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THE TEST OF TRUE HEROISM.

Off Sheboygan, the sands of the western shores of Lake Michigan stretch white and glistening. Bearing north a mile away, glimmer the beams of the lighthouse near North Point. Due east lies the open lake, and when the wind sits in that quarter, the sands of the shore bear the brunt of the battle with the forces of the lake.

The Government has a life-saving station at North Point, and well it may have, for many a ship might unawares dash upon the rocks that there lie hidden beneath the surface of the water. This life-saving station has a regular crew, paid by the season, whose duty it is to watch night and day, during storms, in order to afford rescue to such ill-fated vessels as might dash upon the hidden rocks. John Williams was the captain of this life-saving crew. He was a man of dauntless courage, strong convictions; ready, at the cost of his life, to do what was right. Williams had one child, a motherless girl of seven. One day in October the little child fell ill. The doctor came, looked at the little one tossing on its couch, and shook his head. "Tomorrow will tell," he said, "but nothing but good nursing will save her. Follow my directions to the letter, make no mistakes, and—let's hope for the best."

Williams loved the child dearly; there was nothing more precious to him than this bit of cheerfulness and sweetness. That she should leave him and join her mother, he could not bear to think of. She was the only family tie he had on earth.

The child, noticing her father's sadness, feebly said, "Papa, why do you look so sad?"

"I am not sad," said he; "I am only waiting and hoping
for you to become well again. Rest, my darling, and go to
sleep, for papa will remain at your side, and will not leave
you."

All night the tender father watched beside his little child, 
thinking of how, four years before, he had watched similarly
beside the death-bed of his beloved wife. The weary hours
passed by, and Williams, with his anxious heart, yet manly
and full of courage, watched every pulse-beat of the dear little
hand. Dawn appeared, but the child's fever seemed but to
increase, while her heart-beat became fainter. All day she
hovered between life and death.

It was late afternoon; and as Williams sat by the bed-
side, he heard the wind rising outside, causing the breakers
to beat on the beach. It howled as it swept past the humble
little cottage, situated upon the sand hill near the shore. The
sand that the wind caught up, was hurled like minute hale-
stones against the diamond shaped panes of the little sea-
ward window.

Twilight became darkness, and midnight was at hand
again. The storm was at its worst. It disturbed the child
on the couch, and she tossed restlessly. Suddenly there came
a crash at the door. It was fairly burst open, and five fisher-
men in oil-skins came in. "John," said the foremost, "there's
a schooner hammering on the rocks at the end of the sand
stretch. She is pounding on those rocks farthest out. Come,
man, to the boat."

"My child is dying," answered Williams. "She is all I
have. My love and duty lie here. Jim will captain you. Go."
"I'll send Mag over here to sit with the child,—we want
you," replied the man.

Little Ruth, for that was her name, turned and murmured
in a feeble tone, hardly distinguishable, "Father."

"I must not go; I cannot go," replied the father. "Jim
knows the sea as well as I do; he'll lead you."

Out into the darkness rushed the men. The troubled
father seated himself at the foot-end of the couch, with his
eyes upon the child, but his thoughts with the ship in distress.
"Was it his duty to leave the child and to aid the unfortunate
ship? Was it right for him to remain here to care for this
one soul, dear as it might be to him, and leave the unknown
number to perish in the angry sea? Was it not really his duty
to go and at least try to save those souls, precious to the dear
ones unconscious of what perils they were in, as his child
was to him? But, then, the little one might pass away before
he could get back, and he would never forgive himself should
she die without his seeing her last breath and feeling the last
pulse-beat." Such were the thoughts that filled the mind of
the worried father. He had often faced great problems and
had also been able to render some solution, to give some
answer, but never before had any made his heart more uneasy,
or his mind so unable to give a solution. He walked to the
window and tried to look out upon the lake, but the windows
were as if they had been painted black, and all he could hear
and see was the howling of the wind outside, and the sand,
catched by the wind, dashing against the panes. He turned
back to the child, who was calling, faintly, as if in distress,
"Papa, papa." As he answered her, and saw how the child
rejoiced when she heard her father's voice, he said to himself,
"I cannot go."

The men out in the terrible tempest were trying to reach
the distressed schooner, pounding upon the rocks. They
toiled hour after hour to reach the ill-fated craft. They at-
ttempted to row to it, they attempted to shoot the line out, but
all was in vain. The blinding storm and raging sea only
mocked their feeble attempts to rescue the unfortunate.
Slowly, as morning drew near, the storm began to lose its
force, and the men began to gather hope of rescuing a few,
at least. But, alas! the angry billows still kept rolling high
for some time, and threw up the dead corpses, one after an-
other, upon the shore. In the distance, very dimly, they beheld
the rock-beaten ship, half sunk beneath those powerful waves.
All was lost.

Toward morning, little Ruth's fever grew lighter and she
was more at ease. The doctor's treatment had relieved her,
and all the next day she seemed to feel a great deal better, to
the unexpressible joy of her loving father. After a few weeks
of careful nursing, the child of John Williams recovered by
what the doctor declared to be nothing short of a miracle.
The inspector of the life-saving station heard the story of
Williams' refusal to lend his aid and of the sick child. "But
the child got well," he said, with a sneering smile, "That was an awful storm, and this captain of yours is a coward. The child was a good excuse."

Inside of a week, by Government order, John Williams was dismissed from the life-saving service for cowardice, and Jim Sparr was made captain of the crew.

"Father," said Ruth, "it is all my fault, all on my account, that you have been discharged. Oh! I wish I had not called you back; I wish that I had not made you stay at my bedside. But, father, I could not help it; I called for you in my dream. On that awful night I thought you were in some terrible danger—I couldn't tell what—and that if I could only reach you, I could save you. For a long time I tried, but wasn't able to get to you,—something always held me back. At last I saw you standing by the lake at North Point, but it was not beautiful, blue and sunlit, as I had seen it before, but black and rough and cruel-looking, while all around an awful storm was raging. You looked so wretched and worried, and it seemed as if you were going to leap into the water. It was so real, father, it makes me shudder even now to think of it. I cried to you to come away, and you turned. I awoke, and found you beside me. Father, I cannot tell you how glad I felt to have you at my side; it seemed as if I were in terrible danger, just as I thought you were when I saw you at North Point."

"My dear child," replied the father, "do not think of my being discharged, neither of your past dream. I am only happy that you are well and with me, for I thought on that night, when you had that awful dream, you were going to leave me, and I would have to plod life's journey alone. But now we are still together, and through the aid of Providence, surely we will be able to earn a livelihood, even if I shall probably have to do some humble work."

John Williams was a disrespected person in the town since the life-saving inspector had been around. For he, whom all the people had considered to be the bravest of all persons, had proved to be a coward. He was forsaken by all, except by his affectionate daughter, who clung all the more closely to him. The twain dwelt in the humble cottage by the seashore, poverty at their door. But Williams labored hard to keep that dreaded enemy from seizing all their happiness. He always felt, as he plied his daily toil among the hod-carriers, that he had done right on that fatal night, and his conscience was at peace. He had lost his respect and reputation among the people, but he would try to make the best of it. When the life-saving inspector paid his visits to the crew at North Point he would inquire if old, coward John were yet living, and if he were not a beggar by this time. Even remarking that it would have been a fortunate thing for old John had his daughter died that memorable night, for then his cowardice would have been covered to some extent and he might have been captain still. Besides, he might have saved the expense and care that his daughter was placing upon him. Captain Jim Sparr even looked sneeringly at his former captain, as if to say, "The truth always leaks out some time."

It was in October, eight years later. The night was wild. Across the barren hill-top the wind swept in moaning, fitful gusts, with ever-increasing force, and lashed the surface of the deep, silent lake into angry turbulence. Ever and anon a few pale moonbeams struggled through the tempest-driven clouds, revealing their ink-blackness, and weird, fantastic shapes, and bringing into view, far in the distance, a solitary vessel. The black clouds were rapidly gathering, and finally hiding the moon altogether, leaving darkness upon land and water. The tempest increased, coming from that awful storm center, the northeast. The wind, in its fury, made the bay seeth. The night waxed inky. The poor, solitary vessel out upon the billows soon would be as helpless as a little babe in the path of a runaway horse. Suddenly the lights appeared and the life-saving crew knew that the storm-tossed craft was a Government lighthouse tender. The vessel was fairly thrown upon those hidden enemies, the rocks. The life-savers knew that their boat could not reach the vessel's side, the rocks and the surging sea about them working certain destruction.

The life-saving crew went to the end of North Point. They attempted to shoot a line by means of which to send aboard the breeches buoy. The gun failed them. They tried it again and again, but it refused to do the work. Between the extremity of the point and the vessel there arose a series of rocks, each one of which was just above the water, save
when storm waves beat over them.

“There is a chance of getting a line out,” said one of the men, “by knotting the end to a stout swimmer’s waist, and letting him go through the sea, swimming from rock to rock, and then to the ship.”

“No man of mine will be ordered into that water,” said Jim Sparr, the captain. “No man could live to take three strokes.” The life-savers stood helpless.

Then someone pushed his way through the crowd of watchers and seized the end of the rope. Quickly making two turns with its end about his waist, he said, “I’ll go.”

It was John Williams, the stout-hearted, brave, noble old John. How he did it no one knew. He struck out into that awful sea, struggling from rock to rock toward the vessel. It was one chance in ten thousand, but at last he grasped a life-preserving buoy that was thrown from the vessel and was drawn aboard. In five minutes the other lines were on board, drawn from the shore above the roaring waters. Then there came the breeches buoy, and as it reached the boat, John Williams saw a terror-stricken, frightened man rush through a group of sailors, and heard him cry out in a tone that had naught in it but abject fear: “I go first. I am a passenger, and this is my right. The ship is breaking up. We won’t all have time to get off.”

“Let the cur go first!” said the voice of the ship’s captain.

The next day the rescued crew and the men of the life-saving station stood outside John Williams’ little home. In front of the crew, Williams saw the terror-stricken, cowardly, selfish passenger of the night before, and recognized in him the life-saving service inspector who eight years ago had called him a coward.

The inspector, too, recognized the hero, to whom he owed his life, and with an inward sense of shame, he approached Williams and spoke: “Hello, John: if ever I knew a hero, it’s you. To you rightly belongs the captainship now and always.”

The clouds of hardship disappeared rapidly from above the little home on the sand hill, and sunshine streamed into it, dispelling every shadow of past gloom and making the future seem bright.

—RAYMOND MEENGS, ’10.

THANKSGIVING MEMORIES.

“Thanksgiving!” Ah, what pleasant memories the word recalls! With what subtle incense is not that word laden? Yea, verily it is the harbinger of joys to come, as well as the cause for recollection of pleasanties that have passed.

But to me that word has not always brought such pleasing images. It brings back the memory of one Thanksgiving Day, not so many years ago, when life was anything but joy to me: when, instead of joy, it brought sadness; and, instead of pleasure and good things to eat, it brought pain and tears of childish grief.

Do you wish to hear the story? Ah, ’tis but the tale of a foolish boy, one who thought that he knew better than his father, and that he was old enough to take care of himself.

I humbly introduce myself as that boy. It was I who went out hunting and got shot, in spite of my parent’s advice. It was I who frightened the neighbors, relatives, and my parents almost out of their wits, when I was taken home red with the gore which had been shed in a futile quest after prairie-chickens.

Into the yard the faithful steed gently bore the “Hero”, while thoughts of foreboding evil swiftly coursed through that “Hero’s” brain. They bore me to a darkened chamber, where, for one whole week, I was to be confined, by order of the physician.

The first night I spent in physical torture. But the next night—how I dreaded it—was to be spent in mental torture, for the next day was “Thanksgiving.” Gradually the second night drew nigh. Towards six o’clock the guests, who had been invited to the Thanksgiving dinner, began to arrive. Every ring of the door-bell caused a pang of remorse in the heart of him who, in the gloomy chamber above, was lying alone in the darkness, the victim of his own foolishness.

Soon odors of things cooked raced madly upward, augmented in their mission of torment by the cheery sounds of table-talk, and later by airy vibrations, which told of happy hearts speaking their mirth, and of feet which rhythmically marked time to the pulsations of the dreamy waltz.

Think of a tear-stained face, backed by a choking throat. Imagine a tender shoulder beating with stinging throbs as
the blood raced madly along the path of the leaden missile. Picture a boy too tired to remain awake, and with an almost conscious sigh of relief dropping off into that land where everyone is at his best, and you have seen me all alone in my misery.

My tale of that “Thanksgiving” ends with my falling asleep. Truly not a very happy day for a boy, but each Thanksgiving Day since, no matter where spent, has been happier by the contrast.

—FRANK J. HOSPERS, ’to.

CANE-BRAKES AND LILY-PONDS.

“Hyah, honey!” called out Uncle Eb from his cabin door to a disconsolate looking young negro passing by, “yo’ all done tuk de wrong face from de she’f dis mawm’n’. What am de matelh? Dey ain’t no sogers a gilly-hootin’ fru de lan’ an’ an’traipsin’ ovah yo’ terbakker. Seems like yo’ all done got de wrinkles de terbakker in yo’ face dis mawm’n’, an’ dis am Tanks Gibben Day.”

“Sho’ nuff”, growled the other, “Tanksgibben Day foh de wimm’n an’ de kids what ain’t got no ’ sponsibilities.”

“Yoh! yoh! yoh!” laughed the old man in turn, “heah dat chile. He am a sho’ nuff Solomon come to life once moah an’ he am ‘spoundin’ de wisdom uv de cotton-fiel’. Wimm’n! kids! ’ sponsibilities! What yo’ all know ’bout wimm’n an’ kids? Nevah had nuttin’ lak dat, yo’ didn’t; an’ de oliest ’ sponsibility dat yo’ got is de becauseness de de frowin’ oveh yo’ all got frum dat gal dat live ’ crose de clearin’. Yo’ hit de groun’ at a right smaht clip.”

“Ah ain’t makin’ no fuss ’bout dat piece uv gingebr’ed woman,” replied the young negro.

“Hush, honey; Uncle Eb hisse’f onct wuz young an’ sed dat same kind o’ talk wid his mouf, but he didn’t lub de gal wid his mouf. Dat mouf is de fust stashun on dis side uv—uv—Hartsville, an’ dat am de place whar Mistah Coopid live. Evah met dat gemmen?” said the old man with a twinkle in his eyes.

“No, sah, ah nevah met Mistah Coopid; doan’ know nuttin’ ’bout him, an’ ah hain’t a-carin’ nuttin’, neither.”

“Now, jes heah dat chile agin’; sho’ nuff, he am a-tryin’ ter play possun.”

“Dey ain’t nobody had me up a tree, an’ ah ain’t layin’ low, needer.”

“Yes, yo’ is, honey; yo’ am p’tendin’ as how yo’ all would lak te say, ‘Gal, I’s dead; gal, I’s dead.’ Yo’ am sho’ an’ yo’ is makin’ believe dat yo’ ain’t no good ioh te tek along, but dat same Mistah Coopid am a g’wine te stuff yo’ plum in de sack. Can’t fool dat hunteh.” The old man laughed gleefully, for he saw that his conjecture as to the cause of the young man’s gloom had proved to be correct.

“Now, Uncle, whar am de reason foh dat merriment? Peh’ lak yo’ all nevah ’perienced enny’ting lak dat, an’ ef yo’ had yo’ mognught feel so gay.”

“No, honey, dat am right,” answered the old man, softly, “dat am right. But, den, dey tek mah good woman an’ sol’ huh down Souf. Seems lak dat cut deep.”

“Sho’ nuff,” rejoined the young man, slowly and thoughtfully, “dat’s de trufe. Ah didn’t tink ob dat. Uncle, seems lak ef ah nad dat, den dey wouldn’t be no moah Tanksgibben foh me. Yo’ all am mighty spry an’ happy, ’spite o’ dat sorre’.

“Cain’t hep it, chile; can’t hep it. Wen de good Lawd let ’em tek away mah woman, an’ mah heart becom lak a swamp, He sed, ‘Ah can’t let dat swamp go lak dat’, an’ so he growed lilies dar, an’ now Uncle gets de smell uv dem lilies eve’c mawm’n’. We all done got a swamp in ouh heart, but de lilies am dere also.

“Seems lak ah got a cane-brake ’roun’ mah lilies.”

“Yoh! yoh! yoh!” laughed the old man, “mebbe yo’ has. Push de canes aside an’ fas’ yo’ eyes on de floweuh what am on de othuh side. Heah am Tanks Gibben Day. I’se happy. De first signs uv dayli’te crep’ into mah bosom an’ den de lilies say, ‘We all can’t sleep no moah’, an’ den dey begin te git ankuhuh an’ tink dat dey wuz a-gwine ter lose de sunshine, so dey open up mighty peart. Den dis coon sez, ‘Lawd, I tanks yo’ foh sendin’ de sunshine ter open mah lilies.’ Den de fust ting ah knowed, heah come a bee a buzzin’ an’ a-swingin’ his lags, an’ he settle down on one o’ dem floweuh, an’ suck de honey uv contentment, an’ den he say, ’Golly, dat
am sweet. 'Ah heahs dat bee talkin' and ah say, 'Lowed, ah am tankful fo' de honey uv contentment.'

"Yessah, ah had a bee come mah way, too, but he done got mixed up an' crep' in de wrong doah an' got in mah bunnit. Den he bump his ha'd an' buzz mad lak, an' say, 'Golly, dat am mighty solid.' Yo' all heerd him buzz w'en ah cum up. Willikens! but dat bee wuz contrapuls.'

"Must a ben a queen bee," chuckled Uncle Ef; "put huh back into de hive, honey. Aftch dat bee wuz gone, bimby, deys a fraug pop up his ha'd an' spy a lily-pad, an' he say, 'Roakabiffeness, ef neah ain't a cheer waitin' fo' me,' an' up he hop on to de pad. Ah feels de plunk what de fraug maik wen he hit de pad, an' ah looks an' sez, 'Sho' 'nuff, dar am a place in mah heart fo' res' an' peace.' Den ah sez, 'Lowed, ah almos' fo'got dat place,' an' den He say, 'Deed yo' di', honey, an' dat's why ah done bring dis Tankesiggen day uv res.' So ah sits heah an' shets one eye lak dat fraug, an' ah oozes in de sunshine. Dat fraug am happy wid his back growin' wahn.'

"Uncle, wasn't dey a terrapin dat cum 'long an' bump agin' dat pad an' knock Mistah Frawg in de watch?" asked de young darkey, mischievously.

'Sho' as yo' am black, dat terrapin bump dat fraug offen dat pad. Ef he didn't, dat fraug would hev shrivel up, case he fell 'sleep in de sun an' so he done save his life by dat bumpin'. Hit wuz a good t'ing dat he git outen de way, case dey wuz a grasshoppeh comin' right fo' dat lily nex' to dat pad, an' he would hev been 'fraid ter lan' on dat lily case he doan' lak dat fraug. Dey wuz a ole hen aftch dat hoppeh an' she maik a feahful rumpins case dat hoppeh get away frum huh. Dat doan' frighten de hoppeh, fo' he am safe. Wen ah heahs dat hen a-fussin' ah thinks uv de clingen' pole in mah heart, an' uv dat hoppeh an' de Lawd sez, 'Honey, yo' all kin eling te me an' wen yo' am a-hangin' on yo' kin let yo' en'mies fuss all dey has a mind te.' Dat's all ah needs, jes' contentment, res' fo' de day, an' a-clingen' pole wen ah am in dangeh.'

"'Peahs ter me dat yo' all need eatin' an' clo's, an' sho' dese ain't enny ter memo wid yo'.'

"Eatin'! How does ah know what dem lilies wants. Ah
the old man in mock reproach.

"Doan' get too wahn, Uncle, or ah will have ter bump yo' offen yo' lily-pad."

"Say, Uncle," called back the young man, who was now moving toward the "clearin" ... "ah gess ah am gwine ter put dat queen bee in de hive agin."

FRATER.
to the success of the "stunt program," the last act in the staff's campaign for a bigger and better Anchor. Don't you forget to do your share.

Hope College has never been greatly troubled with hazing of new students. Advocates of the plan in other institutions claim that it has a soothing effect on the erstwhile product of farm or city who assumes a too familiar attitude towards, and a lack of respect for, old and established laws or customs of the school. With all due respect to the precedent at Hope, we must confess that we feel a developing capacity for sympathy with such colleges as find such means imperative. The same means need not be adopted, but something that would bring about the same result would, no doubt, be appreciated by many.

THE COLLEGE LECTURE COURSE

The College Lecture Course, by its splendid record in the past, has become a distinctive department in our college life. It bids fair to make itself still more popular this year, because the attractions which have been secured appeal especially to college men. The speakers who will appear here this winter are men who represent the strong forces in American life, and also those who hold the highest honors in the sphere of entertainment. There are at present six numbers billed for the course, and there is a great probability that an extra number will be added before the season closes.

The first number will be Victor's Venetian Band. The date is November 12. It is one of the largest and best musical organizations in the country. The band will be assisted by several instrumental soloists and a popular lady vocalist.

December 9, Dr. Charles H. Tyndall, Ph. D., will lecture on "Wireless Telegraphy." He is a thorough student of scientific facts and inventions.

Opie Read the humorist comes on January 22. He can make other people laugh, and hence is a blessing to humanity.

February 8 will bring Leland T. Powers, America's greatest interpreter. Mr. Powers is a leader in his art. The Lec-

ture Course was fortunate in securing him, since he is devoting much time to his new school in Boston.

March 1, Dr. Vernon C. Harrington, M. A., L. H. D., the artistic interpreter of Robert Browning, will read the "Capon-sacchi" speech from "The Ring and the Book."

The last number will be Judge Ilen R. Lindsey, who will be here on March 15. The judge is conceded to be the best student of the street urchins in our cities. He is a man of national reputation and was the first to introduce the Juvenile Court in this country.

The Lecture Course deserves the support of every student. It brings to him the best entertainers and the leaders of our American life. It is to your own interest to attend the entire Course.

—A. J. V. H.
Rev. T. W. Mulder, '89, for ten years pastor of the First Reformed church of Grand Haven, has accepted a call to Trinity Reformed church at Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mrs. P. J. Marsilje, '02, mourns the death of her mother, Mrs. H. Vander Plaag, formerly of this city.

Hope College still keeps up her record of being a "Missionary College." Many of her alumni are today devoting their lives to the missionary cause. On October 29, another recruit for the foreign field left us. Rev. J. J. Pennings, '05, left on that day for Arabia. Mr. Pennings was accompanied by Rev. Jas. E. Joorly, '07, who returns to Arabia after a year's furlough in this country.


On account of continued ill health, the Rev. G. Watermolder, '57, has been compelled to resign the pastorate of the Second Reformed church of Kalamazoo, Mich.

Henry Vander Plaag, '03, the popular book dealer, has moved his stock into more commodious quarters.

Rev. H. Schipper, '99, has declined the call extended to him by the Reformed church of South Blendon, Mich.

Word has been received here that the Rev. H. P. Boot, '00, who is on his way back to China, had arrived safely at Honolulu. He is one of 80 missionaries on the steamer.

The attention of the Alumni is called to the article in this issue on "The Department of Education."

THE DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION.

In the bold plans of the founders of Hope College the intention never was to limit the institution to the work of feeding the Theological Seminaries. That was, indeed, one of the principal purposes; and because that need was immediate and greatest, more time and effort has been used to accomplish that purpose than any other. The results have been notable: the classical department of the institution has made an enviable record: the number of graduates in the ministry is surprisingly large: their success has been Hope's glory. It is certainly the desire both of the constituency and the authorities of the college that this important work shall continue.

The original plans, however, looked to making Hope a training school for teachers, as well as to making it a proper training school for scientific and technical education. The scientific department of the institution has been strengthened to an extent that is amazing, compared with the science teaching and equipment many of its earlier students knew. A Department of Education, now about ten years old, is also trying to fill out the larger plans of the founders. The time seems to have come when this department shall receive more attention than ever before. With the thought of the world turning more and more to scientific teaching, to the need and power of religious education, there seems to be no reason why, with her present equipment, Hope should not repeat her success in this line. But it is above all desirable to secure the co-operation of the alumni. It is desired, first of all, to secure a list of all the alumni now teaching, as well as the teaching record of those now engaged in other work. Alumni are very earnestly urged to send this information concerning themselves and their fellow alumni to the professor of Pedagogy. And, besides this, why would it not be possible for graduates teaching to send notice to the department of vacancies they know of in secondary school work? Such information is earnestly desired and will be gratefully acknowledged.

—JOHN E. KUIZENGA.
EXCHANGES

One of our Exchanges, conspicuous by its solid worth and generally neat appearance, is the Coe College Cosmos. This paper has what we have formally insisted a college paper should have—a well-defined individuality. In the writer of the two poems they have recently published, they possess a poet of more ability than is generally found in our average college student. We would advise Cosmos to add to the literary department of their paper. Also, in our own modest opinion, the engraving at the head of each page does not add to the artistic appearance of the paper, while it detracts from the total value of the paper by the sacrifice of space. Moreover, we wish to remind the Exchange editor that college publications are not primarily intended to be newspapers, but, so far as we can make them, literary productions; and if so, we want in our Exchange column not alone news of the college world, but likewise critical comments.

The Montgomery Bell Bulletin has some very promising material and a great abundance of energetic spirit. But we hold it as a principle of neat appearance that advertising shall not intrude upon the literary department of the paper and should certainly be eliminated from the editorial columns. The stories are good in respect to their plots, and that is as far as we dare go in praising them. They hold the interest, but they have a fault altogether too common in our college stories—they are too compressed.

Allison College Pleiad gave us a deluge of poetry recently. We would advise some of our own “would-bes” to read it and realize that when a college student sits down to be poetical he need not necessarily write trash.

We note with pleasure the beginnings of an Exchange column in The Hillsdale Collegian. Perhaps, because we found ourselves mentioned therein.

We miss this month the most welcome exchanges from Grand Rapids High School and Kalamazoo College.

FOOTBALL.

Saturday, October 17, was the day of a big game. The weather was a trifle warm and served to bring out a large crowd. The “curtain-raiser” resulted in Holland High defeating Allegan High by a 11 to 0 score.

Benton Harbor appeared first, and their preliminary practice was watched with much interest. The Hope eleven was cheered roundly as they came from the gym and hastily ran through some of their signals in snappy fashion.

Hope won the toss and defended the west goal. Morrow kicked to Hope's 10-yard line. Hope was held for downs, and Damson punted to the middle of the field. Benton Harbor started on a fast clip and after 10 minutes' play Mazon went over for a touchdown. Mazon kicked goal. Benton Harbor 6, Hope 0.

Hope received the ball on the kick-off, but failed to make their downs. Benton Harbor took the ball, and Mazon dropped-kicked a goal from the 20-yard line. Benton Harbor 10, Hope 0.

Benton Harbor kicked to Hope. Hope started in with a run this time. Tackle smashes forced the ball steadily down the field. A long run by Veenker brought the ball to Benton Harbor's 20-yard line. A forward pass from H. Vruwink to Veenker resulted in a touchdown. Veenker failed at goal. Score—Benton Harbor 10, Hope 5.

Second Half—Veenker kicked to Benton Harbor's goal line. Fitzsimons advanced the ball 20 yards. Hope held firmly and Mazon punted to Hope's 20-yard line. Hope was forced to punt, and kicked to the middle of the field. From this place Benton Harbor carried the ball over for another touchdown, the smashing of Fitzsimons being a feature of the visitors' offense. Mazon missed an easy goal. Benton Harbor 15, Hope 5.

After the next kick-off the game was all for Hope. Forward passes, end runs and smashes were worked successfully, and J. Vruwink scored Hope's second touchdown. Veenker kicked goal. Benton Harbor 15, Hope 11.

Benton Harbor received the kick-off, and were forced to punt at once. Vruwink returned the ball 10 yards. Line smashes by Plemme, Rottschafer and Damson carried the ball
to the Benton Harbor 20-yard line. Captain Vecenker was called back and sent a pretty drop kick between the goal posts, tying the score. Pandemonium reigned, and it was with great difficulty that the students were restrained from carrying the team off the field.

Benton Harbor chose the next kick-off. Hope fumbled on their 20-yard line, and Benton Harbor recovered the ball. After working the pigskin to the middle of the field, Maxon booted over his second drop kick. Score—Benton Harbor 19, Hope 15.

Hope received the ball and worked it steadily down the field. Everything looked fine for a glorious victory, but time was called with the ball in Hope’s possession. That Hope outplayed their opponents after the first 15 minutes is evident. It was a glorious defeat. Benton Harbor College is stronger than last year, when they defeated us by a much larger score. We have learned our strength and know that we are in class with other colleges of the state.

Nov. 7th Hope won from Ferris Institute by a kick from the field. Score—Hope 4, Ferris Institute 0. It was a good game but Hope would have scored more had they been at their best. Further details not possible due to paper going to press. The game closed our season.

Incidentally, on October 31, the third team won from Zeeland High 22 to 0.

In basketball two leagues have been organized. One College League and one Prep. League, each consisting of six teams. Each team will play every other team twice, and the two pennant winners will clash at end of season. The season will close before the holidays.

Manager H. Vruwink of the varsity team is busy preparing a schedule for the season. He promises games with Morrison, Ill., who defeated Muscatine last year; also games with Hull House, Chicago; Grand Rapids, Detroit Y. M. C. A., and Michigan Agricultural College. The schedule will be the strongest the team has ever been called upon to play. Work-out for the team will begin directly after the foot ball season closes.
other day, and the clerk told him it would be two cents. "If you have something in it, you get it for nothing," he added as he was wrapping it up. "All right," said Hamilton, "Just put a work in it."

Little Willie took a drink.
But he will drink no more.
For what he thought was 11.0
Was 1 1/2.

The tourist approached the little Dutch boy. "Is it true, Hans?" she said, "that your parents' slippers are wooden?"
Little Hans grinned. "Yah," he confided, "but when I am a bad boy they sometimes felt."—Ex.

Mrs. Page and Mrs. Allen were our guests at the Voorhees Commons during the past month. My, but weren't we good? Van Arndank stopped drinking tea that the sound of missing steam might not be heard. Heemstra did his best to be etiquetted. Mollena took off his shoes before ascending the stairs for fear of making a noise, and Roost debarred politics from his conversation, with the result that his conversation was stopped altogether.

The Sophomores have landed in their first orations. They exulted what Professor Nykerk is pleased to call Sophomoric tendencies, even in the choosing of subjects, some of which are given below:

"Daniel Webster, the Founder of the International Dictionary."— Oliver Drovers.

"Election or Electrocution."— John Laven.

"The Heroine of Boreculo."— Wm. Westrate.

"The Sunny Side of Life."— Emiel O. Schwitters.

"The Chemical Composition of Paris Green."— Agnes G. Stagelkamp.

As a result of the recent disturbance in chapel, and with a view of preventing a recurrence of the trouble, the Student Committee have formulated the following rule:

"Should any member of any class willfully and premeditatedly endeavor to be cat himself in the seats of another class, such a student, whatever his race, colour, or previous condition of servitude, shall be compelled to sit until the end of his college days with the Faculty."

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