Such Excellent
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as we are now showing for Fall
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cares - they're the sort of Clothes
that lift a Man above the level of
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ance that we have something to
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workmanship that far surpasses
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We're making a special showing
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Ten Dollars that are
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The Popular Place to get your Lunches
QUICK SERVICE and QUICK LUNCHES AT ALL TIMES
Something new every day.
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FRIS BOOK STORE

FIRST STATE BANK
With Savings Department
CAPITAL, SURPLUS and UNDIVIDED PROFITS, $115,000.00
Corner Eighth Street and Central Ave.

Patronize the
RED CROSS
Barber Shop
We employ nothing but First-Class Barbers
Two Bath Rooms in Connection
Agency for the Baxter Steam Laundry, Grand Rapids

RIVER STREET, PHONE 1210 HOLLAND, MICH.

Plenty of Whiskies
All kinds of Steaks

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Canned Goods of Every Variety
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Guaranteed to keep you
COMFORTABLE IN COLD WEATHER

Is Your Temperature Going Down?
Try Overcoat treatment, guaranteed cure
for cold, taken in small, medium or long
doses. All sorts of good Overcoats, at $5.00
to $25.00.

Temperature still going down?
Try Suit treatment, gets nearer to you
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prices. Good sorts marked $5.00 to $22.00.

Your temperature gone down as far as it can?
NO? Try our good, warm Underwear, all
kinds, styles and grades, 45c to $2.00 per
garment.

THERE! We have made you comfortable
at last and you'll stay so all winter. Pocket-
book isn't hurt much either—is it?

The Lokker-Rutgers Co.
Student Headquarters for
CLOTHING and SHOES

RUTH'S LITERARY VENTURE.

"I simply must have some new clothes," and Ruth's foot
came down emphatically, while she looked at Catharine and
Eva with a defiant air which meant, "Contradict me if you
dare."

"Just so, my dear," said practical Kate, and Eva murred.
"Of course."

"But where are they coming from?" cried Ruth, "behold
me with exactly seventy-nine cents in my pocket-book, left
from the five dollar gold piece Uncle John sent on my last
birthday; just one party-dress, twice-turned, to my name; and
an invitation to spend two weeks with the wealthy Mrs.
Archibald Smyth (not common every day 'Smith') to meet
her nephew, Lawrence C. Conklin, from New York!"

"Oh, well," said Kate consolingly, while she gently pushed
back her bunched hair and looked into Ruth's blue eyes. "Mrs.
Smyth's invitation is for early fall, and this is only July—
something may happen in the meantime."

"Oh, yes, of course," sighed Ruth. "I might fall heirless
to a million dollars, or I might get sick and die and be saved
the trouble of worrying about new dresses and Lawrence C.
Conklin."

"Why, Ruth, you're wicked," cried Eva, "you know you
wouldn't want to die; Heaven can't be much nicer than Mrs.
Smyth's house, anyway. Wish I had been the one to get lost
at the fair last summer instead of you, then she would have
taken me home in her auto, and I'd be going there in the fall."

"Oh, you little goose," laughed Ruth, "I prefer Mrs.
Smyth's house to Heaven myself, at present, but I surely can't
go there without some decent clothes."
“Maybe you can earn some money,” suggested Kate, although not very hopefully.

“Well, to be sure,” said Ruth, “I might put an ‘ad’ in the ‘Morning Sun,’ refined young lady wants to earn some money; can do anything from baking bread to embroidery a sofa pillow. Further information given on application to Ruth Waters, Pleasantville, Mich.” An enterprising village like ours, with a thousand inhabitants, ought to furnish pleasant and lucrative occupation for all the Waters sisters!

“Now, Ruth, don’t be sarcastic,” said Eva, “I know what you can do; you can paint cute little pictures and sell them to the people, and you can give music lessons— that would bring lots of money.”

“Poor innocent,” murmured her sister, “never mind, you’re a darling anyway.”

Eva seemed undecided whether to take this as a compliment or not, but determined to suggest something that Ruth would like.

Kate, the oldest, knew what it meant to earn money in a small village with only two stores, a bank, and a post-office, and quiet, ordinary folks who were content with their neat houses, a cow, and some chickens. They needed no help except a robust girl who could aid in “doing up” the heavy work. “Cute pictures,” such as Ruth could paint, would never appeal to them; nor did their musical aspirations ascend much higher than “The Burning of Rome” and “The Farmer’s Two-Step.” No, prospects looked rather dark for Ruth if her new frocks must come from that source.

All at once Eva’s face brightened and she cried, “Oh, I know what you can do! You can write a story for the American Woman’s Magazine and you’ll get a hundred dollars for it—because you do make up such lovely ones.”

Ruth stared, then blushed and laughed.

“You do think of the funniest things, child; that seventeen-year-old brain of yours is a marvel.” Nevertheless, she spoke rather seriously, and she thought that Eva’s idea wasn’t so bad.

During the morning the words kept recurring to her. Why not write a story? She had written a few for the High School Paper when but a sophomore and her English teacher had said they were very good. It wasn’t hard to write one anyway, the only difficulty was to get a start, and after that it was fun! Suppose she got a hundred dollars for a story; that would buy so many dainty things that she wanted. Should she try? Ruth hesitated, stopped, suspended her dust-cloth in mid-air, then said decidedly, “I will.”

During the next few days she went about with an air of mystery. She ate her meals with an abstracted look in her eyes, and every spare moment found her writing feverishly, until her very dreams were full of letters swimming about.

Eva begged to know whether it was a love story—if it wasn’t she didn’t care to hear it. Kate said if the story were interesting it wouldn’t make much difference whether it was a love affair or not, but to be sure to make the characters natural.

At last one evening Ruth came down stairs with a beaming face. “It’s done,” she exclaimed triumphantly.

“Oh, read it quick,” cried Eva, but Ruth shook her head.

“Oh, come, dear,” said Kate with that winning smile that she had had ever since Mrs. Waters had left the two younger girls in her care. Ruth could never resist that smile, and in her heart she was eager to hear the praise that she was sure her sisters would bestow.

So after supper the girls went out on the lawn; Kate sat in the wicker chair with Eva at her feet, and Ruth lay in the hammock. And while the birds sang their twilight lay, and the scent of the roses was gently wafted across the grass, Ruth read her simple tale of village life and the wooing of a rustic maid.

When the clear voice ceased, Eva sighed, “Oh, that’s grand,” and Ruth blushed with pleasure, Kate was not so impulsive as Eva in her praise, but Ruth was satisfied with the quiet words of commendation.

The next day a bulky envelope was sent to the Publishing Company of the American Woman’s Magazine, and Ruth heaved a sigh of relief. She danced about the house in glee and planned every day what to do with the money. Eva was just as happy, and together they “cut up like a couple of kittens,” old Dinah said.
In the meantime Kate had found in the garret two dresses which had belonged to Mrs. Waters before she was married, and she began to rip and to press them. Ruth said there was no use in doing it for her because she could buy ready made clothes in the city, but Kate answered it would do no harm to have them ready.

As the days went by and nothing was heard from the publishers, Ruth became rather quiet and Eva impatient. She declared if the money did not come the next day, she would write and ask them to send it.

Mrs. Smyth wrote Ruth that she was looking forward to her visit in a short time; she had invited several young people for a house party and she wanted everyone to have a "charming visit."

Ruth was growing desperate. Why didn't she hear something? Why wasn't she rich like some girls so that she need never have a care about clothes? She couldn't see the value of being poor like some people she had heard of. There were so many big "whys" in the world that her twenty-one-year-old brain could not fathom, that she became lost in reverie, trying to unravel problems that older heads than hers had left unsolved.

As she lay in the hammock with her hands back of her head, she suddenly became aware of a rush of shouts, a pair of arms dragging her out of the hammock, and Eva's voice crying:

"Here I is, Ruth; here it is! Open it right away," and she waded an envelope before Ruth's dazed eyes. She hardly knew whether to laugh or cry when she saw it was from the Publishing Company of The American Woman's Magazine.

"Oh, I don't dare open it," she said with a quivering little laugh.

"Go on, goose," laughed Eva, dancing about, "don't you want your check?"

Slowly Ruth cut the envelope and drew out a single slip of paper; she unfolded it and stared, then she flushed, gave a short little laugh and said, "Eva, tell Kate she can begin on those dresses tomorrow if she wants to," then ran into the house and up-stairs.

Eva picked up the slip of paper that had fallen and read,

"We regret to inform you that your manuscript was not found available for use at the present time."


It was a balmy evening in early September; merry voices and laughter floated out from a garden of a fashionable city home, and slender forms flitted here and there in the soft colored lights of the Japanese lanterns. Scattered in the various groups were tall masculine figures whose heavier tones mingled pleasantly with the light, clear tones of their companions.

Mrs. Smyth's house party had come to a close, tomorrow would see a separation of the happy guests to their various homes.

Ruth's heart gave a throb of joy at the thought of being with Catherine and Eva again. How much she would have to tell them! Yet somewhere was a little note of sadness, a faint longing for something she could scarcely define.

As she leaned against a tree and listened to the strains of "The Evening Star" played by the orchestra, a voice at her side said,

"Why so pensive, Miss Ruth?"

Ruth started and answered, "You frightened me, Mr. Conklin; was I really so pensive?"

"It seems to me you were," he said, coming nearer, "This last evening ought to be the very happiest."

"Oh, it has been such a beautiful two weeks," exclaimed Ruth, "I could almost wish it would go on forever."

"Yes, so could I," said her companion in a tone that brought a blush to Ruth's face.

"I'll be so glad to see the girls again," she went on hurriedly, "we are always happy to be together after one of us has been away."

"You are more fortunate than I," said Mr. Conklin, "for, beside a brother in New Mexico, and my aunt, Mrs. Smyth, I have neither kith nor kin."

"I'm so sorry," exclaimed Ruth, impulsively, "Father and mother are not much more than a name to me, for they died so many years ago, but we three girls are everything to each other."
"I had a sister once," answered Mr. Conklin in a low tone, "she died at five years and I was nine. To my boyish imagination she seemed an angel, and that ideal of purity represented by her has kept me going straight when sometimes I felt like cutting loose and doing what some other fellows did."

He paused and looked at Ruth who was listening intently, with a sympathy shining from her eyes that made her face very sweet and tender.

The deep voice went on slowly, almost reverently. "I have always thought that the girl who seemed most like what I expected my sister to be, would be the one whom I wanted for a wife. Ruth, I believe I have found her in you—tell me, do you care—just a little—will you help keep this lonely brother true to himself, and to you?"

Amid the soft strains of "Daisies Won't Tell," Lawrence Conklin bent his head and received the answer, which he sealed with a kiss.

"Tell me, Lawrence," said Ruth softly a few minutes later, "I love you. I didn't choose one of those pretty rich girls with beautiful clothes, instead of poor little me."

"It was your very simplicity of dress that first appealed to me. I was just a girl; that sort of distinguished you from the other girls, and I found that the girl within the dress was just the one whom I had been looking for."

And Ruth sighed contentedly as she said, "I'm willing to wear made-over dresses for the rest of my life if it brings such happiness as this."

JEANNETTE VANDERVELDE, '14.

"PICKLED."

Have you ever visited a pickle factory or "salting station"? Probably you do not know what a "salting station" is? Well, in most cases a "salting station" is a windowless building in some remote "backwoods" town far removed from civilization, where cucumbers are salted in brine, so that they may later be made into pickles. The building contains large vats or tanks, ranging in capacity from two hundred to a thousand bushels each, and these are to be filled with cucumbers. The space between the cucumbers is then filled with brine, which, as you all know, is a chemical mixture of salt and water. You may think it a common and uninteresting place in which to work, but it is really very interesting and elevating from social, moral, physical, and financial points of view.

The particular "salting station" in which I spent the happy hours of my summer vacation is situated in the little town of Mattawan, and although it is only thirteen miles from Kalamazoo, still there were times when we felt far removed from Holland and its influences. Notwithstanding its apparent loneliness, it is a remarkably busy little town. It has two railroads, the Michigan Central and the K. L. S. & C., running parallel. The latter is commonly known as "The Mattawan Bullet," or the "Huckleberry Limited." Of course, the town has a main street, with the railroad park on one side and all the stores on the other. This gives one the impression that the inhabitants are rather one-sided in their activities. The rest of the town is laid out into blocks and lots, and it is surrounded on all sides by open country. It is very hilly for a town of its size, but it is growing rapidly. Seven houses were built last summer and the people are already fearing that they are imposing too much on the surrounding country.

From the description you may have guessed that many interesting characters call Mattawan their home town. There are about as many strange types, personalities, and characters as one can learn to know in a summer. From your reading have you ever pictured a "typical Yankee" to yourself? A short stubby man, with gray pointed beard and gray mustache? With his trousers tucked into cowhide boots, and a slouch hat covering his scanty gray hair? Well, he brought cucumbers to the factory this summer. Besides, he talked with a decided nasal twang, always carried a whip, and could be depended on to do some swearing, whether it was necessary or not. He generally delivered his cucumbers in the morning when we weren't busy, and we were almost always sure of his company for an hour and a half or two hours, while he would tell us that he was too busy to raise cucumbers, or how Dr. Cook discovered the North Pole, or some other equally impossible story.

Then there was "Grandpa." His usual salutation was,
"Well. I don't think you'll find any in them but what's all right!" And he generally told the truth, although occasionally we would find several five or six inch cucumbers in the lot for good measure, and then his excuse would invariably be, "Well, my wife sorted them pickles today!" Although he was more or less of a grumbler, he was naturally witty and a humorist, and his parting message was always something like this, "Well, if you don't see me until the next time, drop me a line."

"Baldy" or "Old Grouch" was perhaps the most interesting, as well as the most disgusting character in the place. All he did was grumble, and it is a matter of record that nobody ever saw him smile or heard him laugh. Besides the odd jobs of "teaming," his regular occupation was making, and he would sometimes come around to tell us how a pickle-factory should be managed, until one day we disagreed on a certain method of procedure. Then and there our close and intimate friendship was suddenly dissolved.

The Wright family was interesting from a purely psychological standpoint. The father was all Wright, and his cucumbers were right, but this could hardly be said of his married sons. I think it must have been of the old man Wright that "Grandpa," said one day, "Wright is right, and right hurts no man." But the father took quite an interest in his boys, and it was really pathetic to see him try to teach the boys the right way.

We had one customer whose name was White, but who was of a decidedly dark hue. From the stories he told us, I'm afraid his character wasn't exactly spotless either. Another "callud gemman" was called Singer. We never found out whether he was, but we were almost certain that his mind was very much perverted.

Did you have any frosts during the summer? Well, we had some Frosts who came almost every day, and finally we did have a regular "freeze-out." One day one of them objected to the way we sorted his cucumbers and he never came again. Oh, what a Frost!

But if the characters we met were interesting, our experiences were strange and remarkable to say the least. Last year our lady book-keeper fell into an eight foot tank, hurting nothing but her feelings. There was a little water in the tank and it rather dampened her enthusiasm for performing more such feats. Of course, the same thing might have happened this year, but this year's book-keeper was not so acrobatically inclined.

The dill-man also has to undergo some excreting experiences. For cooperating barrels, in which dill pickles are put up, he uses a set of tools called a "dill hammer," and a "set." Well, one day when he was about to begin work the dill hammer "flew off the handle" because it didn't go with the right "set." Such accidents certainly do get on one's nerves!

The foolish questions that people can ask about pickles are limitless. A side-track was being constructed near the factory, and Italians were employed. Some of these once asked us whether we made wine. We couldn't blame them for asking this because all the barrels that were "full" were all "banged up." Sometimes lady visitors come to ask us if we washed all the cucumbers by hand before putting them into the tank, and if we didn't have to take off the biggest "warts" at least.

Sometimes the answers we received were just as foolish. Towards the close of the season the dill-man wished to find out what the general condition of the cucumber crop was, so he asked an old farmer whether "pickles were beginning to drop off any." The farmer answered, "Not yet; we have to reckon same as usual." One day a young farmer from a neighboring town came in. He had a two weeks' growth on his face, and was very happy and talkative. "Say," said he, "we've cut you barrels in our town." One of the boys looked up in surprise, and remarked confidentially, "I bet they've got him chaffed to a tree so he can't attend to his business."

Such is life in a "salting station," and these are some of the queer characters and strange experiences we met with during the summer. But while writing this, the thought comes to me that this feeling may be reciprocal, and that they may think us as queer as we consider them. "Judge not, that ye be not judged." Sometimes we may well wish with Burns, "Oh, wad the power some giftie gie us,
To see ourse's as others see us!"
“Well, I don’t think you’ll find any in them but what’s all right!” And he generally told the truth, although occasionally we would find several five or six inch cucumbers in the lot for good measure, and then his excuse would invariably be, “Well, my wife sorted them pickles today!” Although he was more or less of a grouch, he was naturally witty and a humorist, and his parting message was always something like this, “Well, if you don’t see me until the next time, drop me a line.”

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“O, wad the power some giftie gie us
To see ourselv as others see us!”
THRU THE TELEPHONE.

"Hello, Hello, central. I want one three nine eight, please. No, one three nine eight. Hello, is this Dickenson's residence? May I speak to Marie, please? Hello. This May? This is Elsie. I had the awfullest time getting you. What? Only just up? You lazy thing! I've been up for half an hour. How'd you like the party last night? Same here. I had a perfectly gorgeous time. Did you watch Lucy Steele? Weren't you perfectly disgusted with her? The way she hung around Rody Forrester all evening was a caution. Didn't give him a chance to speak to anyone else. She's certainly taking advantage of leap year. I don't think he cares anything about her, do you? What? They're engaged? Who told you? Mrs. Forrester? Then it must be true. You don't suppose Lucy had the nerve to propose, do you? What? They've been engaged since last November? Well, I never did! When is it to be announced? I bet Catherine will feel cut out when she hears about it. Does she have a case on him? Does she? Why, kid, she's crazy about him. What? Why Marie Adeline Dickenson, I haven't! Of course, I think he's good looking and all that, but I'd never get a case on him. Oh you needn't make any remarks about sour grapes. I don't care anything at all about Rody Forrester and you know it. Have you seen Mrs. Gordon's new hat? It's got a lavender plume about seven yards long. Mighty pretty—when she's not wearing it; but when she puts it on——! She's altogether too dark to wear lavender. Don't you think so? She does get the most unbecoming things. Were you invited to the Sigma Delta dance? Who? Mr. Norman Lawson! Congratulations, dear. Aren't you wild about him? Do you know. I believe Florence expected an invitation from him. Won't she turn green when she finds out that he's going to take you? Yes, I was asked. Everett, of course. I'm not sure that I'll go—I'm so tired of going everywhere with that everlasting boy. What? Oh yes, he's good enough—he'll do

in a crowd. But I wish there were somebody else sometimes. Well, I must get ready to go shopping with Mother. Good—Oh, I almost forgot! Mrs. Thompson wants to know if you and I will help her receive next Thursday evening. That's what I called up for. Alright, I'll tell her. Will I see you tonight? So long, then. Goodbye."

H. NEERKEN, '16.

On Books

Vain books! Why should we idle precious time To read the lore of some forgotten age Long past, to scan the closely printed page And learn some poet's dream express'd in rhyme? Alas! 'Tis folly when the world doth seem A heartless bar of judgment where men gauge Only by deeds and actions seen. No sage Can help the world along with thoughts supreme But hold! Is all our life a stupid round Of work with struggle and with drudgery rife, For nought? May not some souls be found Who live above the labor and the strife? From all whose best friends are the books, resound These words of golden truth "Here we learn life!"

A. K. '16
God's Handiwork

When I behold the silvery moon
   And all the stars so bright
By inmost soul, in reverence
   Cries out at each a sight.

I cannot see the firmament,
   The moon with her great host,
Without perceiving in it all
   A One, an Uppermost.

And when I gaze at distant scenes,
   My soul doth ask in awe,
Whether some Mighty Being there
   Supports all things through Law.

Who binds the influences sweet
   Of Pleiades in thrones;
Or looses, at a single word,
   Orian's bonds so strong?

Who bringeth forth the Mazzaroth
   At his appointed time;
Or guides Arcturus, with his sons,
   As if in battle line?

Who tells the tale of the starry host
   That scintillate above,
And keeps them all suspended there,
   Untiring in His Love?

Ye corner proud, that hate the Truth,
   Despisest of the Word,
From where the structure universe above,
   And such a sweet accord:

Has evolution, praised so high,
   Produced this host sublime?
Or ages, long since past and gone,
   Wrought this in course of time?

Or is it all a mystery
   How these great orbs revolve,
A problem, given not to men
   Of finite power to solve?

Is not the answer plain enough
   From the inspired Word,
"It is Jehovah, He alone!
   None other than our Lord!

However, this sufficeth me,
   Whatever you opine,
I care no other source to know
   But Holy Writ, divine.

A. Bakker '16

Our Library

That a mechanic may attain any degree of success in his work, he must become thoroughly familiar with his tools, not only by knowing their names but, more vitally, by realizing the possibilities of securing the surest and most profitable results through their use. He will never have his name engraved on the roll of honor through the mere knowledge of their presence on the bench or on the shelves of some store-house. He must enter the shop and do. He must train his hands to carry out the ideas gleaned from others, or formed in his own mind.
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And all the stars so bright
By inmost soul, in reverence
Cries out at such a sight.

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However, this sufficeth me,
Whatever you opine,
I care no other source to know
But Holy Writ, divine.
A. Bakker '16

THE ANCHOR.

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Our Library

That a mechanic may attain any degree of success in his work, he must become thoroughly familiar with his tools, not only by knowing their names but, more vitally, by realizing the possibilities of securing the surest and most profitable results through their use. He will never have his name engraved on the roll of honor through the mere knowledge of their presence on the bench or on the shelves of some store-house. He must enter the shop and do. He must train his hands to carry out the ideas gleaned from others, or formed in his own mind.
Can the student, whose pathway lies amid his fellows and is one of service, prepare himself to meet the demands which needs must come, by being aware of the fact that in our stackroom are the ideas of other men? Will the fact, that other men have met these problems and combated them successfully, fit the youth with suitable armor? Does he prefer to commence the struggle again and feel his way, encountering the many reverses which his predecessors have met, to taking up the fight at the round to which they had carried it? If he does, he is wasting his own efforts and failing to perform his duty to his fellows. Since we can secure the vantage point of attack, we, as students, should spend more time in the stackroom and at the reference shelves. The courses offered in every department might well include a required number of hours of reference work. This forced use of the library may give the taste for research work; at least, will prepare the student in a large measure to adjust himself to the work at a university. Upon the mere skeleton of the text book, he will be enabled to build the tangible and somewhat definite "what" and "how" of the subject instead of the vague and often superficial idea frequently carried from the classroom. —L. H., '13.

The Rhodes Scholarship Examination

Last month the Rhodes Scholarship Competitive Examination for this state was held at Ann Arbor, Mich. Every college in the state is allowed to send representatives to compete in these examinations. Of all the colleges in the state only one was represented and that was Hope College. Four men took the examination, two from the university and two from Hope, L. Hekkens, '13, and W. Moerdyke, '13; two of the four took the examination in Greek and they were the Hope men. It is becoming almost a fixed custom to have our students compete in these examinations; one of our former students is now at Oxford, others have successfully passed the examination and are on the waiting list. We sincerely wish that Hope men may continue to compete in these examinations and that the number of competitors from our college become larger every time. Freshmen and Sophomores, prepare now.
The Study of Dutch

A goodly number of Hope students become ministers of the gospel; and the greatest percentage of these remain in Western charges where the Dutch language is mostly used, if not exclusively, then for the greater part. It is therefore very essential to acquire a knowledge of the Dutch language so as to be fully prepared to do efficient work.

Complaints are heard now and then that Hope’s graduates are deficient in the use of Dutch; they are unable to clothe their thoughts in appropriate words. Churches have a right to expect graduates of Hope to be able to deliver sermons in a language that does not jar the ears of a Dutch audience. Hope receives moral and financial support from these churches and they, in return, hope to receive men who can bring them the gospel in the language of their fathers.

There are opportunities here to secure a knowledge of that language, but many fail to realize the significance of these opportunities. It is now possible to study the Dutch language three years, in courses that consecutively follow each other. Besides, the Ullius Club is a great help in the effort to master a good speaking knowledge of that tongue. Many of our former students never had such advantages as are now offered here. And still many neglect this valuable study—due probably to a lack of foresight.

The college, however, can make a change which would undoubtedly foster the study of Dutch. At the present time, the three studies of the classical course in the Fall term are required. Those who desire to take a course in Dutch must take this as an extra study—which is not easy for some. We are of the opinion that Greek should be made an elective in the Junior year so as to enlarge the opportunity of mastering a living language.

The Suspicious Professor

We hold that dishonesty in the class is frequently caused by the attitude of the professor. If a class is placed upon its honor every member will be conscious of his responsibility and the reputation of the class. But dishonesty is encouraged if the student feels he is
suspected, if the professor with distrustful eyes ever gazes at him, intently watching every little move. It is not to be expected of a student to be frank toward a professor who is so extremely suspicious of every one who enters his classroom and who during examination takes special precautions. Sometimes there arises within the student an indescribable craving to outwit the professor who unjustly suspects him, in spite of his special precautions. This attitude of the professor creates a barrier of distrust between student and teacher. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

THE PHILATEA SOCIETY.

A group of preparatory girls have recently demonstrated their executive and literary ability by organizing upon the campus a new society, which is to be called the Philatea. The purpose of this new organization is to give opportunity for literary development and society life to those of the preparatory girls who live in and around the city and are unable to come to meetings in the evening. The Philatea society will meet on Tuesday afternoons at four o'clock in Voorhees Hall. The society at present consists of twelve charter members, to which number they hope soon to add several more. We wish them success; we admire the spirit shown, and we hope soon to recognize in this society a strong, and helpful influence in the education of preparatory girls. Officers for the year are: Tena Holkeboer, president; Verna Altman, vice-president; Jennie Bos, secretary; Alice Spaman, treasurer; Grace Gaylord, K. of A.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,

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THE ANCHOR

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CLARENCE DAME,
Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of October, 1912.
THOMAS ROBINSON,

SOCIETY NOTES.

The largest crowd of students that ever attended "Hope," assembled in the Gymnasium on the evening of Oct. 10. All school cares and worries were laid aside, and an evening of "jest and youthful jollity" was spent by every one. An interesting program was given, the novel feature of which was a mockfaculty meeting. As the characteristics and peculiarities of the professors were "acted out," the screams of laughter, and the loud applause, showed the approval of the audience. Every one enjoyed the method that had been prepared for getting acquainted. After the social committee had served appropriate refreshments the student body "joined hands" and gave the rousing yells and songs for which "old Hope" is noted. All agree that this was the most successful joint reception ever given.

Miss Irene Stapland announced her engagement to Rev. J. E. Knizenga, D.D., to be held in the presence of a number of friends.

Prof. J. E. Knizenga, D.D., addressed a gathering in the
Bethany Reformed Church of G. R., Oct. 13, in the interests of the Sunday-School. He spoke on "Teacher Training in the S. S."

Anthony Walvoord, '04, who has done excellent work as principal of the Steele Academy, Nagasaki, has been given permission to spent his furlough in special study at the same institution.

The engagement of Jennie Pikaart, '10, of Forest Grove, Mich., to Henry Vruwink of G. R., '10, has recently been announced.

Miss Ada Lahuis, Prep, '05, of Zeeland, has also announced her engagement to John Hockje, '06, who is principal of the Zeeland High School.

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Twenty-fifth Anniversary.

Alma College celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary and also the inauguration of the new president, Thomas C. Blaisdell, on the eleventh day of October. Alma College has planned to increase its scope of work by offering evening courses, and introducing other new features. We sincerely wish the new president an abundant blessing upon his work and hope Alma College may prosper and grow more and more influential in church and state.

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New Location.

The M. H. Mission House, which at the present time is located about ten miles from the nearest railway station, has been offered one of the most beautiful sites in the city of

---

Sheboygan. That city has put forth efforts to obtain the Mission House within its limits. However, the council of the college has not yet decided to accept the offer.

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New Marking System.

Hillsdale College has adopted the following marking system:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Letter</th>
<th>Significance</th>
<th>Honor Points</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A</td>
<td>Excellent</td>
<td>4 for each hour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B</td>
<td>Good</td>
<td>3 for each hour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C</td>
<td>Fair</td>
<td>2 for each hour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D</td>
<td>Barely passed</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F</td>
<td>Failed</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I</td>
<td>Incomplete</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In order to graduate the student must earn 124 hours' credit and 248 honor points. And the student receiving an "I" must make up within a month after the opening of the next term to get his credit.

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New Instructors.

The Michigan Agricultural College has secured twenty-two new instructors on its teaching force. One important change is that of Prof. W. W. Johnston, who succeeds Dr. Blaisdell as head of the Department of English and Modern Languages.

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Light at Last.

The village of Olivet and Olivet College have finally obtained the much needed and much desired electric light. This has been secured through the Commonwealth Power Company, which has made connections with the village of Olivet.

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ATHLETICS.

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Spots from the Side-lines.

That Prof. Eidson, our coach is making good, is an already established fact. The way the fellows come out to practice, and the interest they take in their work speaks very highly of the spirit between Prof. Eidson and the athletes.
The fact that the local High School trimmed our lads in the opening game does not mean that such will always be the case. Success in intellectual pursuits requires years of consistent effort. The identical condition prevails in athletics. That is the reason why Hope is so strong in basketball. There are men on our basketball squad who have played at basketball more or less for six years. That is one reason why our track team has not won more honors in recent years than it has. Endurance is not acquired in a few weeks, or a month, but consistent and patient practice will ultimately produce the required result. Think what a football team we might have if the fellows worked as hard for it as for basketball! It is none too early for those men who expect to be on next spring’s track team to start training now. These clear, cool days are excellent muscle builders, and practice indulged in now will show unmistakable results next spring.

An Assistant Manager.

Basket-ball will be coming soon. The Athletic Association has made a wise move in choosing H. Van Houten as assistant to the manager. It is an improvement in the right direction. In short we can say that a very healthy condition prevails in all departments of athletics.

Mrs. Durfee (after dinner on Tuesday)—“Mr. Moore, will you play for us this afternoon?”
Jack Moore—“Ask one of the other goils to do it.”

Freshman—“We had peaches for supper at the dorm tonight.”

Miss Bosch—“You have a lot of peaches at the dorm, haven’t you?”
Freshman—“Yes, and mighty green ones too.”

Kuizinga (in Psych.)—“When a person gives special attention to something, the blood all goes to his head.”
H. Poppen—“Is that why students get cold feet when they study?”

Vander Wonde—“The only reason the newspapers can’t publish Roosevelt’s speeches, is because they ran out of capital P’s.”
Mae L. Huis—“Then it’s a good thing that you aren’t running for office.”

Miss Briggs (translating German)—“He has a clear head like I have.”

Van Vranken while reading in elocution, made a mistake and Nykerk stopped him.
Van Vranken—“Well, I saw the ‘image’ there and so I went flying along the grassy plain.”
Prof. Nykerk—“Proceed.”
Van Vranken—“... all the shadowy banks on either side...”
Nykerk—“Ho! Ho!”
Van Vranken—“I haven’t got a period by my side.”

Prof. Nykerk—“Mr. Poppen, what is income tax?”
H. Poppen—“That is a tax on imports.”

Miss Martin—“Why is it nice to live in India?”
Anna Vischer—“Because there’s no winter there.”

Vander Wonde—“I can’t remember names, but I can remember faces, only there are some faces that I don’t come in contact with very often.”

Mr. Henry Van Houte had occasion to go to Zeeland one
evening and by way of occupation carried the suitcase of Miss Den Herder, who also had occasion to go to Zeeland. As they had further business in town Miss Den Herder remarked:

"I think we’d better take our suitcase home first, Hankie."

Vanden Broek (in Greek, trying to translate—When you gave right hands)—"When you gave your right wing."

Dimmen—"You had better wait until you get your wings before you give them away."

Nykerk—"There are ten men in this class who are having too much fun and who won’t pass the exams."

Rutherford—"I am not having any fun, professor, and I won’t pass the exams, either."

Jonezwaard (running to the side lines)—"I’ve lost my wind."

Coach—"Get back on the line, you’ll not find it here."

Prof. Godfrey wants to know if there are any salt wells in Michigan. The textbook doesn’t state it. Will some student or faculty member volunteer to inform the professor?

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