1-1-1913

The Anchor, Volume 25.04: January 1, 1913

Hope College
Once again the old year wanes and we stand upon the threshold of the new. We wish to acknowledge with thanks the liberal patronage given us in the year just closed and solicit the continuance of same for 1913. Our aim is to improve our stock and methods in the various lines consisting of Books, Bibles, Kodaks, Fountain Pens, pictures and art goods.

Framing done right at right prices
We do developing and finishing
Bring in your films and give us a trial
Sunday School Helps, Calendars and Diaries for 1913

H. R. BRINK
The Bookman

Trade at BOTER’S
and save Big Money

Hope Students would do well to take advantage of the many bargains offered at this store during our Mammoth Clearing Sale

The mild weather has caused us to be overstocked with seasonable goods and we must clear them out regardless of prices, to make room for Spring Creations which are already arriving.

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Underwear
Worth $1.60 at
2.00 at
3.00 at
4.00 at
$ .85
1.89
2.35
3.13

Everywhere else in the Big Store sold at proportionately low prices. This includes all the famous Walk-Over Shoes.

SALE NOW GOING ON

P. S. BOTER & CO.
The Boston Restaurant
Get the Best for the Prices
Good Meals and Lunches
Catering for all kinds of Lunches and Banquets

HOFFMAN BROS., Props.
34 West Eighth Street  Phone 1041  Opp. Interurban Waiting Room

HAAN BROS.
The REXALL Drug Store
DRUGS, STATIONERY, and ICE CREAM
6 E. 8th St.,  City  Phone 1831

VAN'S CAFE
The Popular Place to get your Lunches
QUICK SERVICE and QUICK LUNCHES AT ALL TIMES
Something new every day.
STAY AS LONG AS YOU LIKE

John Hoffman, Prop.

College Posters at Cost
Always a nice line of Novelties for the College Student
Fris Book Store

First State Bank
With Savings Department
CAPITAL, SURPLUS and UNDIVIDED PROFITS, $115,000.00
Corner Eighth Street and Central Ave.
HOLLAND, MICHIGAN

Patronize the
RED CROSS Barber Shop
We employ nothing but First-Class Barbers
Two Bath Rooms in Connection
Agency for the Baxter Steam Laundry, Grand Rapids
RIVER STREET,  PHONE 1210  HOLLAND, MICH.

Plenty of Whinnies
All kinds of Steaks

Central Market
Molenaar & De Goed, Props.
PHONE 1129  46 EAST EIGHTH STREET
Canned Goods of Every Variety
For Your Blow Outs
Put salt on the tail of one of our Overcoats and catch $3.00 to $6.00!

We've had a magnificent overcoat trade this season but we still have a good stock on hand, and we simply won't carry them over. No camphor or moth balls for our Overcoats.

We've put prices on them that will make them sell. We have given them notice to vacate.

It will pay any man well to buy an Overcoat now for this winter, next winter, or any other winter.

It doesn't pay to chase a street car for another one will be along shortly, but it will pay you to chase this Overcoat Sale for another such a sale may never be held.

Sonnet to the New Year

I hear afar those joyous, pealing bells,
Whose distant, eager, long-continued chime
To all the listening world, another time,
The gladsome message of the New Year tells.

I think of all the joys and happiness,
The peace and blessings which the closing year
Has heaped upon us. All the grace and cheer
Given by our Father I would gain conjas.

Hence full of gratitude, a thankful prayer
I raise, — a prayer, that I may helpful be,
May bring to others joy, however small,
Some lasting bit of pleasure, hope and cheer;
Some love for Him, who, gladly on the tree,
Gave His own life, a sacrifice to all.

Christine Van Raalte '16
THE VALUE OF IDEALS

NEW YEAR, with its possibilities and its responsibilities is again upon us, and the advent of the season instinctively leads us to serious intro— and retrospection. "Let us discern, compare," and fortunate we, if we can "pronounce at last, the Future I may face, now I have proved the Past."

This "proving of the past" will inevitably bring us face to face with the conviction that we have not lived the biggest, noblest life possible, have not utilized the latent potentialities, have not developed and put to usury the God-given talents the way we might have, and have not risen to the possibilities of our higher, nobler selves to the extent we should have done. This reflection on the past becomes the more unpleasant when we consider that nothing is so hopelessly lost as a lost opportunity, and that "all that is at all, lasts ever, past recall."

This "proving of the past" should not only engender regrets for the past, but also firm resolutions for the future. We can make no greater mistake than forget the mistakes we have made. Cicero expresses this truth, even tho it be rather bluntly, when he says, "Any man may make a mistake, but only a fool may continue in it."

"In the future, correction of past mistakes, the brightening of many a life which seemed dull and past recovery, noble resolutions and high ideals play an important role. But, it will be generally admitted by all that resolutions and ideals have not in themselves any magical powers, and do not in themselves constitute a panacea for all past mistakes. What then is the value of an ideal in our personal life, in our preparation for our life work?

The value of an ideal, as an ideal, is determined directly by our earnestness in our efforts to realize it. It is sheer foolishness, of which, I fear, many of us make ourselves guilty at New Year's tide, to cherish the ideal for the sake of the ideal. It seems that very often we are more or less enraptured by the sublimity, of our ideals, and regard them as an end, and not as a means to an end. We will gladly admit that this tendency is, in every case, furthered and fostered by the pleasant feeling which accrues from the presentation of ideals before consciousness. But, if the emotions which the ideals call forth do not whip the will to action, and if they do not spur us on to the attainment of those ideals, because our wills are inevitably weakened, our interests for the present are in no way furthered, and the resolutions and ideals of the future, lofty as they may be, must consequently suffer.

The value of our ideals with respect to our life work are determined by our earnestness in the efforts to realize them. But, many of us are altogether too earnest about them. Many students think that the end their profession, justifies the means, the "short-cut course" employed in the attainment of it. True, this is called an "age of specialization," but there never yet was an age and, if the laws of the human mind are not radically altered, there never will be an age of royal rose-strewn roads to the resolution of any lofty ideals, and ultimate success. If we would summon to the witness chair the "topnotcher" in every profession, they would, without a shadow of a doubt, with one accord, testify that it was not by any sudden leap or bound, not by any curtailed, "clipped" curriculum, but by studious effort, by persistent endeavor, by patient daily plodding, that they reached their cherished ideals. We will admit that there are exceptions, but, in every case, they prove the rule, and the young man who thinks that he can outwit the natural laws of the human mind, and can create intellect out of a void, will lose incautiously more in intensity, than he can ever gain in extensity, and is doomed to ultimate failure.

Idealization does not "a rerum natura" constitute specialization simply because they are concomitants in a few cases. Premature specialization frustrates the very purpose of idealization. And yet, true ideals can never be obtained without true specialization. But, we are equally convinced that the student who avails himself of the regularly scheduled preparatory work, can cherish just as lofty ideals, and is more certain of aiming them, than the student whose only excuse for beginning his professional training is a few semesters of college, or academy work.

But, you may say, what is the worth of discussing the value of ideals, in the case of the student, for the very fact that he is registered as a student proves that he has an ideal. We beg to differ. To say nothing of the crime committed against one's self of underestimating or overestimating the value of ideals, if cherished at all, we are of the conviction that the student whose only ideal is the attainment of an "A. B.," or an "A. M.," has, in reality, no ideal whatever. True, we speak, in generalizing, of the acquisition of an education as a lofty ideal, but, in as far as the education, at its best, is only a means, and not an end, in so far can the acquisition of an education be but an excellent ladder for
the attainment of an ideal, and not an ideal itself. Hence the fact that a person is enrolled as a student does not even insure him an ideal, to say nothing of the requisite earnestness in attaining it. An "A. M." or an "A. B." in itself mean the possibilities of a dozen or more professions, and consequently is an indefinite ideal, and an indefinite ideal, if such there be, is a definite waste and dissipation of energies.

If we exercise the proper degree of earnestness in the attainment of our ideals, we shall find that their value lies not only in the pleasure but also in the profit accruing from them to our lives. The least bit of introspection shows us that our minds seem to be so constituted that we cannot thoroughly enjoy any task we may undertake, unless we have a definite end and aim in view. That principle also works out in the life of the average student. There are students on the campus today, who are taking a liberal arts course, who will confess that, although they may enjoy school life in general, there is an "aching void" somewhere in their lives, simply because they cannot decide on their lifework. There seems to be no stimulus for undertaking anything, and no satisfaction in accomplishing anything. The student who entertains ideals, however, has both the stimulus and the satisfaction, and even if he for any reason should fail to attain the coveted end, he will yet say, "What I aspired to be, and was not comfortable me."

But ideals do not only lend zest, but also power to our lives, and renders them more profitable to ourselves and our fellowmen. "Ideals are the masters of the world" only in as far as they become the masters of our lives. The idealization of the real is a mighty step towards the realization of the real. That beautiful and elaborate piece of architecture existed first in the mind of the architect. So the more wonderful structure of our character and life needs idealization.

Furthermore, what attention is for the span of consciousness, that the "stretching forth" toward the ideal is for the whole span of life. Without the localization of consciousness, no task can effectively and efficiently be accomplished, and without ideals upon which to concentrate our energies, no life can be of much value to itself or the world. The ideal goads us on with almost irresistible force to attend diligently to any thing and everything that tends in any way to further the cause of our ideal. Deplorable the condition of the mighty ocean liner, powerfully and elaborately equipped as it may be with precious cargos that has no rudder, but more pitiable the condition of the young man or woman without an ideal, tossed and kicked about by circumstances like a ball.

Higher ideals and loftier aspirations shall be ours, for we know that an arrow aimed at the underbrush shall never soar as high as the arrow aimed at the sun, even the latter may never reach its goal.

"Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go.
Be our joys three part pain!
Strive to hold cheap the strain!
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the three."

—Harry Hoffs, '14... .

AMONG THE LILIES

EXT to mine, there is an old brown house, tucked away in a big, old-fashioned garden. The weeds and the flowers are in continual rivalry there, for the two old ladies who live in the brown house, seem too feeble to putter about in the garden, as I love to do in mine, and perhaps, to their dim eyes, the weeds are as pretty as the flowers. So they live quietly, and even I, who am their neighbor and would be sociable, seldom see them. But sometimes, by walking close to the wall I catch glimpses of them, as they sit on the little, vine-shaded porch where they rock and knit contentedly and murmur to each other in gentle voices.

But this summer, things have changed wonderfully, for Fifine has come to live with the old ladies. She is the grand-niece. The morning after she came, I saw her in the garden. She was stooping among the lilies, pulling out the weeds that choked them. Fifine wore a pink sun-bonnet; it was tied under her chin, but it had slipped back gradually till it lay on her shoulders. Her hair was golden, just as though the tall lilies had dropped their pollen over head. At last she stood up, rubbing the soil from her hands and surveyed the clean lily beds with little nods of satisfaction. Then she gathered the weeds in her apron and trudged away.

Now the weeds in the garden are disappearing. There are other changes also, for the blinds of the upper windows are always open and white curtains flutter out; once I heard one of the old ladies singing in a sweet, shrill voice; and a white and black cat does on the sunny porch steps.
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in a sweet, shrill voice; and a white and black cat dozes on the sunny
porch steps.
Fifine walks in the garden every morning and often I lean on the wall and offer her a handful of flowers from mine. She takes them and thanks me demurely. We talk of flowers and birds, she tells me her favorite books and I tell her mine. Sometimes I coax her into the garden. She walks through the gate slowly, trying to look calm and dignified, like the old ladies, but how can she, when her lips smile so easily and her blue eyes are so bright? Fifine is eighteen and I am twenty-seven.

We have very nice times together at the swing. Fifine sits in it and reads poetry to me, while I sit on the grass and listen attentively and watch her. One day she slipped from the seat, and when she got up, there was a long scratch on her arm.

"Why Fifine, you have scratched yourself." I cried. "Does it hurt?"

"Yes, a little," she said, letting me take her arm between my fingers. It was soft and smooth, like the velvety petals of the pansies which grow in my garden. My fingers trembled ridiculously. Fifine's wide, blue eyes looked up into mine a moment. She drew her arm away hastily and stepped back.

"I am going to have Auntie bind it up," she murmured, and ran away softly.

I picked up the book of poems. It was Tennyson, and Fifine had been reading "Maud." I felt young and boyish as I pressed out the crumpled leaf carefully, for the book had fallen and the leaf wrinkled.

"I am twenty-seven," I muttered, looking wistfully at the flutter of pink on the porch steps.

Fifine has not been to see me for a long time. She does not even work in the garden; and I walk moodily among my flower-beds. I am growing careless of them of late, and in the old ladies' garden, the poor lilies are struggling bravely to keep their heads above the weeds. It is very lonely, and I cannot help but wonder how it will be when Fifine goes away.

The swing under the chestnut boughs sways idly, and Tennyson lies neglected upon my study table. This morning there was a layer of dust on its cover, which I wiped off carefully with my handkerchief. It has not been used for three days, or is it a week? I told Mary quite severely, that she must dust every morning in my study.

I could not stand it any longer. Had I offended Fifine? Else why should she treat me? I determined to make a peace offering and so lure her back into the garden. I gathered the choicest flowers, and made them into a bouquet of exquisite tints and perfect harmony. They were fresh and moist, being washed by the previous night's rain. Holding them carefully, I walked down the path to the garden wall.

One of the old ladies came out of the brown house and stood on the porch steps, shading her eyes with her hand, for the morning was sunny. Then she walked down the path slowly, peering at the flowering bushes on either side. When she came close to the wall, I leaned over and called a pleasant good-morning. She nodded and smiled, and asked me in a friendly way, how I was, and how Mary was.

I stooped down and reached for my flowers, which I had laid on the ground against the wall.

"How is Miss Fifine, your niece?" I enquired politely.

"Very well, thank you." She replied, "Are you acquainted with my niece?"

"Yes," I said. "She used to come to see me in my garden sometimes."

The old lady sighed. "She's going away soon, she said, sighing again.


"We will miss her very much," she said sadly, turning to go.

"Wait!" I extended my flowers. The old lady's cheeks flushed with pleasure as she reached for them.

The old lady's eyes were dim; I fumbled in my pocket and drew out a little three-cornered note, which I tucked quickly among the flowers.

"They are for Fifine." I was stammering like a boy. "Will you give them to her please? Say they are from me, and—thank you."

She looked at me sympathetically. "Are you also sorry Fifine is going away?" she asked softly.

"Yes," I said in a low voice, looking down and kicking the turf with the toe of my boot.

The next morning I saw Fifine in the garden again. She was working busily among the lilies, and already there was a little heap of weeds at her side. Her pink sun-bonnet was pulled far over her face, but a little yellow curl was fluttering over its edge.

"I have neglected my poor flies so long," she stammered regretfully, "and they are full of weeds."
"Please may I help you?" I asked eagerly.
"If you would like to," she said timidly.
So I walked gladly into the garden and knelt beside her. But still she bent her head so low, I could not see her face. So I had to content myself with pulling up weeds, at her side.

"You do not do it right," she said reproachfully. "See, you must pull up the roots, too,—like this," and she tugged gently at a weed. I could not help it. I put my hand gently over her little earth-stained one, and with the other, pushed back her sun-bonnet.

"Why are you going away so soon, Fifine?" I asked.

"Because,—" she faltered, then turned her head and whispered the rest to the lily stalks. But her other little hand crept into mine, and I kissed them both, despite the earth on them.

So all the long, sunny morning we two knelt among the lilies, in dustriously pulling imaginary weeds, long after the real ones were heaped togerher.

Janet Otmans, '14.

REFLECTIONS ON MAMMOTH CAVE

AMMOTH CAVE! What appreciable sensations its memory awakens! What grim recollections of the dark, mysterious underworld! No finer or more enduring impression can be made upon the consciousness than is made by the enchanting boat ride upon Echo river 350 feet below the surface of the earth, ranging from five to thirty-five feet in depth. Echo river rises in the unknown regions of the cavern, flows on for half a mile by a known course, and again 'ceases away through its giddy bed into the realms of forgetfulness. It is a shoreless river; and only approachable at four different places, where the water by age-long erosion has cut away the rock into other vaults that were formed by its continual flow in ages gone before. Its waters were crystal clear and cool.

You are asked by your experienced and trustworthy guide to enter a long flat boat. Crouching in the bottom, filled with awe, wonder and amazement, you float down the river. A short prodding stick enables the guide to propel and direct the slim craft. Close over-head the over-arching rock hems you into small boundaries. The murky darkness is temporarily dispelled by means of artificial lighting. Were it not for this, the fatal stillness and the yawning darkness of the cavern would drive one to utter despair. But now you ride amid the happy surprises of a romantic wonderland. Above, below, behind, ahead your gaze meets with experiences never to be forgotten. Not a sound meets the ear. A silence so deep as no human being can adequately describe, sends a thrill of submission and solitary fear such as comes upon the human soul only when it waits in the presence of something grand and sublime. Awe-struck you sit and drink in the beauty of this world-renowned handiwork of creation.

Presently the guide utters sounds of diverse character. Sounds of low lisings and murmurings of quaint and familiar songs! Cries of delight and adventurous surprises! Loud shouts of despair, or singing notes of triumph! Here let us pause in reverent adoration.

Now listen to those marvelous echoes, those receding and returning reverberations! For several minutes the rock-arched cavern resounds with musical and delight-inspiring echoes till at length and slowly the lisp, the song, and the shout die among into imperceptible murmurings that play on the shore of infinite silence. Oh, how wondrously nature in her various forms here, combines to inspire the solitary traveler with those God-given feelings of reverence, of humility and enduring adoration!

Oh Mammoth Cave! What do'st thou mean
In all thy grandeur true?
What is the message that thou bringest
Which men should never rue?
We try in fear to analyse
What thou dost tell of yore
And while we search for hidden truth,
Behold, we love thee more.
Thy highest domes, thy deepest pits,
Thy arched hall-ways long,
Thy starry rooms, thy shoreless streams
Beseech us join in song.
Farewell to thee, Great Cave of Death!
Go on thine age-long way,
Proclaim this message, and rejoice
That man shall live for aye.

THE ANCHOR
Mammoth Cave, with its limitless vaults of eternal darkness, with its entangling labyrinths, with its marvellously enchanting river, with the silvery, sightless era with the secret lurking places for the early aborigines with the enduring hand-work of civilized man, with its rocks, its perpetual springs, its measureless heights, its soundless depths—Mammoth Cave with its awesome stillness, depressing darkness and inscrutable mysteries—this shall ever remain ingrained in my memory as a pleasing satisfaction and, ever and anon, awaken kindred scenes that have passed my door in the days of long ago.

E. O. Schwitters, '11.

**Book Reviews**

**SPIRIT OF THE YOUTH AND THE CITY STREET**

To anyone interested in present-day problems, Jane Addams' book "The Spirit of Youth and the City Street" must come with a special appeal. Along with the present-day agitation for the conservation of natural resources, has come the feeling that the first problem to be solved must be that of the education of our youth, and the conservation of our manhood. Jane Addams, in her relationship with Hull House has had abundant opportunity to know the difficulties and necessities of one phase of the problem, namely, the Americanizing of the immigrant. With keen understanding, she sets forth in this book, the effects of the city street upon the youth who finds all his amusement and recreation there, and her methods for redeeming him.

She shows appreciation of the difficulties, as well as abundant faith in good qualities of the youth of the city, and in our ability to make good, strong American citizens of them. The style in which she has written is delightfully clear and easy, and makes the book entertaining reading viewed from the standpoint of artistic presentation as well as that of beauty of thought.

—H. De M., '13

**HAAR IDEALEN**

Haar Idealen is an interesting novel written in the Holland language by Johanna Brevort. Its style is simple and its language is easily understood and it would pay every student who can read Dutch at all, to try to grasp its truths and profit by its lessons. Its contents is not only entertaining but also educative and up-lifting.

Its plot centers about one main character, Christine, whose great ambition and ideal was to receive a good education and become a writer of useful and praiseworthy books. But circumstances opposed her and she was forced to hire out as a servant girl. At the home of her mistress she met William, a student, who helped her develop her talent by lending her good books. As a result love sprang up between the two, but William, a young man of noble blood hesitated to marry a servant girl. At vacation they parted and Christine, in her misery, gained the friendship of a literary author and a champion of equality for women, Mrs. De Sterke. As a result Christine was taken into her friend's home and was converted to her friend's faith to such an extent that she vowed to devote her life to that cause. But in a public speech her arguments were overthrown by her old friend, William, and the affection was thus renewed. Chance and sickness brought her into the home of William's mother, Mrs. Klein, where she was tenderly nursed back to health; where she was taught to love her Bible, and where she finally realized her True Ideal and became engaged to William. But her sickness returned and her short life was soon ended. Before her death, however, through the influence of Mrs. Klein, her views in regard to Christian womanhood were changed entirely and her new faith left its influence with Mrs. De Sterke.

The True Ideal of Womanhood as the author called Christine's new faith, she also ably defends. Its success was very fully shown in the family life of Mrs. Klein. The failure of life without it was brought out in the comfortless and strife-broken home of Mrs. De Sterke. It was the only remedy that finally brought satisfaction into the life of Christine herself.

The author disproves of woman suffrage and tactfully and clearly states her reasons.

How old and yet, each year, how new and how encouraging is this familiar greeting. Sometimes we are wont to pass lightly over the usual affairs of the three hundred sixty-four days, but never can we call the first day of the cycle an old, common thing. In reality, for every one it proves to be a glimpse of the fountain of youth. But, may this year, when the century is entering its teens, be the happiest year of all. With three hundred sixty-four days, still vivid with their trials and victories added to our past we take a firm step forward, believing that He, who has lead us through unknown paths, will guide our steps aright.

To some this is the occasion for new resolutions and determination, to keep the white page unblotted. May our resolves be for a life, higher, ever higher. May each tomorrow find us farther than today. With this end in view, to make this year the happiest, the year must be one of usefulness, a year in which we shall learn to live better, an onward and upward year.

"Every day is a fresh beginning. Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain, And troubles forecasted, and possible pain, Take heart with the day, and begin again."

—Susan Coolidge

"The wave is breaking on the shore,—
The echo fading from the chime,—
Again the shadow moveth o'er. The dial-plate of time!"

—Whittier

THE ANCHOR
Published by THE ANCHOR ASSOCIATION, Hope College, Holland, Mich.
Loyalty is a trait appreciated everywhere and very much so in college circles. The exhortation to be loyal to class, to society, to the team, rings in our ears over and anon. Our view heartily coincides with the firm believers in loyalty. But we believe there is prevailing a subtle form of disloyalty to the college. It is human nature to depreciate the advantages near by and to overestimate the distant. Some students and probably professors too, find pleasure in lauding the rules and regulations of other colleges and universities and in speaking depreciately of conditions here. In X-college this is done in such a way that at the University of Z, they follow this custom and never think of doing it in the manner it is done here. In other schools conditions are ideal, the students work harder, the professors have greater abilities and know infinitely more. We can never clearly comprehend why these perpetual complainers remain here—pray why do they not go to those schools where conditions are so perfectly ideal and delightful? We would miss neither the talk nor the talkers.

We are frank to admit that our college has its weak points. But we are more desirous to make mention of the many superior advantages of the excellent teachers, of the splendid equipments, of our fine buildings and of the decided Christian influence and Christian atmosphere of this college. A visit to other schools usually causes a greater appreciation, a stronger devotion to, and a firmer faith in our college. Let those who are so fond of speaking in glowing terms of other schools go there, we find greater pleasure in appreciating our advantages.

The three men’s literary societies have already chosen their respective teams for the preliminary contests. On Friday evening, January 31, the first preliminary debate, between the Fraternals and Cosmopolitans, is to occur. The three best debaters, regardless of the team to which they belong will be selected for the college team, while the remaining three will constitute the team which shall meet the Knickerbockers about a month later. The contests look very promising and there will be some spirited debating before the college teams are finally selected. Interest in debating is constantly growing, our record is encouraging—we are now called upon to maintain the standard. Students, remember the date of the first debate, January 31; keep the evening free from all other meetings or engagements.
On November 20, the Juniors betook themselves, by means of that “joy-giving” equipage—a hay rack—to Castle Park. Only those who have been at the Castle can appreciate the kind of time they had. A supper “fit for a king” games on the beach, that brought them back their youthful days, and walks along the lake, were some of the features of the evening.

Miss Minnie Schuelke entertained a number of friends at her home November 25. It is agreed that “Min” makes an ideal hostess.

The “D” had their first experience of a class party, on the night of November 25. Van Raalte hall was the place the experiment was made. By common consent, they have decided that it was the best thing they “ever came across,”—of course a great deal of the success was due to the efficiency of the chaperones!

On November 26, Voorhees Dormitory was the scene of unusual activity for it was the evening of the annual Thanksgiving dinner. When the “inner man” had been more than satisfied, the guests at the “table of honor” made after-dinner speeches which might well serve as models for all Hopites who yearn to distinguish themselves in this line.

Nov. 29, Miss Dorothy Trompen entertained a number of the co-eds at her home in Grand Rapids. Appropriate Thanksgiving touches marked the decorations and the dinner. The guests declare that Dorothy and Nina are not “late or behind the me” when it comes to being hostesses.

The Sorosis girls were entertained at the home of Miss Francis Bosch, Dec. 13. After the usual program, the “Sorosites” spent the evening in an informal, social way. The climax, to a delightful evening, came when the flash-light picture was to be taken. Ask the boys who did the deed, if its fun to take the picture of thirty-girls?

Miss Catharine Moore, teacher of expression and public speaking, gave a recital in Voorhees hall, December 16. Those who were present were very favorably impressed with the work of the girls. Dainty refreshments were served after the entertainment.

On December 17, the Y. W. C. A. girls had their Christmas service. The special feature was the bringing of gifts, which were to be given to the poor of the city. The girls believe that in this way they may bring some of their “Christmas Joy” to the less fortunate.

Dr. G. J. Kollen, '68, spent the holidays in Jersey City, N. J., with his daughter, Mrs. Jacob Pelgrim.

Rev. David Van Strien, '09, and his wife have arrived at their field of work in Tokio, Japan, and are already busily engaged in the hard task of learning the Japanese language.

Christian A. Breek, '05, who graduated from the Detroit School of Law last year, was recently appointed assistant prosecuting attorney for the city of Muskegon.

John Van Zoeren, '12, who is studying at the Northwestern University, where he holds a scholarship, was at home in Zeeland, Mich., for the holidays.

Mr. J. G. Vanden Bosch, '97, Professor of English at John Calvin College, is called to the principalship of the Academy, which is to be established at Hull, Iowa.

Milton J. Hofman, '09, of Oxford, is spending his mid-winter va-
cation in traveling through different parts of Germany and The Netherlands.

Miss Irene Staple Kamp, '12, has resigned her position in the Grand Haven High school.

James Weurding, '11, is on a pleasant trip to Europe in company with Mr. Myereg from Lawton, Michigan.

New Dairy Building

M. A. C. has already completed the excavation for a new dairy building, which will be 121 feet long and 77 feet wide and will have all modern equipments. It is expected that the building will be ready for use by next fall, when the old building will be turned over to the Forestry department.

SHAKESPEARE AND FOOTBALL

"Down! Down!"—Henry VI.
"A touch, a touch, I do confess."—Hamlet.
"An excellent pass."—The Tempest.
"I'll catch it, ere it come to ground."—Macbeth.
"Worthy sir thou bleedst; thy exercise hath been too violent."—Cariolanus.
"Being down, I have the placing."—Cymbeline.
"We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns."—Henry IV.
—Exchange.

Prohibition Speaker

Mr. Poling, recently prohibition candidate for Governor of Ohio, will make a tour through Michigan in the near future. He is a very enthusiastic anti-saloon worker, and will address the colleges of the state in behalf of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association.

The Split Rock

The M. A. C. Record contains a very interesting article on the power of nature. Dr. Charles E. Bessy, the writer of the article, states that sixty years ago, when he first came as a student to M. A. C., his attention was drawn to a large boulder near Lansing, because a small trees was growing from a little crack in this rock. This little tree was then only about two feet high, and had a stem about a third of an inch in diameter. The crack in the rock, he states, "was not more than half an inch wide, and did not extend through the boulder." Today the little tree has become a large tree, which has split the boulder in two parts which are separated about two feet by the trunk of the tree.

Lake Breeze

The Thanksgiving Number of the Lake Breeze has a beautiful cover design.

Normal Record

The Kalamazoo Normal Record should be commended for the quantity and quality of its contents. Its editorials are very good.

Aerolith

It would be an improvement to the Aerolith, which contains articles both in English and German, if the German and English articles would be separated, instead of mixed.
The fight is on! And nothing but unforeseen opposition is going to keep the pit artists from continuing the string of victories so nobly begun.

The lineup is practically settled for the present, tho we are unfortunate in the loss of Kleiny, our scrappy and speedy forward. His demou ndment will be regretted by all lovers of the game as played at Old Hope. But others are on hand and are royally battling for the various positions.

The lineup will remain practically the same as in the Manistee game, with possibly one or two shifts. The quintet has developed into an excellent machine and every man on the team feels that he is a part of it and hence takes the very best care to keep the machine intact and running smoothly.

Stogie, the husky and speedy center of last season is there as usual, and faster than ever. Lokker, the diminutive forward is eluding his guards the same as last year and as much to the latter’s chagrin as formerly. Hekhuis, the sub-forward in Kleiny’s place, bids fair to work in nicely. Bronk, the old stand-patter, wins in and out and succeeds in making the same baskets, from the most inconceivable places on the floor, as last year. Ott Vander Velde alternates at guard and is already a dangerous man in his position. Verburg, after a nap of two years claims he feels as at home in the ring as out of it, and may alternate at forward with Hekhuis.

The lineups of the visiting teams, and of Hope are given below with the scores of the games, and players:

Dec. 6, 1912—Mt. Pleasant Normals at Hope
Mt. Pleasant—20 Hope—50
Raymond, r. f. Bronk, l. g.

Carrihan, l. f. Verburg, r. g.
D. Davidson, r. g. Kleiny, l. f.
Ettinger, c. Stogie, c.
Frazer, l. g. Lokker, r. f.
S. Davidson, l. f. Hekhuis, r. f.
V. D. Velde, g.

Of the visitors, Raymond made 10 points, Carrihan 4, Ettinger 6. Of Hope, Lokker 18 points, Kleiny 4, Stogie 18, Bronk 4, Verburg 5.

Manistee Azas—14 Hope—90
J. Collins, r. f. Bronk, l. g.
E. Maxwell, 1 f. Verburg, r. g.
Nelson, c. Stogie, c.
B. Winkler, r. g. Lokker, l. f.
L. Wellman, l. g. Hekhuis, r. f.
S. Kann, r. f.


The Holland High school played both preliminary games defeating Zeeland High in the first 21–17 and defeated by Hope Reserves in second by a 32–28 score. Both games were intensely exciting.

THE HOLIDAY GAMES

On December 27 the initial game of the Holiday schedule was played with the “Y” at Grand Rapids. A large contingent of Hopeites and friends of both teams, began to arrive early in anticipation of the struggle which was sure to be hotly contested. On the toss-up Hope chose the east goal and the fight was on. On a succession of quick plays the “Y” succeeded in rounding three baskets before Hope got a shot for the basket. Then on a snappy guard play around right forward Verburg made the first basket. The first half ended 10–8 in favor of the “Y”. Referee Upton and Umpire Mills had their hands full and penalized both teams repeatedly. Montgomery and Wilmarth of the “Y” team drew the laurets in that division for number of fouls committed. The second half was even rougher than the first, taxing the wits of Mr. Upton to the limit. The game was more of a football game than anything else the scarcely anything else can be expected on that floor. The final score went to the “Y” 27–19.
Baskets made by Hope—Stegenga 1; Verburg 3. Baskets made by Grand Rapids "Y"—Cook 3; Montgomery 4; Hanish 3; Bennett 1; Fowle 1. Fouls—Lokker 11 out of 20. "Y"—4 out of 15.

Grand Rapids "Y" comes here for a return game on January 17, and that "Some Game" will be staged is needless to say.

THE INDEPENDENT TEAMS

On New Year's Day the Hope squad consisting of Manager R. Vanden Berg, Captain Stegenga, Forwards Hekhu's, Lokker, Holleman, Guards Van Brinkhorst, Vande Velde and Verburg left on the Pere Marquette for Manistee for a return game with the Azas. A waxed floor, an incompetent referee and a slugging game accounted for Hope's defeat 35 to 27. The usual lineup was played in the first half, but in the second, Verburg displaced Hekhuis at forward and Vande Velde took the former's place at guard. Tho a much stronger team represented the Azas than the team that played Hope earlier in the season, they are not at all in a class for State championship honors, so the defeat is not so serious.

Baskets made by Hope—Hekhuis 2, Lokker 4, Stegenga 3, Bronk 1, Verburg 2. Azas—Brownrigg 4, Christianson 7, Nelson 3, Wellman 1, King 0.

Lokker 3 out of 8 fouls. Browning 4 out of 9.

The next morning bright and early Hope was feeling its way toward the M. & N. E. depot enroute for Traverse City. Arriving at Traverse City at 10:15 some time was found for sight-seeing. Many points of interest were found and a very hospitable class of people. In the afternoon some of the boys visited the State Asylum for the feebleminded, and they report having learned many things. Yes, they were Juniors.

On account of the absence of Mr. Upton, who was to referee the game in the evening it was thought best that Verburg referee a half and Mr. Hansen of the Needhams the other half. The crowd and players on both teams were excellently satisfied. An enthusiastic crowd of 600 second only to the Hope M. A. C. game of a year ago, packed the hall. The floor was in fine shape and there was plenty of space. The first half was all "Hope-sided" and finished 21-9. In the second Hope lagged and the Needhams braced up and tied the score. The crowd became wild. Hansen, the Needham's plucky center caged one that put them in the lead. Then a free throw and a basket by Lokker, put new spirit into the Hopeites and the curtain dropped with the Orange and Blue three points in the lead. 30-27. Traverse City has by far the best crowd of any up North and they are game losers.

Baskets made by Hope—Hekhuis 2, Lokker 4, Stogie 5, Bronk 2, Vande Velde 0. Needhams—Collier 1, Brief 2, Eichelberger 4, Hansen 4, Hallberg and Miller 0.

After the game Miss Ida Larkens, a former Hopeite, royally entertained the team at her home, thus adding to the spirit of hospitality which was shown the team. Stories and songs of Old Hope ended the evening all too soon.

Could we but drop the curtain at this stage but Ludington's Wolverines were anxiously awaiting the boys when the 5:45 P. M. train pulled in. The reception was again a very welcome one, but the floor or rather the ceiling was not suited to Hope's style of play. Numerous steel girders crossed the floor at intervals of some ten feet and slightly above one's head. In addition the referee was too inexperienced to say the least, to act as an official and though Verburg refereed the first half and umpired the second, the damage McMillan inflicted was irreparable, and Hope had to be satisfied with a 21-25 defeat.

Baskets made by Hope—Hekhuis 2, Lokker 1, Stogie 6, Vande Velde, Bronk and Holleman 0. Wolverines—D. Barber 4, Carlson 2, F. Barber 3, Johnson 1, Dawson 0.


Van Bronkhorst was injured in the second half of the game and Hekhuis took his place. Holleman went in as forward and made a credible showing.

At 6:30 the next morning the team left Ludington for home, sweet home and arrived at noon after a very enjoyable outing.

AS HEARD ON THE TRIP BY OTHERS

Where's Lokker?

Look out for my "Carlos Pferd!" Bronk.

Watch out, Jenn, Bert's been reading "Six Cylinder Courtship."

Oh you ducks on ice! At Manistee.
Stogie has been rechristened to "The Modern Job."

Who's got the strong stuff and the Mentholatum?

Holleman got 11 packages of gum for 5c and Ott six cigars for 2c. Watch out, bunch!

Ask Dick what he thinks of the Herald office force.

Look out for my knee—Job. "Ik kep’em."

Lokker's great on the Mental Delusion stuff—at "Bubs."

Who got mail on the trip? Heh?

Whoever thought Marj was good looking? Ask Ethel in Traverse City.

Oh you Visions of Sparta!!! How about the Real Estate office in Baldwin, Job? Or the banker's daughter that boarded the train at Grant? See 24 V. V. H.

Ask Holleman how he likes "doomed wheat cakes."

T. C. H. S. T. C. H. S. T. C. H. S. T. C. H. S.
Too bad Ott burned his cheek so badly, though!

De Motts was found in Traverse City shopping with "Bub" Larkens. SHE wears something on her left hand.
A large reward for an explanation. Help!!!

Lokker's white feather in Baldwin. Holleman's smoked fish, and —the picture on the court house steps.

Y. W. C. A. Circle. Stogie, Bronk, Bert, Mark, and Dick.

Who's got that "Caesars Gally Wars." Ouch, my cheek.

You'll all be glad to hear about some of the New Year resolutions made by the students and professors.

Prof. Brush and Prof. Patterson promised to come to Chapel at least oftener than they did during the past year...

Prof. Godfrey intends to make the chemistry course more enjoyable and pleasant.

The Sunday Evening "supper" is to be improved, according to the words of Prof. Dimnent.

All the basket ball players of the first team are going to cut out smoking.

Henry Bilbert:—"Resolved NOT TO BE ON TIME at any meeting from now on."

Prinsen:—"I hereby resolve never to look for a Christmas present in room No. 13 in Hotel Holland."

We were strolling along.
On Macatawa Beach.
O! You should have heard the wild winds
Rage, roar and screech.
Deep darkness reigned
As we trudged back home,
Then we vowed with all our hearts
No more to roam.

Anna and Jack...
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Anna and Jack.
Absence makes the marks grow rounder.—Ex.

Most all the Sophomores are feeling much better than last term. It’s no wonder, chemistry is a matter of history. Wonder why nearly every student dislikes that course? Is it because of the subject or the teacher?

Nell (to Pink)—"I dreamed last night that I was trying to run away from a mule.

Pink (in next room)—"Who? From me?"

Brush (calling roll)—"Isn’t Mr. Bilkert going to be here today?"

Student—"No, he’s gone to Lansing.

Brush—"And where are Miss Trompen and Miss Lindaman?"

Student—"They’ve gone to Lansing, too.

Brush—"I’ve seen that Bilkert gets there alright."

Helen (at dinner)—"Ev and I were going to be so sweet to everybody today, and they were all so surprised."

"Max Reese—"You mustn’t try such radical changes."

Gerarda (in chapel)—Max, don’t you think we ought to have a mass meeting.

Pink (aside)—"A Max-meeting?

"Would that be a mass meeting?"

Briggs (in German)—"Prof. Brush, are all young men in Germany as bashful as the hero in the story?"

Brush—"I don’t think young men in Germany are more bashful than the young men here, though perhaps you haven’t found it so."

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get their Ice Cream from  
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Students enrolled in any one of the five groups may fit themselves for teaching, and obtain the Michigan State Teacher’s Certificate without further normal school attendance.

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