To the Students and friends of Hope College

GREETING

In this issue of the Anchor we want to express our appreciation and pleasure in coming so closely allied with the student body of Hope College.

We are most heartily thankful for their patronage and take keen pleasure in the perfect intimate feeling manifested by the students while with us in the studio.

What we have to offer from year to year coupled with an intense desire for a continuation of your patronage, should make our studio a favorite one for the Students.

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By Mr. and Mrs. Lacey

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The fabrics and models are expressly chosen and there are no other clothes in existence with so much style and so many exclusive features.

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We sell Razors, Strops, Hones, Safety Razors, etc.
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The Anchor

"Spurn in Bea"

A Tribute

From the Class of 1912

O peerless Hope, Alma Mater,
We come with joy and praise
For friendships strong—abiding,
Laid deep in college days.

Fond memory’s pictures tender—
Painted within thy walls,
High visions of service noble,
Thy matchless name recalls.

For wisdom, for light eternal,
For light we had not known,
For power ourselves to master,
Our debt to thee we own.

Old Hope, may the sons and daughters
Who unto thee belong,
Guard well the visions thou gavest,
With purpose firm and strong.

GERTRUDE J. HOEKJE, '12
THE PRINCIPLE OF NATIONALISM.

(Oration awarded second place in the Men's State Intercollegiate Contest.)

In the entrance of New York harbor, there stands a statue, bearing in uplifted hand the torch of freedom. It is the Statue of Liberty. There it watches at the nation's portal, looking out over the Atlantic as if to welcome the immigrant to the land of opportunity. The people of France erected that statue "on the threshold of the New World, to rise from the bosom of the waves and repreent Liberty, enlightening the world." A fitting tribute it is, to a government under which all men have been declared free and equal, to a nation dedicated to the brotherhood of man and devoted to freedom. That statue symbolizes the spirit of America.

Freedom involves social justice. It represents the rights for which humanity has struggled and suffered and died ever since the dawn of the centuries. It means, "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" in a larger sense; it means equality of opportunity,—in self-government, in education, in industry. Freedom implies society giving to every man his just due. But to insure this freedom, to achieve this social justice, it is evident that there must be government. That the individual cannot defend his rights, that the community must intervene, is the fundamental proposition upon which all government is based. However, there is a corollary to this principle. When the community is unable to protect itself, then it must be protected by a central power. This truth has been inadequately applied to the social situation. I ask, therefore, that national problems,—problems unsolvable by single communities or states,—be solved by the nation. Toward this principle the political life of America has been tending; through it she may reach an answer to the social question.

I. This principle of freedom, guaranteed by a central government, is embodied in the law and spirit of our American nation. Our government resulted from the combination of two distinct, democratic ideals, the one, French, the other, Puritan. The one emphasized the individual and sought progress through independence and competition; the other read a deeper moral meaning in history and so strove to pay the duty of man to man and of man to God through a united commonwealth. At first the more individualistic ideal predominated, but gradually the trend of our country's political life has been toward a larger nationalism. The first step in this direction was signalized by the adoption of the Federal Constitution. The Constitution by creating a central power united into a nation thirteen separate states, which had been drifting toward the reefs of anarchy. Then, as the doctrines of nullification and secession were successively repudiated by Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln, two more advances had been made. The Union had been declared superior to a state in national issues. The enactment of laws, authorizing Federal currency and taxation for internal improvements, extended still further the powers of the government. And, at the end of the nineteenth century after a period of unprecedented commercial activity, the national government created the Interstate Commerce Commission, established the Corporation Publicity Act, and so has entered upon the policy of regulating the great public corporations. In each case the results have been beneficial. If this principle of national control in national affairs had not been applied, the railroads, after a short period of destructive competition, would have settled upon the people a burden of monopoly which might never be lifted; if this principle had not been applied, our currency would not be uniform, our harbors would never have been improved; if this principle had not been applied, not only would each state of the Union have the right to nullify every act passed by the National Congress, but it would have the right to secede; nay, more, if this principle had not been applied, this United States, this world-power, would be forty-eight principalities, dis-united, impoverished, smothered by fratricidal strife, even at war with each other,—it would have fallen into the hands of a foreign conqueror, had not this principle been applied.

But guided by this principle, America has been led into an era of prosperity such as few nations have seen. A thousand hills and prairies grow fields of waving grain; wood-land and mine yield their riches to business enterprise; every city is athrob with the myriad wheels of industry. And this is not all;
invention and discovery, science and literature, statecraft and religion—all bear witness to America’s contribution to thought. These are but signs of a deep undercurrent. For behind the scenes stands the genius of all this commerce, of all this development—the magician, Opportunity. It is the spirit of freedom, beckoning the immigrant over the sea, inspiring the day-laborer, driving on the millionaire. Under this larger individualism the laborer may become leader; the pauper, a merchant prince. And so long as the door of opportunity is barred to none, so long as each can carve out his own fortune, so long as the poor rail-splitter may become President, just so long will America remain the land of promise to all the oppressed,—the teacher and leader of the world.

II. Through governmental control, then, America has attained her freedom and prosperity. Through this same principle she must work out a solution for the social problem. Shall combination, whether of labor or capital, overrule individual freedom and the common welfare? Shall powerful, unregulated business interests under the guise of a specious competition, dictate to laborer and consumer alike? Is government for a class or for the people? That is the issue. This problem is not merely industrial; it challenges personal liberty; it involves social justice. The greatest question that any nation must answer is the social question; this America is facing. The agents of civic corruption, contaminating party and political office; the slum, breeding vice and crime, grinding out the lives of its laborers; the monstrous traffic in child labor and in white slaves; giant corporations, whose aim is to evade or, if possible, to dictate the law; the labor union, enforcing its demands in strikes and often with violence; these are phrases of the all-absorbing social problem. Prosperity has bred its own infection; it has produced a plutocracy, careless of its fellows, jealous of its power,—a plutocracy, exacting a heavier tribute than did ever any despotism. Forces are marshaling for a mighty conflict, with capital on one side, and, arrayed against it, labor. In Lawrence, Massachusetts, the strikers have threatened nothing less than anarchy. A wide-spread dynamiting conspiracy, diaqolical in intent, has been unearthed. These are but forerunners of what may come. Capital is determined to dictate the terms of employment to labor; labor demands its own terms. It is war, industrial war! And in this struggle, unless some hand interferes, some hand governs, who will foretell the end?

There is only one answer. A locality, even a state, cannot cope with the social problem. It is a problem too complex, too far-reaching, too vast. The nation must assert its mastership, lest our civic freedom be forfeited. It devolves upon America to regulate corporation and labor union, to compel their obedience to law. Let us apply to the social question also, this principle of governmental control,—this principle which has been the watchword of America’s progress.

Yet government in itself is inadequate. If it represent not the public will, it is worse than useless. If our institutions are to be maintained, if this principle of government is to be upheld, it will be not only by the consent but by the choice of the people. The citizen is democracy’s king; in him lies its hope or its downfall. We, the people, are democracy’s power,—its peril! What then if we slumber and sleep, if we are indifferent to our duty as citizens? In every betrayal of office, in every perversion of suffrage, in every tyranny of wealth, in every violence of labor, there is a silent partner, whose hands are stained with guilt,—a public that sees—and ignores. Oh! treason of treasons to see bribes given, crimes committed, lives crushed out under the very eyes of the law, and to stand by in brazen indifference! But more than this, when, through the indifference of American citizenship, it becomes possible that

“Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law,”
when Lorimers can be elected to the Senate of the United States avowedly to subserve the corporations, when unfortunate, who are guilty of the crime of having had no chance, are crushed in the inexorable mill of the money-god, then the very stones it seems will rise in protest. Come with me, American, to the city and look upon its people,—little children out in the streets, ragged, stunted, wise in the wicked lore of the underworld; factory-girls, with stooped shoulders and emaciated faces, with the bloom of maiden innocence forever gone; women, with bent backs and broken hearts, their faces a living sob for the children who will have no chance; men, hardened, dissolute, despairing, with all their courage, all the light of
intellect stamped out by machine and mill—mere human automatons. Come with me into the ten thousand sweat-shops of New York City, into the steel mills of Pittsburg, into the cotton mills of the South, and weep for these countless slaves of industry. Think of these lives that never had an opportunity to grow and develop, these souls, shrivelled and scared in order that the few may sate their greed for gold. The individualist calls them free. Free? when they have no choice but to sell their lives at a pitiful price—or die! Free? when they have never opened the book of knowledge, never known aught but toil and sorrow! Free? I had rather be a feudal serf than such a freeman! For these, who have committed no crime but that of poverty, I plead, that we may realize the immeasurable wrong we have done them. I ask for them not charity, not benevolence, but justice; that these fellow citizens, these brothers of ours, may have an opportunity to work for a fair wage, to be educated, to govern themselves; that they may rise to the full stature of their manhood. I ask that the public conscience may awaken; that the American nation may rise in the spirit of the Nazarene to give these down-trodden citizens of hers a new birth of freedom.

But the cry has gone up, from the lips of the workingman, from the weared toiler in the slums, from every true patriot. A change is at hand. The scales have fallen from the eyes of the masses, and they are demanding that monopoly and privilege be abolished. A new nationalism is forming, a forward movement, determined to solve the social problem according to the maxim of the greatest good for the greatest number. Every citizen shall enjoy his rights; the workingman shall be given true industrial freedom. I see the vision of a new era—an era announced by the awakening public conscience. I see a transformed country, where might is no longer right, where the weak and the unfortunate are protected. I see the laborer, whether he be poor or rich, crowned king. I behold America, exalted by righteousness and justice, holding before all men the torch of liberty—a land, free from oppression, upon whose altars the fires of fraternal love have been kindled—a nation, throughout which, in a fuller, truer sense than ever before, the obligation of brother to brother is fulfilled by beneficent government.

HESSEL E. YNTEMA, '12.
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HESSEL E. YNTEMA, '12.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1912.

CHRONICLE of events, usually dry and uninteresting to the average reader, and especially so, if that chronicle contains nothing but the ordinary hum-drum of college life interspersed with a few noteworthy accomplishments and achievements—such a chronicle, it has been ordained, I shall write. Gladly would I postpone, for a few years, the writing of this history, so that from a distance I might contemplate and better understand the interrelation of these events and their results upon the characters and lives of each one of us. But the class president, who has imposed this task upon me, will brook no postponement, and my plea for even a few more days in which to write this history was granted with a frown that forbodes no good. So, poorly equipped as I am, I must write this history now.

It was on September 16th, 1908, at the opening exercises of the college that we first beheld each other, and a motley assemblage we were. According to the record there were forty-two of us gathered from every part of the land. Some, who had never attended chapel exercises at Hope College before and were unaccustomed to their surroundings, were naturally overcome with shyness and embarrassment, while we, who had not yet recovered from that loveliness of spirit which characterizes every “A” class man, looked upon them with pity and, I fear, a little contempt. But this state of affairs was of short duration, for a business meeting of the class was soon arranged for and held. It was but natural that Anthony Luidens should be our first president, and it was due to his ability and geniality, I am sure, that we were so well launched upon our college career.

Although but Freshmen we soon made ourselves heard and seen and even felt, as some of the members of the class of '09 can readily testify. How well I remember our first class party, an outing to Meatawaba one fall evening. There, while seated around a blazing log-fire, we made friendships which bid fair to be life-long, for it was here that we first met each other outside of the class-room. All coarseness and restraint was put aside and we returned to Holland with an added respect for
each other and a common vow to stand by each other in everything that lay before us, and, I am glad to say, that spirit has been with us throughout all the succeeding years, for we have never fallen prey to the petty politics and factional strife that have marked so many of the classes before us. But I am wandering from my chronicle. I said that we made ourselves heard and seen. I must but remind you of the oratorical contest in February, 1909, and you will readily agree with me that for children of our tender age we could yell and parade spectacularly. The Anchor of that month criticized us severely for acting foolishly, but it was just another such an occasion as would bind us closer together in all our activities. Our banner for that occasion emphatically asserting that we eclipsed every other class in college, was a prophecy, the truth of which has been irrefutably proven again and again. Our making ourselves felt was upon a very different occasion. On Arbor Day, 1909, the Seniors in addition to planting trees and beautifying the campus considered it necessary to impress their importance upon the Freshies by wiping the earth with them. This was of course strenuously resented with the result that the tables were turned and that Mother Earth felt the impress of many a "Senioral" brow. In passing it might be well to state that the whole affair was precipitated by the Seniors themselves, and succeeding Freshman classes who have used this an excuse for attacking upper classmen on Arbor Day can not legitimately do so. At this time we were almost at the end of our Freshman year and it was thought necessary that our influence must now be felt along mental lines as well as in physical prowess and here, too, we made good. Yntema and Luidens took part in the Raven Contest and ranked high in competition with upper classmen while Grant Hinkamp, who has since left us, won a place on one of the debating teams. These achievements were but harbingers of the remarkable accomplishments which were to follow. At the beginning of our Sophomore year we found ourselves greatly reduced in number. Many had decided to specialize along certain lines of work and therefore went to other schools, while others felt that they could not survive another such a strenuous year. In place of those who had left us we received others who have since shown themselves worthy wearers of the purple and white. Stanley

Fortune, the quiet and serious-minded man of science, was chosen to lead us in our activities, and never once were we disappointed in him. By this time we had entirely outgrown our childish proclivities and had settled down for a year of solid and strenuous work. The Freshmen of that year won a rather doubtful victory over us by pulling us through a few inches of water in the creek, which was not enough to dampen our spirits, for we pursued our tasks with renewed vigor.

It was in January, 1910, that we suffered our severest loss in the death of Vera Kleinhessel, whose whole-hearted and cheerful companionship and loving spirit had always been an incentive to us in all our activities. The memory of her presence with us has done much in later years to shape our career.

This year, too, was not without its honors and its victories. Luidens and Abbink, who is now engaged in journalistic work, did much to win a notable debating victory from Olivet. In May, H. V. E. Stegemann won second place in the Ackerman Coles Bust Contest and in June he was awarded first place in the Raven Oratorical Contest. This made him Hope's representative in the Inter-collegiate Contest of the next year.

It was during our Junior year, however, that we obtained our most signal honors. Early in the fall of 1910 Visscher and Yntema successfully passed the Rhodes Scholarship examinations and they are now in line for appointment to Oxford. Yntema also took first place in the Raven Contest and Drovers was given second place. The debating team that again humbled Olivet was composed of three Juniors—Strounks, Drovers and Zandstra. Fortune received the English prize, and the Domestic Mission prize was awarded to Gertrude Hookie. Irene Stapelkamp was chosen as Hope representative in the Women's Oratorical Contest. Amid all these victories there was never any tendency toward conceit beyond a pardonable pride in our achievements.

The record of our Senior year is too recent to call for any detailed account. The notable victories of Miss Stapelkamp and Mr. Yntema at the State Oratorical Contests are still fresh in our memories. Luidens again aided to administer a third defeat to Olivet in debating.

With this I must end my chronicle. Much more has been done which I cannot record for lack of time and space, and
much has been accomplished which shall be recorded, from
time to time, perhaps not in print, but in lives consecrated to
service.
F. ZANDSTRA, '12.

WHAT DOES HOPE COLLEGE NEED?

Hope College partly is and wholly hopes to be. It is an
institution which has won a reputation at home and abroad
chiefly for the character and fitness for service of the men it has
produced. At home our reputation rests for the most part on
the high moral and religious tone which characterize our
studentry. But this reputation is an enviable one only in con-
trast with the notoriously bad conditions prevalent in certain
other institutions. Reputation is what people say we are.
Character is what we are. However much we may boast of
the character of our studentry, men who have been here long
enough to know, have too often pointed out the discrepancy
between religious theory and practice to make their contention
invalid. Hope College needs students more truly consecrated.
While its candidates for the ministry should not be hetero-


dex in church dogma, neither should they be dishonest or commit
theft in the class-room. From the practical standpoint we need
money; from the intellectual standpoint, we need more respect
for scholarship; but from the standpoint of religion and morals,
we need consistency, reverence, and a keener sense of what
constitutes the practical side of a student's Christian life. We
have attained much, but we still fall far short. Let Hope's
students supply this their own need, and we firmly believe the
other things will be duly added.

ARTHUR H. HEUSINKVELD, '12.

THE SENIORS.

Snap-shots—Psychological and Otherwise.

William Henry Atwood:
Whence thy learning? Neither thy toil
Or books consumed the midnight oil.
Whence thy learning?

John Bennink:
Ah me! for ought that ever I could read,
Could ever hear of tale in history.

THE ANCHOR

The course of true love never did run smooth.
Caroline Johanna Borgards:
A maiden never bold; of spirit so still and quiet
That her cheeks blush at herself.

John William Brink:
What brutal mischief sits upon his brow?

He may be honest, but he looks ???

Donald Livingston Brush:
A shallow brain, behind a serious mask;
An oracle within an empty cask.

Ida Olivia Danhof:
A Divinity Maid with charming ways.

Mae Elizabeth De Pree:
A graceful maiden, with a gentle brow,
A cheek turned lightly and a dove-like eye.

Oliver Gerrit Droppers:
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit to sink or soar,
Limited in his nature, infinite his desires.

Stanley Theodore Fortune:
A boy without, a man within,
A brother to all.

Arthur Helene Heusinkveld:
No churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No statesman to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business contriving a snare,—
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.

Gertrude Jeanette Hoekje:
My thoughts and I are of another world.

Bernice Harriet Hoffman:
I'm djer young, I'm djer young.
I'm djer young to marry yet.
I'm djer young, 'twould be a sin
To take me from my mammy yet.

Anthony Ludens:
His brain is as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage.

James Bernard Mulder:
In form so delicate, so soft is his skin,
So fair in feature, and so smooth in chin;
Quite to win him nothing wants but this,—
Put him in petticoats, and he's a very miss.

Irene Judith Stapelkamp:
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers.

Henry Van Eyck Stegeman:
Indisputably a great, good, handsome man.

William John Stronks:
He has the faculty of growth.

Frederick John Van Dyk:
He raves, his words are loose as heaps of sand,
And scattered wide from sense.

Gerrit John Van Zoeren:
Such were the man for whom a woman's heart
Should beat with constant care while he exists,
And breaks when he expires.

Bert Van Zyl:
Ay! that a man
After the heart of Bacchus! By my life,
There is no mortal stuff, that roots the earth.
Able to wear the form of man, like him.

William W. Walvoord:
What a delightful thing rest is!
The bed has become a place of luxury to me;
I would not exchange it for all the thrones in the world.

William Wallace Visscher:
A companion of children, and he towers above them all.

Hessel Edward Yntema:
A six-foot suckling, shambling in his gait,
Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate;
Fearful he seems, though of athletic make,

**Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake**
His woolly top, and savage motion spread
O'er his pale cheeks the blushing, manly read.

Arthur Forbes Schaefer:
Dark eyes, a manly form, a Douglas,
In beauty his own parallel.

Frederic Zandstra:
For your sake, Tobacco, I would do anything but die.
O host of marvels small and tall,
To thee we dedicate this all, this all.

—Disciples of William James,
The staff deemed it advisable to ask the Seniors to publish a number of the Anchor, and they readily assented. We are confident that no mistake was made in this new departure—this issue proves it. The Senior class of this year has made an enviable record; we honor them for their deeds, for the examples that are worthy of imitation. We sincerely hope that the success which has marked them as a class may characterize the lives of each individual member of the class in the days to come.
ALONE OR IN GROUPS?

There is a method of studying prevalent among students in this college which is harmful. We refer to the deplorable habit of studying in groups. Young people may come together in groups and have fun and pleasure but we doubt seriously whether a group is conducive to hard study. But like everything else this method has its advocates who see many distinct advantages in this course.

It is claimed that studying together rectifies mistakes, saves time, creates an increased interest in the lesson, draws out more ideas, and brings students into a healthy association with each other. These are some of the assertions made by the advocates of this method of study. Let us examine these so-called advantages and discuss a few distinct harmful features inherent in this method.

The power of concentrating the mind is extremely valuable. Every opportunity to cultivate the art of concentration should be utilized. But no student can, in a group, apply himself with that intensity of mind and determination which is possible when he masters his own lesson. In a group there usually is one who does all the thinking and all the reasoning, he consequently receives all the benefits, the others are the losers. Besides, consider all the valuable time frequently wasted in making irrelevant remarks, in laughing and playing; and often it occurs that one student who is in an excellent mood to study is hindered by another who is extremely inclined to play. Those who study in groups hurry through their lessons with the desire to master the lesson for the following day only, not for all time. And this is a decidedly wrong attitude.

The greatest harm of this method lies in the fact that it destroys self-reliance and leads to a state of dependency upon others. Emerson says, "Self-trust is the first secret of success." Undermine your faith in yourselves and you impair your future success. It is a commendable habit never to ask assistance in accomplishing a task until one has first tried to do it alone. There is a keen satisfaction in doing a difficult work without the help and advice of others. If a person forms the habit of depending upon himself his self-reliance and confidence will continually increase. Rely upon others now and you will do likewise in the future. Now is the time to learn how to think and to act independently.

Some people—students included—are training diligently to become meek and humble followers. The world, however, calls for leaders. But he who has no trust in self need not expect to place trust in others. The habit of studying together makes the world fuller of meek followers, of men and women who cannot stand alone, cannot act alone, cannot think alone. Let us not underrate ourselves. Let us have more self-confidence. We need it as individuals. We need it as a college. If the individuals get more of this sadly needed quality the college will eventually be the happy possessor of a force that will forge this college ahead to the front rank in all contests—mental and physical. Taking all facts into consideration we are forced to conclude that studying in groups lowers scholarship and robs us of independence and self-reliance.

"SIDE-ISSUES."

Very early in the career of every college student comes the question, "To what shall I give my time?" Out of the many things that are continually making demands upon his time he must carefully and deliberately choose what he shall follow and what he shall neglect. For every student means that his college life shall do more for him than cram his brains full of facts and fancies. The college aims to fit a man to fill his place in the world capably and honorably; it is a training school in which his character is to be developed to its highest, noblest manhood.

With this end in view it is very fitting that the student should take part with enthusiasm in the social, intellectual and religious life of the school, not forgetting athletics, that he may be able to cope more successfully with life's difficulties when his school and college days are past. For there will come times in life when one may be very thankful for a knowledge of human nature gained by lecture-course campaigning in college, for business ability that was developed in the management of a ball team, for a capacity for leadership that is a direct result of a few years' labor in the Y. M. C. A., for a coolness of action,
and quickness of mind that was learned in hard fought games.

Yes, of course there are some who say there is great danger that these things which are only side issues, take the student's time away from his lessons and result in a lower grade of scholarship. True, there is that danger, but when a student takes up such a "side-issue" he is always actively conscious of a watchful faculty who are ready with what sometimes may seem to him an inconsiderate haste, to point out to him that he must do better work in his studies or give it up, and so he goes in with a determination to show himself capable of handling both, knowing full well which things call for first consideration.

There are still students who bury themselves in their books and offer as their justification that time-worn phrase, "We came to school to study." If that were the only reason, we might as well have been shut up in a monastery with a pile of books; it would have been almost as profitable. No, we came to school to get an education, to develop physically, mentally and morally, so that, stepping out from these walls we shall be splendidly equipped to face the world, and to stand shoulder to shoulder with our fellow men in the satisfying consciousness that the link we form in the chain of humanity is strong.

H. De M.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATES.

At Hope.

Friday evening, April 12, was a great evening for our college. A double victory over Alma and Olivet has placed Hope's name at the top in the Triangular Debating League. The question debated this year reads as follows: "Resolved, that cities should own and operate public franchises." The affirmative team consisting of C. Dame, G. De Motts and H. Hoff scored a shut out on the Alma team composed of Messrs. L. Kolvoord, C. Satterlee and J. B. Buell. The Alma boys were unable to break and even to stand the rapid and clearly aimed arguments of our debaters. The judges were Attorney L. H. Oosterhaus of Grand Haven, Judge L. Thompson of Allegan, and Prof. Eaton of the Grand Rapids High School.

The deplorable feature of the evening was the meager attendance. Many students and professors, who should have been there out of respect to the visiting team and to the judges and for the reputation of the college, thought it best to be absent. How much better an impression would our visitors have received if the chapel had been filled. A little thought on what is important and unimportant in a college is greatly to be desired. But of course some people never think—except about themselves.

At Olivet.

In an evenly contested debate Hope College defeated Olivet for the third consecutive time. Both teams presented their arguments in a spirited and forceful manner. Mr. Patterson of Olivet opened the debate, clearly stating the position of the affirmative. Mr. Koepp of Hope replied for the negative with a clear and logical argument in which he stated that the burden of proof rested with the affirmative and that the negative maintained, that public ownership and operation is fundamentally wrong. Olivet's second speaker, Mr. Pinneoek, began in an interesting manner but the end of his speech was not worthy of his opening remarks. Mr. Tillena of Hope proceeded with the arguments in his usual direct and earnest manner, proving the failures of municipal operation. Mr. Nicholas of Olivet closed the debate for the affirmative in a creditable manner. The last speaker of the negative, Mr. Lindens, tremendously weakened the arguments of the affirmative. The rebuttals were lively and interesting.

We must mention the excellent way in which the presiding officer, Prof. Miller of Olivet, conducted the debate. In addition to this we were pleased with the courteous attitude of the audience, the royal entertainment our team received and the excellent spirit shown by Olivet.

Our college can rejoice over the victories of this year. First place in the women's state contest, second in the men's, a double victory in debating are feats which should encourage us to enter into more contests and carry home more prizes. We can do it!

SOCIETY.

On Wednesday, March 20th, the Sophomore class laid aside their beloved books for an evening and went to Maca-
tawa Park for a class party. The weather seemed to have broken all bounds, but swirling snow and cutting blasts of wind did not deter the gallant band of pleasure seekers. After a supper "fit for a king," an evening of "jest and youthful jollity" began. The trip home was not without its spice, for the car was "stuck" in snow drifts a couple of times, and only managed to get through when some of the Sophomore braves helped dig a way.

Thursday evening, March 21st, a jolly bunch of "Fudge Makers" gathered at the home of Miss Minnie Schulke. How can people, assembled with the idea of making that creamy brown substance, help but have a good time?

On the evening of March 27th the "sextet," increased for the evening to the number of twelve, had a reunion at Macatawa Park. After a supper had been served an evening was spent in an enjoyable manner. You may be sure that "laughter was there, holding both his sides."

Saturday evening, March 20th, Mrs. Durfee and Professor Dimment entertained the College Debating Teams in honor of the victories obtained by them over the Olivet and Alma teams. Although it was a "stag" the fellows were so elated over their victories that they had a "mighty good time." Miss Martin and Miss Moore helped Mrs. Durfee to serve refreshments.

Dr. J. N. Vander Vries, '96, head of the Department of Mathematics at the University of Kansas, became ill last fall, in consequence of which he has gone to Belen, Texas, where he is leading a tent life. The latest reports tell us his health is improving, and we hope he may soon be restored to complete health and strength.

Out of love and respect for their teacher, the students who had passed through a course in medicine under the instruction of Dr. John Otte, '83, erected a monument to mark his grave in the missionaries' cemetery on Koloa, China. A beautiful marble cross was secured from Hongkong, and bears this inscription, "He sent them to preach the kingdom of God, and to heal the sick." What a beautiful tribute to a life which was lived for others!

Rev. Gerrit Hondelink, '00, of Kalamazoo, and Rev. J. Van Zomeren, '04, of Cleveland, Ohio, delivered addresses at the Eighth Michigan District Christian Endeavor Convention, which was held in the Second Reformed church, Muskegon, March 25th to 29th.

The congregation of Hope Church, Holland, Mich., presented their missionary pastor in China, Rev. Willis G. Hoekje, and his wife, with a purse of $100 as a wedding gift.

Herman Stegeman, Prep., '10, was recently engaged as surveyor by a Montana Irrigation company, which is putting in extensive canals in and around Conrad.

Prof. E. D. Dimment, '06, read a paper on "Mr. Crane, The Classics and The Boy," at the Schoolmasters' Club, at Ann Arbor.

**EXCHANGES.**

The little article entitled, "Why Does a Hen Lay an Egg?" appearing in the "Student's Bulletin" is very interesting.

Has "The Collegian" of Hillsdale College no Exchange Department? This would be a great improvement to the paper.

The Girls' Number of "The Kermos" is very neat and attractive. The cut of the 1912 basket ball team as it appeared years ago is very good.

A few more cuts would improve the "Kalamazoo Normal Record." Otherwise it is an excellent paper.

"The Lake Breeze" of Sheboygan is the largest and best paper received for exchange during the month of March.

"The Comet" of April is strong in jokes, but rather weak.
in its Literary Department. And why mix up advertisements with literary matter?

Under the training of Coach Mills, the Olivet basket ball team, which in 1911 took the M. I. A. A. trophy, believes it has a splendid opportunity of taking the trophy again this spring.

Alma College has chosen its debating teams for the triangular debate with M. A. C. and Ypsilanti. This debate on the “Income Tax” will take place the first week in May and Alma hopes to put up a strong fight.

The Ames basket ball team holds the championship of Iowa this year.

Albion College, well known for its high ranks in oratory and debating, has this year suffered two defeats in its debating contests, one to Beloit and the other to Earlham, but was victorious over Lawrence University.

Basket Ball.

On March 16, D. A. C. of Detroit was played and sent home with the short end of a 34-29 score. They were called D. A. C., though only three of the original team were on the floor. Conquered by the heavy snow storms, the other members of their team were forced to remain at a distance from the city. Two of the local High School team helped them out, and so the game was played. Bookey starred for the visitors, and we dare not think of what the score might have been had their team been intact. We were sorry that our visitors had such hard luck as local fans think the D. A. C. a royal bunch of athletes.

On March 22 the Orange and Blue boys succeeded in trouncing G. R. “Y” in true Dutch style. Ever since
the holidays our boys were chafing under the odium of “27-32” at Grand Rapids, and when once the whistle sounded, no five men were more united on a single purpose than was the Hope quintet. During the first half, the Furniture City lads looked real loggy, while our lads applied the “Can’t Hook” method. Though the second half was not quite so sensational, the Hope-ites were not satisfied until they had every inch of scalp coming to them, and you can imagine the joy when the final score tallied 34-20 in favor of Hope. It was a great inspiration to our rooters to see so many Grand Rapids people in the gallery, and it added materially to the enthusiasm.

The theory of limits was again tested and approved when the Zeeland Olympics came to Carnegie for their medicine on March 25. Surely no game of the entire schedule drew a more enthusiastic crowd of rooters and participants. But again brain triumphed over brawn, and—though possibly the less said the better—it’s a pity for an organization of such a kind not to be able to take a defeat. Had the score been close at any time during the contest, there might have been some reason for even less unsportsmanlike behavior on the part of our visitors. However, such was not the case. Completely outclassed, out-played, and out-generated in every feature of play, the Olympics succumbed to a 36-8 score. Undoubtedly independent organizations of this nature will be placed on the tabooed list next year.

Here endeth the 1911-1912 chapter on basket ball at Hope. Fighting an uphill battle, nothing but praise is due our boys for the magnificent spirit exhibited in keeping Hope’s banner aloft. A word of commendation is due our manager, Mr. VandenBerg, for so successfully finishing a “too-laborious” schedule. A schedule of a dozen games is hard, and long enough. We would not tell the whole story if we made no mention of the “Reserves”, who won four out of a series of seven games from the High School. To them, to a great extent, is due the quality of the first team, since they gave them the required practice throughout the season.
Coming Events—

The Inter-Class Field Day, May 4.

The Third Annual Invitation Meet at G. R., May 30.

This is certainly a fine spicy schedule for the lovers of track athletics. Mr. Steinenger has very carefully arranged a short but intensely interesting program for the spring term. By the time of this issue the Fourth Annual Cross-Country Run shall have been staged, and the Inter-Class Meet will be receiving all our attentions. The Muskegon High School, Kalamazoo College, and the Grand Rapids Y. M. C. A. will compete with us for the splendid trophy. The G. R. Y. M. C. A. expects to take the trophy again, but the Hopeites are just as determined to keep it here. An exciting contest is promised.

Each one of the eight classes has already prepared for a class-party, and suitable festivities for celebrating their victory in the Inter-Class Field Day Meet, on May 4. This event is easily the gala day at Hope, in the spring time, and on that day everybody gets a chance to show his mettle. This event has proved a decided success in past years, and we are very desirous of making this meet no less so. The class of “1913” alone has the coveted honor of having its “year” inscribed thus far, and it is useless to say what that means to the other classes. All right, Stein! Whoop’er up for the Field Day!

The Annual Relay Race between Hope and G. R. Y. M. C. A. comes three weeks after the Cross Country Run, and is generally the “crux”, so far as retrieving lost honors is concerned. We have two of the silver cups, and the “Y” has one. Who’s going to get the next one? Ask any of the twenty-five men trying out for Hope’s team. Fellows, you know we’re sadly in need of another cup.

Though still a month away, it is not too early to plan on visiting Comstock Park, in Grand Rapids, on Memorial Day. Do you know that Hope’s team of six men performed wonders over there last year? Well, they did, and the boys came home with a pretty silver cup, and medals galore to show for it. Who says we haven’t got the material at Hope? Other schools think we have, and every time a Hope man enters it means just that much less chance for other competitors. Let’s keep up our record! No, let’s not be satisfied unless we beat our records.

Tennis.

This branch of athletics has been considerably neglected at Hope in years past. At any rate it has not had justice done to it at all times. Mr. C. Muste, the new manager, is the right man in the right place, and is going to give us something worth while this spring. Sufficient funds are on hand to equip the new court, and repair the old one with nets and back-stops, a much-needed improvement. Opportunity will be given both coeds and young men for playing, and as last year, though on a larger scale, a tournament will be arranged, the final winners to compete with some Grand Rapids team. Tennis is a great game, and who knows but that even at Hope a “Larned” or a “May Sutton” may be developed?

Base Ball.

Fans at Hope are jubilant over base ball. Never before were so many trying out for positions. The merry ringing crack of the ash can be heard every afternoon from four to six. Scores of enthusiastic aspirants for the outfield brave the cold winds to get a stab at a chance fly, while nearly as many are anxious to burn their knuckles on hot grounders in the infield. Poppen and Vandervelde are slated as “heavers”, though others are on hand to sub. Verhoeck bids fair for the receiving end, though he is by no means alone in the race. The infield is far from settled, as is also the outfield, for Manager Riemersma intends to give all candidates a fair show. At the practice game with Holland High on Saturday, April 3, some pretty plays were executed, though others of the cabbage head variety were also in evidence. Still we are greatly pleased with the prospects, and anxious for the first real game. The schedule is not complete to date, but we can expect a game with MacLachlan Business University on April 27; Kalamazoo College, May 11; W. S. N. of Kalamazoo, June 1.
Sandy—"A man who speaks the truth is called a pessimist."
Yntema—"I am afraid you'll never have that honor then."

Van Zyl's viewpoint:
"They say all the world loves a lover,
Which is kind of the world, I admit;
But what do I gain by the world loving me,
When the girl doesn't love me a bit?"

Tony—"Bill Walvoord seems to be a hard worker."
Prof.—"That's his specialty."
Tony—"What, working?"
Prof.—"No, seeming to."

In English Oliver Droppers took the part of Romeo and Potgeter that of Julius Caesar. The class almost fainted when Van Dyke said: "Prof., in the case of Juliet, if Oliver should Drop-er from the balcony, would you yell 'Julius Caes-er' or 'Pot-get-er'?"

Mr. Hoebke and his lady friend became the subjects of the following conversation at the last basket ball game:
Alumnus—"Is Mr. Hoebke making a success of his P. G. course?"
Student—"Well, look at him."
What course you taking, Billy??
Lucille—"I'm for Taft."
Hospers—"Then you're a stand-patter."

Lucille—"Then I'm for Rozy."
Prof. Nykerk (in Browning)—"Miss Borgards, what was the predominant characteristic of the age of Shakespeare?"
Miss Borgards—"It was an age of action and the men of that time wore their hearts on their coat sleeves more than they do now."

Dr. Brown informed the education class that Abel-Cain was the first teacher of manual training.

Gertrude Hoekje (to Prof. Kuizinga, who was shovelling snow)—"So you are working, are you, Professor??"
Kuizinga—"Yes, I'm doing my road tax."

Ter Kerst (translating Greek)—"Lots of people have cases."

Nykerk—"Miss Lindeman, I suggest that you pose before a long mirror."

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Rhynie—"I like dates."
Lucille—"Don't you like them better when made beforehand?"

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