J. P., '13.

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DE GEEST VAN WETTELOOSENHEID

OF

HET BESTAAN ONZER REPUBLIEK BEDREIGD.

ET behoefte geen betoog, dat regering van welken aard ook, haar bestaan te danken heeft aan wetten; heizij wetten zonder vrijheid, waarvan het resultaat is tyrannie; heizij wetten gepaard met vrijheid, welke uitloopen op een democratisch gouvernement. Doch vrijheid zonder wetten geeft regering den doodsteek en baart anarchie.

Indien dan regering haar bestaan te danken heeft aan wetten, zoo volgt het onwillekeurig, dat de natuur der regering bepaald wordt door het karakter en de onderhouding der wetten, uitgevaardigd door de regering. Alleenlijk wanneer de wetten de vrijheid des volks waarborgen, en met gestrenghe ten uitvoer gebracht worden, kan een democratisch gouvernement bestaan.

Indien goede en welonderhouden wetten de schering en inslag van een democratisch gouvernement uitmaken, zoo leiden wij daaruit af dat schending dier wetten een demo-
cratisch gouvernement ondermipt, ja, haar bestaan bedreigt.

Daarom beschouwen wij de hedendaagse wetteloosheid als een bedreiging voor het geluk van den individu, van de welvaart onzer maatschappij, ja, van het bestaan onzer dierbare republiek.

Waar openbaart zich die losbandigheid? Wat is haar oorsprong? Hoe kan ze in bedwang gebracht worden?

Deze geest van wetteloosheid heerscht meer of minder onder alle klassen. Onder de straatjongens, die benden vormen; onder vrouwen, gedreven door de begeerte voor hare sexe het stemrecht te verkrijgen; ja, helaas zelfs onder de geleerden van ons land, die, krachtens hun verheven sociale positie, den allerdiepsten eerbied voor wet en gezag dienden te toonen, openbaart zich deze verfrustelijke geest.

De meer afzichtelijke vormen, waarin deze geest zich openbaart, behoeven wij niet voor oogen te stellen. We behoeven u niet te herinneren aan land ondeerbare werkstakingen, die in de laatste jaren menschen in duivels en straten in bloedige slagvelden veranderd hebben. Werkstakingen, die onze schoone vlag bezoedeld hebben met het bloed hunner slachtoffers. We behoeven u niet te herinneren, hoe onze broeders in het Zuiden, door de woede des gepuelpens overmeesterd, wetten uitgedaagd en het recht gekruigsigd hebben.


Wat is nu de oorzaak van de openbaring dezez geestes? De statistiek beweert dat negen tiende van alle wetteloosheid gepleegd wordt door personen van tusschen 18 en 25 jaar. Daarom schrijft men de openbaring dezez losbandigheid toe aan de levendigheid van de natuur der jeugd. Doch indien de jeugdige hartstochten de schuld hiervan zijn, waarom openbaarde zich deze geest dan niet vijftig jaar geleden, waar het getal jeugdigen niet aanmerkelijk vergroot is? Doorstaat de aloude principen den proef des tijds niet? “Onderwijst den jongeling de eerste beginselen naar den eisch zijns wegs, en als hij man geworden is, zal hij daarvan niet afwijken.”

Neen, wij geloven, dat deze losbandigheid niet toege- schreven moet worden aan de geestkracht der jeugd, maar aan het verzuim van ouders en onderwijzers om deze geestkracht in de rechte kanalen te leiden. Deze geest wordt verder geprikkeld door de lichtvaardigheid, waarmede de pers de openbaring dezer wetteloosheid voorstelt.

Doch daar de verwaarloosde opvoeding reeds een zwak holwerk is tegen wetteloosheid, zoo wordt het nog zwakker, door de openbaring van dezen losbandigen geest onder studenten, waardoor de jeugdige aandrift nog aangegidst wordt. Deze losbandigheid onder mannen van wetenschap wordt verergerd door den dubbelitaard van recht, welke goedkeurt in een man van wetenschap wat hij afkeurt in een booswicht. Dientengevolge worden de vermogenne krachten van den studeerende en gepromoveerde tegen wetteloosheid niet ontwikkeld, maar veeleer verzakt.

Deze wetteloosheid vindt haar oorsprong niet alleen in gebrek aan kweeking in de eerste beginselen van gehoorzaamheid teehuis, maar ook in het wanbegrip van de functies der wetten, welkewel geboren is uit voornoemd gebrek, omreden dat misverstand ten opzichte der weten onwilligheid wetteloosheid baart.

En toch is de onvoldoende opvoeding niet geheel en al verantwoordelijk voor deze hedendaagse openbaring van wetteloosheid. Wel is waar heerscht er onder de lagere klassen vooral een wanbegrip aangaande de functies der weten, maar het behoeft ook geen betoog, dat andezijes vele weten vrijelijk zijn jegens het volk. Wie weet niet dat weten in het belang van het werkvolk bestreden en, indien gepasseerd, geschonden worden door de kapitalisten?

Wie weet niet dat, in vele gevallen, weten uitgelegd worden ten gunste van de corporaties? Verwondert het ons dan nog, dat het werkvolk tot opstand tegen de weten wordt aangezet? Dat ze tot de bloedige werkstakingen toevlucht nemen? Dat ze onwettigelijk behandeld, met het recht hun ontezegd ook onwettiglijk de McNamara’s ondersteunen? Is
het wonder dat ze alle banden verbreken, wanneer kapitalistische geldzucht de wetten maakt, en de rijke minderheid schijnbaar de natie regeret? 't Is waar, onderzoeken zijn gedaan op kosten van het publiek, maar Stephenson en Lornier zijn nog niet van hun "almachtige dollar" troon gestoten. Waarlijk de liefde tot geld is nog de wortel van alle kwaad.

Hoe moeten wij dezen geest nu bedwingen? De functies der wetten kennende, moeten wij toestemmen, dat deze zoo algemeene schending der wet een kankcr is, knagende aan het m rug onzes nationalen levens, en tegelijkertijd eene luide roepstem om ons te verdedigen tegen de dreigende anarchie.

Teneinde dezen geest in bedwang te brengen, moeten wetten eerst eerbied inboezemen. Dit zullen zij doen eerst dan, wanneer een systematisch onderzoek van industriële hygiëne en geschiedenis voor altoos dit doodende conservativisme uit onze wetgevende kamers verbannen zal, eerst dan wanneer de weteloze student en de booswicht, de "non-union" werkman zoowel als de president eener corporatie, op gelijken voet zullen staan in het gerechtshof.

Maar bovenal dient de volksgeest uit den langen slaap wakker geschud, want de volksgeest is bij slot van rekening de behouder van wet en vrijheid.

De onderzoeken heden ten dage ingesteld zijn bewijzen van de macht van een ontwaakten volksgeest. Wij moeten daarom een sentiment onder het Amerikaansche volk opwekken, hetwelk alle wettoeloosheid veroordeelt als een misdaad tegen vrijheid; een sentiment, hetwelk den nalatigen blijk zijn post ontneemt; een sentiment, hetwelk een ban legt op ieder nieuwsblad, dat de jeugd tot wettoeloosheid aanzet. Alleen daardoor zullen de saamgepakten volken van wettoeloosheid verdwijnen voor den heerlijken gloed van de zon der volksgeest. En dan zal het kostelijke schip onzer natie veilig tusschen de verraderlijke Scylla en Charybdus van anarchie en tyannie doorzeilen, als het voorwerp van de afgunst der natien.

HARRY HOFFS, '14.
On Saturday afternoon, Dec. 10th, the students and teachers of Hope College paused in the midst of their many tasks to pay loving honor to the memory of Professor Sutphen, who, after twenty-six years of efficient service in our school, passed from earthy struggles to his eternal rest. Professor Sutphen's interests were closely bound up with those of the college, and with his death a precious bond was severed. Therefore it was most fitting that we should make a formal demonstration of our gratitude for what he has been and done.

But the debt we owe to Dr. Sutphen was not discharged at the moment of his funeral. His services were too great to be repaid so easily. As we consider what we have gained from his splendid instruction, and as we seem to feel again the glow of his genial and gentlemanly nature, we must affirm that by his life our lives have been enriched. As a school we can perhaps pay our debt best by guarding Dr. Sutphen's memory well in years to come, and by maintaining that high standard of work in the Latin department which is largely due to his efforts. As students who have studied in his classes, we can repay his labors in a measure by being careful that the work we do in the future shall reflect credit on his discipline and teaching.

Dr. Sutphen's work at Hope is done, but our work goes on, and numerous duties press hard upon us. Yet, however lost we may be in busy routine, let us not fail by loving thought or appreciative word to bring some tribute now and then to the memory of this efficient teacher and lovable man.

How would it be to have a little variety in our chapel exercises? The present manner of conducting these services has the sanction of years and is to be commended for its simplicity. But it is possible that to many of the students this program has become so familiar as to be only a formality, lacking the spirit of vital devotion. We do not propose that this order or this kind of exercises shall be done away, but we suggest that now and then a solo or quartette-selection might be effectively substituted for the hymn, and that at intervals, members of the faculty might give what are known in some schools as Chapel Talks, which would help them to enter more deeply into the lives and needs of the students. An occasional change of some sort will naturally revive appreciation, and the chapel exercises in general will possibly come to mean more to us all.

There is a slight discourtesy which is too prevalent among us. That is the practice of studying during one class-period subjects which pertain to another hour. Those who do this should imagine themselves in the professor's position, and consider how it must feel to have one's efforts thus disregarded. Not dwelling on the fact that often much that is valuable is lost by lack of attention to the proper work, and
that often the custom condemns itself by being followed on
the sly, we urge that the students discontinue this practice
for the sake of courtesy, for the sake of being truly gentle-
manly and ladylike.

OUR FLAGSTAFF DESTROYED.

The college flagstaff has long been an object of pride, but
now its glory is no more. In the early hours of Friday,
Nov. 17th, heavy winds broke the pole at the ground, and
brought it to earth. This event caused us to think of other
days, of the time when the staff was presented to the college
by the late Hon. Isaac Cappon of Holland. A day or two
after the pole was raised, a flag was given to the college by
the Cosmopolitan Society. It will be of interest to quote from
The Anchor of December, 1896: "A patriotic and kind friend
of the institution had presented the college with a new flag-
pole—the finest in the city. The pole was to be completed and
delivered on the campus by Nov. 3, but there was a great need
of a large new flag. This was mentioned to one of the Cos-
 mopolitans, and the society quietly began to raise the neces-
sary funds. They were soon raised and the flag was
purchased.

"A day was appointed on which the flag and its beautiful
rigging were to be presented to the College. To add lustre
to the occasion, and, incidentally, to show what the flag means
as the rallying center of freedom, the members of the local
G. A. R. Post were requested to take charge of the raising.
And the boys did it in true military style. A salute was given
by the gathered people and the oath of allegiance taken. Then
they adjourned to the chapel.

"Here the presentation took place, the response, Prof.
Bergen's eloquent address, some exquisite singing, lusty cheer-
ing for the donors, acknowledgment of the blessings of the
Almighty, and the duties of the day were done. Long will it
be remembered.

"The flag is 36 x 27 feet in size. The pole is 130 feet in
height, crowned by an arrow 5½ feet long, on which are
inscribed the letters H-O-P-E; above this is a ball a foot in
diameter."

About nine years ago the upper piece of the pole was
destroyed by lightning, but this was soon replaced. We have
a fine new flag now, but nothing upon which to hoist it. We
cannot afford to do without a pole, because even college men
and women are often in need of patriotic inspiration.

REV. LEWIS B. CHAMBERLAIN OF INDIA.

On November 29th the students were favored with an
address by Rev. Lewis B. Chamberlain of the Arcot Mission
in India. Mr. Chamberlain discussed India's unrest, showing
that it was not due to British misrule, and that it was not so
much economic or social as it was spiritual. He said, further,
that this unrest in India gave her a greater claim upon us.
In a strong plea for workers, he said that he who helps India
at this time will most help the Kingdom of God. We are
grateful for having heard this scholarly address. It was in-
stuctive and inspiring.

MISS MELCHER'S VISIT.

Miss Margery Melcher, traveling secretary of the Student
Volunteer Movement, visited Hope on Thursday and Friday,
Dec. 7th and 8th. She addressed the girls of the Y. W. C. A.,
and also spoke to the student-body in chapel. During Friday
she held private consultations with several of the young
women, and she reported finding considerable interest in the
missionary call among the girls. We feel that Miss Melcher
is a very capable secretary for the great movement which
she serves.

THE ANITAS.

To all lovers of music and entertainment the third num-
ber of our Lecture Course was particularly pleasing. The
Anitas, a singing company, gave an excellent program of
orchestral music, instrumental and vocal solos, and readings,
before an interested audience on Wednesday evening, Dec.
13th. Variety distinguished the program from beginning to
The First Reformed church of Pella, Iowa, has taken Rev. Albert Oltmans, '83, as its missionary pastor.

The homes of Rev. Henry De Pree, '02, Rev. H. Boot, '00, Rev. Anthony Karreman, '03, and Rev. B. Rottscachaer, '06, were recently gladdened by the birth of daughters. A son has been born to Rev. B. De Young, '07.

Chapel exercises were led on November 16th by Rev. Gerrit Handelink, '00; on November 27th by Rev. P. Grooters, '03.

Mr. John Vennema, Prep. '71, was honored with a reception held in his honor at President Vennema's home November 17th, 1911.

Teunis Gouwens, '09, and Verne Oggel, Prep. '07, were student representatives of the New Brunswick Seminary at a conference of professors and students of theological seminaries held at Yale Divinity School November 20-22.

Rev. Willis G. Hoekje, '04, has recovered from injuries received while climbing Mt. Asama. A sudden eruption oc-
curred at that time, which resulted in the death of Rev. John E. Hall, one of the party. Rev. Hoekje is to teach in Steele Academy in Nagasaki during the coming year.

The following churches are glad to have obtained pastors: Rotterdam, Kansas—Rev. John Hoffman, '71; Cedar Grove, Wisconsin—Rev. C. Kuyper, '98; Trinity, Grand Rapids—Rev. R. H. Holdersma, '81; Sixth, Grand Rapids—Rev. Wm. J. Duiker, '86.

A new book by A. E. and S. M. Zwemer, '87, has been published. The title of the book is—"Zigzag Journeys in the Camel Country," or "Arabia in Picture and Story."

Dr. Bernard G. De Vries, Prep. '06, left for Berlin in December to become associated with a prominent American orthodontist. Since his graduation from the University of Michigan last year, he has been assistant in clinical dentistry at that institution.

Mr. Milton J. Hoffman, '09, visited college and led chapel exercises on December 13th. Mr. Hoffman is spending a short vacation in America before returning to Oxford. While at Oxford he won three cups and a silver medal in rowing contests. Mr. Hoffman has been studying theology, and his vacations have been spent in travel on the continent.

On Friday evening, Dec. 8th, many of the college girls with their Cosmopolitan friends gathered in the G. A. R. Hall, and spent the evening at an informal banquet. This year, as often before, all the guests agree that the Cosmopolitan men have proved themselves to be good hosts as well as clever after-dinner speakers.

Miss Lulu Martin of Belleville, N. Y., spent the week before Thanksgiving at Voorhees Hall, visiting Mrs. Durfee.
Miss Elva Forncrook, former instructor in Elocution and Expression at Hope College, came from Kalamazoo, where she is connected with the Western State Normal, to spend the Thanksgiving vacation with Mrs. Durfee and friends in Voorhees Hall. On Friday evening, December 1st, many of Miss Forncrook's friends were delightfully entertained in her honor.

Monday evening, Dec. 4th, the men of the "B" class gave a spread in Mr. C. Wierenga's room in Van Vleck Hall in honor of their former classmate, Mr. Dan. Deileman, who visited college for a few days.

Mrs. Durfee and the young ladies of Voorhees Hall entertained the members of the Fraternal Society on Saturday evening, November 25th.

On the evening of November 20th the members of the Freshman class succeeded in "driving dull care away" at one of their rousing class parties. The Literary Hall was chosen as the scene of the festivities. Every one is reported to have enjoyed himself immensely.

EXCHANGE CRITICISMS FOR JANUARY.

The St. Paul C. H. S. World is one of the best exchanges that we have received in months. It is excellent not only in one department but in all. There is no crowding of the material in any department. Not that we should advise every school periodical to have a volume of sixty odd pages, but there is certainly much admiration and respect due to any school and any staff which can issue a paper of this size.

Fellows, look at the cartoons in the same paper. "A little nonsense, now and then, is relished by the best of men."

The Olivet College Echo, the weekly published by the students of Olivet College, gives an interesting record of college events. We cannot pass upon the relative merits of a weekly and a monthly college paper, inasmuch as a weekly has never been tried out at Hope. Yet one advantage always appears in strong relief for the monthly, namely, the added opportunity for presenting the literary efforts of the student body, such as poems, essays, and stories. Still, if you like the weekly form best, Olivet, we wish you good fortune, and give you every encouragement.

The Wallace World of Nashville, Tennessee, presents a creditable appearance. The editor of the Exchange Department makes an appropriate observation when he says, in effect, that criticism should be invited by any school paper. We know this to be the attitude of our own staff, and we know further that we have not infrequently profited from just such criticism. With regard to the contents of the "Wallace World," we would merely say that the departments are very brief.

Psychology holds a prominent place in the minds of the students of the Mankato Normal School, to judge by the articles in their journal. One of these treats of emotions and the other of the psychology of infancy.

Both The Cue and The Red and Blue preach us the much needed gospel of "originality" in literary effort. If we were evolutionists we would say that it should be our principal aim to evolve new "types." But for us of slower, more lumbering gait, it must suffice to attain the greatest efficiency in the form that may be given us.

The Comet of Milwaukee, Wis., is a very pretentious journal; but its pretensions are justified.

We feel sure that The Keramos of East Liverpool, Ohio, will be thankfully received by our students. The use of more than one kind of type does not commend itself. The "Misunderstanding" is a good story.

Was It Bigamy?

"What's the charge?" asked the judge.
"Bigamy, your honor," replied the cop.
"Two wives, eh?"
"No, three."
"That isn't bigamy," replied the judge; "that's trigonometry."—Ex.
Basket-ball Schedule, 1911-1912.

Through the earnest efforts of Manager Van Strien, there has been booked the strongest schedule in the history of Hope College Basket-ball. The strongest teams of the middle-west appear on the schedule. In no city in Michigan can its citizens witness such a series of first-class games as are scheduled to be played on our floor. The manager has spared neither time nor money in making the schedule worthy of the support of every student. Following is the schedule:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team 1</th>
<th>Team 2</th>
<th>Date</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Grand Rapids Battalions</td>
<td>at Hope</td>
<td>Dec. 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mt. Pleasant Normals</td>
<td>at Hope</td>
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</tr>
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<td>at Hope</td>
<td>Jan. 12</td>
</tr>
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<td>Rayles of Detroit</td>
<td>at Hope</td>
<td>Jan. 19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Michigan Agricultural College</td>
<td>at Hope</td>
<td>Jan. 24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chicago University</td>
<td>at Hope</td>
<td>Feb. 3</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jackson “Y”</td>
<td>at Hope</td>
<td>Feb. 10</td>
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<td>Evanston Reds</td>
<td>at Hope</td>
<td>Feb. 17</td>
</tr>
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<td>Notre Dame</td>
<td>at Hope</td>
<td>Feb. 22</td>
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Hope, 77—Grand Rapids Battalions, 13.

The first basket-ball game of the season was played Thursday evening, December 7th, with the Grand Rapids Battalions. It was a very one-sided contest, and from the very beginning it was clearly seen that the Grand Rapids team was outclassed in all phases of the game. The fast plays of the Hope boys took their opponents off their feet, and as a result a large score was run up. The Hope boys played in fine form as a result of competent coaching. The features of the game were the basket-shooting of Stegena and the clever passing of Kleinheksel. Following are the men and their positions:

**GRAND RAPIDS**

<table>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Van Ostenberg</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barnes</td>
<td>L. F.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kleinheksel</td>
<td>R. F.</td>
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<td>L. F.</td>
</tr>
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<td>C.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ver Hoek</td>
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**Summary**: Field Baskets—Hope, 36; Battalions, 5. Foul Baskets—Hope, 5; Battalions, 3. Referee—De Kruif. Timekeeper—Van Strien.

Hope, 63—Mt. Pleasant, 24.

In a very slow game of basket-ball played Monday, December 18th, Hope defeated Mt. Pleasant by the score of 63 to 24. The first half was played fast and was marked by clever passing and basket-shooting. The last half was an exact contrast, which made it very slow. The fighting spirit of our boys seemed to be lacking. Their frequent fumbles were largely the cause of Mt. Pleasant's score.

Following is the lineup:

**MT. PLEASANT**

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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Umpire—De Kruif.</td>
<td>Scorekeeper—Hoelleman.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Timekeeper—Van Strien.</td>
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</table>
Bilkert, calling on Miss S— (to Van Zyl): "Say, Van, do you want my room next year?"
Van: "Why, do you want my room?"

Prof. Nykerk got some pitch on his coat while leaning on a fence, and asked a dorm girl how to remove it.
She answered: "Begin to sing, for you always get off the pitch when you sing."

Hoffs, at the supper table (about to drink his coffee):
"Here's to the girls of the American shore,
I love but one, I love no more;
Since she's not here to drink her part,
I drink her share, with all my heart."
(We wonder who.)

Boers (in History): "What is there especially curious about the Chinamen?"
Mr. Waalkes: "A Chinaman is a curious specimen of humanity, because he has a head and tail on the same end."

Pyl, debating in English class: "The annual loss of annual life annually is very great."

Jongewaard, after the Anitas' concert: "I think these girls were better than the College Singing Girls of last year; these were not such kickers."

One of the students has picked an all-star football team from the faculty. Dr. Brown is the choice for full-back, while Professors Beardslee and Yntema are picked for half-backs.

Miss Hoppers, at Cosmos banquet: "Say, Verna, don't you wish you had brought your fountain pen?"
Miss Schultz: "Why?"
Miss H.: "So you could use Droppers."
Miss S.: "Oh, no, we are all self-fillers here."

Mrs. Durfee: "Mr. Wallinga, do you think the expression 'in great feather' is slang?"
Wallinga: "Me? I don't know. I ain't very well acquainted with slang."

Rhynsburger (musing): "She's pretty to walk with, witty to talk with, and pleasant, too, to think upon?"

Sophomore: "Fools ask questions wise men can't answer."
Freshman: "Oh, that's why we flunk."

Oliver wrote home that he was going with a girl and needed more money. Said his father: "Oliver, Drop 'er."
Don't worry, Bernice.

Verna: "It's a shame Brush has to come to school when he's sick."
Minnie: "Why, how's that?"
Verna: "He comes in every morning with the grip."

Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these:"Lights out at ten."

Poppen: "That's always the way, men want everything they can get and women want everything they can't get."
How about it, Nina?

Scholten: "I'm so dizzy, I can't see straight."
Esther: "Well, just look this way."

Nina (seeing pickles on the table): "They must think
lots of folks here are in love. Please pass the pickles this way!

To cram or not to cram, that is the question.
Whether 'tis easier in the class to endure
The pain and torture of appalling flunks,
Or take up arms against a horde of books,
And by studying them, learn—what?—German, French.
No more; and by a little sleep, we soon forget
That German, French, the thousand and other things.
That we must do—'tis a result.
Entirely unlooked for. To plug, to bone.
To plug! perhaps to cram; oh, that's a job,
For when we work so hard, what good can come
When we care not at all for all this stuff.
So let us pause; there's a reason
Which makes our studying such a trial,
For who can bear the scorn of our oppressor's glance,
The pros' great wrong, the way they pile it on,
The prospect of those French reports,
The terror of exams, and threatened cons,
That come upon us undeserved.
When we expected E's
From all the pros? Who could these trials bear.
To grunt and sweat a weary hour,—
But that the fear of something worse,
Those awful marks,
From which there's no escape, doth urge us on.
And makes us rather bear the trials we have
Than fly to those we know not of?
So this our firmeest resolution,
Is that of our most great aversion
And does not promise grand results;
But soft now,—thus ended my complaint.

Take her a box of

Gunther's Hand Rolled Chocolates
AND MAKE GOOD

Gerber Drug Company
Herkner's
The Jewelry Centre of Western Michigan

PRESTIGE in trade is only attained by a long period of successful business in a community.

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Do you Know?
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Posters Souvenir Articles

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Where the other fellows go Around the Corner

Dr. James O. Scott
DENTIST
HOLLAND, MICH.

SELECT YOUR
Society Pins and Jewelry
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Actual Photographs of the Originals in our Catalogue
Yours, for the Asking,
HARDIE, The Jeweler, 19

For the SEASON'S NOVELTIES in
SLIPPERS AND SANDALS
---Go to the---
ENTERPRISE SHOE STORE 238 River St.
The Store of Style and Quality First Class Repairing
P. S.---Ask for our SATIN ORIENTAL BOUDOIR SANDAL the swellest creation of the year.

Students Have your Watches and Jewelry repaired at
Wykhuizen & Karreman
14 W. Eighth St. Next to P. S. Boter & Co.
You

Are missing much if you’re not eating Holland Rusk. The Rusk of golden brown, crisp from the ovens of the largest bakery of its kind in the world. No other food has the quality of Holland Rusk, something better or just as good is impossible.

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Holland, Michigan

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Citz. Phone 1442 97-99 E. 8th Street

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THE COLLEGE PAINTER

The Athlete’s Barber
The Orator’s Barber

The Prof’s Barber
The Student’s Barber

and Your’s after a trial

Dogger & Thoms

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Are what we are looking for

It is to be regretted that there are so many of that sort this day and age, but they must be cared for, and we are fully equipped to do it. No matter what you think the trouble is do not do a thing till you come to us.

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And It Is a Duty to Your Eyes

GEO. H. HUIZINGA & CO.
Registered Opticians
38 East Eighth St. HOLLAND, MICH.

Charter’s Barber Shop
Our Work Speaks for Itself
E N U F F S E D . . . .

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Next to Van’s Restaurant

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ASK ME
WM. J. OLIVE, General Agent
Phone 1124 HOLLAND, MICH.
The Boston Restaurant
For Good Service, Good Meals, Good Lunchees, Good Catering
and Good Location
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in Footwear that has merit in it—as to style, comfort
or service, can always be found here at right prices
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take you there
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PHONES: Citizens 34; Bell 20
H. BOS, Student Tailor
213 River St.
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B. D. Kappel, Vice-Pres. Commercial and Savings
John G. Rutgers, Cashier Departments
Henry Winter, Asst Cashier HOLLAND, MICH.
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H. I. Ilohan

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Dick Tuiner
Make Your Suit Now

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