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THE COLLEGE GIRL.

In the history of schools and colleges of all kinds, the subject of "the college girl" has been considered and discussed until ideas dwelling upon the subject have been almost completely exhausted. In spite of the endless discussions and controversies as to what constitutes the characteristics of an ideal college girl, the number of ideal college women are sadly in the minority.

Hope College is approaching the time in its history when the number of young women in attendance will equal that of young men. But, since there exists a vast difference between the two in regard to nature, likes and dislikes, and viewpoint, this may give rise to different opinions as to whether or not the girl should pursue the same course of studies with the young man. Of course, since our school is a co-educational institution, we realize the difficulties involved in giving each what he or she needs. However, if we believe in a co-educational system rather than in the segregation of sexes, we should at least make an attempt to make the present conditions of our institution such as will best meet the demands of its students. If this is true, then, the young woman should be given more choice in the work which she desires to take up. Under present conditions, she is compelled to do a large amount of work which does not appeal to her. The young men cannot understand why the girl considers certain subjects dull, in which he takes an absorbing interest. As a result, he may consider her incapable of taking up the same questions at issue, when the fact is that she may have more intellectual capabilities than the critical young man, but is given no opportunity to develop these.

From close observation, the startling thought has come to me that a purely intellectual stimulus is sadly lacking among the young women of Hope College. There are only a few who are actually inspired to do the work required of them because of a love for the work and a desire for knowledge. To many of them, to become intellectual is far from being their chief aim. In truth, the sad fact is that they seem to have no definite aim. They merely prepare their lessons every day because it is required of them; but they do not do so because they are anxious to acquire knowledge or because it is fascinating to them.

Another observation made is that the Hope College woman is too reserved. She will cast aside opportunities which she has to assert herself. There are many opportunities offered her which she does not make use of. There is no outlet whatever for her impressions, as it seems. Since this defect is so general, it cannot be said that the Hope College girl is alone at fault. I believe the position which she holds is due, in part, to circumstances beyond her control. She alone is not responsible for her great reserve. Very frequently of late, instances have occurred which would make one feel that she is not to blame, for the reason that in all the great problems and undertakings which come to a student's life, she is seldom consulted. The young men often thoughtlessly place her aside in making plans, and seldom hesitate to consider whether or not their actions would or would not be in accordance with her equally valuable ideas and opinions.

Then there is a mistake which many of the Hope College girls themselves are making today and which, if any, should be righted. We speak now most especially for the hard-working girls. Now, it is, I believe, a common opinion prevalent in all institutions and in the world at large, that the college girl who works must have her play. There may be a few exceptions, for in some cases, ambitious fathers begrudge their daughters any time for recreation, feeling that every moment should be used for intense work to counteract the sacrifices which are being made for them. These we shall leave to their own opinions and consider rather the broader view offered us.

Everyone knows the general make-up of a college girl's
work. Her lessons and class-room work in general come first, as a rule, and still it seems as though there are duties outside of the curriculum which are as essential, if not more so, for the full development of an all-around college girl. Those who devote themselves exclusively to their books are not the girls the world needs most. And what other purpose do we strive to attain in our training than that of meeting the needs of the world in relation with our fellow-men? The world needs studious girls, of course, but it needs, at the same time, lively, active, attractive, sympathetic, cheerful, helpful, and, most of all, strong and healthy girls.

I was very much interested last year in a question which has caused much agitation in educational circles,—namely, the inadvisability of a girl carrying on the same studies in the same class-room with the young men. It is a Professor Clarke, I believe, who firmly believes and maintains that a girl should not attend the same classes with the young men, not because of any inferiority of intellect, but because of physical reasons. Upon considering this, I wondered why it is that a woman is considered weaker than a man. And at the same time came the question,—should not a woman be as strong, if not stronger, than a man, or, rather, should not a woman possess greater physical endurance than a man? I am sure everyone, upon serious reflection, would answer in the affirmative.

Therefore, I believe a college girl's work is not confined to her study-room, her class-room, her social, and religious duties, but part of her work lies in the development of a strong and healthy body. I dare opine, without any compunctions of conscience, that, at least one-half of a college girl's work should be in the gymnasium or in the open air.

The time has come, I believe, when the Hope College girl must become conscious of her limitations, self-imposed or otherwise. She must feel the need of an intellectual stimulus; the need of courage and strength to assert herself; the need of the realization of self-expression; but, above all, she must form a definite aim which will answer to the question, why she attends college.

—JENNIE PIKAART, '10.
MY POINT OF VIEW.
(Reproduction from memory.)

T has often occurred to me that the one indispensable quality in all real excellence is the expression of personality behind that excellence. This it is that lends a charm and freshness to work otherwise flat and worthless. It is an elusive and intangible something which cannot be removed without taking the life from the work. Surely it is not easy to speak with perfect sincerity. Still, it is a prime necessity, especially, in all literary work intended for the public.

And why should my speaking with perfect sincerity, thus disclosing my personal viewpoint, be interesting to others? The viewpoint of others, their philosophy of life, has always been interesting to me. What do the common silent individuals about us think of life? This viewpoint is intensely interesting to me and in the assurance that the point from which I look upon life will be equally interesting to others, I shall disclose to you the window through which I look out upon life.

Mine was an ordinary English life. My father was an idealist, yet with a strong grip upon affairs and withal a student. Because of his occupation I had seen much society and had learned to know many men and women. The atmosphere of the home was above all, intellectual. I was sent to a large public school, won a scholarship and became a competent athlete. But, notwithstanding this, the inner quiet life attracted me. Upon graduation I was made a master in a large public school and became much interested in education.

Upon being made a fellow of my college I was forcefully reminded of the futility of looking anxiously into the future. How grateful I am for the friendships this relation has given me! I was now a member of a small group with the pleasure of continuous literary work. My surroundings were the dark roofed grey chapel rich in associations, the spacious gallery, and the library lined with low bookcases and hung with portraits of worthies. My room looked out upon a close, green and beautiful with great immemorial elms and bounded by a quiet river. It was a place for meditation and quiet thought.

The atmosphere of the college has always inspired me. The presence of young men, friendly buoyant with life, unassuming and cheerful has been stimulating to me. My college is a small one, and in a conversation with a dignitary he remarked that he believed amalgamation of the smaller colleges was necessary. Well, it is true that the smaller colleges have their defects, on the other hand the larger one is well enough for the sets but loses real college spirit.

Today is a wet, misty morning, and I take a stroll in the open to poke among the buildings representing the smaller colleges. What sweet little places they are with their past extending far back into tradition. I visited today a little college I had never seen before. The library tells of days past and as I pass leisurely through the paneled hall, I come to an oriel window looking out upon a smooth English lawn. How many quiet gentle lives have been spent here, devoted to study and the things of the spirit! Yes, the idea grows upon one that the dons have too much business in their lives. A quiet life mingling its pursuits with the mellow pealing of chapel bells is a thing of beauty, and an example carries far more weight than mere precept. Surely the practical is not all.

The one rut we must by all means avoid is the rut of mannerisms. One might truthfully say that to fall into habits is to fail in life, for no one would become hard and angular. Rather is the college the place above all for the exercise of kindness and benevolence. The college years are the golden years—years spent in the society of the young and ardent when one's working and resting hours are equally respected, years with the golden background of home and domestic influences, when the grace of antiquity that hover over the ruins sink deep into the soul.
The college life is beautiful for quiet lives, it does not minister to the fiery zest that would control the world. It is a life for those who court tender, delicate emotions who make love and hope their bread of life. Such make religion, not a harsh thing of rules and dogmas, but a vision of the soul. Life lived in strenuousness is but an ambitious missing of real simple good. Simplicity of heart and life and frank relations with ones fellows, these are real. Bitterness of heart is mean and conventionality is dreariness. Pleasure is in joy of the heart and labor is happiness.

So my point of view is from a college window looking out upon the fresh college life and the street with its varied pageantry. My view is not gloomy, yet not loud, it has no depth of philosophy nor is it the view of an erudite scholar. Still, it is not full of laughter, there is no disguise of ugly things. It holds that it is better to help than to blame, for above all I hate a cynic. It is full of high romance and loves the noble and inspiring in men and women. I have learned to despise the Pharisee and to hate authority. The only opinions are ones own, one cannot admire everything.

Simplicity and sincerity, reverence these, for they are the secret of life, the secret of citizenship in the great and true city, which is eternal. Learn to detect the spirits in whom these dwell. Some are always in the city and some after long wandering and error arrive home. But one who has caught a glimpse of the gleaning city will never lose the vision.

—STANLEY T. FORTUINE, '12.

T was a calm summer day. Clouds of silver beauty flocked the skies like white travelers of the sea. In the distance a man could be seen. Slowly his figure grew into perfect stature. He was middle aged, tall and erect. As he approached, an air of aged venerableness seemed already to surround him. Years had elapsed and he was now to revisit the home of his birth—but his home he found not, only a little mound of grass waving listlessly in the breeze marked the spot where the house had stood. It is our privilege and purpose to tell the charming romance of this man's life. Than this man for pureness of motive and earnestness of endeavor this century has not seen a nobler. Scotland claims him as her worthiest patriot, Christian Misisons claim him as their veritable St. Paul—John Gibson Paton, Missionary to the New Hebrides.

The story of Paton's life is long and changing. To tell of his youth, is to tell the life of the ordinary Scotch boy. To tell of the days of his strength and labor is to recount how an island kingdom rose from cannibalism to an intelligent Christian civilization. To tell of his serene death and the consequences of his labors is only to add the lasting charm to his name.

It is then most essential, in order to fully appreciate his efforts and successes, to learn of his youth and parentage. Somewhere in the South among the beauties of Scotland, no less conspicuous for her missionaries than for her poets, lies the grassy down which claims the place of his nativity. Beautifully enshrined amid stretching white farmlands and extended valleys with their rolling streams, lies the city of Dumfries. Here also, among the far-tumbling hills and majestic spires, were lived the days of his youth. Stretching far away to the South over the white sands and sweeping tides of Solway the hills of Cumberland rest in silence. But amid these beauties of rural simplicity lived a family which.
for its sweetness of character and simpleness of life marked the presence of a lovelier landscape. The Paton family were of the pure Scottish type, reared amidst all the piety and reverence of the Covenanters. His father, a stocking manufacturer by trade, appointed as a rural missionary for the four surrounding parishes, gives a fore-glimpse of the work his illustrious son should do after him. His mother, too, a sincere and intelligent adherent to the principles of piety, imparted to him a strength of soul which upheld him so miraculously in all his subsequent difficulties. Is it a wonder that the child of such parents should later spend these qualities for the uplifting of fallen and degraded peoples?

John Paton's education began with the typical parish schools, where were no less zealously taught the Bible and Catechism than were Latin, Greek and Mathematics. In addition to these studies he learned his father's trade, which proved exceedingly helpful in his later activities. By this trade he saved enough money to enable him to attend school for six weeks at a neighboring Academy. Here since the way was more than four miles he had in some way to make amends for the time lost in walking. Accordingly he took no active part in athletics but instead, while his classmates engaged in foot ball, he stole away to some shady nook along the Nith and here in quiet solitude spent his time in earnest study. Thus, by determination and willingness to sacrifice, he worked his way, sometimes in the harvest fields, sometimes in still more menial tasks, until he had accomplished the first step in his education.

But this was only preparatory to a greater step. In Glasgow were educational allurements which he could not resist. He bade his parents farewell to prolong his studies in the Free Normal Seminary. After long days of labor and "nights devoid of ease" he succumbed to a severe illness. Again and again his hopes for obtaining a college course were frustrated. He turned to teaching as the only remedy which would advance his education. Here he met with unexpected and amazing success. Indeed, he succeeded so well that when the school became overcrowded with scholars the school-board deemed him insufficiently qualified to render satisfactory service, and so he was supplanted by a master of highest grade. Again utter darkness enshrouded him.

But as the darkest days are followed by days of brightest sunshine, so also here he rose from anticipated failure into favor and success. Already there awaited him a position as city missionary. This he took up with great earnestness and devotion. He preached every evening and twice every Sunday. He instituted Bible classes, singing classes, and total abstinence societies. Here it was that his love for human souls became a sincere passion. In this work he found not only his purest joys, but also most difficult trials. But by tact, earnestness, and endurance through ten untiring years he gained many a trophy for the Kingdom. But above and beyond the toil and confusion of Glasgow he heard the wail and the cry of the heathen perishing in the South Sea Islands. He loved the people of Scotland but he loved another people also. For a long time he did not reveal his intentions of becoming a foreign missionary. But after solemn and fair deliberation he offered himself for the New Hebrides. He was accepted, and after further preparation set sail and landed at Port Resolution on the island of Tanna.

Although trained to sights of distress in the wynds of Glasgow, here the conditions were more degraded than ever his pure Scottish mind could fathom. The first sight of these misery-stricken natives in a state of nudity and animalism drove him and his small company to absolute dismay. Had he come in vain? Could such terrible creatures be uplifted, civilized and christianized? The horrid yells of the savages in their deadly fights created even in the strongest the most honest dread. Oh! to what depths of animality and fiendishness does not man sink without the Gospel! Oh! the be-nighted conditions of heathenism! Here were living men and women feasting on human sacrifices; there were the shocking atrocities of demon warfare; everywhere pollution, bloodshed and horror.
Here for ten obscure years, with apparently no results, Paton grappled with the horrors of heathenism. At the close of the third year his wife and child died, leaving him alone to battle with sickness and dangers in a land of darkest night. Still he labored on with a gigantic faith. Here like St. Paul he meekly endured trials and sufferings, the depth of which the world will never know, only that he may dispel the gloom of night with the gleam from the cross of his Christ. Many times while fever stricken and suffering from the tortures of stoning and boiling water thrown upon him by the natives, he lay abandoned and exhausted beneath the palms until found by his friends. But these conditions could last no longer. He was rescued and at his request taken to Australia to seek aid. Here every church was open to him and contributed nobly. Yet the support rendered was not sufficient for the proposed mission ship. He determined to ask further assistance from his native Scotland. Nor was he unsuccessful. After a brief stay here, visiting his parents and collecting money, he returned accompanied by his second wife. At Sidney they boarded the Dayspring, and settled on the island of Aniwa as their future home.

Paton’s Aniwa days were more cheering than were those on Tanna. Although his history here was a continuous story of suffering, of privations and of dangers experienced at the hands of squalid and barbarous natives, still there were numerous incidents which gave him courage and hope. Here he witnessed many amusing as well as pathetic occurrences. The sinking of the well and the building of the first church form beautiful episodes in his checkered career. His experiences with malaria on Tanna forewarned him to build on higher ground and thus render him secure against its attacks. Here he continued to work unharmed and through the vigilance of the friendly natives escaped many evil devices planned for their destruction. By the aid of a converted chief he soon acquired the language, and thus spread the Word in the Aniwan language. By establishing the orphan school many of the boys and girls grew up under the influence of his teaching and developed into strong, devoted teachers and evangelists. When three years had passed many hands that had once been stained with human blood were now stretched forth in repentant pride to partake of the Holy Sacrament.

Although his work flourished, even far beyond his highest hopes, he yet wished to claim a larger share of the island group for Christ. Accordingly he once more set sail for Ireland, Scotland and England, to obtain reinforcements. His primal purpose was to have the Dayspring succeeded by a New Steam Auxiliary Mission Ship, since the former was no longer capable of meeting his requirements. His return to Aniwa was a pleasant one. For not only were money and ship secured, but also the staunch support of young, able and devoted men. It was his joyous privilege in this way to see a missionary and trained native teachers planted on every island of the group.

Thus he struggled on for forty years with unabating zeal and devotion. By simply living out the Gospel the savage felt his charm, and he grew world wide in popular esteem and affection. After a long and prospering career on the mission field, he took a tour through Europe and America to secure an international contract to forbid the slave trade and the sale of liquors and fire arms to the New Hebrides. His last decade was spent in Australia, and here in the city of Melbourne Jan. 28, 1907, he passed beyond to receive the meed which comes to those who in humility and love serve their fellow men.

And now to fully appreciate his life, let us turn to the results of his work. Aniwa and Tanna were once dark lands, noted among all the Pacific isles for the horrors of human sacrifices and the dense shadows of pagan superstition. Men only dreamed of them as barren reefs of coral, washed by the violence of the waves. Dr. Cook in 1777 predicted that no attempt would ever be made to raise the standard of the wretched inhabitants. Their wintry night passed in an aimless existence and isolation now beholds the gleam of the returning sun. The coral heart of the Savage has been soft-
en; superstitions have been cleared away; idolatry has ceased; the long benighted inhabitants now behold the Invisible Jehovah with the light of intelligent men and women. Paton showed that the grace of God can change the heart even of a cannibal. Every industrial enterprise of our civilization is being adopted. Codes of social laws like sweet blossoming flowers are rising everywhere through the heaven working on prepared hearts. The New Hebrides have been raised from their coral depths and have become a garden rich in all luxuriance and growth. Honest, peaceful, and law-abiding citizens, united in pulse and power, are now rearing upon those once forsaken isles a nobler and grander civilization.

Truly, the Gospel light has been flung into the shadow of this island kingdom—and not in vain. For this we love Paton—and although love is inclined to magnify his deeds, yet, "by their fruits ye shall know them." Behold with me amidst the majestic progress of the peaceful waters this land of blessedness and light! Its palm-fringed shores and festooned forests slope down in grandeur to a silver beach. The green mountains, solitary and beautiful, rest like enchanting isles in the blue skies beyond. Its inhabitants are at ease, peaceful and blest; and through the distance we hear the peal of the bell as it swings to and fro from the tower of the little church of Ainiwa. Its music betokens the song arising from the heart of a grateful people whispering the name of Paton who lived to make them live who suffered to make them free.

—E. O. SCHWITTERS, '11.
ten local editors, engage a couple of cartoonists, and proceed to compete with Judge, Puck, Life, and others. Now whenever a student catches himself in this act of injustice, condemning the Anchor because it does not devote more of its energies and space to its humor department, we ask him to subject himself to the following treatment:

Let him, in the first place, read the rest of the paper with the same attention he bestowed upon the jokes in which he hoped to see his name mentioned. Then if the literary merits of such an editorial as this, for instance, are not apparent to his refined tastes, let him, in the second place, go to the Exchange table and look through those papers that have a heavy pencil mark on the covers. There he will learn what high standing the Anchor holds among other papers. Let him also note of how much interest "Locals" are to those outside the college, and let him observe whether other papers criticise us by this standard or some other. Then, in the third place, we ask him to consider what a college paper really aims to do. Is it only to give the students an entertaining piece of reading? We leave that to our magazines. A college paper must aim first of all to reflect the spirit and activity of the school, to be a means for the school to express itself and accomplish something as a school. This does not mean that it must necessarily be dull. On the contrary, in proportion as it gives a faithful reproduction of the college life, it will become more interesting. Only from this standpoint is it right to make an interesting paper our goal; that is, as the consequence of a faithful reflection of the school interests, never as the direct and immediate aim. And so if any possible "knocker" will in the future bear in mind that this is the criterion by which he must estimate the Anchor, and if he will first go to the trouble of reading the entire paper before forming his opinion of it, it is just possible that his criticism may be helpful rather than damaging. — J. H. W.

To Lansing.

Now is the time for all true and valiant men to hold on to three dollars and a half and go with our orator to the state capitol—the fourth day of March. You certainly do wish to see Hope's man take first place; he can do it without you, but he can do it much better with your help. Besides, you gain much as to personal experience by going to Lansing, and thus, amid the other large college delegation, Hope's faithful band will not seem but a drop in the bucket. A trip to another college town is an education in itself, and this is especially true of Lansing with its State Capitol and the big Agricultural College. The parties in charge at Lansing will do all in their power to entertain us. Judging from press reports, there is an unusual enthusiasm noticeable in regard to the State Oratorical Contest this year, and doings at Lansing promise to be as big as ever. Get your vocal chords tuned to yells and college songs, and let your harp resound in the big Masonic Temple at Lansing.

THE DAY OF PRAYER FOR COLLEGES.

January 27, the day of prayer for colleges and seminaries, was duly observed at Hope. A large mass meeting of the students and of many of the alumni for prayer was held at 2 P. M. in the chapel, where Mr. Edwin Booth, editor of the Grand Rapids Evening Press, delivered the principal address. He came in the role of an exhorter, and not of an adviser. Mr. Booth said, the best prayer we can make is that God should make the students of this land fitted to perform their best. With Burns and Byron as illustrations, there is nothing sadder to be seen than a human life which misses its best. Burns complainingly admitted that he never had an aim in life; of Byron we know that he never gave us a half of what his genius was capable of. The lesson that comes to us from these lives is that we must grasp all our opportunities, for in this, very act man reaches the top notch of genius. Opportunity is spelled in large letters before every life, and man's largest opportunity lies in helpfulness to his fellows, according to the sentiment expressed in the little poem, "The House
by the Side of the Road.” We must grasp our opportunity with faith, for no power can make a man out of a two-legged creature that possesses no faith and determination. We are to grasp our opportunities with prayer, by looking up with the faith that is expressed in a child’s trustful supplication. What we must, above all, pray, is, “O God, save me unto that best man whom thou hast designed me to be.”

Mr. Booth spoke with earnestness and conviction. Having been introduced by Dr. Kollen as a “man of the world,” he made good this claim in his address, giving the student body much of the practical side of life.

Dr. Kollen made the gratifying statement that ninety-one and one-half per cent. of Hope’s students are professing Christians.

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IN MEMORIUM

VERA ANNA KLEINHEKSEL

Wholehearted and cheerful in her companionship, faithful and ardent in her tasks, our fellow-student, Vera Kleinheksel, lived among us a life, the broken thread of which we look upon with still sorrow, but the living memory of which we feel will sweeten the bitter of our loss. To her, as to us, Life was sweetness and light, and thus we cannot fully comprehend the meaning of her passing from among us; still, such was her life that we trust God took her “deathless, and gathered but again to grow.”

The ANCHOR STAFF, on behalf of the student body.

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EXPRESSION OF SYMPATHY

Since it has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from among us by death our dear friend, Vera Anna Kleinheksel.

We, the members of the Sorosis Society of Hope College, desire to express our deep sorrow at the loss we have sustained in the taking away of one beloved by all; and desire also to offer to the sorrowing family our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in their sore bereavement.

THE SOROSIS SOCIETY.

Holland, Michigan, February 2, 1910.

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Society

An “At Home” at Voorhees Hall.

On Wednesday, January 19, from 3:30 to 5:30 p.m., the Dean and young women of Voorhees Hall gave an “at home” to the wives of the professors, and other lady friends. About eighty guests were present. Mrs. Durfee and the young women of the Senior, Junior and Sophomore classes formed a receiving line, while the other young women made themselves useful introducing guests and serving refreshments. All enjoyed a very pleasant time.

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Dr. Brown Surprised.

On Tuesday evening, January 25, the Senior class very successfully surprised Dr. Brown. The professor was busy in his study when the class came in on him, and certainly took him by surprise. The evening was spent with singing, various games, relating of experiences, and having a good time in every way. During the time when refreshments were served, a quiet conversation reigned. Dr. Brown telling of some of his experiences in Germany. A very enjoyable time was had by all. It could not be otherwise.

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A word about the Dutch societies. The day of the Ulflas Club are not yet numbered, since again new blood is flowing through its veins, for five new members have again been good annual program. We only regret that Van Raalte Club has not followed this example.

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Athletics

BASKET BALL.

Hope, 48; Zeeland, 20.

Hope, 71; Mt. Pleasant, 15.

Hope, 51; Zeeland, 24.

Hope, 36. Hull House, Chicago, 27.
Revenge is sweet, even if it is on other teams. The vacation trip with its defeats has not only taught us a lesson, but it has accomplished a great deal of good. The team set out in their series of home-floor games with a snap and a vim that is bound to result in victories. The first game was to be played with Battle Creek, but owing to a severe snow storm the team was unable to be present. The Zeeland Y. M. D. A. team was then secured at the last moment, and being unprepared, were hardly in condition for the fast playing which Hope put up. The visitors made but one basket in the first half, but played somewhat better in the second. In the Mt. Pleasant game the visitors seemed to have been scared out by the rapid playing of Hope at the start. No field-baskets were thrown by them until near the close of the game, when four were made in rapid succession. Hope played good ball, and, though one-sided, the game was a good one. The Zeelanders were snowed under for a second time on their own floor, in a fast game at the Zeeland gym. Hope's boys were weak in the beginning, having almost a dozen points piled up on them before they could score a basket. But in the second half they made up for lost time, and although the game was rather rough, it showed the boys fast getting into shape for the coming hard games.

THAT HULL HOUSE GAME.

They came, they saw, we conquered, and upon the heights of Gilboa lie the mighty slain, they who conquered the I. A. C. Champs of Chicago in two battles. It was in the most fiercely contested game ever played upon the local floor, and before one of the largest and most enthusiastic crowds of spectators that ever witnessed a basket ball game in Carnegie Hall, that the strong Hull House team took their medicine at the hands of the college quintet to the tune of 36 to 27. Hull House took the lead at the beginning, but the fellows soon got the machine working to perfection, and with Captain Veenker starring, the first half ended with 14—8 in Hope's favor.

The Anchor

The second half was still harder played, but the ball passed most of the time in Hope's territory, and the jealous guarding of Henry Vruwink and Mart Verburg prevented the visitors from throwing hardly any field baskets. Labon of Hull House nipping only one basket off H. Vruwink, while Behi in vain endeavored to elude Verburg.

Laven was in the game all the time with rip-snort movements that absolutely baffled the visitors, while his guard trailed behind like the tail of Halley's comet. For their strenuous efforts these two, in the latter part of the game, were relieved, H. Stegeman taking Levan's position. Johnnie Vruwink, as always, was invincible at center, and brought in a full quota of four baskets. With a showing like this, prospects to win the scheduled games of Notre Dame and Detroit teams have become much brighter.

Field goals—Veenker, 4; Le Van, 3; J. Vruwink, 4; H. Vruwink, 3; H. Stegeman, 1. Referees—W. W. Wren of Grand Rapids and Dr. White of Chicago.

TRACK WORK.

Track work has commenced again at Hope. The prospects for a successful season are especially bright since several of the old track men are back and already in good trim. Louis Conger has again taken up the coaching of the team and if all goes well Hope ought to make a favorable showing in the coming cross country meet. Manager Brooks has sent invitations to all the Michigan colleges and several have provisionally taken up the proposition. This year track work will be more extensive than last season, hurdling, sprinting and pole vaulting being made features of special attention. As things look now the Holland business men trophy will come back to the gymnasium.

Just before going to press the college quintet wreaked their vengeance on the Brinks of Grand Rapids, who defeated them on their Christmas trip. The medicine was pretty strong, 88 to 11.
Exchanges

The article, "Thanatopsis," in the "Spectator" is a sympathetic and very agreeable treatment of the famous poem and its author. Not only does the writer reveal his admiration for, and knowledge of the poet, but also shows that nature will speak to one in various and inspiring language if he gives her an adequate chance.

Hillsdale "Collegian."—We are hoping for a better issue next time. Let us have at least one good, substantial piece of literature. Then, by adding several interesting stories, you may hope to gain recognition. What about your Exchange column?

"Res Academicae."—The poem, "Nicaragua," sparkles with the flashes of genius. Its pleasing and rhythmic flow inspire me with patriotic pugnacity.

"Unsere Vorfahren und ihre Bekehrung von Heidentum" in the "H. M. Aerolith" deserves special commendation. It portrays the slow rise of Christianity in the forests of Germany in truly beautiful and manly style. The constant siege of the missionaries from the Southeast and Northwest, brings the story, as it were, in a swelling climax to the successful reign of "Karl der Grosse," who stands as the first great type of the modern man.

"Calvin College Chimes."—We fail to notice an Exchange column in the first number, edited by the new staff. Also, the "Theological Limelight" editor throws his pictures upon the canvas in too many different hues. Such a "mengelmoes" of Dutch and English paragraphs under the same heading breaks up the strength of the department very badly. It is commendable to trust in "the help of God" when toiling in "Theological Limelight," but in regards to regularity and system the T. L. editor might profitably study the rules and regulations of America's national game, which someone claims he opposes so strenuously. The poem, "We'll Not Forget," expresses fine sentiment, and the Dutch, used throughout the Chimes, is excellent.

If anyone wishes to read some "straight-from-the-shoulder talk," let him peruse the editorials in the January "Adrian College World."
Locals

Smile, and the world smiles with you;
“Knock,” and you go alone,
For the cheerful grin will let you in
Where the “knocker” is never known.
Kick, and there’s trouble brewing;
Whistle, and life is gay,
And the world’s in tune like a day in June,
And the clouds all melt away.
The above does not purport to be a joke.
When we don’t know of any jokes on the campus we
must have recourse to our exchanges. If you hear a good
joke, for pity’s sake don’t tell it to the joke editor or it might
get into the Anchor.

Little dog,
Railroad track;
Toot, toot!
Sausage.—Ex.

Vander Schaaf: “I read the other day that the chicken
is a sacred bird.”
Mollema: “How’s that?”
Vander Schaaf: “Because so many of them enter the
ministry.”

Mary had a little lamb;
She stood it on the shelf.
And every time it wagged its tail,
The lamb it spanked itself.—Ex.

Mrs. Durfee said to Harry Anker the other day: “Mr.
Anker, why don’t you wear your Senior pin?”
And Anker answered: “It’s on my Sunday coat.”
Oh, Della!

Loomis: “I’ve got a problem for you, Dick.”
Dick Smallegan: “Bring on your roaring lion from
Abyssinia, and let the show go on!”

Loomis: “If it takes a miniature bug two hours and a
half to crawl around a barrel of soft soap, how many pancakes
will it take to shingle Van Vleck hall?”

Whatever troubles Adam had,
No man could make him sore
By saying, when he told a joke,
“I’ve heard that thing before.”—Ex.

Uncle (trotting Harry on his knee): “How do you like
this, Harry?”
Harry: “Nice work, uncle, but I rode on a real donkey
the other day.”—Adapted.

Everybody labors except our distinguished progenitor.

Omnes agunt sed pater
Toto die sedet—
Tubrum tenae furnat,
Mater lavandas prendit,
Soror Anna quoque.
Ic nostra omnes agunt
Si pater senex—ne.—Ex.

Prof. K. (speaking about Samson) to Bonte: “What do
you call such a person who abstains from strong drink, etc.?”
Bonte—“A vegetarian.”

Fenverda to Van Houweling: “What did you do dur-
ing vacation, Van?”
V. H.: “I worked for my spending money.”
F.: “How did you do it?”
V. H.: “I worked the old man.”

In philosophy, professor to Vis: “What is sweeter, a
pound of sugar or a pretty girl?”
Vis: “It all depends upon the taste.”

The man who gets into a barber’s chair, pins the news-
paper around his neck and begins to read the towel, is a fair
sample of the absent-minded professor.

Visscher, the Treasurer for the College, to Anker, who
has presented a twenty-dollar bill in payment for his term fee,
and wants his change: “Huh, huh, this ain’t no bank.”
“Aluminum dispels darkness by making work light.”
“There are no shade trees on the road to success.”
Prof.: “Hogs get trichina from rats.”
W. Westrate: “Have Chinamen got trichina, Professor?”
At Senior table, Tepaske to Miss Pikaart: “We’ll install you as head cook, then, Jennie?”
Miss Jennie: “Oh, Arie, that’s the first time anyone ever asked me that.”
They say a tea kettle can sing when it is merely filled with water. But man, proud man, is no tea kettle.

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