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Good Enough

is not good enough these days. Ready-to-wear clothes have
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No bother.
Fills itself.
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No dropper.
Nothing to take apart.
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A dip in ink, a touch of thumb to nickel crescent and the pen is full, ready to write.

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The Anchor

"Spica in Bras"

VOLUME XX
DECEMBER, 1908
NUMBER 3

"BUCK" FREEMAN'S CHRISTMAS.
By Verne Oggle, Prep. '07.

"Alone, alone, all, all, alone;
Alone on a wide, wide sea;
And never a saint took pity on
His soul in agony."

Coleridge—"Ancient Mariner."

"Twas a night in autumn on an island in the Pacific. The moon was shining brilliantly above, and the stars like so many beacon-lights illumined the sky. The waves were rolling majestically inward from the wild ocean and, but for their ceaseless beating upon the shore, the silence was uninterrupted.

In a cave near the middle of the island a figure is seen unfolding two ships' blankets and laying them on a mossy bank, which was his bed. Strange that this being should be here. His face and hands are sun-burned and swarthy, but the cast of his features is distinctly Anglo-Saxon. His hair is brown, his eyes are blue, and his figure is tall and massive.

Suddenly he stops, and, sinking on his bed of moss, he bows his head on his arms and cries like a child. Amidst his sobs and incoherent utterances, he cries, "Oh, God! how long must this last!"

Let us go back two years in the history of this man. A ship was sailing merrily o'er the deep, blue sea. Her voyage..."
from Boston to Manila was within twenty-four hours of completion. This was "Buck" Freeman's first command, but the company's confidence in him was perfect, and he was admired and respected by his crew. The prospects for a lucky journey were promising, for the winds had been favorable and the distance of the voyage remained to be sailed was short.

But strange are the ways of Providence! That very night a storm burst upon the ocean, and a terrific wind sprang up which broke the steering gear and threatened to tear the ship in pieces. The tempest forced the doomed ship far out of her course and all night long she was driven on by the relentless winds. When morning dawned the last ray of hope was banished from the sailors' breasts, for directly in their path was a slowly moving iceberg.

They were powerless to steer their craft out of danger or check her speed in her muttered condition, and there was but one row-boat left. In this they wished that their captain might be saved. But when they broached the subject to him, he frowned and simply answered. "No, my friends, I must do my duty. I will be the last man to leave my ship."

The distance between the iceberg and the ship is constantly lessening now, and many a silent prayer ascends for help. Now they are but five yards from the towering mass. Already its icy breath embraces them. They look grimly at the monster, encouraged by their captain's brave bearing. Crash! The ship is in pieces. The sailors are struggling in the water on fragments of timber. Soon frozen by the coldness of the sea, they sink, out of sight one by one and all is lost.

But look! Tied to the iceberg by means of a grappling hook, a little boat is rocking on the waves borne along by its giant companion. When the captain dived, he felt something tugging his leg. He drew himself up and found that a rope attached him to the boat, within which the sailors had wished him to go and which some kind sailor had fastened to his leg with the rope. "Heavens! Those brave crews!" he murmured as he clambered in. "I have been mighty lucky."

The grappling hook was easily attached to the iceberg, and thus he sailed on and on. About noon he sighted an island, and, being unable to unfasten the hook and fearing lest the delay would take him into the wrong current, he swam for the shore in the cool calm sea. Tropical fruits were in abundance and these he ate with relish. After his meal he made a tour of the place where he must make his home. He found it about five miles long and a mile in width. Not a soul besides himself was anywhere to be seen. He discovered a cave far within, where he slept and cooked his meals.

Here he lived happily for some time; but slowly, as the awful truth of his fate dawned upon him, he grew sadder and sadder at the thought of his dear wife and boy whom he had left behind, perhaps never to see them again. Thus the black clouds of despair settled upon him. He brooded more and more over his misfortunes. For two years now he had lived a hermit's life on the little island, unable to sight a ship. He had lost faith in God, and his crazed mind was now and then unburdened of its wild thoughts by expressions such as he uttered at the beginning of the story. "Oh, God! how long must this last?"

"Buck" Freeman tossed through a sleepless night and at the first break of dawn was up and about. While loitering near the brook where he obtained his drinking water, he came across some snail holes. Impelled by a maniac's curiosity to get them and by a desire to employ himself, he made a rude wooden spade and commenced digging them up. As he threw the handfuls of dirt on a pile he noticed a dull red sparkle in the sand. A vague idea entered his mind. In his excitement he seized a handful of the sand, examined it closely, and shouted, "Gold! Gold!"

He forgot all about his breakfast and his dinner, too. The prospector's craze was upon him. He dug up all the sand around the holes and at last came upon a nugget. Then tired out by his unusual exertions, he went back to the cave and ate the hermit's meat he had eaten since coming to the island. At last he had something to live for.

As "Buck" Freeman stood by the seashore that evening at sunset and as he looked over the deep blue ocean to the glowing West, he told himself, "I have not discovered this fortune for nothing. It must be to help somebody besides myself." From that time forth "Buck" Freeman was a
changed man. He brooded over his luck no longer, but mined his gold industriously. And soon he laid up a small fortune, for there are very rich beds of the precious metal in some of the islands of the Pacific.

Millionaire Rockerbelt was cruising among the islands to the south of the Philippines. One day as he was lounging lazily on the deck of his yacht, his steward approached and after reverentially tipping his hat, said, "If you please, sir; the water supply has given out."

"Oh, plague it!" grumbled Mr. Rockerbelt. Then withdrawing the meschaum from his mouth, he said to himself: "Shall I go back to Manilla, or trust to luck in coming across some island, where we can get water. I don't wish to go back to Manilla, so on the whole I think we had better adopt the latter course."

He espied an island through his glass to the extreme left and immediately sailed to it. When he gained the shallow water he ordered the crew to anchor the yacht, while he was rowed to shore by four sailors.

As they were landing, a wild, unkempt man, resembling a savage more than an American citizen, rushed down upon them with wild shouts of joy. At first they were frightened out of their wits, but after explanations had been made they were led by him to the brook where he drew his water. He was taken to the ship by his fellow countrymen and given clothing and what he needed most of all, a good shave.

Christmas morning dawned bright and clear upon a little village near Boston, Mass. During the night the earth had been covered with the snow flakes, which now glistened and sparkled in the sunshine of the dawn. Not a breath of air was stirring. The sleigh bells were merrily ringing, as bashful youths and maidens fair drove to and fro down the streets. Everybody was wishing his neighbor a "Merry Christmas!"

Let us peep into a small house on a poor street. By the fireside sits a mother with her boy, a lad of five.

"What makes you sad this morning, mother?" asks the boy.
CHRISTMAS EVE.

By A. D. S., '08.

What a throng of busy people
Hastens up and down the street
Of the pros'rous bustling city.
Caring naught for snow and sheet!

Tho' the cold wind, crystal-laden,
Drives hard down the thoroughfare,
All tonight are gay and mirthful,
Checks aglow, and void of care.

Naught care they for snow and tempest;
With an errand each is charged.
And the heart in every bosom
Is with sacred love enlarged.

Youth and maiden, grandsires born,
Representing every race,
Almost smothering 'neath their parcels,
Cold ignoring, hasted past.

What the cause of this glad feeling,
Permeating every breast?
What the motive of this haste?
What the secret of such zest?

Why, dear friend, tomorrow's Christmas,
Christmas full of mirth and joy;
Day in which no care or sorrow
Should humanity annoy.

That the cause of hurried footsteps,
That the import of each smile,
Calling forth love's deep emotions,
Barring passions dark and vile.

Gifts for loved ones, whether costly,
Or if bought with paltry price,
In the proper spirit given,
Glimpses show of paradise.

Gifts indeed the many parcels,
Which the morrow shall disclose,
Bidding every mortal's bosom
Be forgetful of its woes.

Every? Is it all embracing,
This great joy of Christmas day?
Does it reach each living mortal?
All his griefs and pains allay?

Would 'twere so. What gladsome tidings,
Christmas then would bring to earth!
Would 'twere so; a state of plenty
Then might take the place of death.

But alas! what dread foreboding
Warns us of the morrow's lot?
What the voice that tells so plainly,
Many, many, are forgot.

Tells us, that for many thousands,
Aye, yet more, throughout the earth,
"Merry Christmas!" has no import,
Joy of others has no worth.

Oh! to bring to all the pleasure
Christmas days should e'er possess,
Lord of all, our Heavenly Father,
Our poor, weak endeavors bless!
DICKENS’ “CHRISTMAS CAROL.”

Have you ever paid any attention to the Christmas literature in the magazines and newspapers? As each 25th of December approaches the editors of the great magazines and national weeklies vie with each other in making their Christmas numbers a piece of art from cover to cover. An army of illustrators, many of them with a national reputation, put their best talents and their best thoughts into the pictures that reflect the cheer of Yuletide. These pictures show in their range the highest idealism, the idealism fraught with hope and peace, or the plainest realism of the schoolboy home on his vacation. But even in the most humble artist’s flight is seen something of the cheer, the goodwill, the joy and the peace of Christmas.

The best writers of the country also are asked to make their contributions to the papers, and to swell the mass of Christmas literature with story and song. But they are as a rule less successful than the illustrators. Occasionally a very good Christmas story appears, a story that is strong enough to live perhaps for a few years. But the general run of Christmas stories is forgotten as soon as the holidays are over. If this seem a sweeping statement, try to think of a single great Christmas story written within the last ten years. As a rule the plot of the Christmas story is too trite; it is usually only hash, and stale hash at that. The author is too mechanical about its construction. He feels obliged to catch somehow the spirit of the season and to flavor with this his rather common plot. To this end he uses all the conventional devices that are supposed to give the desired effect; but the result is often but a house without a tenant, a cage without a bird. The body has been carefully constructed from the choicest clay at the author’s command, but the power is lacking of breathing into it the breath of life.

But there is one Christmas story, that need but be mentioned to send an involuntary thrill of pleasant recollection through the heart of young and old—Dickens’ “Christmas Carol.” This was written in the good old days when the writer had to convey in words many a thought that today is more easily depicted by the brush of the illustrator. Dickens was a master of the mechanics of a story; he was a born story teller. But, what is more important, he knew how to infuse life into his plots.

“Christmas Carol,” like most of Dickens’ stories has many faults. Due to lack of space (as the writer states in the preface) no attempt could be made at detailed character drawing, and the actors in the story lack that individuality that most of Dickens’ characters have, David Copperfield, for instance, and Little Nell and Oliver Twist. It is true, Scrooge stands out in bold relief, and Little Bob and Tiny Tim can never be forgotten by the sympathetic reader. But the characterizing atmosphere, the little touches that give a character drawing charm and make of it a piece of art, are lacking. The plot, too, is a little mechanical, but has the redeeming feature of novelty and freshness. The story comes dangerously near being a preachment, that which every lover of a good story so heartily condemns.

But in spite of all its defects the “Christmas Carol” is without an equal in Christmas literature. It has been imitated, but its charm, its indefinable qualities cannot be caught by the less skillful writers, and it remains the Christmas story par excellence. What then is the secret of its success? It is alive. Its life is so buoyant, so full of the irrepressible spirit of real life; people that the mass of Christmas literature that has since appeared has not been able to choke it. The preraphaelite painters could paint each member of the human body so that it was perfect in every respect, e. g., a perfect nose, perfect hands, a perfect mouth, etc.; but a union of all the perfect parts did not make a perfect human figure. There was always lack of proportion and living symmetry. The individual parts of the “Christmas Carol” are not perfect; the character drawing is defective, the plot is slightly mechanical, etc., but the result is a perfect Christmas story; or if not perfect, at least so nearly so that writers have hitherto not been able to improve upon it. The defective materials were built into a living structure that was so vitalized by the creative power of the writer that the defects of the parts are lost sight of in looking at the perfection of the whole.

Back of the story is the writer. We cannot conceive of Thackeray, wide as was his knowledge of human nature, as
writing the "Christmas Carol." He would be tempted to make sarcastic remarks on the imperfections of the society in which Scrooge plays his part; and one word of sarcasm would be enough to devitalize such flimsy creations as the Spirits of Christmas, to say nothing of Little Bob and Tiny Tim. Dickens had a heart that was overflowing with sympathy for the weak, and pity for the unfortunate. During his youth he went through all the sad experiences that he afterwards described in Oliver Twist; and, given a child in sickness or distress, he could always endow it with a living soul. That is perhaps the reason why he caught the spirit of Christmaside so admirably. Many a time, when a boy, he had cast longing eyes on the toys and sweetmeats in the shop windows; and something of the boys' longing unconsciously transferred itself to the "Christmas Carol." Many a time he had taken part perhaps in a Christmas dinner like that of Tom Cratchit, and the remembrance of his boyhood appetite, unsatisfied by the limited amount of goose and pudding, gives a flavor to the dinner scene in the story. And all the poverty and squalor and hard-heartedness and meanness in the story are mellowed and bereft of their sharp edges by a humor that is peculiar to Dickens. Even in the most blood curling ghost scenes the reader always has the comfortable sense that it is but a story told for his entertainment; that the ghost is but an abstraction; that only the conscience-stricken Scrooge sees it as a real ghost.

It is well to return sometimes to the time-honored story tellers. The average magazine reader is intensely patriotic in more senses than one. He swears by the American writer of today; and, it is true, the American writer of today has won an enviable place as a skillful story teller. But the writers of fifty years ago have a claim on our affections on account of the joys they provided for us in early boyhood. And Dickens is undoubtedly in the front ranks of these. And therefore when the holidays approach, it is a diversion full of many pleasant memories, to return to our first love in the world of story tellers, and to read again the adventures of Scrooge and the ghost of Christmas.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE STUDENT.

(By the Author of "The Evolution of a Jack-ass.")

Philip Jonker, '07.

[Note: The following article is a clipping from my treatise on "The Difference Between Plants and Animals." The general argument of the paper is that Freshmen are still in the plant stage, because they are "green," which quality distinguishes the plant from the animal. But the Senior is in the animal stage, because he has lost this characteristic of greenness. The following article describes the process.]

After years of careful study I have concluded that a Freshman developed from a unicellular organism. To trace this development up to the Freshman stage would require too much space. So now I propose to trace in outline his development from the Freshman through the Junior stage.

In the first place, then, the Freshman is found to be composed of 10,102 cells. If he is a normal specimen, three of these cells during the first term are in the stage of reproduction by fission. These cells, though absorptive, retentive and expansive, are sponge-like masses situated in the back of the head. Usually these cells grow at such a rate that before the term is half over the Freshman is afflicted with an abnormal expansion of the cerebral regions. As these cells grow they gradually absorb the wisdom of the lecture rooms in a gaseous state as graecocarbonates, latinite, trigate, and oftentimes cloaction pyrites. After these substances have been absorbed they are converted into and given off as sophiste and sophoids.

During the Sophomore year there is usually not much change in the external appearance or action of their organisms. The internal changes are great, however. The cells in the heels and toes become elongated, and are enclosed by very tough cell walls. The cells in the back become cubical, spherical and conical, while those in the head decrease in size and form correspondingly large intercellular spaces. These spaces are either empty or are filled with a nauseating gas, hence the common characteristic of the Sophomore, "windy headed."
During the Junior year there is a wonderful change. Fourteen cells in the cerebrum develop each into twenty-four. These are the psychotic cells. They are oblong in shape, each one is armed with eight long bristles and three flagellæ (long hairs). The action of psychid and psychite upon these cells is wonderful and interesting. As soon as enough of the phycho gas has been absorbed the flagellæ and bristles are set in violent motion. This motion generates such an enormous amount of energy that the mouth flies open and shut at such a rate that all one can see of the month's action is a confused mingling of red nitrite and black flashes. Also there arises from this motion a whirring sound, and if one listens closely he can distinguish the words, "flunked again, flunked again," repeated incessantly. Hence, in scientific terms the Juniors are classed as the Gabby Species.

During the latter half of the spring term the Junior slowly begins to develop into a Senior. This is the most wonderful change of all. Just what happens cannot here be described, but the final result is that the Senior is found to be composed of 3,406,311,017 cells, no two of which are alike.

During the development through the three stages the chlorophy, or green substance that characterizes the Freshman, changes slowly. Some of it becomes calcareous and forms the "moral vertebrae" of the Senior, some makes its appearance as bristles on the jaw and chin, some goes to increase the psychotic cells, and this gives rise to greater energy and more freedom of motion. A few of these chlorophyll cells develop into beautiful crystal-like association cells, which function as attraction cells. In fact the chlorophyll cells are used up in thousands of ways, but most of them are stored up, and from time to time cast off as jokes, elocution speeches, commencement orations, and other waste products.

This is only a brief condensation of the matter. The complete development of an organism from Freshman to Senior is exceedingly interesting. For a detailed account, explanation and drawing see Hope College Wonder Series, Vols. 88-102, pp. 16.023-4.131.789.

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**A FEW CHANGES.**

A few changes have been made in the constitution of the Anchor association. A new office has been created providing for an assistant business manager. Mr. Frank Wynia, '88, was elected to fill this office. The subscription price has been raised from 50 cents to 75 cents for new subscribers, and from 75 cents to a dollar for the others. The price for alumni is unchanged. The members of the association who were present at the last meeting considered this move necessary; and we
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wish to forestall criticism by saying that if anybody has any objections, it was his business to come to the meeting and bring them up there. Do not by all means be cheap enough to cover up your own negligence by criticising those who came.


dr. kollen honored.

The visit of the representative of Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands to our college is an event which will not soon be forgotten by faculty and students. November 21, 1906, is a red-letter day in our college history, and the lusty yells and cheers which shook the rafters of the chapel as our visitor ascended the platform steps showed fully the appreciation of the students for the royal ambassador, Jhr. de Mares Van Swinderen. Not less welcome than the messenger was the kind message which he bore from his queen to Hope College; and best and most pleasing of all was the honor conferred on our deserving president when in the name of his queen, Jhr. Van Swinderen conferred on Dr. Kollen the honor of Knight of the Great Cross of the Royal Order of Orange Nassau, the highest honor the queen can bestow on a foreigner. Such an honor if empty and undeserved would mean little to the democratic students of Hope, and would receive little approval and applause. But coming as it does, to one whose life has been given to the up-building of Hope College, whose days and nights have been spent in making Hope’s sons and daughters useful and happy men and women, whose every thought and deed is for Hope and Hope’s students, we cannot help but feel that the honor so nobly granted by the gracious queen is well-merited by the truest friend we college students have. So three cheers for Jhr. Van Swinderen; three more for Queen Wilhelmina; and three cheers and a tiger for our well-loved President, Dr. Kollen.
WEEK OF PRAYER.

The week of-prayer was a week full of deepest meaning for many of Hope's students, for in it we believe many of them settled the greatest question of their lives. Not only in specific individual cases has its blessing come in great measure and special ways, but also collectively, the studentry has felt its power. Spirit is running high, but clique-rivalry is dead. This is as it should be. The two prime requisites for happy college life are spirit and harmony. We have them now in about correct proportions at Hope. And no one who can read the signs of the times with anything like tolerable accuracy, can doubt, that the week-of-prayer has been largely instrumental in bringing about this happy state of affairs. The specific virtue inherent in the work of that week which has resulted in this condition of unity of spirit, was the unity of interest which the students had, namely, interest in the salvation of souls.

Unity of feeling always springs from unity of interest, and the feeling is strong in direct proportion as the interest is high, noble and important. But when unity of interest dies, unity of spirit soon dies, too. Therefore it is but timely that we should exhort ourselves and each other to keep that interest ever living in our hearts, remembering, that "where two or three are gathered in His name there He is in the midst of them." If we shall keep that interest dear to us, throughout the whole college year, there is no reason why this year may not mark an epoch of spirituality among us, even as the week-of-prayer was the greatest in the history of Hope.
SOCIETY NOTES.

The Meliphone is in the midst of a term of hard work. Activity is characteristic of this society.

Hallowe'en found the Minerva's busy. The night was made hideous by shrieks and ugly faces. A jolly time is reported.

The Fraternal Society held their annual Thanksgiving social November 23. A pleasant evening was enjoyed by all. The time was well spent in games and the program was entertaining.

A new custom, which we hope will be continued, has been begun by the Cosmopolitan Society. On December 9 they pleasantly entertained the Fraternal Society with a program, refreshments and a social hour. This has long been felt as necessary, and essential to good work and feeling in our literary societies; and mutual good will surely result.

HOPE, 66; COLLINS, 4.

November 19 marked the opening game of the basket ball season for Hope's team. Never before was so much college spirit displayed in a basket ball game. The students deserve a hearty congratulation for their support, both by their attendance and their cheers, which led our “Five” to victory. The preliminary game marked the Waterloo for the Seniors, who were beaten by the “Seminoles” by a score of 17 to 11.

As soon as the regular team made their appearance on the floor, cheer upon cheer rang through the gymnasium. From the minute the whistle blew to the very last our boys played the game. They showed careful training, keen and steady judgment, and strong team work. The Grand Rapids champions scored but two points the first half. The contest closed with a score of 66 to 4 in favor of “Hope.” We feel proud of our team and especially of one who played his first game with the team, Harvey Oltmans. His Japanese “ju-ju ski” movements stand him in good stead. The line-up is: P. H. Pleume, center; Geo. De Kruij and A. Veenker, forwards; H. Vruikers and H. Oltmans, guards.

BUMPS.

Jhr. Van Swinderen's choicest bit of advice to Estelle—
“Don't marry anything less than a Duke.”

All that we can say is, that a Duke is better than nothing at all.

Wholesome advice for Prof. D-m-t.—Just look up Miss L.'s previous record and note how many good men have gone before.

“The Seminoles should be more careful in the gymn.”
Poor Vander Schoor.

Blanche Howell after the visit of Herr Van Swinderen had grave doubts as to whether she would call Dr. Kollen Baron or Sir.

Here's to Herr Van Swinderen! Drink her Down!
Oranje Boven!!!

Miss Weston (at the joint reception)—“Now give two plates to each of the boys. Oh, yes, but, a—that is, I mean well. I mean yes, everybody but Augie.”

Little Beardsley—“For the last thirty or forty years I have not heard much of the Thugs.”

Three cheers for Sir Kollen!
Oranje Boven!!

Jonker's whiskers—(The less said, the better.)

The recent storm had a most disastrous effect upon one of the theology. The wind made a clean sweep of Duren's whiskers.

Renskers has been to Zeeland again.

“Jennie lost her head when Jimmie asked; he grew a trifle bold, made search for it distractedly, and found it on his shoulder.”

We would advise Muller to read Miller's “Clerical Manners and Habits.”

Kleinheksel has received a tempting offer from Barnum & Bailey to become their advertising manager.

Roost. “Help! Murder!”
Beardslee—"Please open the window and I'll start to talk about Spencer."

Pleume has a neat little (?) bunch of letters and poems entitled "Memoirs," which he says is lovingly dedicated to himself.

Lost, strayed or stolen: 'Ben De Young's whiskers.

Also Van Raalte's dolly.

Prof.—"Mr. Misner, who were the deacons of the first Christian church?"

Misner—"Stephen and — — —"

Prof.—"That's fine. Just continue. There are only six more."

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR
to all our patrons.

If you desire to bring Christmas Cheer and send New Year's Greetings to your friends, come in and let us help you to pick out from our immense stock of Books, Christmas Stationery or Fancy Toilet Goods. We have made a special effort this season to buy things useful and unique.

H. VAN DER PLOEG
44 E. Eighth Street.

Roosenraad—"Say, Jimmie, the other night when I came home, it was so dark that I couldn't find the road."

Jimmie—"Oh, that's nothing. The other morning when I came home it was becoming light in the east."

Plasman—"May I have the pleasure of your company to the proposed Frat. social?"

Miss L.—"I am sorry, John, but aren't you too big for me?"

Plasman—"We'll talk about that later on."

Make your selection of an OVERCOAT, pair of TROUSERS or a SUIT OF CLOTHES while stock is complete.

DYKEMA, THE TAILOR
44 E. EIGHTH STREET
Over Lohker-Rutgers Co.

It's gone!
What's gone?
Phil's mustache!
What is the real meaning of A. M.?
In the morning?
A college degree?
No!!
It is vanity!
Too bad! Alas! It is a Junior!

What Shall it be for Christmas Presents?
This? is easily solved by inspecting our extensive line of Holiday Goods. Favor us by calling before you buy.

PRICES RIGHT.

BRINK, THE BOOKMAN
Citiz. Phone 715

I know a maiden fair to see,
Schaeffer.
She can both false and friendly be,
Schaeffer! Schaeffer!

Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!
Just call "Kitty! Kitty! Kitty!" and watch Jim Dyke—
Roll-call.
"Veenery—"
"Both here."
Bible Study—11:45.
Renskers walks in looking guilty.
The Same—11:47.
Miss Gr-m-t appears trying to look unconscious amid the roars of her class.
Van der Meulen—"You two might as well have come in together. It didn't fool us."
Jimmie V.—"You never know what true love is until you've been ditched."

Elaborate dinner parties are popular nowadays—
An elaborate dinner was given by Prof. Boers to Jhr. Van Swinderen on Nov. 20.
An elaborate dinner was given by Miss Taylor to Mr. Sichterman on Nov. 28.
An elaborate dinner was given by Miss Schelk to Mr. Jas. Dykema on Thanksgiving day.
Some people's Xmas presents come early. Ask J. Van Zanten about the meerschaum pipe he received from a girl in Grand Rapids.

Ho! Ho! Boys.
Now for that Xmas Present

If its for one of the boys, get him one of our nobby Four-in Hands or Mullers. A Suit Case or Umbrella also makes a useful gift. If its

For a Lady
get her one of those handsome Reefer Scarfs. She will be sure to appreciate it on these cool evenings.

Yours for haberdashery.

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It is OUR business
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