The ANCHOR

November : : 1911
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Mae: My goodness! Shaved! Where?
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Mae: Well next time you get shaved go to
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Guess somebody must of been telling how good our Overcoats are, for we never sold so many Overcoats in the beginning of the season as we are now selling. Come and learn the reason why!

A Thanksgiving Sonnet

The mighty King hath given us peace and joy,—
His guiding hand restrained the sword of war,
Nor suffered noisome pestilence to destroy;—
He kept disasters from His children’s door.
Our God protected us with wings outspread;
His will benign commanded grains to grow;
He gave great wealth as well as daily bread,
And caused his gifts unceasingly to flow.

For all these gifts we humbly give Him praise,
With joyful hearts and with submissive mind,
To thee, the Infinite, our prayers we raise,
And mercy, grace, and peace we find.
Our yearly gifts before Thy feet we lay
On this, our glad Thanksgiving Day.

Fellow-Student

R U thankful for your education?
R U relying on the Trustworthy Guide?
R U a member of a Christian Association?
R U throwing URself in with the boys and the girls?
R U remembering UR folks at home and their sacrifices for U?
R U making school life the sum of UR best efforts?
R U crowding UR mind with pure and noble thoughts?
R U really living? L. H. '13
WHAT IS THANKSGIVING DAY?

At this time of the year, when almost every heart is turned to thoughts of thankfulness, the question is asked, "How did Thanksgiving Day originate?"

When we read the pages of history we find that even the Israelites had a day, or days, set apart for a general Thanksgiving, known as the "Feast of Gladness." From this we may glean that the Pilgrim Fathers gave us no new thing. And yet to them is given the honor of having set apart a day to give thanks to the Most High; and we all agree that they established our Thanksgiving Day.

You and I are familiar with the historical incidents surrounding the event. The Pilgrim Fathers had crossed over from the Old World, to seek a home in the New. Then followed that awful winter which nearly annihilated the little band. The following year was a year of plenty, and William Bradford, governor of Plymouth, called upon the surviving colonists to set a day apart for thanksgiving to God for the plenteous harvest. Thus in brief we have the origin of our Thanksgiving Day.

However, this is not all. Bradford was a practical man, and he knew that "the way to win a man's love is by means of his stomach." In view of this fact he ordered his people to make great preparations for much feasting. Weeks beforehand they held harvesting-bees and hunting-parties, and we are sure they also had a Ladies' Aid Society in those days to do the baking and cooking. All the storehouses were filled with good things, ready for the great feast. After all preparations had been made, Bradford invited the Indian chief Massasoit with a band of his braves to share in the festivities. This shows that Bradford was a kind and philanthropic man, of broad views.

When all things were ready Bradford made the first Thanksgiving proclamation ever given on American soil. Then the feasting began, and this custom in one form or another became pretty general throughout the New England states. But it remained for Abraham Lincoln to make the Day of Thanksgiving a national holiday, and this he did by his proclamation of 1864.

We must, however, not get the idea from the foregoing, that all was simply feasting, for that is a false conception. The Pilgrim Fathers had a lengthy service on this day in their meeting-house, where they thanked and worshiped their Provider and Preserver,—and this spirit they intended to leave to their posterity.

In our day this spirit has to a great extent been tabooed as "too ancient." This is an age of materialism, and we have no time to think much about spiritual things. The story is told of two women visiting an art gallery where some of the most beautiful and costly paintings were on exhibit. After looking around they came to a magnificent painting by Michael Angelo, when one of the women remarked, "Isn't that a pretty frame?" "Yes," replied the other, "I like the frame fully as well as the picture." Thanksgiving Day is coming to be treated in a similar way. The priceless is put upon an equal footing with things of less value—is sometimes even subordinated. In many cities thanksgiving services are held on the Sunday preceding the holiday, the reason being that people are too busy cooking and eating their Thanksgiving Day dinner to go to church on that day. Would it not be more fitting on this special day, made sacred by the pious founders of this nation, to forget material things for an hour, and give honor to God by a public expression of our feelings?

How often we find that thanksgiving services, where they are still held, have lost their old-time fervor. Is it not because we turn our attention too much to material things? Too often our thoughts turn to the fleshpot when we should be thinking of the Lord's mercies. The Pilgrims did not know the great benefits that are ours, and yet they had a sense of gratitude to their Creator. Shall we, amid our manifold blessings, forget to render thanks to God upon our Thanksgiving Day?

THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH.
(Awarded Domestic Mission Prize, Commencement, 1911.)

MERICANS are wont in no uncertain terms to boast of the vast resources of their country. They are justly proud of its great wealth and material prosperity—its smoking factories, busy mines, broad fields of waving grain, and forest-clad mountains. With all possible speed they are trying to utilize their resources in disclosing new supplies. Development and efficient utilizing of resources have become watchwords in the evolution of the American commonwealth. And yet, Americans generally fail to recognize that in some parts of the country they are making almost no effort to develop the most valuable asset of the nation, its men and women. In America lives a people numbering two or three millions whose capacities are undeveloped, whose minds are ignorant, whose hearts lack much that makes life beautiful—a people neglected and almost forgotten, the southern mountainers.

In the very heart of our country lies an uncared-for region as large as the German empire, twice as large as all New England, comprising what is called "the mountainous back-yards of eight states," West Virginia, Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, northern Georgia, eastern Tennessee and eastern Kentucky. To this region including that wide variety of mountainous topography, a dissected plateau in eastern Kentucky, the Blue Ridge with its "saddle bags," the "knobs" of northern Georgia, has been given the name "Appalachian America." The material resources, though not numerous, are abundant: timber, oil-fields, coal mines and mineral deposits. The irregularity of the surface makes farming well-nigh impossible; there is a well-authenticated story of a Kentucky farmer falling out of his own cornfield. The mountain roads, following streams and being steep and rocky, necessitate horseback travel almost exclusively. The difficulty of travel is increased by the scarcity of navigable rivers and lakes. Each valley is practically shut off from all others by barriers almost insurmountable.

This region is, as some one has said, well-nigh "a dead sea surrounded by the ocean of life." The great isolation, the lack of incentive to change, and the scarcity of social intercourse have had their effect upon the mountain people. Today their civilization is that of colonial times; they are our "contemporary ancestors." The mountains have preserved for us the customs of the early pioneers, as carefully and as faithfully as fossils are concealed and preserved for centuries by some rock or stone.

Who are these people? How did they come to settle in this impassable country? Directly descended from those who very early came to our country from the British Isles, the mountaineer has in his veins an almost unmixed strain of pure Anglo-Saxon blood. The predominant English ancestry may be traced back as far as 1715, when Governor Spotswood of Virginia made an expedition across the mountains, and, entering the Shenandoah valley, started a steady stream of emigration from the states on the Atlantic coast, chiefly from Virginia. The English nucleus was reinforced by the addition of a strong Scotch-Irish element. In 1611 many Scots who were stanch Protestants, descendants from the Scot tribe, liberty-loving people, were sent to Ireland by James I of England. They became somewhat amalgamated with the Irish. In 1698 this Scotch-Irish settlement was rudely disturbed by the passage of an English law injuring the Irish linen and woolen industries. Restriction of civil rights and religious persecution followed, causing a large emigration to the New World. The settlements which these people made in eastern Tennessee and in western North Carolina formed a barrier between the English and the French, a vanguard of civilization. With the addition of a small Huguenot and German element, the ancestry of the southern mountaineer stands pure and untouched by later streams of Old World immigration. To him can most justly be given the name, a true American. An interesting proof of the mountaineer's origin is found in the number of old English and Scotch ballads still in existence. The fact that there are fully three hundred strong Saxon words, obsolete elsewhere, but still in use here, adds positiveness.

With such an ancestry the mountaineer should today stand unchallenged in development and achievement; but, un-
Fortunately, his isolation has proved an insurmountable obstacle. Ex-President Roosevelt once made the observation that life away from civilization tends to emphasize the individual's natural qualities, both good and bad. Certain it is that the nearer one is to elemental life, the more his elemental instincts are asserted. Here, with the tang of the wilderness and the wild beauty of forested mountains weaving their spell around him, the mountaineer has developed a personality like no other in the world. He has fewer passions than we, but his are more irresistible. The extreme self-reliance and individualism developed in him by isolation are both a strength and a weakness. His loyalty is primitive, ardent, and almost savage in its devotion; at the same time his bitterness to enemies is intense. There is an old saying, "If a mountaineer likes you, he will die for you; if he dislikes you, you will doubtless die for him." Too often has this been found true. And yet, the highlander is the soul of hospitality. The first thing one hears from the lank form in ill-fitting homespun, as he comes in sight of a rickety cabin, is: "Howdy, strangers. Light and hitch your beasties." The invitation to "stay all night" is invariably extended; payment for lodging is never taken. His pride suffers the mountaineer to take nothing from one as a gift, although he be in dire need of it. Withal, he is superstitious, believing in signs and omens of various sorts. In religion he is orthodox and literal, believing the Bible from cover to cover. From living in a wild and free country, he has come to be a fatalist, believing that what is to be will be.

As his virtues are intensified, so his faults are more striking. The very pride and indifference to poverty which are such strongly marked traits lead to an Indian-like, stolid acceptance of privation and hardship, and in the end to shiftlessness and laziness. It has been said that the average man of the south does not work more than half of the time; no man has dared challenge the statement. The highlander's generosity and kindheartedness are in direct contrast with his fighting propensity; he has for generations been taught to avenge his own wrongs and not to appeal to law. Homicides are committed on a mere point of honor.

Such is the southern mountaineer, a man of elemental, vital passions; yet proud and generally self-controlled and stolid. But the mountain woman—how shall we characterize her? Married in her early teens, she is old at twenty. Toil, sorrow, childbearing, and bitter want leave their marks upon her. Husband and wife are rarely in perfect sympathy. Though married for fifteen years, they still regard each other with prejudice and half-concealed contempt. Their early training and teaching keep the two sexes apart; this lack of sympathy is seldom overcome. This is the tragedy of the mountain people of the south—husband and wife living on in silence and heart-hunger, day after day, knowing but little of each other's life.

The mountain home is sometimes a one-room cabin of unhewn logs, though frequently it consists of two box-like structures about fifteen feet apart with a roof over the space between, utilized as a dining-room. There are no windows and but one door. The more industrious mountaineer may have a boom-house, a smoke-house, and a spring-house.

There are few articles of diet: cornmeal, string beans, dried fruit, "long sweetening" (a kind of syrup), potatoes, white gravy, and salt pork. No one seems to mind the absence of utensils, even though in few mountain homes there are dishes enough for all. A traveler saw a woman use the same pan for getting water, mixing bread, feeding the cow, and picking up chips—not because the woman was shiftless, but because there was no other utensil to be had. The coverlets are homespun and sometimes are of quite wonderful beauty. Social life centers about the church.

The evils of mountain life have been much discussed and greatly exaggerated. According to some authorities the origin of feuds is found in the difference between patriots and Tories in the Revolution. It is more probable, however, that feuds are an inheritance from the time of the Civil war, kept up because of isolation. Local agencies of government were weak, there was little central authority, places of refuge were easily accessible. Holding human life very cheap, the mountain man did not hesitate to avenge his private wrongs. The most trivial cause would suffice to arouse his passionate nature. Thirty-five years ago one boy made fun of the patch on another's trousers; thirty years of local war was the result.
Almost every county in Kentucky has had its feud; but fortunately conditions are growing better. The old "moonshine," too, is gradually disappearing from its hiding place in the mountains.

The passionate nature of the highlander, ever ready to break out in feuds, needs some way of expressing itself and requires some chance to cast off all restraint. This opportunity comes through religion, affording as it does almost the only break in the loneliness of his life. Once a month preaching services are held by the mountain preacher, who makes his round of four circuits in just a month. The method of preaching is impressive; yet the preacher is ignorant, inconsistent, and narrow in his outlook on Scriptures and theology. The hymns of the service consist largely in repetition, being sung in changing keys, which adds an eerie and supernatural element. Rocking to and fro in time to the music, the mountaineer gradually works himself into a frenzy, until suddenly the impulse comes to leap and scream. The vibrant voices of the exhorters and the singsong of the preacher add a wild fascination to the scene. This is the mountaineer's religion; it has little to do with moral law. Can we wonder that it is characterized as a "religion which has been stripped of artificiality at the cost of parting with its conventions of beauty and grace?"

The greatest problem in the regeneration of the southern highlander is the removal of ignorance. Intellectually, the mountaineer is a pauper; spiritually, he is starving for satisfying food. The two agencies having the largest share in solving this problem are the school and the church. The educational regeneration of the southern mountaineer has already begun. The old log schoolhouse with its hewn puncheon floor, open fireplace, inadequate ventilation, ineffective curriculum of three or four studies, and its short school term of three months, will soon be a thing of the past. Its place is being taken partly by more efficient public schools, but most largely by schools and academies under Christian auspices. The Presbyterian, Congregational, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, and Reformed churches have all begun educational work. The most important single institution is Berea College at Berea, Kentucky. Though conducted under religious influences, it is exempt from sectarian control. The various departments, normal and industrial, with courses in forestry, agriculture, stock-raising, wood-work, domestic science, and nursing, are adapting their education directly to the need of the mountaineer. The extension service, sending libraries and lecturers into the states roundabout, is filling a distinct need. There are more calls for its graduates than the college can supply.

If reward for service is to be given in proportion to the difficulty of the work, then the Reformed church has a rich reward in store; it has undertaken the most difficult field of all, namely Kentucky. A noted southern writer says that the Kentucky mountaineer has all the characteristics of other mountaineers, only they are intensified. In this difficult field work was begun at McKee in 1900. It has progressed rapidly until now we have a school, a church, a teacher's cottage, and a parsonage in that village. The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Messler, with Miss Zwemer, Miss Hoekje, and Miss Kooker, are stationed at McKee. Annville has the services of the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Worthington, Rev. Mr. John De Hollander, Miss Tracy, and Miss Muyskens. The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin De Young are working at Gray Hawk. Both Gray Hawk and Annville have parsonages; Annville has also a school and a dormitory. A hospital is soon to be erected; it is hoped that some industrial training may be given in the near future. To crown all, within a few months Reformed churches will be officially organized at McKee and Annville.

The southern mountaineer is a ward of the nation. America owes to him a debt she can never repay. The patriotism of the highlander has time and again summoned him to his country's relief at critical moments. The victory of King's Mountain, the first American success in the south during the Revolution, was due to reinforcements of mountaineers from Tennessee, North Carolina, and Kentucky. The Civil war saw the entire mountain region loyal to the Union. They rallied so loyally to President Lincoln's call that in Jackson county, Kentucky, not a man was left between the ages of fifteen and sixty years. After the war many refused pensions, saying they did not want to be dependent upon the country for whose liberty and union they had fought. In America's
there is not much along the banks of the Hudson which tends to beautify it. Old warehouses and docks adorn (?) this section. Looking far off to the left, however, you can see outlined against the sky the Berkshire Hills, and there, following the river, almost at its edge, is the New York Central railroad, winding its way in and out. For a distance of about twenty miles or more the surrounding country is comparatively level except for here and there a small hill.

This city which we are now approaching is Kingston. It has a population of about thirty thousand. The Senate House is of historic interest, having been the early seat of the state legislature, when the city was, for a time, the capital of the state. As early as 1652 the Dutch settled this place. They called it Esopus, getting the name from the neighboring Indians. Ten years later, when it passed into the hands of the English, the name was changed to Kingston.

But now, what is it that which you see far down there on the right? Look at those high mountains. If you study them carefully as they appear against the horizon, you will notice that they begin to take on a peculiar appearance. Yes, you are gazing upon “The Old Man of the Mountains.” Now you can discern more clearly the outlines of an old man lying down. There are his forehead, his eyebrows, his nose, chin, and beard, and that slightly curved line further over to the left is his stomach. Finally the whole becomes very distinct, and then it gradually disappears as we pass down the river. The banks on either side of the Hudson now begin to get rocky and steep. The hills begin to loom up higher and higher.

After leaving the “Old Man of the Mountains” to resume his slumbers, we come to a town of considerable size on our left, Poughkeepsie by name. Here you may see the Vassar girls. The city is built on an elevation two hundred feet above the river. A large cantilever bridge spans the Hudson at this point.

Going further down the river, we come to Newburgh. At this place Washington had his headquarters during part of the Revolutionary war. Here also he disbanded his army at the close of the war. The building in which he stayed is now used as a museum for war relics.
There is a large stone structure near the headquarters, known as the "Towe of Victory." This was erected by the Federal and State governments in commemoration of the successful termination of the war. Climbing the winding stairs of this building to the top, you get a good view of the Hudson as it flows majestically onward some two hundred feet below you.

Five miles below Newburgh, the Palisades of the Hudson begin to show their battlements on either side of the river. In order to comprehend fully the beauty of this scenery you will have to visit the region yourself. I cannot express in adequate language the grandeur of those lofty peaks rising straight up from the river banks. Surely they form a grand climax to the beautiful scenes that we have beheld on our little journey down the Hudson.

in the college course. There will be scholarships and special lectures in the Greek department.

That Amherst's aim is to give her students a general cultural training, is evident from other phases of her policy. Every man must be a good student before he is permitted to engage in contests and other extras. But at the same time, competitions and activities of various kinds are gladly encouraged. Today three-fifths of the students are striving for honors in athletics, and it is the intention that in the future everyone who is physically sound shall engage in such contests. Amherst wants to limit her numbers to about five hundred, thus making small classes possible in every course of study. She will insure a high standard of instruction by paying liberal salaries to the professors.

Amherst feels that the "first office and duty of her training is to stimulate spiritual responsibility for the service of humanity." She believes that the purpose of the small college is to give a general education as a foundation for usefulness in society. This all-round development she endeavors to effect by seasoning the curriculum with the time-honored classical lore, by placing importance on high scholarship, by encouraging attractive side-lines in student life and meanwhile keeping these within bounds, and by securing wholesome, personal contact between teacher and student. Amherst is taking a firm, brave stand. Doubtless sentiment is with her in most of her plans, but whether her loyalty to the ancient languages will be imitated remains to be seen.

A MILD PROTEST.

Why do we look in vain in the college library for Tolstoi, Turgenev, Balzac, Shaw, Maeterlinck, Marx, and Nietzsche—just to mention a few names? Are the writings of these men regarded as too radical, too revolutionary; or do they conflict with the religious and philosophic atmosphere of our college? Whatever may be the reason for excluding them, the student of today protests against the discrimination. He demands that he be allowed to think and choose for himself, and in his effort to choose what is right, thinks it unfair play to have one side of a question withheld from him. How can he ever stand on his own feet mentally if he be not taught to stand alone? But it is a simple fact that books of the kind suggested are not on our shelves.

We welcome the books which are manifestly in sympathy with views current here, and just as heartily do we welcome the personal views of our instructors on the books mentioned above, but we say emphatically that in being denied access to the original sources of differing views we are being done an injustice.

S. T. F.

THE FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE CLASH.

In the opinion of all Freshmen and Sophomores, Friday, Sept. 29th, was thus far the most eventful day of the year. On that day the clash between these two rivaling classes occurred.

Although the day was cloudy and gloomy, both classes were in high spirits, confident of victory. The first event, a relay race around the college campus, was captured by the Sophomores. Hay-racks, omnibusses, automobiles, and bicycles carried spectators and those immediately concerned to Yntema's creek, the next scene of battle. The wrestling match, just before the tug-of-war, between Vander Schaaf of the Sophomores and Wallinga of the Freshmen, was an intense struggle, for the opponents were well matched. Vander Schaaf succeeded in throwing Wallinga twice out of the three times, which again meant victory for the Sophomores. The important event, the tug-of-war, was still to come. After much wrangling and a useless waste of time, each class took its respective place. On each side of the creek was an equal number of men, the greater weight, however, being on the side of the Sophomores. Slowly, fighting for every inch of ground, the Freshmen were pulled into the water. Thus did the conquering Sophomores make a clean sweep of the entire contest. In the evening they celebrated their victory in a triumphant mood, while the Freshmen, not at all downcast, but hopeful for future victories in contests of greater moment, spent the evening at the home of one of their number.

It would be a credit to the student body in general, if that
unnecessary bickering and squandering of valuable time were eliminated from these contests in the future. Better management will do it.

The class of 1911 furnished a large number of aspiring pedagogues to various places in our own state and elsewhere, a goodly proportion of the recent graduates acting as teachers for the coming year at least. Their names and places of work are as follows: Bata Bemis, Latin department, Greenville High School, Michigan; Irene Brusse, third grade, Holland; Flossie De Jong, Alton, Iowa; Floy Raven, Bangor High School, Michigan; Agnes Staplekamp, fifth grade, Holland; Albert Lampen, Saugatuck, Michigan; Raymond Mengs, Venice, Illinois; George Scholten, Harrison Academy, South Dakota; William Westrate, near Holland; Eldred Vanderlaan, Wisconsin Memorial Academy, Cedar Grove, Wisconsin.

William Hoebeke of the same class has returned to Hope to take up postgraduate work, Samuel Aeilts is studying medicine at Chicago University, Joe De Pree is studying medicine at the University of Michigan, E. O. Schwitters has entered New Brunswick Seminary, and J. Weurding is in the employ of the Budlong Pickle Company.

The New Brunswick Seminary roll has been increased by the enrollment of Verne Oggel, Prep. '07, and Albertus Van Raalte, Prep. '07. Mr. Jacob Heemstra, '10, has entered Princeton Seminary. Mr. Edward Huibregtse, '10, and Mr. John H. Kregel, Prep. '06, have returned to Holland to enter the Western Theological Seminary.

Mr. M. J. Den Herder, Prep. '07, is enrolled as a medical student at Chicago University.

Miss Jennie Pikaart, '10, is teaching in the Indian Mission school at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.


Rev. Albertus Pieters, '87, led chapel worship on September 26. With Mrs. Pieters, '87, and two daughters, he sailed from San Francisco on October 4 for a new term of service in Japan.

Dr. Edward J. Strick, '03, sailed on October 16 for Amoy, China. Before going to China, he will make a tour of the Netherlands.

Mrs. Zwemer, wife of Dr. S. M. Zwemer, '87, is returning to this country with her younger children, being compelled to do so because of the educational needs of the children. Dr. Zwemer will remain at his post and continue his work as before.

The fifth “Annual” of the Messengers of Hope appeared during the summer of 1911. The Messengers of Hope is an organization of the alumni of Hope College in foreign lands. The “Annual” for 1911 was published under the general secretariaship of Rev. J. Kruidenier, '86. Some idea of the great variety of fields of service occupied by Hope's children may be gained from the fact that there are letters from China, Japan, the Philippine Islands, India, Arabia, and Egypt.

Y. W. C. A. Reception.

Hope College believes that better work can be done by the students if they are given a chance occasionally to have
a "rousing good time." During the first part of the year many of the social functions are held for the purpose of getting acquainted with the new students, and making the strangers feel at home among us. On the first Monday evening of the college year, the girls of the Y. W. C. A. gave a reception in Voorhees Hall for receiving the new girls. The president of the association told the girls what the Y. W. C. A. means in the life of every college girl. Dr. A. Vennema and Dr. G. J. Kollen made short addresses, but most of the evening was spent in playing games and performing stunts. A dainty lunch was served by the social committee at about 10 o'clock, immediately after which the girls left for their homes.

Y. M. C. A. Reception.

On Tuesday, Sept. 26th, the Y. M. C. A. held its first meeting. The meeting was a very enthusiastic one, for then the new men of the school were entertained. The purpose of the reception was the bringing of the old and new men together, and the creating of that spirit which is so necessary for the life of any college activity. The many strangers who were present were fully repaid for coming by the good time shown them by the older Y. M. C. A. members. A typical "boys' feed" was enjoyed immensely by all present.

Joint Reception.

On Thursday night, October 12th, the Gymnasium was filled by a very large crowd of students. The occasion of the arrival of such a goodly number was the annual joint reception. An extremely interesting program consisting of music, readings, plays, and addresses was listened to. By a clever method, getting acquainted was made easy. The social committee served very pleasing refreshments. If ever the annual joint reception has been a success, it surely was this year.

Class News.

The Seniors this year have started the ball a-rolling in the line of class parties. They enjoyed their first class function on Sept. 28th at a cottage near Jenison Park. In spite of the fact that the rain poured down in torrents, they all affirm that they spent a most enjoyable evening. Let us hope that nature and the weather may be more favorable to them at their next party.

Society Notes.

During the very first week of college, the Delphi Society and the new college girls were entertained at the home of Miss Cathryn Pelgrim. After a number of pleasant games had been played, daintiest refreshments were served in a very novel fashion. The girls were all very favorably impressed by the society work and spirit, and the Delphi girls hope to spend a profitable and happy year together.

The Fraternal Hall has been extensively remodeled during the past few weeks. Both the interior and the exterior of the building show marked improvement.

On Friday evening, October 6th, the Sorosis Society entertained the new college girls at Sorosis Hall. The room was prettily decorated with pennants and flowers. A well chosen and much enjoyed program was given by the society girls. Refreshments were served in the form of a buffet luncheon to which the Sorosis members gallantly helped their guests.

The Hillsdale Collegian, in its initial number, devotes nearly all of its space to a chronicle of the occurrences at the
college. Important and interesting though these be, we would suggest a somewhat larger literary department. Between the lines one may easily read that Hillsdale College is alive and keenly progressive.

Students may profitably read the oration entitled "The Power of the Corporation," in the October issue of The Lincolnian. It is meet for the college man or woman to be on the alert in regard to all such topics of the times, because in the battle of life "forewarned is forearmed." Lincolnian, can you not insert some illustrations to brighten your pages?

We read a pleasant bit of poetic fancy entitled "Earth's Voyage," in The Pleiad. This poem contains the unique flavor of some of Eugene Field's best work. Later, in the same issue, we find the poetic art lauded in just and fitting terms.

Those contemplating a pleasant little visit, are advised to accompany the exchange editor to the halls of Wheaton College, via the Wheaton College Record. There one may learn the humorist's trade. Read "A Parable" and "First Impressions."

Calvin College Chimes is well up to the standard. "The Sermon of the Pine," in the Aerolith, is simple, impressive, and full of pathos. The school's loss by death of two students must indeed be a deep lesson to all.

It is hoped that the present school year may surpass all previous ones in the excellence of its academic publications. This is the province, above all others, in which we may exhibit our individuality and our talents. The call comes not only to editorial staffs but to every student. So enlist all your vim and enthusiasm, and put your shoulder to the wheel, and push!

A College Coach.

Hope's greatest need along athletic lines is that of a coach. We want a man who can coach us in basket-ball, football, baseball, track, and all branches of athletics. We have the material. Last year more men tried out for teams than we were able to use. We also have the equipment. It would be hard to find a finer gymnasium and field in any other college of our size. But what we need is a man who can systematically train our men and show us how to get the most good out of our splendid equipment.

As to the success of teams trained by a coach and those without a coach, we need only to refer to our basket-ball and cross-country teams of last year. There are some fears expressed that the men who run on the cross-country and relay teams do so to their own risk on account of lack of proper care after a race. With a coach this danger could be very easily eliminated. Again, trips to outside towns are objected to because of the dangers and temptations to which the men are subjected. We have heard of no bad effects resulting from the trip made by the basket-ball team last winter, accompanied by a coach.

A coach would also enable us to have indoor track meets, thereby getting more use out of the gymnasium than we now enjoy. With a coach connected with the faculty, and enjoying the confidence of both faculty and students, Hope would soon rise to a position in athletics as high as that occupied by her in scholarship among the colleges of the state.

Fellow-students, can we not by our enthusiasm for athletics and clean sportsmanlike manner in conducting them, show the faculty and Council that a coach would be of the greatest advantage to this institution? Let us try.—H. A. B.
The football schedule opened Saturday, October 14th, with the St. Alphonsus team from Grand Rapids. The game was a battle royal from start to finish. During the greater part of the first half Hope had the ball in her opponent's territory, and at one time was within a foot of St. Alphonsus' goal, but strong defensive playing on the part of the visitors held our men down.

The second half opened with snap and vim on both sides. The first quarter was more stubbornly fought than the previous ones, but the last quarter proved our Waterloo, when St. Alphonsus by two clever forward passes scored two touchdowns.

Our team was somewhat handicapped by the loss of our fast quarter-back, Steininger, and our speedy half-back, Van der Broek. However, the substitutes played beyond expectations, especially Meyer, who more than filled the bill at right-half. Although the first game turned out a defeat, let us give the boys our hearty encouragement by attending the games, and help them win by our cheers and colors.

Leon—"What has become of your trust in me?"

Lucile—"It has voluntarily dissolved."

Brink—"I wonder why Jacobs always comes late in society?"

Van Zyl—"Why, don't you know?"

Nellie—"I think Van Vranck is too sweet for anything."

Miss Yntema—"Why, what makes you think so?"

Nellie—"Oh, he's got such nice dimples in his cheeks."

Miss Hoffman in chapel, to Cyrus—"I wonder why Rhynsburger is always sitting in the back seat."

Cyrus—"Why, don't you see that Ida is coming?"

Mr. Peet to Bilkert—"Say, did you have a grand time while walking last Saturday forenoon?"

Mr. Bilkert—"Great! Found a place where I could just take my ease and enjoy life; no mosquitoes, plenty to eat, and, etc."

Mr. Peet—"Where is this ideal spot you are telling of? I would like to go there too."

Mr. Bilkert—"Her home."

Van der Broek, in Latin—"Having embraced Caesar with many tears—"

Prof. Beardslee—"You don't embrace people with tears. You ought to learn how some time."

Miss Martin to History class—"Can you think of any reason why the body of De Soto was buried in the Mississippi?"

Millard Vandermeer—"Because they didn't have to dig."

If any one desires band music for social functions, let him apply to Prof. Kuizenga, who has a hat band he will be glad to furnish at moderate price.

Bess Wiersema the other day was telling Miss Coleman that her name was not nice enough for so dainty a lady, and Miss Coleman replied: "Oh, but I'm going to change it and get a Dutch one while I'm here."

Line up, gentlemen, don't crowd! Van is first!

Miss Moore requests anxiously that there be no more jokes on her in the Anchor; nor on Nykerk, she adds, for that would be practically the same thing.
Mrs. Coleman asked Steininger—“What is the difference between the two-dollar and two-and-a-half seats in the lecture course?”

Steinie—“Fifty cents.”

De Motts and Vander Woude are debating in Junior English as to whether a child of five can kill a horse with or without criminal intent. Any one who has any information which could be of help is requested to give it to the gentlemen.

Prof. Brush declares there are books so dry that if you dropped them from an ocean liner the very ocean would dry up. The Sophomores taking chemistry agree with him.

Absent-minded Professor (no names mentioned)—“I see I have my hat in my hand. Now I wonder whether I was coming in or going out.”

G. B. Scholten of last year’s Senior class writes that he sees the present Sophomores have turned Baptists, but it doesn’t surprise him, since they turned Quakers last Arbor Day. How about it, Sophs?

Prof. Beardslee to Seniors—“All those who aren’t here will please remain after class.”

Althuis, translating German for Miss Martin, innocently—“I have desire to make a walk with you.”

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