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E. 8th St.
ELLs were pealing faintly somewhere in the distance, when B 606 was released from the punishment cells. Somewhere there was merriment and chiming of bells—but not within the great grim walls of Joliet prison; not in the grim, hard-hearted heart of the convict.

B 606, for six days just past, had been on bread and water in one of the punishment cells. He had been violent, and abusive to one of the wardens. He was a “tough ‘un.” In Joliet prison no one was more closely watched in all the sullen, gray-coat ranks.

“Merry Christmas!” some one chanted in his ears as he shuffled into line with his mates on the parole ground. A loud laugh followed, as if it were a good joke to have a Merry Christmas in that gloomy prison. But the man—he was still a man—with the round badge marked “B 606” on his gray jacket, started perceptibly at the sound of the two words in his ears. Under the hard mask of his sullen face something like pain worked dimly. When had he heard those two words before? Who had said them in his ear?

“Front rank, two paces to left—march!” The governor of the prison strode about, giving low-voiced orders to the guards. His keen, shaven face was softened a little by the Christmas “peace, good will” that had crept into it. He laughed out cheerily, and now and then spoke a kind word to some numbered convict in the lines. At sight of B 606 the stern lines tightened about his lips again. The Christmas
look vanished. "Keep a lookout, Charley," he muttered to the nearest warden. "He's a slippery one—there's blood in his eye today. No knowing how he'll celebrate Christmas!"

"He's a thug," growled the warden curtly. "Twan't noways inconvenience me when he goes. They ain't no soft spot in 'im."

"Well, keep a lookout a while longer, Charley. Watch out sharp. He'll be out in a matter of six months now."

What's six months' time to nine years and a half? But B 606 felt no excitement. He had long since ceased to tell off the months on his fingers. It did not matter one way or another that he was almost "out." The old despair and numbness in his heart had deadened hope long since.

The day lagged on inside the walls of the prison. Outside it was Merry Christmas, and the people made merry among their own. In the afternoon the chief warden approached the convict in the blue cap with the number B 606 on his jacket, with a message from the governor. He was wanted at the main office. "B 606" strode along beside the warden indifferently. It did not occur to him to wonder at the unusual summons. It could only mean some new punishment—it didn't matter. But they had arrived at the office. A little child was standing there beside a calm-faced sister of charity. The convict stared at both in dull wonder. But at the sound of the child's voice he started violently.

"Merry Christmas, daddy!" she said shyly in his ear. The slender little figure had crossed to him and slipped a small brown hand into his. "Wont you say 'Merry Christmas' back, daddy? It was such a piece of work to get here. I guess you'd never think how hard it was to get an order to come! It was the Sister who did it. You see, she promised mother to bring me. Mother's dead."

For a moment there was silence in the dismal room. The governor turned away to gaze out of the window and the warden's rough face softened. The childish voice began again: "She tried to wait, daddy—guess you'd never think how hard she tried! But when she knew she couldn't, she got everything ready for you, and told me to wait instead. I'm waiting now, daddy—it's lonesome—you'd never think how lonesome it is! But I keep counting the days off. Every

night I cross one off. Daddy, s'pose you know—there's only a hundred and eighty-seven left. There won't be but a hundred and eighty-six tonight, after I've crossed out. Mother always kept count—my, there used to be thousands of days once! You can begin to expect when there's only a hundred an' eighty-six. When it's only one day left—my, think of that, daddy! Mother used to. An' I know just what I'm going to do then—just exactly! Mother and I used to practice together, I guess you'd never guess how many times. She told me just how I was to tidy up the kitchen an' put the kettle all ready to boil, an' be sure to remember the chair you always liked to sit in—an' the granarum. O, daddy, mother an' I used to hope so it would be in bloom that day! An' the supper—mother showed me how to make muffins, you know, and broil the steak and set the cups an' plates on tidy. There wasn't anything mother didn't show me about, when she found she couldn't wait. She said for me to put on her white apron and stretch up tall, an' smile. I guess you'd never think how much we practiced! The last time mother cried a little, but that was because she was so tired. I cried, too. It was that night mother died. I— it's very lonesome now, daddy, but I'm waiting. You'll come right home, won't you, daddy? That was why she wanted the Sister to bring me—to make sure."

The great hard fingers had closed around the small brown ones. The tears were trailing over the rough cheeks of B 606. The sister's calm face was broken into lines of weeping.

"I'm most twelve now, daddy. You mustn't mind how little I am—I can stretch up tall! An' you'll laugh to see how I can keep house for you. There's a lady on the third floor helps me when I forget how mother said to do. I've got a hundred an' eighty-six days more to practice in, daddy. Now won't you say 'Merry Christmas'?"

If he said it, no one heard but the child. He caught her to him and buried his face in her soft hair. The sound of his sobbing seemed to fill the room.

The new year came and grew on familiar terms with the world. Spring crept into the leaves and turned them green, and even the files of gray-coated convicts at their quarrying drew in the warm, sweet breaths and, in their way, rejoiced. The heart of one of them lightened within him as day fol-
The Anchor

The Renunciation

At four o'clock on Christmas eve a girl with a white, sharply chiseled face walked with quick nervous steps down River street, toward the river. Oblivious to everything about her, she passed the huge mills and furniture factories whose towering smoke stacks belched forth black clouds of smoke that were scattered by the fury of the west wind almost before they had been thrust out into the world; on through long lanes of woody smelling lumber yards, the girl sped; past ugly, dirty streets where tumbling weather beaten shanties huddled together as though for mutual protection; here the broken pavements widened out into a hard, fine highway gravelled from the deep pits that yawned on either side like great mountain caves; a few rods farther on the high bluffs, with sides eaten out by gravel diggers, ceased abruptly and sank away into the thick bed of dead rushes that blanketed the treacherous marshes through the long bitter months of winter; stretching away for a quarter of a mile the highway had the appearance of dykes rising out of the swamps, flanked on either side by mammoth poplars that pointed skyward with warning fingers, and marked the location of the New Haven bridge for miles around the country.

As the girl hastened farther out into the open, the wind

that had swept mile after mile over the tortured waters seemed loath to leave the frail girl, and by fair means and foul struggled in vain to wrest the tiny feet from the hard roadway. With head bent against the blast, and white face flushed with the exhilaration of the combat, she fought her way along. Reaching the bridge, she clung to the huge iron trusses that supported it, and looked down into the swirling black waters that churned around the abutments of the structure. The hopelessness of the surging waters as they rushed on to be swallowed a few hundred feet beyond by the lashing waves of the great lake, that hopelessness seemed to find its counterpart in the face that leaned far out over them.

Suddenly, compelled by a force she could not have explained, the girl turned and looked into the eyes of a man who stood staring at her.

"You? you? How dared you come!"

Forgetting, in her emotion, the strength of the gale, the girl loosened her hold on iron supporters, only to be swept with a fearful force against the man. The raging fury of the storm passed on, leaving in its path a man clasping in his arms a white faced girl.

"You see, dear, even the elements are trying to show you the futility of your opposition."

She struggled to release herself, and very gently he let her go. Without a word she turned to retrace her steps, and by her side the man walked in silence, steadying her by the arm when the wind came in great gusts across the open spaces. Silently they walked through the early winter twilight until they reached the girl's home, when the man spoke to her.

"Tomorrow, dear, I'm coming to have this thing settled once and for all. Which shall it be—happiness or misery for me? In Christmas day your gifts should be for the best, and not for the worst. Think, dear, of the consequences of your decision."

Anger, humiliation, contempt, and defiance hurtled across the girl's mind in quick succession. The memory of her scorn and hatred as it had blazed forth when she had turned to face Philip Stonehurst out there on the bridge, and its instantaneous disappearance at the touch of his arms about her, almost frenzied the girl as she lay face downward...
on her white bed that Christmas eve. Honest to the very core, Margaret Wayne, in spite of her determination to end their friendship on the morrow, knew now that her whole being was crying out for the love, the undivided devotion, the life, the very soul of a man that she knew to be weak, a man whom she felt to be utterly unworthy of a true woman's love.

Twenty-four hours later with features set and face whiter even than usual, the girl sat before an open fire, the man stood before a window looking gloomily out at the lowering cold gray clouds of a sky that seemed fit only for a sleet storm—clouds that knew no golden lining, clouds that held only the bitterness of tears.

"And so this is to be your final decision! You admit that you love me, and yet in the same sentence you say that I'm no man, that I am a weakling! How could you bring your high thoughts down to my level at all? I've told you before that you hold my future in your hands. Which shall it be, good or evil? Can you face your great God with this to your credit? With your love I shall be capable of the best that there is in any man. Your present decision will help me to go down, down to the depths, and to drink the very dregs of civilization. You're making of me, a Christmas gift to that eternal damnation you believe in."

The girl, with hands clenched and nails cutting into the white flesh, rose and stood before the glowing fire.

"Philip Stonehurst, you have condemned yourself. If you were weak before, you are contemptible now. Only a coward stoops to lay his future at the feet of a weak woman and mutters, 'Yours to make, or mar.' A man brings his past and says of it, 'Mine to build on.' And of his future he says, 'With you, or not, my life shall be such that you shall be proud to have been its inspiration.' Every night I shall thank my God that on this, His birthday. He gave me strength to resist the fearful power you have held over me, and that I have escaped the certain destruction that would have been mine, had I entrusted my future to your past. If I ever have loved you, you may be sure that the glimpse I've had of you tonight has left nothing other than a feeling of pity that a creature made in the likeness of his Creator should have sunk so low."

Philip Stonehurst did not look up. A moment later the door closed softly, and he was alone.

BLANCHE A. HOWELL.

"We Stood By The Window"

HENRY K. PASMA

We stood by the window, weary Love and I,
She gazed toward the lingering South, while a moody sigh
Betrayed the distress of her heart; and her plaintive voice asked,
"Why, Whither, O swallow, O hope-winged swallow, why didst thou fly?"

We stood by the window; whirling snow flakes fell,
A North wind mocked the chimes of the shivering vesper-bell;
"Ah heart," quote she, "they have come, I know it well,
Phantoms of hate to bury my hope in the meads of Asphodel."

We stood by the window, we lingered far into the night,
Listless Love her sorrow-filled eyes lifted up to the myriads bright
Bright stellar-fires, soft murmured she, "Oh. could they light,
Like beacons upon a stranger coast, my weary spirit's flight."

We stood by the window, waiting when tardy day,
With numb, ruddy fingers unfolded Earth's festive array;
Pale sunbeams strew glittering gems o'er the garment, far and away;
"Oh surely," mused sad Love, "such splendor becomes a holiday."

She opened the window, wondering;— but on the sill
No twittering swallow a lighted; nature, reposeful, lay still
Far leaned she out, sad Love, and listened, till faintly a thrill,
A, thin silver pealing of bells floats tremulously over the hill.

Then turfed she away from the window; a joyous Christmas-bell
Sang the sweet Angel-song to her heart, new hopes her bosom swell;
Spake she, "Lie buried, O, Pleasure, in the meadows of Asphodel,
Hark, the Joy of my Soul is coming from blessed Judea's hill."
THE ANCHOR

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EDRITROIAL

A Word of Appreciation

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to everybody. But there is no need of waiting until Christmas to be merry or until the New Year to be happy. There are plenty of things to be happy about on all sides of us. Are we happy? No doubt of it. "De why and wherefo' am dese!"

"We owe not any man." This issue of the Anchor is published by an association out of debt. We hope to remain happy by keeping out of debt in the future. What makes the fact most significant to the staff is not so much that we no longer need to worry about that debt, but that there was such a general desire among the students to help bring that result about. The general interest connected with their

"stunt" may have attracted a few to help us in our effort, but almost without exception there was response to the opportunity to help the college paper, because they had a feeling of responsibility for its success. The most unattractive work connected with the program was as cheerfully rendered as that involving personal pleasure. All services were gratuitous, for every student good, bad and indifferent, without regard to race, color or previous condition of servitude, paid their hard earned twenty-five cents to get inside and give their own show. The girls of the Sorois Society in addition paid for the entire expense of their number. To say that we are happy and thankful is putting it mildly, but the Anchor does wish to express its thanks to all those who made this feeling of joy in us possible by their unselfish work.

A Contribution Box

The editor feels enough encouraged by the spirit shown in regard to the Anchor to hope that an innovation he wishes to bring about will meet with success. We have no cause for complaint in regard to response to requests for material for publication when we personally addressed either students or professors; yet we think that if we give everyone an opportunity to offer something voluntarily we may better our paper. The idea is to place a box in Van Raalte Hall into which you may drop anything you wish for publication. Of course, we do not expect that it will be necessary at once to enlarge our monthly edition in order to take care of all the copy we may get in this way, but we do hope for some suggestions or profitable criticisms at least. The Anchor ought to be a students' paper, and everyone ought to feel free to offer something that will aid it in carrying out its purpose. Let us have an occasional jingle or two on things that happen about the campus. The local editors, too, would feel grateful for any items contributed. Please sign your name if you drop in an article for publication.
The Anchor eumenit

Monday night, November 23, was the evening set for the long anticipated Anchor entertainment. The newly organized Hope College Orchestra opened the "doings" with an overture. This youngest of organizations on the campus promises well for the future. After the overture, the founder of the "House that Jack built" with measured step strode over the stage and, chanting mysteriously began to lay the corner-stone of the structure upon a sack of malt. And a wonderful house it was! Then that wonderful cow from Overisel, with sleek black hide and real horns. A lanky country lass, commenced a mysterious process at the rear department of the patient animal, while a priest "all shaved and shorn" kept away from the pure lassie the druids and mischievous goblins, hiding in the meadows.

The "Muffin Man" somewhat relaxed the hearers' nerves, high-strung by the strenuous efforts of the jolly house-builders. And lo! when next the curtain rose there stood the lovely widow, Mrs. Jarley, faultlessly bowing to the audience. With courtly grace she told the purport of her coming and of the presence of the several "wax-figures," ready to be "wound up and run off." Without moving a muscle Red Riding Hood, Joan of Arc, Miss Muffit, Flower Girl, Old Fashion Sewing Machine, Justice and Boopel were consecutively presented and discarded. Even Signorina Squalina and the Gigler controlled their predominating characteristics to such an extent that they remained stoically indifferent while in the strong grasp of "Pete" and "John," Mrs. Jarley's servants. The college quartet, then rendered a selection.

John Layen had no competitor for base ball laurels. He played star games, all alone. That last catch was a wonderful one, and the "foul" ball must have gone "some up in the air." However, after resting a few minutes, John managed to catch it.

And then the last but not the least of the "stunts," Misses Lennis and Yates brought the audience in a right mood to receive the noble Booster-Club from Blackville—and when they came the audience imagined itself transferred to dear old Georgia, while every one in the house became at once deeply engrossed in the mighty "race" problem. The dusky

79. The Rev. Motoito Oshimi, who spent several months in America, left recently for his home in Japan. Mr. Oshimi devoted considerable of his time, while here, in the interests of a school for the blind in Japan.

'06. Rev. J. B. Stekelius has been called by the Churchville Reformed Church of Pipestone, Minn.

'00. The Clinton Avenue Reformed Church of Newark, N. J., is fortunate in having secured as its pastor, the Rev. A. T. Broek. Mr. Broek was pastor of the American Reformed Church at Newburgh, N. Y., having labored there for five years with remarkable success.

Rev. G. Hordelink, '00, has resigned as missionary to Japan because of the frail health of Mrs. Hordelink, '03.

'06. Miss Hannah G. Hoekje of McKee, Ky., is spending some time in this city owing to the serious illness of her father, Rev. J. Hoekje, '73.

Mr. Bernard Rotschaefer of the Western Theological Seminary, recently went to New York City to confer with the Foreign Board concerning his appointment to the foreign field.

A. J. Kolyn, who last year taught in the Northwestern Classical Academy, is now with the firm of Calk Knott & Co., Grand Rapids. Wholesale millinery is now his line.
individual, who "ran for a crap game," was the personification of a prosperous negro, one, who has "power 'mong the folks." He, who was "too slow to run for anything," gloriously portrayed the characters which may be seen lounging on Light streets wharves at Baltimore, when the melon schooners come in from the Eastern shore. Rev. A. S. Washington and the Hon. Bill Johnson acted their parts well, the last named dignitary so lucidly explaining the knotty points of the race problem, that he never needed to go on with his explanation beyond the second point.

Both audience and management were highly pleased when finally the "stunts" were finished; the former expressing their satisfaction as to the amount of humor they had received in return for their entrance fee; the latter glad, because of the snug little sum realized, sufficient to cover the entire Anchor debt.

Program
1. Overture ........................................... Selected
   Hope College Orchestra
2. Song "The House that Jack Built"
   A Characterization by a Chorus of Men
3. Muffin Man," (An extravaganza)
   Messrs. Laven, Lokker, Kleinheksel and Hymn
5. Music ..................................................... Selected
   Hope College Orchestra
6. Music ..................................................... Selected
   Hope College Quartette
7. "Base Ball in Pantomime," (a home run with the bases full) . John Silver
   John L. Laven
8. Violin Duet .......................................... Selected
   Miss Yates and Miss Bemis
   A Comedy Sketch in One Act.

Members of the Boaster Club
William Bilkins Smith—Running for Anything ........ E. A. Brooks
Charles Augustus Hotfoot—Too Slow to Run for Anything ... Jas. Dykema
James Jackson Muchmouth—Running for a Crap Game .... P. H. Pleune
Alexander Brutus Thicklips—Pork Chops Inspector .... Geo. De Young
Garfield Pussfeathers—A Chicken Inspector .......... N. Sichterman
Horace Wetweather Cutup—Razor Inspector ........ Geo. Scholten
Rufus Rastus Goggenheimer—Health Inspector .... John Vruwink
Michael Angelo Wishbone—An Artist .................. John L. Laven

Report of Anchor Entertainment
Gross receipts ........................................ $119.75
Incidental expenses .................................. 8.50
Net profit ............................................. $111.25
This wipes out our debt completely.
V. W. BLEKKINK,
Business Manager.
Society Doings

Fraternals Entertain.

On Tuesday evening, the 13th of November, the Fraternal Society entertained the Cosmopolitans as a society. The best and surest way to describe how the evening was spent is to say that all had a fine time. When the Cosmopolitans arrived at the hall of the Fraternals, the latter were ready to welcome them, and good hosts did they prove to be.

After all were seated and after songs had been sung, an excellent literary program was rendered by members of the Fraternal Society. At the end of the program the meeting became informal. The first thing everybody did was to hurry to the back part of the room and there patronize that best of committees, the refreshment committee.

Following this, the hall was cleared for action. The entire company was divided into small parties and then contest games were held. In some games it became a contest among the various groups to see who could be the best herd of certain kinds of animals.

When the games were over, all gathered about the piano for another half hour. Another pleasant feature of the evening was that the band was so unified that it refused to be broken up after leaving the hall, for it carried its festivities into other spheres, lasting till "far in the night."

One word more. There can be no better and kinder feeling between the "Frats" and Cosmos" than there exists today.

Cosmopolitan Hospitality.

Having so greatly enjoyed their recent reception at the Fraternal Hall, the Cosmopolitans determined to also act as hosts and entertain. Their guests, on the evening of December 4, were, however, their lady friends. The occasion was a banquet which proved a grand success. The hall was prettily decorated, and after a menu worthy of their guests they were entertained by several Cosmopolitans in response to clever toasts. Music was furnished by an orchestra composed strictly of Cosmopolitans.

Just Borrowed

Can not some wise one tell us,
To cease our wandering mind,
Who is it loses all the fault
That other people find?—Ex.

A maid, a man, an open fan.
A seat upon the stair,
A stolen kiss, six weeks of bliss.
And forty years of care.—Ex.

To be a poet
And never know it,
Gee whizz, but that is sad.
To be no poet
And then not know it.
Gee whizz, that's just as bad.
—Olivet Echo.

"Oh, Tom," she said on greeting me,
In tones of great alarm—
"They said that in the game today
You'd broken your right arm."
I calmed her tender, groundless fears,
With vehemence and haste,
And just to prove the arm was sound
Slipped it around her waist.
So nestling close beside me, she
Smiled sweetly in my face;
"That's great," said she, "not broken,
Nor even out of place."
—Almanian.

The Last Straw—He—"They say, dear, that people who live together get to look alike."
She—"Then you must consider my refusal as final."—Ex.
Athletics

R. MORIARITY'S friend in the tale of Moriarity vs. McSwiggin says, "it don't make no dif'rence how much yez thry se convins some people, they'd be in the same opinion still." We cannot say what were the arguments that in their failure to "convins," wrought this bit of negative philosophy. Evolution always will spell mystery. However, we must cross swords with the mournful fencer of "ould" Erin and with the warning "en garde," thrust at him with "if you can't convince people with words why, beat them, do things." Mr. Moriarity's friend had an example of the efficacy of our method in the effort of McSwiggin who, by the rule of "eyes and nose," had won over Moriarity to his view of the "Thraumegrauchun av Sowls." Our strongest example (applied in athletics) is furnished by our Basket Ball team which has demonstrated its right to the support of a large constituency. The team has beaten its way into popular approval; it has done things; it has been singularly free from that "talkability about what I'll do when I meet him," characteristic of modern artists of the padded gloves. Attest its record. If any one is of the "same opinion still" then the trouble lies not in the team's method of convincing, but in the fact that Hope's Five are not in a class with their hard-headed opponents, for, the quintet is not cumbered with hind feet and its front feet are not adorned severally with good-luck emblems.

The season of 1906-07 and 1907-08 closed with Hope the undisputed champion of Western Michigan" in basket ball. The season of 1908-09 opens with a schedule which "will be the strongest the team has ever been called upon to play." That means that the Champions will need more than ever the support of every member of the school. Nor does the "strongest schedule" alone make this demand. Basket ball at Hope faces a new danger in the action of two of the local amusement concerns in organizing basket ball teams. The interest of the town is thus divided and our games will suffer materially unless we as a unit make a stronger effort than last season when our team was practically the only one in the city. Having then the Champions as our representatives in basket ball in a strong schedule, and having, consequently, the assurance of games of the highest type in which our basket ball reputation must be maintained, our Dutch blood is cold, to say the least, if it will not tingle when Dutch honor is at stake, be it in war or in peace, in work or in play.

That the team will do its part cannot be doubted, that we will do ours is your question and mine.

Exchanges

E feel that the Spectator criticises us unjustly when they say our literary department fails to keep pace with the advertising section. Perhaps it was true of the particular number they had in view, but we believe that this is not the rule. We pride ourselves on the character and contents of our literary work more than on any other feature of our paper, and our strongest aims for improvement are in this very direction. This is not squirming under adverse criticism but is a protest against a too common method of sizing up a paper by a single issue. The Spectator itself—and incidentally our old friend, The College Index, also—would not like to have their November numbers constitute the criterion by which we should judge them. This observation is so self-evident and true, as to require no further comment. We trust that exchange editors on our list will take it to heart.

We find it hard to agree with those exchange editors who call for more local news and jokes. We fail to see who profits by a policy which gives the best part of its paper to stale news items of little general interest, or which tries to produce a chief imitation of a comic supplement. The news and the funny departments of the college paper are by no means of minor importance, but the literary and editorial departments are of major importance. Compare two papers such as the Calvin College Chimes and The Teck and our point is clearly evident. The former has four solid articles, two poems, and two good editorials; the latter consists itself with a small farce. These are only instances which could easily be multiplied. And when we see what the Academician
Local

A certain girl asked Dr. Godfrey the other day if it was true that eating cucumbers would remove freckles. “Yes,” said he, “under certain circumstances.” “What are the circumstances?” “Well,” said he, “provided the freckles are on the cucumbers.”

“Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll,” declaimed Van Dyk in elocution class. “Shouldst thou dry up, twould leave an awful hole,” muttered a classmate.

Blanche Howell was cutting the leaves of a magazine. Peering between two uncut leaves she said, “How in the world do they ever get the printing in there?”

A young pupil of Miss Krell favored her with this gem of parsing: “A schoolma’am is a verb, because she denotes action when I throw paper wads. She is in the active voice (very active), indicative mood, imperfect tense to denote repeated action. She is transitive.” Switch is the conjunction used to connect the verb with the noun boy, which is the object because it denotes the thing acted upon. Switch is third person, singular number (must be a collective noun, because it is plural in effect) and terrible case.”

Try dropping an article into the Anchor box in Van Raalte Hall once in a while and see how it feels. It’s your paper, so help it along.

They say that George Hankamp was visiting a Sunday school once last summer. Just before dismissal the superintendent asked him to make a few remarks. George had the “categorical imperative” in mind, and, while formulating his ideas, made the usual preface that he hardly knew what to say. Away back in the rear of the room a thin voice piped, “Thy amen and thine down.”

Stegenga had given a decidedly ambiguous translation of some Greek. “Why is your English like the square phalanx?” asked Dimment. Yankee fashion, Stegenga answered one question with another, “Because it’s hard for the enemy to follow?” he said inquiringly.

They say there is a meat market in town where they sell tough meat. We don’t know yet where it is, but anyway Stanley Fortune went there the other day and asked for some meat. “For frying or boiling?” asked the man. “I want it to make some hinges for the barn door,” said Fortune.

The new “constitution” of Van Vleck Hall has renamed the ancient domicile to Van Vleck Home.

There is an embryo poet on the campus in the person of Bessie Felows. This is her remark on one of her classmates:

“There was a young girl once who giggled,
And always, invariably wiggled.
In the class-room one day
She laughed so, they say.
That the seats round about her all jiggled.”

The Anchor extends to all its readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We wish to remind all our readers that a suitable present for any of their relatives or sweethearts would be a year’s subscription to the Anchor.

Prof. Bush (talking about a student)—“He is so stupid
he wouldn't see the outside of a barn if he was inside with the
door shut."

Irene Brusse—"Now, don't miss that last car."
Abie—"Certainly not, I'll be on time."
Was he or wasn't he? Ask Irene Brusse.
Van Howeling to History Professor—"How much did the
Prudential Life Insurance Company pay for that adver-
tisement they've got painted on the Rock of Gibraltar?"

C-Class Girl, in Physical Geography—"They dig ditches
through the dry and barren regions for the purpose of navi-
gating the land."
C-Class Girl, also in Physical Geography—"Denver is
noted for its fine harbor."
Lady to her husband at Anchor entertainment, "Aren't
those wax figures real life-like. One would almost think they
were human beings."

Little girl, to her mamma as Laven performs in his base-
ball pantomime, "Just look at that poor boy, mamma. He is
playing ball in his sleep."

"Fussfeather" went to the hardware store the other day
and asked for a razor.
"Safety razor?" asked the clerk.
"No," answered Fussfeathers, "I don't want no razor for
safety; I want a razor for social purposes."

Conductor to Jim Dykema—"Where do you want to go?"
Dyk—"Let me off at College avenue."

Ask Dahlenburg how he enjoyed that Thanksgiving
dinner.

Miss Krell to Ver Hulst—"Do you and Mr. Oggel room
together?"
V. H.—"No, but we sleep together."

Prof. Brusse to Veenker—"Do you think the hero of this
story did right when he continued with his work while the
lady whom he loved was waiting for him?"
Veenker—"No, I always leave my work and go."

Prof. Nvkerk—"No excuse. You can see me at any time
in No. 9 or — I."
Verne Oggel—"Van Drezer's restaurant."

Our friend Yamamoto is cutting quite a swath. During
Thanksgiving vacation he attended a church social in Mus-
kegon and was found in a circle of some twenty girls who
were talking to him about—ah—about—ah—However yo' all
know jus' as well as I do so we'll pass on to de nex' question.

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