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Resolutions of Faculty and Students

In view of the sudden and unexpected departure into the life eternal of our dear friend and fellow teacher, Professor Henry Boers, the faculty of Hope College feel constrained:

To express our appreciation and gratitude of the Great Father for what he has taught us by our friend’s life and death; in the life of the departed, God gave us a continuous example of faithfulness to duty, devotion to a cause, lifelong, consistent faith in Jesus Christ and his salvation, and withal a rare capacity for friendships marked by a love at once manly as a man’s and tender as a woman’s, so that in the departure of our brother we feel not so much the sense of loss, as the sense of triumph for one who lived and died “in the faith.”

The faculty also desire:

To express to all who by this loss are bereaved of a tender friend and relative, our sincere sympathy; especially to the son whose loss is so unspeakably great, commending him to the God who has declared himself to be the “Father of the orphan.”

For the Faculty,

JOHN E. KUIZENGA,
WINIFRED H. DURFEE,
J. W. BEARDSLEE, JR.

Holland, Michigan, January 27, 1913.

The students of Hope College wish to express their deep sorrow at the death of Prof. Henry Boers, and to extend to his son, Rutherford, and to all the relatives their heartfelt sympathy in this hour of bereavement.

Prof. Boers, was a man and a teacher whose sincerity and loftiness of purpose has won the love and admiration of all those who knew him. He was truly a Christian gentleman, always courteous, ever ready with a kind word and help where needed, and devoted to his work. The memory of his life will ever be cherished by us who realize that the world is better for his having lived in it. Although Prof. Boers has departed this life, the influences of his work will ever serve as an inspiration for nobler living.

ALEC VAN BRONKHORST,
CORNELIUS DE YOUNG,
MINER STEGENGA.

On Monday morning, January 27, a very impressive chapel service was held in honor of the memory of Professor Boers. After the reading of the 103rd psalm, Dr. Vennema made the sad announcement of the death of the Professor of History. Short addresses were made by two of his fellow teachers: Prof. Kuizenga and Prof. Kleinheksel. The college pastor emphasized the marked characteristics of the departed teacher. He mentioned the sturdy common sense, the stern decalogue virtues, the general culture and the kind sympathetic humor, the sincere, deep, religious life, and the fortitude and faith displayed in bereavement which made the professor a man of singularly lofty character.

Prof. Kleinheksel, in touching words, spoke of the life-long and pleasant friendship which had enjoyed with his lamented fellow laborer. He spoke, as a classmate, as a former roommate, only could speak of a friend who had lived long on intimate terms with him. Briefly, he sketched the history of his life and extolled his most outstanding virtues, his modesty and his deep religious life. At the close of these two impressive addresses arrangements were made for the students to attend in a body, the funeral which was held on the same day. Regular class work was suspended.

The funeral services were held first in the home and at 2 P. M. in Hope Church. The students, in a body, accompanied the funeral procession from the home to the church. The church was filled with the numerous friends of the deceased. Dr. Bruske of Hope church, Dr. Vennema of the College and Dr. Dosker of the Louisville Theological Seminary spoke briefly. Each speaker voiced one dominant idea. A great personality had departed; a man who had left his impression stamped upon the community was no more with us in the flesh, though
his works would always remain. At the grave Prof. Kuizenga conducted the services.

Henry Boers was born in the year 1851 in Overisel, Michigan. His parents were highly respected in the community in which they made their home. His grandfather came from The Netherlands in the early colonial days of this settlement. Like all the worthy, noble pioneers of this colony, a deep religious life was the outstanding virtue which his parents and grandparents possessed.

In 1868, Dr. Kollen graduated from Hope College and became a teacher in a public school of Overisel where Henry Boers attended. The pupil received an inspiration from teacher. During Dr. Kollen's stay of three years in Overisel, he prepared Henry Boers to such an extent that when he applied for admission in the Preparatory Dept. of Hope College he was allowed to enter the "B" class. Before he entered upon his college career he taught school in Overisel. At the time of his entrance in College the attendance in both departments was only 87. He graduated in 1878. At that time there was a change in the administration of the college. Dr. Phelps, who had resigned, was succeeded by Dr. Scott. Without any previous intimation, Henry Boers was appointed as an instructor in the Preparatory Dept. of Hope College. At that time he taught English and Latin. When he began to teach he had no definite plan for the future but the decided success that he experienced as a teacher, was a sufficient reason for him to continue in this profession. He began as an instructor, then became assistant professor, and in 1885 was appointed professor of English and History; in the same year Prof. Kleinhekse and the late Prof. Sutphen were appointed professors.

When J. B. Nykerk was appointed Professor of English in 1895, Prof. Boers became the head of the History Department which position he occupied until the very day he was stricken.

He was married in 1887 to Miss Louise Birkhoff of Chicago, and was the father of two sons, Rutherford and Henry, the latter of whom died at the age of eight years and was followed to the grave by the mother in 1909. He was an elder in Hope church and devoted time and thought to the church he served. As a teacher he was faithful and true to his work—a kind friend and helpful counselor and always sought the very best for the students. He served his community his Alma Mater, his church and his God whole-heartedly, living up to the high ideals given him by his parents. The Sentinel of this city paid a tribute to the departed professor in the following words:

"The deceased was one of the most highly respected citizens of Holland. He possessed rare social graces and a most attractive personality. He was simple in his manner and tastes, so that young and old, rich and poor felt comfortable in his presence. He was loyal to his friends and loved them with almost a woman's tender affections. He had a deep religious nature and an abiding unwavering faith in Christ. He lived a consistent Christian life without cant or hypocrisy and was a noble example to all of the higher and better life. As a member of the city library board for many years, he took great interest in selecting the best literature for our people and in making the library an up-to-date institution, and a real power for good. In his departure the state has lost a worthy citizen, the college an experienced teacher and a wise counselor, the church a true pillar, the home a loving father, the city a true exemplar, and society a real friend of man."

O. HENRY

Do you wish to know a man, a real man; democratic in spirit, loving common everyday people, sympathizing with the human heart in its weakness and its strength, (its tragedy and its comedy,) its bitterness and its humor? Do you wish to know a man who in all this life, in all his work: yes, even in his death, showed himself to be of the people and for the people?

Then let me bring to you such a man, in the person of Sydney Porter, known and loved by the public under the name of O. Henry, portrait of human life in its common form, but bringing before us in an unusual light and discovering to us those things which we in this workaday god-governed land of ours never notice.

Sydney Porter was first of all a man—then an author. As a man he was in appearance, short, stocky, and clear-eyed, with a half humorous expression about his otherwise firm mouth. Unassuming, almost happy-go-lucky, he went from business to business; first a ranch-man, then a merchant, an editor and playwright in turn, and finally, the writer of short stories at which he proved himself a master hand.

It is said that Porter knew New York better than any other man. He himself tells us that when he came to the Metropolis, he would walk
down the Bowery, at any hour of the day talking to anyone who would converse with him. To quote his own words, "I have never met anyone but what I could learn something from him; he's had some experience that I have not had, he sees the world from his own view point." And as to the local color of his stories he adds: "If you have the right kind of an eye,—the kind that can disregard high hats, cutaway coats, and trolley cars,—you can see all the characters in the Arabian nights, parading up and down Broadway."

It is however, as O. Henry, the short-story writer, rather than Sydney Porter the man, that we know him best. One of the causes of his success in this line must be his very intimate knowledge of life in the big cities. In spite of the fact that he lived most of his life in the country, O. Henry's writings deal almost entirely with New York life. Always portraying that restlessness, that spirit of hurry and ambition, and longing he describes every class, treating in the same story and equally well, a millionaire, a cabbby and a paupper. He say through the exterior of these people, and opens to us some of their innermost thoughts and feelings. His characters are tramps, clerks, candy men, and rubberers, but he pictures them not merely as such, but as possessors of hearts and minds. He puts romance into their lives, and brings out their simplicity, their worldly-wisdom, their crudities, and their tender-heartedness, by the most ridiculous contrasts, by the most absurd and unexpected conclusions.

O. Henry's prominent type of humor is purely American humor, consisting in overstatement and understatement of common facts, in exaggeration of peculiarities, in slang phrases, so characteristic of American cities, and in odd uses of everyday words. Here we find a touch of pathos, half hidden in what seems at first broad humor, while the deepest vein of irony, the sharpest wit may be displayed in what upon the face of it seems to be a tragedy. As the Rochester Post states it—"He handled words as deftly as a juggler tosses balls," and William Reedy of the St. Louis Mirror declares,—"Until you know O. Henry's slang, you never know what a powerful vehicle slang can be in the hands of one who can make it with echoes from and essences of true literary expression. Never does he fail to produce in the mind of the reader a clear understanding of the situation as it develops. And yet there is always a surprise in store for the readers. He may read seventy of the stories, one after the other and yet, will challenge him ever to discover, before the author wills it, what the end is to be. No two stories are alike. They all deal with characters natural, human, portraying in their various types all the individualism that one could desire, yet with just enough of the universal in ideals and in ambitions to make him akin to ourselves. We are made to realize the human element in the lower types, the humor in the snob, the generosity in a thief, the despair of the self-sufficient, the ambition of the indifferent.

We have not many works of poetry from O. Henry's hand. One of those, which is supposed to have been his last, is entitled "The Crucible." Here is a bit of it:

"Hard ye may be in the tumult,  
Red to your battle hilt,  
Blow give for blow in the fray,  
Cunningly ride in the tilts,  
But, when the roaring is ended,  
Tenderly, unbeguiled.  
Turn to a woman, a woman's  
Heart, and a child's to a child."

O. Henry began to write a story of a different sort, one without humor or slang in it. But death forced him to drop it. And even in death, the writer overcame the man, for he died with these words and a smile, "Turn up the lights, I don't want to go home in the dark."

—Evelyn De Pree '13

THE STACKED READING ROOM

One Sunday afternoon I wanted to enter the reading room, but could not open the door. On request I had gone from the Dormitory to get the hymn books from Graves Hall. After pushing with all my might for a few minutes, I stopped, thoroughly puzzled and disgusted.

I finally decided to go to the janitor for a key to the front door. On the way I met a fellow-student and together we returned to Graves Hall, resolved to enter the reading room by going through the council room. Imagine the expression on our faces when we entered the reading room and saw all the books and periodicals removed from the shelves and stacked in the middle of the floor, book covers and papers strewn about the room and heavy tables piled against the front door.

"Such wanton destruction of property, I had scarcely believed any
one capable of, at least here at school," said I to Bowers, my companion.

"Yes, replied Bowers, "it is the most shameful looking work I have ever seen, and picking up an encyclopaedia, he began to adjust the cover which was practically torn off. I stepped to the window to find out, if possible, how the perpetrators had gained entrance to the room. All the windows were locked, and the snow on the window-sills had not been disturbed, which facts proved clearly that they had not recently been opened. Books were piled against each one of the doors. I seated myself on a chair, which the evil-doers had left in its place—they must have overlooked it—and glanced about the room to see if there was any other means of entrance.

"What's that?" I said pointing to a little piece of cloth hanging from a slightly projecting nail-head beneath the transom.

Bowers stepped upon a chair and reached for it.

"A mighty good clue," he exclaimed as he held up the bit of cloth, which had evidently been torn from some one's suit. "This shows that they entered the reading room through the transom."

"That's one step to catch the rascal," said I.

Bowers handed me the piece of cloth which I carefully put into my pocketbook.

We then proceeded to investigate how the mischief makers had entered Graves Hall. The doors and windows were all locked, and there was no evidence that they had been opened since the snow had fallen on Friday evening. There was but one other possible way by which the building could be entered; by going through the basement. We went to the door leading from the basement and found that it was not locked. Foot-prints in the snow beneath one of the windows was sufficient evidence that they had slid through that particular window. All this convinced us that the party who had done the work were students. Outsiders were not sufficiently acquainted with the building to work their way from the basement to the reading room.

The president had evidently made a mistake in congratulating the students on the fact that there were no longer those among them who would stack rooms and break into buildings. The guilty party could have had no other purpose in stacking the reading room than a mania for destroying, a thing common to boys of a certain age, and perhaps to create excitement, coupled likely with the desire to cause the president to lecture to the students in the morning and so shorten the first hour. Whatever their design may have been, I was determined that there would be no excitement on Monday morning, because of the disordered state of the reading room, nor would I gratify the students by a lengthened chapel service and finally, I vowed to apprehend the mischief-makers if possible. I arose at two o'clock the following morning and before daylight had all the books back on the shelves the periodicals in their places, the floor swept, and the tables arranged.

Now, then, it would be very likely that one of the guilty parties or an accomplice would come around in the morning to see whether their nefarious work had been disturbed. So I seated myself in the library office behind the small door through which the books are delivered. By keeping the door slightly ajar, I could see clearly, without being observed, what was being done in the reading room. A little after six o'clock two boys came into the room, sat down at one of the tables and began to read their Latin. Their actions showed plainly that they did not know that anything unusual had taken place. Shortly afterward, another boy came into the room very carefully, glanced suspiciously around, and then hastened to Van Vleck Hall. That gave me a good clue. I waited until the boy had reached the Hall and then followed him. I knocked at his room expecting to find those inside who would be anxious to learn how their plans had worked out, but I was disappointed. I had to offer a palpable excuse.

"Jim, have you a shoe brush which I can use for a few moments?"

Jim handed me the brush and polish. Although I was convinced that he was in some way implicated, I could find nothing in his manner which would create suspicion. I determined, however, to shadow Jim for a couple of days.

At noon on that very day two young men were talking in a low tone to Jim in the waiting room at the dormitory, in such a way as to attract my attention. As soon as one of them, Bill Baber, noticed that I was observing them, he walked up to me and began talking in a perfectly innocent and friendly manner.

"Got your Greek," he asked. "I'll be over to the library to read it with you after dinner."

The students in general admired Bill Baber for certain qualities of leadership, but I was inclined to fear and mistrust him.

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The students in general admired Bill Baber for certain qualities of leadership, but I was inclined to fear and mistrust him. That evening I was sitting at my desk in Van Vleck Hall, busied
with my lessons. I had already begun to doubt that I would ever be able to find out the guilty party, when unusually light footsteps in the hall next to my room attracted my attention. A number of boys who roomed in Van Vleck hall were in the habit of taking a walk in the fresh air before retiring. On this particular evening they were walking so as not to be heard, whereas generally they were wont to let everyone in the building know that they were passing through the hall. I had a suspicion that they were bent on some mischief. So after waiting a little while, I went out to see whether anything was being disturbed at Graves Library or Van Raalte Hall. When I drew near Van Raalte hall, I thought I saw a flash of light through one of the windows. On approaching nearer to the building I noticed that one of the windows in room number one on the first floor was wide open. I stepped up to the window to listen for some sound. There was not a sound to be heard. I drew myself through the window as carefully as possible. Once inside I stopped again to listen. I thought I heard low voices and footfalls over-head. I proceeded into the dark interior very slowly and quietly. On tip-toe, I approached the door of the English room on the second floor. The next moment a shower of heavy missiles struck me full in the chest and face with such force that I was hurled to the floor. At the same time, three objects dashed past me, rushed down the stairs, and were outside of the building before I had sufficiently recovered my breath to rise to my feet. To follow them would be useless, so I entered the English room and searched for the electric switch. Finding it, I turned on the light and found that nearly all of the books had been taken from the book case and strewn over the floor. I set to work at once to restore the books to the shelves. This I had almost completed when my eyes fell upon an object which I eagerly seized. It was a memorandum note book with a pencil in it, which had evidently slid from the pocket of someone while stooping to take the books from the lower shelves of the book case. On the pencil were carved the initials C. H. The note book had no full name in it, on several pages were printed the letters C. H. How would this help me find out the guilty party? None of those whom I suspected of doing this mischief had those initials.

On the following day I showed the book and pencil which I had found to my friend, Bowers. Bowers suggested that the handwriting corresponded to that of Charley Huggins. So I made an appointment with Huggins to meet him in his room that afternoon. When I showed him the note book he seemed astonished and maintained that he knew nothing whatever of the affair to which I referred. When I insisted that there could be no mistake, because I had found his note-book among the volumes which had been taken from the book-case, he admitted that the book belonged to him but he could not explain how it had come to be among the books on the floor or Van Raalte Hall. Although the evidence seemed to prove conclusively that Huggins was in some way implicated, I hesitated to accuse him. Huggins had a good record and everybody trusted him.

On the day after, Huggins came to me with the explanation that Baber had been seen coming out of his room while he was in the room of a classmate on another floor. In the Greek class on Wednesday, I had the opportunity to get hold of Baber's note-book and made up an excuse for keeping it until after noon. Going with it to Huggins' room we found that the notes on Monday's lesson were exactly the same in the two books.

One of them had evidently copied them from the other's book. In the meantime a report had gone out among the students that the reading room and the English room had been stacked. Upon investigation, I learned that it had leaked out through Jim, the boy who had come to the reading room early on Monday morning. Jim had divulged it to a companion. Another had gathered an inkling of it and spread the report. I further learned that Baber and his chum Van Slyke were angry with him, and had threatened to have him. I could not find out why they were angry with him, but took it for granted that it was because he had let out what they were anxious to keep a secret.

When I returned the book to Baber, I told him what I found, saying to him at the same time:

"I have learned some things, Baber, which show quite clearly that you have taken part in the stacking of the reading room."

Baber colored and acted as though he was terribly insulted, and said:

"Who's trying to injure me? Somebody is jealous of my popularity."

I answered: "No one has tried to do you an injustice, Baber."

Baber responded with a volley of abuses and curses derogatory to the character of Huggins, and walked away.
That evening Baber came to my room, evidently for the purpose of clearing himself if possible. Van Slyke, his chum, was with him. My attention was at once drawn to the trousers which Van Slyke wore. They were of the same fabric as the bit of cloth which we had found in the reading room on Sunday afternoon. Baber began to explain to clear himself.

"What you said to me this morning may seem to you sufficient reason why you should blame me. But I was so shocked, so certain that somebody is trying to ruin my good name, that I couldn’t think, and said what under other circumstances I would not have said. But I found out something this afternoon which points to the guilty party. Van Slyke here, has clear proof that Huggins”—and he hesitated.

Van Slyke came to his assistance and proceeded with the story. Before he had proceeded very far with the fabrication, I said:

"Your statements are false."

Producing the piece of cloth from my note book, I added:

"This is what I found in the reading room, and that is where the patch was torn out," pointing to mend at the knee.

Van Slyke flushed and ventured to say no more. Turning to Baber, I said:

"You intentionally took a note book from Huggins room and placed it among the heap of books in the English room in order to shift the suspicion upon Huggins; more than that, you stacked the English room, so as to remove from yourselves the suspicion of stacking the reading room, and now you come here, and lie deliberately to accuse an innocent man."

Baber made no denials, but muttered some curses and left the room with his companion. Until this day none but the president and myself have known why Baber and his companion were suddenly called home in the middle of the school year.

—Hopeville

NOONTIDE

Tick tock, tick tock, tick tock, tick tock, is all that can be heard, otherwise there is a perfectly silence in the reception room of Voorhees Hall a half hour before dinner.

At a quarter of twelve the chimes break this silence, and one can hear distinctly the different sounds of the three sets of delicate tones blended together in perfect harmony. Beautiful indeed does it sound in the silence. When the last tones of the chimes have died away, again peace and calmness reign in the hall. Tick tock, tick tock.

A few moment later footsteps can be heard, yet nothing can be seen. There is a rattling of dishes and the clinking of silverware in the dining room; and occasionally a phrase of a well-known song, sung in a beautiful deep baritone voice; then in a few minutes the waiters in their white suits are seen going from table to table in the final preparation for dinner.

At five minutes of twelve, a group of young men come strolling in, discussing the recitation of the fourth hour. Soon more students come in, conversing about different matters, and in a few moments there is a perfect babel of masculine voices. The rippling laughter of the college girls upstairs can also be heard, although they cannot be seen.

Meanwhile the chimes ring and the clock strikes its twelve solemn strokes. No one seems to hear them above the din of conversation. There is so much to be talked about in such a short time that no one can stop to listen.

Ten minutes more pass, and above everything else is heard the electric bell resounding through every hall, room, and corner of the building. Presently the young women, headed by the lady members of the faculty pass in couples down the stairs, through the reception hall and take their assigned places in the dining room. Then the young men enter the dining room and stand by their respective tables. The tinkling of a small silver bell is heard, and again there is this noticeable silence; all heads are reverently bowed while grace is said by one of the young men, after which all are seated and immediately the buzz of conversation commences making meal time one of the pleasantest hours of the day.

Again the tinkling bell, the bowed heads, and after returning thanks they all separate, the girls going to their rooms and the boys to the different college buildings or wherever they choose to spend the time till one o’clock classes.

Once more can be heard the chimes sounding and the clock striking the hour of one. Everything is quiet and peaceful except the continual tick tock, tick tock.

—Johanna A. Aeilts, ’13
THE ANCHOR.
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EDITORIALS

A FAMOUS GRADUATE

In the January Number of the Century Magazine is an article entitled "American and Turk in Holy War. A First-hand Study of the Sheik Al Islam and Samuel M. Zwemer," by William T. Ellis. Every student alumnus and friend of Hope College should by all means read this story of one of Hope's famed sons. Below are a few extracts from the article:

"Sheer and unadorned simplicity marks the character and equipment of Islam's most formidable individual adversary, the Rev. Samuel M. Zwemer, D. D. He presents a contrasted picture of a lone knight errant who has become leader of a hope no longer forlorn. Twenty years ago he was only one more of "those missionaries," a big
boned, somewhat crude Dutchman from the wilds of Michigan, harking from Hope college and New Brunswick seminary to Arabia, where he opened the Arabian mission of the Dutch Reformed church.

"Such a man as Zwemer, born to wield a field-marshal's mace, could not be confined in routine mission work in the Island of Bahrein, down on the Persian Gulf, although he himself cheerfully filled the post of a missionary private. Between whiles, having mastered German, French and Arabic, and having become an authority upon the history and literature of Arabic, he wrote, "Arabia, the Cradle of Islam," "The Moslem Doctrines of God," "Islam the Challenge to Faith," "The Moslem World," and "The Unoccupied Mission Fields." This last is only one expression of his zest for pioneering and adventuring difficult tasks. While still a private in the missionary ranks, he organized the first conference of Christian Missionaries, among the Moslems, held at Cairo in 1906. He was leader in the work of the Edinburg Missionary conference upon the subject of Islam. He planned and led the third conference upon Moslem missions, held in Lucknow, a little less than two years ago. These conferences have been real councils of war, and in recent years their influence has tinged the books, newspapers, sermons and conventions of all Christendom. Before this he had spent a term in America as Student Volunteer Secretary, and nearly all the institutions of higher learning in this country have heard his plea for the Moslem World. The militant note in his address touched a responsive chord in the hearts of young men, and there are scores of workers in the foreign mission field who can say, "Zwemer sent me here."

The person who possesses a good reputation has a valuable asset in life. Reputation gives the hard-pressed business man extended credit; it brings influence, honor and respect to the professional man. To build up a reputation takes time, to lose it is but the work of a few moments.

A splendid college reputation will help a student throughout all his life. The significance of this is but faintly understood by a certain percentage of students. They have the conception that they may do anything and everything in their school days—of course no one remembers their delinquency and follies. They fail to observe how
closely all their acts are scrutinized even by those whom they consider special friends. The future may possibly reveal startling disclosures.

Each student makes a name for himself in college. At committee meetings, where students are weighed in regard to ability and character, the truth is, we are glad to say, boldly stated. How often are not the words, "he is unreliable," or "you can't depend upon him," or "he is able enough, but won't work" and expressions of like nature heard! Besides, the student body in general has its opinion, and very naturally, the professor has a decided opinion, frequently like the one held justly by other faculty members. The citizens of this city know a good deal concerning students, particularly the business men and their opinion was probably formed because of some financial transaction. There are students who applied for positions but failed to secure them—their college record was a hindrance instead of a help. Students, professors, and business men soon know whether a college man is negligent in his work, careless in regard to financial affairs, slow to pay debts or faithful, diligent and honest. And people in the home town and in the home church are usually well informed in regard to the college standing of their fellow-townsmen or church member.

No one will question the truth of these statements. Should we then thoughtlessly pursue our cause? Fellow student, consider that what you do or fail to do may come back at some time when you would rather not face the past. You are indelibly writing your college record upon the hearts of scores of people, some of whom will be leaders of men. Ten years hence that record will stand out in clear, bold letters. Then they may say "He wouldn't work in college, always looked for a good time, no wonder he is a failure." They may also say, "He was always on the job, a hard worker, couldn't help but succeed." What will it be? You are now busy writing the verdict that will then be uttered. What are you writing?

L. B. WICKERSHAM

One of the best lectures if not the best, was given Wednesday evening, January 22, by L. B. Wickersham. The speaker demanded attention and gave inspiration. His earnestness, his humor, his oratory, made his message strikingly effective. It was uplifting to see the speaker and to hear his message. We are not at all surprised that 65 per cent of all dates filled are return dates and we hope to have him here again.

Both the student body and the townspeople are of the opinion that more speakers of the type of Mr. Wickersham would be very welcome on the Hope College Lecture Course.

DAY OF PRAYER FOR COLLEGES

At the service held Thursday, January 30, the Day of Prayer for Colleges, Dr. W. M. I. Chamberlain, secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church, delivered a powerful address on "Personality." It is the greatest thing in the world but it can be defined only by illustration, and we at once recognize it as an inbreathing of God, which it is our duty to honor, develop and invest. The fundamental layer, of the four layers composing personality, is the reality of the soul, upon which are the material or outward layer, the mental or inward layer, and the dispositional layer, that layer which reveals the difference between members of society. The personality of Christ is so wrapped up in human life that in the things in which he is near in pain and temptation he is far in his divine nature and in the things in which he is far from us, in his divine nature, he is near in his love for us.

After the address, he met with the Student Volunteer Band and gave them some valuable information regarding several of Hope's own sons and daughters on the mission fields.

THE LIBRARY

A large lot of new modern fiction just arrived. Think of it, all the new writers are well represented: Ralph Connor, Stewart Edward White, Harold Bell Wright are but a few names mentioned to arouse interest. Besides there is also a new set of George Eliot's works and a beautiful set of Memoirs and Secret Chronicles, published by the St. Danston Society at Akron, Ohio. A new set of Poe and of Kingsley, twelve books for the department of Philosophy also arrived; about eighty volumes of history and literature, were received as a gift from Mrs. O. E. Yates. Prof. De Vries donated his new book, Dutch History, Art and Literature. And Prof. Kuizenga is continually adding new books to his department.
THE DEBATE

On Friday evening, January 31, the Fraternals won the first inter-society debate from the Cosmopolitans. The Fraternal team consisting of H. Bilkert, L. Bosch and H. Ter Keurst upheld the affirmative against the Cosmopolitan team, composed of A. Vissers, J. Tillema and E. Koepp. The debate was interspersed with seriousness and humor, logic and braggadocio; the interest on the part of the audience never lagged. The decision was a surprise to the audience; evidently the opinion of the judges and the hearers collided—this is too often true. Who knows a remedy?

The three ,having received the highest awards from the judges, H. TerKeurst, J. Tillema and L. Bosch will compose one of the college teams, while the three other men will meet the team of the Knickerbocker Society, Friday, February 28.

During the holidays, numerous groups of Hopeites came together for festive evenings. "Jest and youthful jollity" abounded. At Grand Rapids and Zeeland, there were parties given to "watch for the New Year."

Miss Irene Staplekamp invited a number of friends on the evening of January 11. The tastes, aims and ambitions of all the girls run along the same lines, so you may be sure they enjoyed themselves.

January 11, 1913, Miss Della Baker invited a number of Co-eds to Grand Haven for a week-end house party. Ask the guests about the time they had! ! !

The Seniors set a good example for the New Year by being the first to have a class party. With praise-worthy alacrity they laid aside their books, and entered heart and soul into having a good time at the home of Miss Veneklassen, near Zeeland.

Professor and Mrs. Brush entertained the Senior girls to "tea"
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Professor and Mrs. Brush entertained the Senior girls to “tea” January 15. A most enjoyable afternoon was spent by all, the girls declaring that the professor and his wife make “just great” hosts.

Prof. Phillip Soulen ‘92, was elected President of the State Teachers’ Association of Idaho. Mr. Soulen is at the head of the department of education in the University of Idaho, and it was through his efforts that the summer normal sessions at that university was established.

The Century club was entertained at Voorhees hall, December 30, 1912. Hon. G. J. Diekema spoke on “The Events of 1912.” On January 13, the club met at Pres. Venema’s ’79 home. The main feature of the program that evening was an address by the Hon. George Koellen, ’92, on “The World’s Greatest Legal Case.”

Mr. Henry Pasma, ’10, who finishes his Seminary course at Holland this spring has the promise of two calls; one to Lafayette, Indiana, and the other to Oostburg, Wisconsin.

Mr. George Roest, ’09, left for New Brunswick, January 13, to attend the Seminary at that city.

The following engagements were announced during the Christmas holidays:—Miss Irene Bruse, ’11 to Mr. Anthony Ver Hulst, ’10. Miss Margaret Walsh, Prep. ’10, to Mr. Earnest Brooks. Miss Louise Warnshuis, ’09 to Mr. Verne Ogger, Prep. ’07.

Prof. J. E. Kuizenga, ’97, addressed a meeting of the South Ottawa Teachers’ association, which was held at the Zeeland High school building, on January 17.

Exchanges

Debate

The question for the Triangular debate of Knox, Beloit and Cornell colleges this year will be “Resolved, That American Immigration Be Restricted by an Illiteracy Test.”
A Visit to Panama

Dear Bisell of M. A. C., who recently made a trip to the Panama, gave an interesting account of his visit before the members of the Women's club. He gave as the three great difficulties in this undertaking: "Sanitation, the rainfall of the country and the great Cuebra cut. During his address, a series of lantern slides, showing the actual working operations on the canal, were given.

News

The exchanges appearing in the Christmas Number of the East Orange High School News are very interesting. The fact that they are written in an original style deserves special comment.

College Index

The College Index, which otherwise is a very neat paper, still continues in its old habit of mixing advertisements with the literary matter.

College Chimes

The cover design of the Calvin College Chimes suggests a lack of good taste. The large variety of color mixtures appearing on the Christmas Number is obtrusive. The returning staff deserves special praise for the many splendid numbers issued during the year. We wish the new staff an enjoyable and successful year.

Student

The Christmas number of the Student was one of the best papers received among the exchanges. Its literary matter was of the right kind for a Christmas number, and also in proportion to its advertisements. The large number of cuts appearing were also very good.

Others

Other Christmas Numbers, received by the Exchange department which deserve special mention are The Spectator, The Normal Advance, and the The Pennant, for their cover designs, and The Volunteer and Dictum Est as good types of representative college papers.

A New Gymnasium

The class of 87 of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y., has presented it with a new gymnasium at a cost of $150,000. The gymnasium has been built and is now in use. It contains a swimming pool 30 feet by 75 feet in size, bowling alleys, rooms for in-side baseball, basketball, handball, boxing, wrestling, a squash court and the main gymnasium for general athletic exercises. The building is equipped throughout with the most approved modern apparatus. It is built of Harvard brick with limestone trimmings and is fire-proof throughout.

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After a most enthusiastic mass meeting in Chapel on the morning of Jan. 10th, and a week of anxious expectation the moment finally arrived when Hope clashed with one of the teams representing a sister institution, Albion, by name. Albion has always, or nearly so, done things to Hope in oratory, and the quintet from Piffville were anxious to retrieve at least a little of the lost prestige and to pluck, if possible, a few feathers from the showy plumage of the Methodists. The show when finally staged was all that could be wished for. Charley had his chorus well trained, and it was an inspiration even to our Methodist Brethren to hear the volumes of music waft in cadences rich and rare as they echoed and reached among the vaults and naves of Carnegie Gym. Leave it to Stopples anyway when it gets to singing, and Saspers of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" fame. There's one thing that those songs do, if nothing else, and that is make a fellow forget all of his troubles, even the players fail to feel an injury when Charley's band hoops 'er up.

But I am forgetting my text: "And Alb' on camped on Hope's floor"—and they were sorry for it.

The Visitors reported but a few days' practice so we'll pardon their indiscretion, and misfortune. They put up a scrappy, but still a clean game and the score is a poor indicator of the real battle:—Hope 59; Albion 21.
Another week of hard practice and Grand Rapids Y. M. C. A. appeared. Hope was anxious to meet the "Y" so as to wipe out the ignominy of the defeat received at G. R. earlier in the season. Expecting a close and a rough game manager Vanden Berg obtained the services of Dean of Jackson and Mills of Grand Rapids. Hope started off with a run and would have continued to lead had not Montgomery of the "Y" again started his dirty work. The officials apparently not daring to remove him from the game permitted a more or less free for all, much to the disgust of the crowd. In the second half Mills penalized the visitors frequently but it had continued too long. A man deliberately playing a dirty game in basketball should not be permitted to represent any institution not to mention a Y. M. C. A.

Cook of the "Y" played a heady game making a total of seven baskets and easily eluded Verburg. Verhoek of Hope also played a fine game.

The final score, 35-30, would have been decidedly different had more competency been shown in refereeing, and had Hope played anywhere near to its usual style of play.

Y. M. C. A.  Hope College

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On December 30 the Hope Reserves played the Grand Rapids Battalions at Grand Rapids to a 39-11 score. Holleman and Capt. Steinenger featured.

For many weeks the fans at Hope had been waiting for the Rayls of Detroit. They had not forgotten the game of a year ago and the enthusiasm still ran high this winter when the battle of last season was discussed and reviewed. The night previous to the game one of the team men went to Grand Rapids where the Rayls played the Y. M. C. A., and he succeeded in getting a few pointers on their style of play. When the emissary returned and reported an 18-17 score in favor of Rayls the Hope fans became wild with excitement, since they still chaffed under the ignominious defeat at the hands of the "Y". Now to beat Rayls! was all that could be heard around the campus that day. That surely would show Grand Rapids up in true style!

A most enthusiastic bunch of fans, rooters and friends met early that evening on the 24th, and it was by no means an ordinary treat. During the first few minutes it seemed as tho the visitors were going to be run off their feet, and Hope piled up some 15 points. Then the Rayls began to connect thru a few clever shots by Runkle and O'Connor the affair became intensely interesting. The first half was a bit of Hope-sidled and ended 27-15.

But the Rayls are famous for "coming back strong" and beat Hope in the second half 20-15. Mott of the visitors caged three pretty field goals during this half. The final score stood 37-35 in favor of Hope. It certainly was an excellent exhibition both in playing and refereeing. Hekhuis of Hope was the "phenom" of the evening with five baskets in the first half. Verhoek's defensive work was also excellent. Possibly the sticking game Hope played won as much as any other feature.

Detroit Rayls  Hope College

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Mott 3, Runkel 6, O'Connor 2, Wilson 1. Lokker 4, Hekhuis 5, Stegenga 4, Verhoek 2, Lokker 7 out of 15 fouls; Runkle 11 out of 17.
The 29th saw the Big Game of the season with M. A. C. as contenders. Coach Macklin apparently expected something good since he carried eleven men. It wasn't a football game tho, for Upton of Grand Rapids doesn't believe in that kind of basket ball. The first half was A. A. U., while the second was under the Intercollegiate rules, and the latter half proved far more interesting to the spectators. Hope generally plays better under the college rules as the score always indicates. The first half was 21-11 for M. A. C., while the second stood 15-12 in favor of Hope. Macklin certainly has a fine team and to be defeated by such a team is by no means a disgrace. Spencer of M. A. C. has the eye for foul's tho, and plays a great defensive game. The Millers and Gossac also dangerous men. Chamberlain is possibly his weakest man, if we can call any one weak. Stegenga of Hope easily outplayed the husky farmer, getting six baskets while Chamberlain failed to connect. Hope is anxiously awaiting the game at M. A. C. on Washington's birthday, for the Tillers of the Soil are a tower strength on their own plantation.

M. A. C.       Hope College
Miller        R. F.        Lokker
B. Miller     L. F.        Verburg
Chamberlain   C.          Hekhuis
Goss          R. G.        Stegenga
Spencer       L. G.        Verhoek
Gauthur       Van de Velde
Vatz

Miller 4, B. Miller 4, Goss 4; Lokker 2, Verburg 1, Stegenga 6; Spencer of M. A. C. 9 out of 13; Lokker of Hope 5 out 7 and Verburg 3 out of 5.

On January 24, preliminary to the Rays' game the Reserves played the Zeeland Athletic club and defeated them 52-7 All of the Hope team figured prominently in basket getting, but especially Stein and Moerdyke.

Immediately following the M. A. C. the Reserves played Holland High and their second of the third game of the series of five. These games are almost as interesting as the big games since the High school is playing great ball. Moerdyke's free throws featured. Sirrine of the High school was also strong making 18 of the 20 points. Final score 24-20.

On the 23rd of January the Honor men in athletics met and elected officers for the ensuing year. Mr. M. Stegenga was elected as Grand Counsel; George Steinenger, Vice-Counsel; J. Poppen, “Judas”; O. Vandervelde, Scribe; and J. Tillema, Custodian.

The Monogram Circle has a membership of about 20 this year and is in a very flourishing condition. The members met in their hall last Thursday evening for a social hour and they report an excellent time. Stunts and stories followed by a feed made the evening pass all too soon.

On January 9, the Holland High school was played in the rink for a second time. The Reserves lost this contest by a 42-35 score. Moerdyke of Hope, and Sirrine of the High school were the greatest point-getters for their teams.

The Bloomer Girls (?) played the Reserves at a preliminary contest on January 10, and were defeated 31-9. Sue Koeffe and Alice Tilly were spectacular in their floor play, while Moerdyke and Steinenger were winners for the Reserves. It certainly was an interesting contest.

As a “prelim” to the G. R.'s “Y” game the “Would-Be” preachers from across the street were played by Hope's Reserves. The Seminary played nowhere up to its usual class of ball being an easy loser 13-37. Heemstra of the preachers played a fine game and kept Stein guessing. The Reserves had excellent team work.

REGULATED ATHLETICS

Do we have it at Hope College? We mean proper regulation by the association, of the different branches of athletics. Hope's basketball reputation, not only in Michigan, but also in our sister states, has always been the highest. Review for a moment the records made by our foot ball and track teams since these branches of athletics have been in progress at Hope. The argument for inter-collegiate athletics may enter here, but not to any marked degree. Foot ball has always been a “bug-bear” a Hope. Every year it is the same old story. "Next
year I am going to plat foot ball. " you hear this fellow and that fellow say. But when the time comes to don the cleated shoe, the gridiron suspect often sell his suit, after about a week's practice. Many different excuses are given; take them for what they are worth. In all high schools, colleges and universities, the foot ball season begins at the opening of school in the fall, and lasts till Thanksgiving Day. The foot ball season at Hope is generally very short lived, and very little encouragement is given it. The majority of our students have the basket ball fever and we doubt whether there is any educational institution where basket ball is begun as early as at our own institution. All you hear is Basket ball! Basket ball! Foot ball is only about a month old, when basket ball leagues are formed and candidates for the first and second varsity teams try out, and basket ball begins on its four or five months of life. Our basket ball schedule has frequently been criticized as being too long. Indeed it will be too long if we try to give the student body and the public at least one game a week, as the management must to satisfy the demands of the supporters in the game. Hope's basket ball schedule this season is one worthy of much commendation. The two games played at home before the holidays proved easy victories for Hope, but with the exception of one game, all the games played, or to be played during the winter term are stellar attractions. The last home game on this season's schedule is February 14. What are we going to do in athletics from February 14 till the beginning of the spring term? The management has acted wisely in not making a longer schedule, as previous attempts at a long schedule, have not proven successful. The student body and public are always present in large numbers at our basket ball games. The crowds at our foot ball and base ball games and track events are known to all. We have large crowds at our basket ball games, because we give them the "classy article", and should we not, when we play it about five out of our nine months of school? Luckily the father of athletics does not play basket ball during the spring, otherwise the encouragement our base ball and track teams receive, would be still less than it is now. Our students have made enviable records as many men, and with such men in regulated athletics, we will surely be winners. Our scholarship is regulated, and successes have been made and are still being made along this line.


Dorothy—"What does that word 'pep' mean in that Basket Ball song, isn't that something chickens get?"

We might suggest that if that were the case we would have eggs oftener at the 'Dorm.'

Marion G. had by some dire mistake called for her at wrong house after discussing the weather for some time, his hostess asked him what she could do for him. Gos discovered his mistake and asked her to show him the way out.

Prof. Yntema—"You can't make anything perfectly. You can't make a circle perfectly. You can't make a straight line perfectly. Isn't that perfectly true class?"

Over the bannister leans a face. (Who? Jenny's?) Tenderly, sweet and beguiling. While with manly grace Bert watches the picture smiling. The students laugh in the hall below. Everyone sees them standing below, making dates, soft and low. Half way up the landing.

Sue—(Discussing the values of Chemistry)—"I never knew before that matches were so hard to make!"

Ruth—"I don't like to go into the contest because I am afraid of the criticism of the professors."

Prof. Kuizenga—"O, you never need to be afraid of critics who know anything ( )."

Punk—"When I found my ideal dorm, I'm going to have Havenden china and silver with a coat of arms on it."
Bronk—“Do you think it will need a coat of arms to keep it warm?"

Rich—“Prof. Eidson called on me the other day, and my room was in an awful condition. There was something on every chair in the room except the one I sat in.

Flipse—“Honestly. I swallowed a cent today.”

Punk—“Too bad, you didn’t swallow two, then you would have some sense (cents).”

Scene on the third floor, Van Raalte hall.
Strains of music from the piano are heard.
Prof. Eidson, thrusting his head in at the door, thunders with an angry voice:
“We would prefer that this room should be used for a study room, not a play room!”

Forthwith Prof. Nykerk’s velour hat rises from behind the piano and his meek voice says,
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