"I say fellows, this is no end dull!"

The speaker, George, alias "Kild"—Russel, was standing near a window, gazing disconsolately out at the fast falling snow which was rapidly covering the campus with its soft mantle of purest white.

"So say we all of us," quoted Harry Morgan, who, in a large study chair, with feet on the table was pretending to read, though his thoughts were evidently far from his book. The Christmas vacation had arrived, and most of the students at the College had gone home to spend the holidays. The dormitory was deserted, save for this one room, occupied by George and his two companions, who were already beginning to find the time hanging heavily on their hands. The winter wind howled dismally around the building, swaying the leafless branches of the trees, driving the icy flakes of snow into the crevices of doors and windows, and heaping huge drifts of dazzling whiteness wherever a convenient corner or angle presented itself.

On the farther side of the room sat Lawrence Kennedy, drawing from memory clever caricatures of the faculty, on the blank pages of his laboratory manual, while he softly whistled such droll ditties as "Peter Gray," "The Bold Fisherman" and "Nellie was a lady." Finally throwing down pencil and book and springing to his feet, he growled: "Beauteous weather, but I'm off for the postoffice," and hastily donning his hat and overcoat he rushed down the stairs, two steps at a time, leaving the others to criticize his work, which they at once proceeded to do. "Isn't that old Matthew's nose to a T?" "Just look at His Highness, Don Whiskerando!" "I say here's richness," "And O Art, immortal Art", were some of their remarks, which were at last interrupted by the return of "Larry", laden with packages and letters. These were soon opened with noisy exclamations and laughter. One of the latter was found to be a kind invitation to dine with the family of President Matthews on Christmas day. This it was voted to accept, and a note to that effect was dispatched at once.

Christmas day dawned clear and bright, and at the hour designated, the three young men, neatly dressed, rang for admittance at President Matthew's elegant home, where they were kindly welcomed by their host and his amiable wife, who presented them to their lovely daughter, Miss Laura, her cousin, Miss Anna Matthews, and her particular friend, Miss Bessie Stewart, a sprightly girl, whose father owned a large stock farm a few miles from town.

The dinner was everything that
could be desired; the company, though small, proved exceedingly harmonious, and an evening of pleasurable entertain-
ment, in which the singing of col-
lege songs played a part, sent our
young friends back to their lonely
room, each with a lighter heart, a gay
spirit, and a full button hole, and
a cordial invitation from Miss Stewart
of "Elmwood" (The stock farm above
mentioned), to join a house party
who were to spend the next week with
her.
A few days later we found our heroes
excitedly packing valises and grips,
strapping up umbrellas, hunting up
skates, cameras, etc., in readiness for
the expected arrival of the sleigh-load
decked with cranberries, who would call for
them early that evening. At last they
are off, with horses prancing proudly,
sleighbells cheerily jingling, and as
our boys turn for a backward glance
at the silent, gloomy campus, with its
tall evergreens standing like ghostly
sentinels before the great dark hall, a
sigh of intense relief escapes them as
they rapidly leave the dreary scene
behind.
Five miles were quickly tra-
versed and they found themselves en-
tering the broad avenue of elms, from
which the place derived its name.
As they neared the house the great
doors opened as if by magic, and a
glow of ruddy light streamed from its
portals, revealing to them the form of
their lovely hostess, who, with her
parents stood ready to receive them.
They were ushered into a large and
lofty hall, which was also the library.
A huge fireplace filled one side of the
room, except for a space at either end
reserved for a cozy corner and piled
high with sofa pillows. Two other
sides of the room were filled with
books from floor to ceiling. Easy
chairs and divans there were in great
abundance; and the inlaid floor was
covered with costly rugs. From the
enjoyment of this beautiful room, the
party was summoned to partake of a
late but delicious repast, returning
again to spend a delightful hour of
social converse before retiring.
The days which followed were filled
to the last hour with various kinds of
innocent amusements; coasting, skating,
sleighing, and taking views of the
house and grounds, filled the hours
of daylight; while the evening was main-
ly passed in the library before the big
fireplace, playing games and cha-
rades, roasting chestnuts, popping corn
and telling ghost stories, as the lights
grew dim.
For the last evening of their visit, a
grand skating carnival was arranged.
A large artificial lake or pond, within
easy walking distance of the house,
and surrounded by trees and shrub-
bery, was strung around with oriental
lanterns of every conceivable hue and
shape. When all was in order the
myriad of lights flashed out upon a
scene of fairy-like loveliness. The
trees robed in white, reflected the glow
from the gay lanterns, aided by the
profile of the beneficent "old man in
the moon", till each tiny crystal be-
came a diamond of the first water, as
the branches trembled in the breeze.
Down the wide path trooped the
merry young people in festive attire.
Wraps were quickly laid aside, skates
adjusted, and soon a low rhythmical
hum was heard as the graceful figures
of the skaters, swaying to and fro,
traced fantastic patterns on the glassy
surface of the lake. Now a silvery
laugh floats out on the frosty air, to be
re-echoed among the hills as some un-
fortunate being seats himself abruptly
at the feet of his more nimble com-
rades. Gladness reigns supreme, and
the fun and jollity are at their height
when suddenly a crash is heard, fol-
lowed by a scream. Instantly all is
confusion. Alarm and consternation
is depicted on every countenance as it
becomes known that Miss Laura, in
trying a new step, has ventured on
weak ice and fallen in. Fortunately
the water is not deep at this point,
and they soon have her landed safely,
though half fainting from cold and
fright. She is at once wrapped up in
Harry's overcoat and carried to the
house, followed by a very sober little
procession. Arrived there a servant
was dispatched on a fleet horse for a
physician, whose services were not
required however, as after a warm
bath with plenty of "yahr tea", pre-
scribed and administered by "Old
Aunt Eliza", the cook,—who also as-
sisted the young lady to her room,
where she was stowed away under
warm blankets, and commanded to
go to sleep at once,—she was found to
have sustained no serious injury from
her impromptu cold bath, and morn-
ing revealed her one of the gayest of
the gay party that assembled at the
breakfast table.
But all things have an end; and
soon the hour arrived for parting from
the kind friends who had entertained
them so royally. With Miss Math-
thews wrapped up by kind hands till
she resembled nothing so much as a
mummy, they drove away; and as our
three boys were left at the college
gates, they bowed up the steps with
cheery shouts, for tomorrow their fel-
low-students would return, and the
busy whir of college life and studies
be resumed.
And so the vacation, which bade
fair to be the saddest of all their brief
life, had turned out one of the bright-
est experiences of their remembrance.

AVIS G. YATES, Prep. '02.

MEMORIES: What are they?
They cling to us with fearful
tenacity. They have the power to
stir the deepest depths of the soul and
to paint with vivid burning characters
each hallowed scene, each bright joy
and each deep woe. They follow us
from the cradle to the grave, and pre-
servé fresh and beautiful each little
flower that has budded and bloomed in
the sanctuary of the soul. Happy
hours, fleeting as the wind, dull care
with her homely visage and crushed
hopes, bitter lessons of experience,
and perchance sins, that the heart
would forget all, all is brought before
the mind's eye and can never be ob-
literated.

Who can blot out from memory the
fading away to the silent tomb of some
dear member of that happy household,
and the blank desolateness of all na-
ture for long weary months? Who
can forget when friends are untrue
and betrayed confidences, leave an
aching void in the heart, when chill-
ing disappointment throws a shadow
on all things,—who can erase each
and every trace of them? None. But all can and should forgive the injuries received. The injurer may in after years learn from the stern master—experience—the secret of suffering, and may then repent of his conduct of former years. Aye Memories! Cherished and blessed sometimes, but often recalling scenes and events that we would fain bury in the grave of oblivion, and again cling to them with unyielding firmness. At the solemn midnight hour, when all nature has long been wrapt in repose, what holy memories will cluster around the heart—thoughts of father, mother, brothers and sisters, now gone forever, or perhaps in some distant land, far, far from you, or of some dear and near one who has long since bid adieu to earth, and gone to better and brighter worlds. We can almost hear the rustle of their spirit wings as they bend to earth to fan the throbbing brow, and cool the burning brain, and sooth the sweet influence of the troubled heart that has grown weary and tired of toil and care and ceaseless strife.

What power can blot out from the memory of the murderer the one stain that follows him with its terrible curse, forever fastened on his soul? The deed might have been done in secret, and no living soul know of its perpetration, yet will that spectre cling to him: and vice, intemperance and wrong doings of all kinds can never, never wash the dark stain away. Waking or sleeping, alone or in the crowded hall of pleasure and enjoyment, he can hear the despairing cry and deep death groan of his victim. It was terrible to thrust in one instant an immortal soul into that boundless eternity, for the purpose of revenge or of gain. How often is heard the story of some one, who, having committed a crime and evaded punishment, at last unable to bear the starting vividness of the remembrance of it, either confesses or becomes a raving maniac, and even in that terrible state is not free, for he still sees his victim pursuing him.

"Tell me not that memory sheds gladness over the past, What is recalled by faded flowers Since that they do not last Were it not better to forget Than to remember and regret." Thus writes Dr. Longfellow.

Then, again, let us consider the bright side of memory. Who can forget the home of his childhood and each sacred remembrance that is buried down deep in the heart to be cherished forever? How often the memory of our happy school days will bring gladness and sunshine to our hearts. The pleasing acquaintance made and the happy times enjoyed will never leave our memory. How often the remembrance of a kind word spoken or a kind deed done by some friend who is now gone, will lead the wayward youth back to the right path! Will that youth ever forget his benefactor? Therefore, speak kindly to all, t will cost you nothing, and who knows that one kind word will bring? and you will have the blessed assurance of having given gladness to one sorrowing heart, nor will you wish for one kind word recalled, or one good act undone.

"Think not the good The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done Shall die forgotten: all the poor, the prisoners The fatherless, the friendless, and the widow Who daily own the bounty of thy hand Shall cry to heaven and pull a blessing down on thee."

When memories are awakened in the breast, we clasped our hands in silent adoration and stifle each breath lest we break the spell. We can escape from toil and strife, leave for a time the turmoil of life, and sit down to muse on the past—the chequered past—its mingled joys and woes, pain and pleasure, and 'tis a sweet respite. And although our thoughts may be sad and painful, yet who can doubt or question the providence of Him whose righteous judgment never fails, and who will direct and guide us, if we trust in him?

Bessie W. Bottom, Prep. 302.

THINK: This word was hung as a motto in the study room of Frances E. Willard. The noble woman had realized that truth is the source of all good and happiness, and that the means of arriving at this source is, to think.

The injunction may at first appear absurd, but we have found that a little man has been given a wonderful mind, he is not necessarily a thinker. The first impulse of the human being is not to think but to imitate. The child does not think out the science of speaking and walking, he acquires it by experimental imitation. As he grows he imitates elder people—often to a very amusing extent: he plays driver, soldier, Indian, doctor, policeman and everything he has read about or seen. When he has grown up to manhood he does not cease entirely to imitate. He imitates his ideals. Unconsciously the element of imitation forms a wonderful power in the character of the man. Indeed, so great is this power that none of us are ever free from it. But we have been given our minds and the power of thinking. Imitation alone will not make us ideal men and women. It is through original thought that the human race has been released from one barbarous fetter and another, until a degree of civilization has at last been reached. This evolution has been very slow, owing, no doubt, to the deadly war between imitation and truthful thought. One form of imitation that has greatly retarded the progress of civilization has been the sacred regard for precedent. It is a most natural tendency, but one which modern thought avoids. Not that our fathers must not be honored; not that the past must be forgotten; but that to hold beliefs, merely because our fathers held them, is as do the unprogressive Chinese—and a few Americans—and to accept old theories, merely because they once did good service, is disastrous to progress. Many instances in the early part of this century serve to illustrate this idea. While the popular mind found it very hard to believe in such discoveries as the use of anaesthetics in surgery, it readily accepted the old custom of bleeding. The populace were treading in the steps of their fathers and dared not to plant their feet in the untried way, for all the persuasions of reason. But, after a few had traveled therein and called back to the
have already gone over and cleared; but as long as society has not reached the realization of the ideal there is room for new explorations. The field is large. There are some pessimists who close their eyes to everything that is unpleasant and imagine that all is satisfactory. But the blessed optimist—the man who thinks—while he appreciates the grand progress already made, realizes that there are still grave social evils, and he studies to see what may be the causes and what part he may take in the alleviation of these causes.

We repeat; the field of reform is large. It is too large for the mind of one man, however prolific, to clear and settle for the present, to say nothing of future, ages. No one man can plan the complete system of social ethics which will herald in the millennium. True, it is all found in the Bible, but there are so many disagreements as to the interpretation until one point after another is settled by some truth that meets the power to set people a thinking he has done a great work and the good results are inevitable. Passionate appeals to indifferent minds leave only superficial convictions. We fear that the general acceptance of the Christian faith today is due not so much to original thought as to the universal habit of imitation; a habit which in this instance is surely not to be despised. However, it is certain that if our religious convictions were more universally the results of earnest thought, the Christian body would have much more of its apostolic zeal.

It may not be necessary to go over the same ground that great thinkers have already gone over and cleared; but as long as society has not reached the realization of the ideal there is room for new explorations. The field is large.

A Jace        d

impli cyclic actions. Itas f ear th at the

e rge  rac e

w ill
c om it sa c h a u gge outrages? What

means  it  when  we  hear  that  for  fifteen  years  the  Apache  tribe  of  Indians— prisoners  of  the  United  States—have  not  even  heard  of  the  gospel  of  Christ?

What  means  this  long  wait  from  the  slums  of  our  large  cities? Do  you  know  what  it  means  when  your  Stars  and  Stripes  float  free  over  three  hundred  thousand  saloons?  Can  you  tell  me  what  it  means  when  the  religious  papers  acknowledge  that  the  Sunday  evening  services  no  longer  attract  the  people,  but  that  the  Sunday  theatre  is  thronged  and  street  cars  and  beer  gardens  are  crowded? Homes  for  the  friendless,  poor  houses,  houses  of  correction,  insane  asylums,  state  industrial  schools,  all  these  are,  no  doubt,  very  benevolent  institutions,  but  are  the  causes  legitimate  which  render  them  necessary? Have  we  any  more  reason  for  confining  our  cares  to  petty

social,  domestic  and  business  obligations,  disregarding  the  obligations  of  the  brotherhood  of  man  and  the  nation  as  a  social  unit—than  had  our  fathers,  seven  hundred  years  ago  for  gradually  becoming  slaves  to  the
c edict of  an  Imperial  See?  Ah,  my friends,  far  less.  Is  the  administration  of  our  government  fulfilling  the  spirit  of  the  Constitution,  and  is  it  uplift  in  all  its  destinings?  The  agitation  of  this  question  commends  it  to  our  careful  consideration.

It  is  right  to  aim  at  nothing  less  than  the  ideal,  and  we  must  realize  the  importance  of  individual  thought. Each  soul  has  a  great  responsibility  in  the  matter.  You  are  only  one?  So  were  Queen  Esther,  Alfred  the  Great,  Columbus,  Joan  of  Arc,  John  Wesley,  Garibaldi,  Newton,  Gladstone,  Lincoln  and  Harriet  Beecher  Stower,  Cynus  Field,  Mary  Lyon,  Miss  Fry,  Neal  Dow,  Lady  Henry  Somerset  and  a  host  of  other  original  thinkers.  "Who  knowest  whether  thou  art  come  to  the  kingdom  for  such  a  time  as  this?"

Anne  Elizabeth  Floyd,  '03.

Thanksgiving  Sketch

WHAT  a  merry  party  we  were!  Four  jolly  bachelor  girls  of  various  ages  with  not  even  a  chaperon  to  molest  or  make  afraid.  And  it  was  Thanksgiving  day,  the  time  when  all  regrets  for  past  misdeeds  should  be  forgotten  and  only  joy  and  gratitude  fill  the  heart.  Ah!  how  much  there  was  for  which  to  be  thankful;  health,  happiness,  clear  conscience,  material  comfort  and  bright  prospects.

That  a  suitable  degree  of  appreciation  for  all  these  blessings  might  be  shown,  we  decided  that  as  many  of  us  as  conveniently  could,  should  attend  church  service.  I,  however,  was  not  of  the  party,  for  to  me  was  assigned  a  duty  which  not  only  conferred  great  honor  but  required  much  delicacy  of  execution,  namely,  the  care  of  the  turkey,  which  forms  so  important  a  factor  in  every  Thanksgiving  day  celebration.  But  when  the  others,  on  returning,  expatiated  at  length  upon  the
excellence of the sermon, the exquisite and sympathetic sweetness of the music and the extreme beauty of the hats worn by certain ladies in the congregation, you cannot wonder that for the moment whether even so high a hono-
er was sufficient compensation for my self-sacrifice. But "revenge is sweet," and I was certain that if only I could hide my time Mr. Turkey would be obliged to pay his forfeit in the game.

Now followed a heated discussion as to how we should manage to discon-
 our friend, the turk. Each one of us, fearing to undertake so great a re-
 sponsibility, refused to be the one who should do the awful deed, and thus the matter became more and more complicated until finally it was decided by popular vote and all went on as merrily as four lively girls would be apt to make it go. Any one who has ever had the privilege of witnessing a combat between a well roasted turkey and a novice in the art of carving, will be able to form some conception of the scene which ensued. Our commander held a council of war to decide upon the best point of attack and then, marshalling all her forces, bare down upon the stately victim with an ardor which was irresistible. Throughout the entire campaign, how-
ever, his highness fought nobly and well, but was obliged at last to suc-
cumb to superior numbers. After mistreating our captive in a most bar-
barous manner, he was sent to the tender mercy of the kitchen cat and, for the time being, the noble hero was dismissed from our minds.

The afternoon was passed much as other holidays are spent when out-of-
door sports are excluded on account of the inclemency of the weather. However, cracking nuts, playing games and telling stories are not the least enjoyable ways in which to spend one’s time and the inexhaust-
able spirits of our little company were equal to the occasion. Even-
ing found us ready for another sea-
 son of amusement and, accepting the kind invitation of a neighbor, we were entertained till a late hour, at last reluctantly seeking repose only to dream of huge turkeys, pumpkin pies and regiments of doughnuts dancing on the shores of a sea of cranberry sauce.

PHILLIS, '03.

The Hope of a Leaf.

My hope is fresh in the spring time,
Beginning my journey through life,
Unconscious of all that may harm me,
I’m innocent of strife.

I unfold my bright green banner,
When I start out into the fray,
And though wind and storm assail me,
I stand and bloom in my day.

Even if I fall ere Autumn
Has painted its colors and stains,
Still ever, if then or later,
The scar of hope remains.

The scar of hope that assures me
Of a life to come in my stead,
To take my place in helping
The world, when I am dead.

Even as man’s race weoultry;
For they live and bloom and depart,
They struggle through storm and sorrow,
But always with hope in their heart.

Some fall before they have ripened,
As some die before their prime,
But both know they’ve had their mission—
Life’s not a waste of time.

-EVELYN VOGEL, '03.

Notes and Comments

Although the New Woman has been discussed in many papers and has been praised and condemned by many editors, we believe THE ANCHOR to be one of the few papers which has not yet given the public its opinion about the question. We fear that the gentlemen editors have either inadvertently or studiously avoided this subject; if in-
advertently we pity them for suppos-
ing it is no thought for a burning question: if studiously, we would re-
buke and criticise them, for lacking the courage of handling such a serious subject.

It seems fitting that this number of THE ANCHOR, the first that has ever been published by the ladies of Hope, should touch somewhat upon this subject.

Many people look upon the new woman as one who would deprive man of his natural rights; who would change the customary order of things, and take up the duties of man while he must so humble himself as to take charge of the household affairs. We believe there are certain duties which a woman is as capable of performing as any man, but again there are others to which she has no right, which are intended for man only. But we will not here discuss the question of "Woman’s rights."

There is also portrayed very fre-
quently another phase of the new wo-
man,—the society woman,—who is fitted merely for society; for no other purpose than to amuse, to please and entertain a few people. Whatever training she has received has been very superficial; her education has been incomplete; all play and no work; all music and pleasure, no knowledge whatever of the arts of cooking and sewing; all show and no substance or worth. Is she an ideal woman who boasts that she knows nothing of housework, although she is honored everywhere in her circle, as the best singer or the most graceful dancer?

This, however, is not the new wo-
man we advocate and portray, nor whom Hope College educates. We think of her as an educated woman, educated in the best sense of the word. Our new woman is not one whose ed-
ucation has been confined strictly to book knowledge, nor has been educated simply for the amusement and pleasure of others.

Our ideal is the woman who can apply her book-knowledge to her practical life, and who is useful not only in society at large, but in her own family circle. She is a real new woman, a lovable and loving person.

Henry Ward Beecher says, "Music
entertains, charms, ennobles and ele-
vates the hearts of men as no other influence can." We cannot fully appreciate music unless we under-
stand it. But how can we under-
stand it unless we are instructed?

Our catalogue reads, "All the class-
es meet for instruction in music on
Friday afternoon of each week, but, as yet, we have not heard of the ex-
istence of such a class. True, there is an organized class but this seems
to be exclusively for the young men. Are not the lady students included in all classes? If they are, may they not also be instructed?

This class may be meant only for those who are farther advanced in music. Why not then organize an intermediate class?

We have no doubt that if such a class were organized, many would avail themselves of the opportunity and that, in the course of time, Hope would be able to boast not only of a well trained chorus of male voices but also of a chorus of mixed voices.

Why do not the girls of Hope College indulge in physical exercise? The answer is simple; because there is no opportunity and no encouragement afforded them. Our college boasts its co-education but we are sorry to say that in this particular a preference is shown to the young men. Is it quite just and fair that, although every opportunity is given them for indoor as well as for out-of-door exercise, the young ladies are obliged to simply stand by and watch while their more fortunate brother students are enjoying gymnasium work and their base ball or football games? It certainly cannot be said that such exercise is not necessary for them. One has but to look at the dull eyes, the stooping shoulders and angular gait of our average college maiden to satisfy himself on that score. Ought not all this to be corrected? Let them play basketball, give them an hour a day in the gymnasium with a suitable instructor and we will soon have as robust and healthy a set of girls as ever graced an institution. Other colleges and high schools have not hesitated in granting this privilege and why should not Hope College be as generous in this as she has ever been in other respects toward her young ladies. At any rate give them a trial and we will guarantee that the privilege is not abused.

The evening of November 4 will long be remembered, not only by the music loving students of Hope, but by all who had the privilege of listening to the Max Bendix Concert Co. This organization came highly recommended, and, surely, no one was disappointed.

The applause which greeted Mr. Bendix showed that he was not unknown to the public. The skill with which he handled his violin proved that he was master of the instrument.

That music is a second nature to Miss Emily Parsons was shown by the cleverness with which she rendered her piano selections. She gave such expression and life to the music that it seemed to set every nerve in vibration. Her accompaniments were really artistic.

The tenor, Mr. Carlyle, possesses a voice of wonderful sweetness and power. Every word was distinct and clear and thrilled the hearts of the hearers.

Miss Elaine De Sellem's singing was heartily applauded. She has a rich and well trained contralto voice, and is, without doubt, a credit to the company.

Alumni Notes.

Rev. E. J. Biekkink, '80, of Long Island, expects to leave soon for his new charge at Kalamazoo.

Rev. G. Hospers, '84, of Cleveland, Ohio, has not accepted the call from Marion, N. Y.

Rev. S. Hogenboom, '85, has received a call from Ontario, N. Y., and expects soon to lay down his ministerial duties in Cleveland, Ohio, for those of his new charge.

Rev. Martin Flipse, '90, of Parma, N. J., has received a second call to the First Church, Muskegon, Mich.

Rev. H. Huizenga, '93, has been appointed as foreign missionary by the American Baptist Missionary Union in India.

Rev. Hoffman, '71, of Long Island, has been called to the First Church, Cleveland, Ohio.

Rev. A. M. VanTuine, '89, of Holland, Neb., has declined the pastorate of Hospers, Ia.

Rev. J. J. Luxen, '92, will remain at Kalamazoo having declined the call to the Ninth Church, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Hon. G. J. Dickema, '81, and Mrs. Dickema, '83, were present at the banquet of the Knickerbocker Society recently held in Grand Rapids.

Rev. A. Van Arendonk, '98, of Lector, Kansas, has not accepted the call of the church of Grand View, South Dakota.

Among the Societies.

The regular meetings of the L. L. L. are held from week to week and very creditable work is being done. Some special subject is usually treated at each meeting, while recitations, music, poetry, and original work by the members are scattered through the programs. The appearance of the Society room is a great improvement upon what it has been in former years, and the usefulness of the room has lately been increased by the addition of electric lights. The editing
of The Anchor by the L. L. L. is a new departure and we hope that our first effort in this line will be a success and that we may continue to improve.

The young ladies’ prayer meeting is held on Thursday of each week. Active part is taken in all the meetings and much good is being done by it.

Y. M. C. A.

If anything has characterized our Y. M. C. A. work this year more than other years, it is cooperation. The work of the different committees is well organized and everything has passed along smoothly. The meetings, both the Tuesday prayer meeting and the Thursday lectures, have been well attended and the interest shown has been very gratifying.

One phase of the work, however, has not received the attention and the support it might, and, as we truly believe, it ought to receive. We refer to the work among the Sunday schools. There is a lack of teachers in almost every school that has come to depend for its support on the students. This is certainly not as it should be. Of course, it is quite a sacrifice to take a class on one’s responsibility in one of these mission schools, especially when they are a long way off. But is that a reason why we should give it up? We might then as well do away with all missions, both foreign and domestic. But the Christian’s life is a life of sacrifice. And if our Christianity reaches no deeper than to our ease and comfort, it is not worthy of the name.

The question comes to this, Shall we let our Sunday schools go down? If not, then each member has to consider it his personal duty to assist in the work.

The committee on missions has made a move in the right direction. Efforts are being made to collect funds from among the students to support a native helper in the foreign field. This is certainly what we want. Give to missions and enthusiasm will come of itself.

Cosmopolitan Society.

The Cosmopolitans have introduced a new feature in their regular programs. Hitherto they had limited themselves to orations, addresses, essays, debates, etc.; now they intend to train themselves in fiction also. Hope has been very sterile in this field of literary production so far, and it is well to create a more general taste for this kind of work. Modern literature is chiefly fiction; of the ten books that are sold on the market nine are novels. And any one who wants to make a success as a writer today can not afford to neglect this important department of literature.

Meliphone.

Instead of separate reports of each section we hand in a combined report. For in aim and work we are one. We are separated not because of distinction or superiority but for advantage. As two pillars equivalent to one in mass are used to advantage, so too are we more capable of doing good work when divided.

We entered upon the year’s work with earnestness and determination. The old members are faithful and loyal. These characteristics are also noticeable in the few new members,
who all take hold with zeal and a
fixed desire.

Why there are not more new mem-
bers who join our ranks, is a mystery
to us. Certainly, every student should
be a member of some literary society.
For we cannot get everything in the
classroom. Though we may be pro-
ficient in the classics, though we may
be excellent mathematicians, though
we may be all-round good "book-
worms", and although we are "stuffed
with theories", yet if we cannot put
them to practice, what does it avail?

There are many students in the pre-
paratory department who do not be-
long to any society. It is not because
they are not welcome, nor because
they are not competent, nor yet be-
cause they do not need it, but we fear
there is some other paltry reason. Is
it because they have no time? Is it
because pecuniary matters intervene?
Or is it because our initiation is
feared? If they give these or any
other like reasons, surely they are not
adequate. We come to school to
meet men of greatness. Why should
we not do so then in the best way
possible? We must benefit by the
experience of others as well as by our
own.

GERMAN SOCIETY.

"The recent report of Ulysses' sud-
den death filled my heart with sadness
and sorrow. Ever since the day of
my birth he had been my faithful
friend, and I even now long for his
resurrection. Had it not been for my
own struggle with the wolf of poverty,
Ulysses would have received some sup-
port from me; but while his life was
ebbing away, mine, too, was in such
a condition that many thought I would
be buried with him. I am now, how-
ever, again recovering, and if the
friends who desire to learn something
about my mother tongue will kindly
help me along, I shall soon be better
fit to fight life's battles than ever be-
fore. I hold my regular meetings in
the hall of the kind and generous
Cosmopolitan. Visitors are always
welcome."

FRATERNAL SOCIETY.

The membership of our society was
greatly increased during the past two
months. We now have so many mem-
bers that our hall is almost too
small to contain them all. But in-
terest in the weekly programmes has
increased in proportion. All the
members realize that it requires very
hard, persistent effort to maintain a
recognized place in the ranks.

Our society is also engaged in ex-
ecuting some very interesting pro-
grammes. One evening was devoted
to the study of poetry. The debate,
essays, and declamations were all
suitable for the occasion. Another
meeting in the near future will dis-
tinctively be devoted to Oratory. It
would be an interesting study to de-
note the development of oratory in
our society. For, without an ego-
tism, we claim that the standard of
excellence is gradually becoming
more fixed. A few of Shakespeare's
most renowned characters are in our
course for this term. Thus far we
have had essays on the characters of
Macbeth, Portia, and Shylock.

There is one question which, how-
ever, presents a serious difficulty; and
that is the evenings chosen for the
public lectures. Many of them have
been held on Friday evenings which are primarily society evenings. Serious interruptions must necessarily occur when the members are separated so long from their society. We trust that in the future this evil may be obviated so that our evenings may be free from so many interruptions.

The Green and White.

The Freshmen flourish—green and white at the big game on Nov. 9th, when they defeated the Sophomores 6 to 0. Yet, notwithstanding the success of these colors, some of the class are advertising a change to purple and white.

All new object to the white, for Freshmen, as it so beautifully emblemizes their purity and innocence; but purple—it would never do. Where in nature do we find purple, and what does it mean? We see it in the western sky long after the sun has set; sometimes the storm clouds are bursting with purple; the autumn wildflowers are purple. Purple is the sign of glorious old age. We set it apart for the serious.

On the other hand, green has every point in its favor. Why, one can scarcely see the colors without remembering his Freshman days. It is, moreover, the emblem of Hephaestus. The combination of white and green is tabulated for the Freshmen everywhere in nature. The spring buds, the new strawberry, and even the delicious celery is loyal. Whenever a white pigeon alights on the bow of a pine tree the Freshman sees his colors flaunted by nature. As he gazes on the "white caps" as they break in the green lake, nature is recognizing the glories of '03. Yes, verily, whenever he beholds his history notes flying over the green campus on a windy day he should bow in acceptance before the very elements that would do him homage.

College Jottings.

Take notes! Take notes!
Zip Rah Bang!
The suggestion has been made to call the new ladies dormitory "Go-on Hall", only we are afraid this is not dignified enough.
Third church social: 4 to 1.
No excuse to be dull in the Greek room, always plenty of fresh air.
"Like a pea in a barrel."
Oh, my saccharin!

Cooper and proper names.
In answer to the statement which appeared in the Jottings of the October Anchor concerning the advisability of having gesees instead of turkey-feathers for the girls' hats, we would say that gesees are so common about College, that it is doubtful whether the demand would equal the supply.
We hear that Prof. Dimnent has purchased a piano.

Miss Bertha has recovered from her serious affliction. It is questionable who was the most seriously afflicted.
Mae says all she lacks is a "big vocabulary."
How generous of Blocker to pay the debts of his young lady classmate.
Mistake curlers very cheap, boys, at any hardware store.

The Freshman's Primer.

Why is it that Cooper looks so sad and grave of late? Can it be that he has got a new girl?
Ruisard's sensations upon hearing of the prospective wedding of the "Lily of the Madpuddle":

"The my vove I ran poor to by Lily no more. To Lily, to live once more. In the shade of her bower, I remember the hour; she remembered those vows with a tear."

By another possessor:
"May she ever be blest."
"To my heart still her name most reverend."
"With a sigh I resign What I have tried to make be, the, And forgets for death with a tear."

A case of Mistaken Identity. At the close of an evening's entertainment a certain young lady proceeded to address her: "Miss —, may I have the pleasure —", and then suddenly realizing that he had spoken to the wrong person. "Oh, excuse me! But I guess this will be all right."
Brink advertises to sell his latest "Treatise on Babies" at a greatly reduced price to students.
Van Dam and Legters are said to be the college champions at matching pennies.
Prof. Mast's "organizations", Prof. Vechte's "infinitesimal wisdom", Prof. Nykerk's "permanent advertisement for Girl Wanted", W. H. C.'s "heterogeneous conglomeration of incongruous antitheses", are subjects of universal interest.
A. N. C. What does it mean? Much time has been spent in trying to solve this mystery: but at last we believe that success has crowned our efforts. Behold the result—Astro-meteorological Namby-pamby Coffee-Drinkers.
Case No. 2 of a to i. Hope church, Sunday night, Nov. 14th. The following poem was found in Prof. Vynema's room the third hour:

"Jimmie had some little wheels
And they were in his head,
When he forgot to fasten them,
They turned his face all red.
And then it was once on a time
When his father cut his hair,
It made his scholars, oh, so bold!
So he could not eat it anymore.

Don't say "rubber neck" any more;
say "peninsula", for you know that's
a narrow neck stretching out to sea.
(see.)

The latest report is that Van Dam has bought mileage on the Saugatuck line. Wise fellow; it's cheaper that way.

"Are the Freshmen sufficient unto themselves?"

Two girls lost their gloves; these valuable articles are supposed to be in the possession of some of the gentlemen. Please return them at once as they did not mean to give the missing.

Why is the reading-room so attractive to H. H.? The entrance out: almost worthy of an Irishman.

A small boy's daily question to Miss Fl—d: "How's Pete?"
If only the new instructor in Morals and Manners accomplished something!

In Greek: Just go on, Professor; you are right thus far.

Rink is contemplating a removal of that fuzzy growth on his upper lip.
He is of the opinion that a second growth, like hickory, will be tougher.

J. S. Raum, a former member of the Senior class, has accepted a call to the Disciple church in Traverse City. John is certainly an able speaker and will undoubtedly do splendid work. He has the best wishes of the L. L. L.

The latest reports of our D L.

It turns out: almost worthwhile.

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Leget's new camera works like a charm. It takes pictures of roses, even to the color of the leaves.

When the first class seats are reserved Homdelink seems to be very attentive to a certain young lady. What can it mean? He better look out for "Pa"!

Van Dam and Van Zante think that there is no place like Saugatuck. They both like "beaches" from that section of the country.

Stormzand seems to think that "fishing" ought to be just as good in the fall as in the spring; but such is not always the case. All kinds of fish don't bite now.

In imitation of the A. N. C. the C. A. N. was organized; these initials are said to mean, "catch a nigger.

Midnight. The telephone bell. Meteoric showers. How did you enjoy it, Tanis?

You like to carry burdens for those you love, says E. V. ... .

We are pleased to have in our Anchor a picture of the college football team, and hope that the day is not far

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