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We Wish You a Merry Xmas

E POIN'T with pride to our choice selections of Men's Furnishings for the Holiday Trade. Men's exclusive and elegant Neckwear; the best makes of Gloves; perfection in shirts and collars; the best brands of Underwear; choice Hosiery; Mufflers; Night Robes; Smoking Jackets, Umbrellas, Gloves and Mittens; etc., all reasonably priced. If you are still undecided as to just what to buy for Christmas, we will take pleasure in showing you a host of nice things.

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A Christmas Vision

O TELL of the joys of a silent night,
When a village in slumber lay calm,
Would lend to my words, the sweetest of chords,
And blend them in beauteous psalm.

The rose once so charming, so fragrant and pure
Lies faded and lone and seen:
The zephyrs that played through bower and shade
Have flown at the close of the year.

I have dwelt in the land of roses, that bloom
On the banks of perennial streams;
But the sweetest of flowers, wherever their bowers,
Spring forth from the field of dreams.

In this season of gladness I dream of a joy
That was filling two hearts long ago,
Cheered the hills and the valleys below.

But a tranquil gleam now dispels my dream,
And a fairer Hope is born,
A celestial throng bears the secret along
Each night brings a Christmas Morn.

—E. O. SCHWITTERS '11
HOLLY AND MISTLETOE.

ANNETJE certainly came at a critical moment. Ever since the departure of Hannah, our house had been the scene of uproars. The cooks, that we liked, refused to stay, while those we would fain request to leave insisted upon remaining until drastic measures were taken to eject them. The idea of being hospitable was repulsive to most of them. Now, this may seem a small matter, but, since my father was insistent on this point, I considered in my duty to demand firmly their co-operation. Sulky waitresses, however, do not insure the success of any dinner, so that I was nearly desperate when Jannetje appeared.

She is the hardiest servant I ever saw and just delights in washing dishes. Even if she never did another thing, her willing spirit in that detail would make her fortune. The suds is churned while she comments upon people and places she has seen. Her happy faculty of talking in monologue has kept the family in better humor than all the culinary successes of previous cooks. We have no fear of losing Jannetje, for she is a man-hater. Not a negative, mild sort of hatred, but a positive dislike for all sorts of men keeps her constantly on the war-path.

Suitors she has had in abundance—no rather in superfluity, for she is fifty years old and attractive still in the eyes of widowers in search of housekeepers. Nobody should blame Jannetje for her aversion, for total strangers come to call upon her because she has been recommended to them by mutual friends. Tact,—they do not know what the word means. Mr. Smit is the most prominent wooer at present. One jilting was not enough for him. He went to her boarding place one morning and announced that he was coming in the evening to propose. Jannetje graciously remained at home because, as she said, she wished to see what he looked like. His knock at the door gave her violent “heart beatings.” I have a mental image of her opening the door, and a simultaneous introduction and proposal on his part. Maybe he was not prepossessing, for she replied, “Go away from here. I don’t like you.”

“But, Jannetje, you won’t have to work hard. I got quite some money in the bank,” in a wheedling tone.

“I don’t believe you at all. You would make me milk your cows. I won’t live in the country, anyway.”

“This is not the last you see of me,” he threatened. His hasty exit was followed by great activity on her part,—the scrubbing of the door-knob on which his hand had rested for a moment. Ten years have not dampened his ardor, so he probably does not know about the door-knob incident. Maybe he would not care.

Second only to Jannetje’s hatred of men is her love of order. “Holidays break in upon one’s work so,” she said. This prejudice, however, did not prevent her from giving us intimations as to what gifts would be acceptable to her on Christmas day. Weeks ahead she had been telling me what a nice display of umbrellas Chapman had in his window. The hints were very subtle, however. “If the price was not so high, I would buy one. These store-keepers ought to make things cheaper. If they did, they would sell more.”

When I went into the kitchen on Christmas morning, I found her radiant. “Thank you for the umbrella. It is just what I wanted. How could you know that I wanted one? I got a load of wood this morning, too. I don’t know who gave it.”

“Perhaps your brother sent it,” I suggested.

“No, the wood-man brought it. Kase would use his own
team if he brought it at all, but he is too stingy anyway."

In the meantime the postman had been bringing new relays of gifts. Jannetje's face became sober when she saw the litter of wrapping-paper and cards on the floor of the library. "Holidays make such a mess," she ejaculated as she stooped to pick up the gay wrappings and ribbons.

The meat boy now sauntered into the newly-swept kitchen, threw the turkeys on the table with a bang, and retraced his steps to the door, leaving spots of snow in his wake. "The lazy bones," sputtered Jannetje, "he will never amount to anything." But she reached for the broom and swept the offending splotches of white out-of-doors.

Next, the ice-man disturbed her sense of neatness by leaving traces of his muddy boots upon the door-mat. "Men are no good, anyway, except to make you work," she groaned as she shook the mat. How lucky I am that I never wanted to get married."

"Have you seen anything of Mr. Smit lately?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes, he came to see me last night, but I wouldn't answer his knock. Mr. Bakker got tired of hearing him pound on the door, so he went and pushed him off the porch."

"Jannetje," I warned, "you will break his heart."

"Well, I don't care. It makes me have awful heart beatings to have him come. I hate men. There is another one at the door now, I suppose. Must I answer?" grumbled our confirmed man-hater.

I mercilessly answered "Yes," and she started for the door. Some minutes elapsed but no Jannetje. When I went to investigate, I found her on the snowy walk talking to—a man. A white-bearded man, with a long comforter wound round and round his neck, he was Christmas personified. His arms were filled with holly wreaths and mistletoe. "Some peddler," I thought; "but what has happened to Jannetje?"

Rosy and animated, she stood facing him, pulling her checkered apron about her head as a partial protection from the chilly wind. She did not see me, for she was plying the peddler with eager questions. "What church do you belong to? Where do you live now?"

"I knew you right away, Jeannetje," began the man. Just then she turned and saw me. I could not help saying, "Is this Santa Claus?"

"No, but he is my Klaus," was her significant reply.

I am afraid we are going to lose Jannetje after all.

—SORISIS, '11.

A DREAM.

Hough you may never have inhaled soot through an imitation amber handled weed-consumery in the quiet of an evening, yet you may have dreamed. Men have dreamed wonderful dreams that were not clouded by a thick atmosphere of smoke. The sweetest dreams come to the worshipper of Nature, with its own sweet incense, in its natural form.

There was a cozy parlor in a lovely home where two were dwelling. By the early twilight of winter, a fair figure sat at the piano and lightly touched the keys, while in an easy chair by the fire reclined a manly form. He gazed dreamily at the red coals of the fire. She turned presently, saw him looking so absently, and came and nestled down on the arm of his chair.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing," he replied, "I was dreaming of the long ago."

Her eyes lighted with a curious twinkle, and she begged him to tell her his dream.

"My thoughts are not a story, nor are they in beautiful language," he said. "They are boyhood thoughts, and bring me back to that time of which we remember only a few of the thousand joys we had. These thoughts flit by almost as fairy dreams; they are a dream."

"At that time my brother and I were chums. We went
to school in the little white school on the corner where the seats were high and the boys were men, where a giant master seized the tallest boy and whirled him in a vertical circle so that his very feet touched the ceiling, because the knave had pasted paper wads on the ceiling by the aid of a flexible ruler. We knew the great boy who made a steam engine that could run and who made a telegraph line along four seats. He could fight and swear the hardest. He was the school champion, and when the teacher whipped him, the school mourned, but he never shed a tear. How could he, being our hero? Did he not always make the farthest chalk-mark in reaching contests from the edge of the seat? Wasn’t his nickname ‘Tough,’ proof of his marvellous greatness?

“But our hero soon outgrew the corner school and our friendship, and no one took his place. We would not tolerate an equal as a hero. So each tried the hero clothes. My brother and I played the role in mother’s justice court. “If the verdict for crime was ‘imprisonment in the wagon shed, the heroes rejoiced. One within and the other without, explored all possible means of escape. With a spade on the outside and hands from within, a great excavation was begun at the most proper place, next the corn field. The spade, however, was soon cast aside as an unfair advantage to the free man, and hands withdrew the earth until the prisoner was free or the outside culprit a voluntary prisoner. Then the conspirators were usually found; a clean wash and clean clothes would follow, and thereupon school was a further punishment—a punishment with its joys.

“At school those who lived in the house in the corner of the large board fence, and who worked on the roadbed of the great railway being built along the north fence, were the honored few, the elite—that railway remained till two years ago. By dint of a long period of menial service and loyalty we were finally admitted to the crew and its secrets. We might walk on the roadbed without danger to life. In our house by the old broken stove relics, we learned the great state secrets. These were mostly secrets about the woods, to which expeditions were made at noon.

“In the Fall sometimes an occasional secret was added. One of the crew, one afternoon, announced under bated breath, a great discovery. There was a water melon patch in a nearby corn field—a foolish farmer had tried to avoid detection of his patch by putting it in the corn. In a few minutes the crew, laden with rich fruit, exultingly beat at the door for admission. The keeper opened it. Two guards or the unprivileged were stationed at the door without while the crew opened all the melons. They tasted them all and bore them forth. The melons were citrons. They threw their secret into the corn patch and none but the farmer ever enjoyed the laugh over it—so we supposed.

“The secrets of the wood were sacred to the few. We alone knew every secret eating-place, every bough that could hold an eating boy. We knew the birds’ nests in every tree and their contents. We knew the one thornapple tree that never had a wormy thornapple, while we laughed at the girls who came from the wood with thornapples they thought large.

“There was one mysterious place in that wood that we alone seemed ever to have penetrated. An old tree, fallen and lying across another, marked the beginning of the dark hidden trail to it. A few old crabs farther on, another old tree—an oak, then a narrow lane, and we were there. It was our sanctuary. We killed every intruder with crabapples. We told them there were adders in our sanctuary—they believed it and so did we. We were always armed with sticks. But what else was in our sanctuary? Ah! Ours was a grove of wild plum trees. They bore plums we could not eat now; plums only we, of the elite, could eat and remain alive; but they were plums, and that was more than other boys had ever discovered in that wood, so we thought—but every gang discovers that grove. As I think of it now, we didn’t eat so many of them, but kept them in our pockets with our crabapples, to show them to the jealous boys at school. We didn’t always eat the crabapples, for there was a horns’ nest
near the edge of the wood, whither we usually retired when the noon train passed at 12:30 P.M. There we could hear our ten-minute bell ring, and could employ every moment, and sometimes over-time, in finding out who could approach nearest the hornets' nest without being stung. Day after day a litter war was waged on both sides until we dislodged their nest and exulted in our victory. But the hornets, disgusted with our tactics, sent us with interesting faces across a field which late rains had softened so much that the hornets could not attack us beneath the knees.

"At school, after that, our crabapples bothered us as they lay in our pockets, and, because they tasted so well we usually ate them during session. This performance drew longing glances from the less fortunate, who, when they received any, made such grimaces that the teacher requested them to stay in at recess. We, the elite, could eat them without twitching a muscle of our faces.

"Now that the hornets were gone, we knew there still were snakes. The winter over we engaged them, for warm weather and swimming were still far off. We declared war one noon, and our first encounter was with a blue racer. It was a fight of defiance, but the boys had the advantage of numbers and took him captive in death. The house boys were famous for nearly a week after they had brought the great snake to school, but their glory was suddenly cut short by three outsiders, who triumphantly bore to school an adder, a much greater foe than the blue racer. Not until we bore on our shoulders a pole with a six-footer on it, did we regain our lost prestige. For days snake carcasses adorned the school yard in goodly numbers.

"But, wild as we were, with the first Johnny jump-up in the Spring, we forgot our crueler instincts. For then we picked flowers. To keep? No. We sometimes threw them away; sometimes let the girls beg for them, finally giving them to those who had not asked for them. However, we cared not so much for flowers as for the green onions that waxed white and green in a nearby field. The onions and radishes were ready for the early market. In those days we never dreamed of anything more than bread, butter and salt in our lunch pails. We had a corner on the early market and ate our dinner with Nature. The farmer soon learned to appreciate the extent of our devastation and a representative spent some twenty hours daily on the field watching crops grow.

"Ah! But could anyone stop our enjoyment while there were stones on the railroad tracks, and frogs in the railroad ditch, and glasses on the telegraph poles? Could anyone prevent our walking into the water with shoes on when it was warm? Neither could anyone keep us from crossing that great iron railroad bridge, near our wood, over our creek. We climbed beneath, into the network of the girders, and, walking and creeping, wormed our way to the other side. True, there was a pathway across the bridge, but that was for small boys, boys who might not dive from our piers. On the other side of the bridge we ruled the world. The creek was ours; each tree trunk and every twig was part of some one's dressing room. There, clothes became a burden. There we sported long among the fishes in the muddy little creek. There we first learned to swim across. There other once passed when we were rivaling the fishes and, in wonder saw her boys, who had always been forbidden to go in swimming, cutting capers in the water on an enticing June day, utterly oblivious of commands. And, oh! the wild strawberries"— He looked up. "But you are sleeping, aren't you?"

"No," came the soft reply, "but I was thinking of your dear mother."

—NELSON DALENBERG, '10.
CHARACTERISTICS OF ANGLO-SAXON POETRY.

Poetry is an expression of life. It portrays the character of an individual, of a race, or of a nation. If we study the poetry of the early Anglo-Saxons, we cannot fail to get an idea of the life, the habits and the characteristics of the people as a race. We cannot fail to see how vigorous they were, how fond of plundering, wasting and wandering, how rude in manners, and withal how sensitive to praise and blame, and how desirous of glory.

As the Anglo-Saxons were harsh by nature, their poems have come down to us harsh and unpolished in outward form. Both beauty and order have given way to accent and alliteration. The metrical system used was very imperfect, the number of unaccented syllables in a line varying indefinitely. There were always four accents in a line; but they could fall anywhere, provided two were in the first half and two in the last half of the line. Three of these accented syllables usually began with the same sound, and they were probably accompanied by rhythmic strokes upon the harp to produce a musical effect.

To describe the inner life of these poems we may quote W. E. Simonds: "The most striking characteristics of Anglo-Saxon poetry is the rough vigor, the intense energy of its homely but effective style. There is virile strength and power in its movement, its emphasis and its theme."

Since the race was still in its childhood its ideas were primitive, and hence it delighted most in simple stories and songs. These songs were sung by the gleeman and scop. Into them were woven the wild, uncultured natures of the people, their love for roving and ravaging, their lust for war and bloodshed. They have effectively described the cruel storms of winter and the most horrible battle scenes.

At other times they sang of the ocean, upon which they loved to roam. Their souls were stirred by its mystic power and greatness. They have termed it the "whalepath" and the "swan road." But the Anglo-Saxons were wont to take a dark view of life; and the ocean, which they loved so well, was often the cause of terror and gloom.

Occasionally, however, they looked beyond this horizon of fear, darkness and gloom, and then their poetry received a few gentle touches. With a sweet tenderness they spoke of the love for their own hearths.

If we criticize the religious poetry of the Anglo-Saxons, we would look beyond the veil of centuries. The first religious poems were decidedly pagan, for the people were yet heathen. Pancost says that in that light we can understand how they liken a man's life to a sparrow, coming from the blank darkness which walls him in to tarry but for a little while in the warmth of a lighted hall, and then vanishes again in the darkness to be lost.

After the Christianizing of England, poetry takes on a new and brighter aspect. The melancholy and dark despair of heathendom are being wiped away, and a Christian coloring is given to it. The spirit of the new faith makes itself felt. We catch its deep seriousness and its utter simplicity. Life is still somewhat grim but it is noble. There is a striving for truer living, for courage, for self-sacrifice. Underlying all the Christian poems is the breath of a new, sweet, pure life.

—SUSAN SOERENS, '12.
EXPRESSION OF SYMPATHY.

Since God, in mercy and wisdom, has called into His rest Mrs. Henry Boers, the esteemed wife of their friend and associate, Prof. Henry Boers.

The members of the Faculty of Hope College desire to express to the sad husband and son, the bereaved aged father, and the other members of the afflicted families, their deep sincere sympathy in this great affliction; and desire also to express, with the afflicted, sorrowing families, their thankfulness to God for the consolation of Christian faith, by which, even in the valley of shadows, we may all look forward to the "rest remaining" and the hour of glad reunion, with all partings past.

JOHN E. KUIZENGA,
JAMES G. SUTPHEN,

For the Faculty.

Holland, Michigan, December 1, 1909.

Whereas, a merciful God has removed from our midst by death the beloved wife of Prof. H. Boers, and the mother of our fellow-student, Rutherford Boers;

Whereas, The student body can, to some extent, appreciate what this loss means to the bereaved, and feels for them a heartfelt sympathy in their deep sorrow; therefore,

Resolved, That on behalf of the students of Hope College, the Anchor Staff hereby assure the bereaved family of the sympathy of the studentry in this great loss, and commend them to the comforting ministrations of our kind Heavenly Father;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Prof. Boers, and also that they be published in the Anchor, the Leader and De Hope.

THE ANCHOR STAFF.

Holland, Michigan, December 1, 1909.

Old Year's Twilight

'Twas Old Year's Eve; nature, despoiled
Of fragrant flower and wood-note cheer,
Bade Phoebus, riding in his golden car,
Bring garlands for the dying year.

He passed the clouds on mountain's crest
With purple cheeks and face aglow;
And twilight, like a sable veil,
Fell on the landscape decked with snow.

But Phoebus, with his magic wand
Drawn from the sunset's flood of hue,
Fashioned the clouds into a fleet
Of ships, sailing the heaven's blue.

And richly colored were these barks
With Springtime's moss and color gushes,
With blooming rose and harvest's gold,
With purple grapes and orchard blushes.

Unmoored, these purple sailed ships
Made harbor down the Western Sea,
And left behind them in the wake,
The stars as beacon-fires for me.

With Old Year's twilight comes not dark,
The stars light up the sailor's way;
The Past illumes the Future's night,
And Old Year's night brings New Year's Day.

ANTHONY LUIDENS, '12
THE PROS AND CONS OF THE HONOR SYSTEM.

Why should the students at Hope not be placed upon their honor in writing examination and quiz papers? The fact that the honor system is not employed in this college implies a startling paradox. Hope, with her scores of missionaries, ministers, and faithful laymen among her alumni, and with the overwhelming majority of professing Christians in her studentry, towers head and shoulders above the small colleges and great universities by the standard of Christian work. And still our students do not work on the honor plan. What are we to infer? Is the scheme of putting a student on his honor too high an ideal for humanity? Or is the Hope student on too low a moral plane to be able to trust his own honor or have it trusted? Or are the morals of our studentry discriminated against? If this school with its reputation for its Christian principles can not use the honor system, what school can?

The question has its arguments for and against. The present system is inadequate because many students in a quiz regard the instructor as one who distrusts them, and has to be gotten the better of, and on this ground they justify cheating. The student works as an individual without sympathy with or from his class, and any student who reports his cheating is considered (rightly, however) a baby and a "tattle." The honor system changes conditions. Under its regime the class voluntarily resolve to be honest in exams and quizzes, and to oust everyone who violates his and their common pledge. If a student cheats, he has made the offense against his class, not against his instructor, and if he does not realize it at the time, he soon will. And then, it's a man's Honor, his very self, that is in the balance. Very few people, indeed, prefer to lose their good reputation to receiving a flunk or condition. A quiz then becomes not a game requiring elusiveness and sleight of hand performances, but an ordinary written lesson in which temptation do not even occur. And further, the honor system gives an incentive to scholarship. The allotted work must be done every day, cramming dies its long-hoped-for death, and "pony-riding" is left to other professions.

But it is equally true, to state the plain fact, that some people simply have no honor. How are you going to put a man on his honor when he has none? And, in those classes where there is no cheating it is not necessary to safeguard against it. As an eye-witness the writer can say that in the upper classes for two years back there has been no attempt at dishonesty of this sort. In these few classes, therefore, the system is not needed, but at the same time there is offered a fine opportunity to test its practical working value.

The plan is reported to bring satisfactory results at Harvard. At the University of Michigan it works successfully in some classes, very unfavorably in others, depending largely on how well the import of the word Honor has been brought to bear upon the students' minds by class resolutions or faculty
instructions. The aim of education is to develop character and personal worth. Give Hope students a chance to do it in this way.


HON. CHAMP CLARK.

Hope College may quite justly boast that no other institution of its rank has surpassed it in the opportunities it has afforded its students to become acquainted with great personalities of this country. Certainly this aim of the lecture course management is most commendable. To show the student what type of men have won national or rather world-wide approval, to awaken his interest in the events and movements of the world through the men who dominate them, to furnish him the inspiration of contact with great men—these are without doubt most worthy motives. And so to the long list of celebrities who have spoken from Hope’s platform, there is added one more name and that not the least, Hon. Champ Clark of Missouri.

The subject of his lecture was “Picturesque Public Men,” a lecture, as he said, about politicians, not politics. He aimed to show that Congress was not, as is so frequently said, a collection of ignoramuses, but a body of sincere, intelligent, “aspiring and perspiring” men. He described what some of the intellectual giants of Congress had accomplished. He related anecdotes and gave elaborate illustration of the party and keen wit that distinguishes the House of Representatives. Very strong was his denunciation of those who raise the cry of “corrupt public men.” It was no credit to our nation to be represented by such men. His lecture abounds in terse epigrammatic expressions, as for instance: “A fitting quotation from the Bible goes like a bullet straight to its mark and no one dares to question it.” Mr. Clark fully realized our expectation and succeeded in giving all a pleasing and instructive lecture popular enough to be interesting to those not so closely in touch with political events, and even more interesting to those familiar with the men and the events he talked about. The Anchor congratulates the management on the success of this number.

WEEK OF PRAYER FOR COLLEGES.

Hope College students prayed for and looked for great things during the week of prayer for colleges. Their prayers and expectations were not in vain. The faith of professing Christians, who were drifting into indifference and doubt, was strengthened. Forty-two students for the first time publicly accepted Jesus Christ as the Savior and Master of their lives. But figures cannot adequately convey what this week has meant to us. The struggles in the silence of the night with sin and doubt, the peace that comes with faith, the broadened vision of our responsibilities and our opportunities, the decisions made before God and men, the consciousness of the spirit of God drawing us to Himself as to a father—all this and much more cannot be expressed by statistics. Truly, it was a great week in our lives. We shall never forget it.

SOCIETY

On Friday evening, November 26, the Cosmopolitan Society held their twentieth anniversary banquet, at Hotel Holland, in commemoration of the founding of the society. Twenty years ago the Cosmopolitan Society began its career with thirteen charter members, several of whom were present at the banquet. In spite of its small beginning and the determined accents of what he termed the “rough and tumble debater.” Every word is projected forth as if sent from a catapult, every sentence is full of meaning. His lecture abounds in terse epigrammatic expressions, as for instance: “A fitting quotation from the Bible goes like a bullet straight to its mark and no one dares to question it.” Mr. Clark fully realized our expectation and succeeded in giving all a pleasing and instructive lecture popular enough to be interesting to those not so closely in touch with political events, and even more interesting to those familiar with the men and the events he talked about. The Anchor congratulates the management on the success of this number.

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adverse circumstances under which it labored at first, it has grown to be one of the foremost societies upon Hope's campus. Its anniversary banquet, which was a glorious one, did credit to the society's splendid record of the twenty years of its existence. The affair was an elaborate one, no pains being spared to make it a worthy celebration of the important event. Numerous excellent toasts were given. Mr. Jacob Heemstra acted as toastmaster. Those of the society alumni who gave toasts were Dr. J. J. Mersen, Attorney Charles H. McBride, Henry Vander Ploeg, Arnold Mulder and William Walvoord. The other alumni who were present were George Hankamp, John Vander Schaar, John Roggen, Henry Mollema, Anthony Haverkamp, and C. Muller. In the course of the evening the society orchestra played a number of excellent selections. The singing of a new society song, composed by E. O. Schwitters, ended the festivities.

The Alumni Editor feels that there is a lack of interest among the Alumni of Hope College. Postals are being sent out every month for the purpose of securing news from our graduates; but thus far, only a very few have been sufficiently interested to answer them. Wake up, Alumni! Show that you are still interested in your Alma Mater, as she is in you. All the meetings held during the Week of Prayer were led by Hope's own men. The leaders were as follows: Mr. J. N. Trompen, "Prep." '83; Rev. M. Kolyen, '77; Rev. G. J. Heikuis, '85; Mr. H. A. Vruwink, '10; Prof. J. E. Kuizenga, '99; and Dr. G. H. Dubbink, '92.

Prof. E. Kuizenga, '99, will occupy the pulpit at Hope church every alternate Sunday until the church is supplied with a pastor.

The Theological Seminary of New Brunswick is to be represented at the Rochester convention by John M. Van Zanten, '07.

Mrs. B. Bush, Prep. '07, of New Paltz, N. Y., is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Van Drezer of Holland, Mich.

Peter Pleune, '09, and Victor Blekkink, '09, of the Theological Seminary of New Brunswick, recently visited the boys of "09" at Princeton Seminary.

ATHLETICS

Rah for Veenker! Rah for Ver Burg! Truly Hope is entering upon the greatest basket ball season of its history and the following schedule, though as yet incomplete, should make the eyes of all bulge in wonder and astonishment. The interest in the first league, which was won by Van Raalte's Ever Readies, has been drowned in the wave of enthusiasm for the first team. Never before in the history of the college has there been a better quality of players in the first and second teams, and under the careful training of Captain Veenker, the teams are showing daily improvement. And why shouldn't there be enthusiasm? In the past Hope has held her own and is now classed among the best teams in the state. It is up to the students to keep up that record and it can only be done by giving the team their hearty support. Enthusiasm is all that is wanted. Enthusiasm means support; support means money; money means a good team, and a good team means good games with the best teams to be had in the state. For some of these games the admission price may seem rather high, but remember that good teams are not to be gotten for a song. During the Christmas recess, the team will go on a tour, and more games will be played than have ever been played on our own floor in any past season. Other teams are beginning to recognize our superiority and these games must necessarily be played in order to even up. The following is the schedule for the Christmas recess:
December 23, '09—Grand Rapids Y. M. C. A.
December 27, '09—Kalamazoo.
December 28, '09—Battle Creek.
December 29, '09—Ann Arbor.
December 30, '09—Jackson.
December 31, '09—Detroit Spauldings.
January 1, '10—Rochester, N. Y.

Besides these it is possible that a half dozen more out of town games will be played, including Detroit Y. M. C. A. Hopeites might well be proud of such a schedule and the papers will be eagerly watched by all for the progress of the team. It is probable that by the time this is read, two games with Grand Rapids and one with Zeeland will have been played. The schedule for games on our own floor following the Christmas recess is as follows: 

January 14, '10—Battle Creek.
January 24, '10—Ann Arbor.
January 29, '10—Hull House, Chicago.
February 8, '10—Olivet.
February 16, '10—Notre Dame.
February 19, '10—Illinois Athletic Club.
February 23, '10—Detroit Y. M. C. A.
March 6, '10—Detroit Spauldings.
March 5, '10—Jackson.
And possibly a series of three games with Zeeland.

EXCHANGES

Crimson and Gray, Waitsburg, Wash. A most delightful bit of description is seen in the “Ringing of the Bells,” so solemn, so sweet.

The College World (Adrian, Mich.) The article, “Thackeray and Dickens,” gleams with the touch of the artist and student of English literature. It shows extensive reading, thorough digestion and sympathetic appreciation.

College Chips (Decorah, Ia.) this month surpasses her usual excellent standard. The tribute to John A. Johnson shows the deepest appreciation of a great and noble life—a life “fair as a star when only one is shining in the sky.”

Prep. Herald (Keyser, W. Va.) The essay on “Attributes of a Gentleman” shows a wise and thorough examiner. The ancient and modern gentleman are very discreetly delineated.

We hail the “Cooper Courier, Sterling Kansas” as one of our neatest and most charming exchanges. “The Cooper man” is very well balanced, and surely in the “toil and fray” beneath “a Southern sky” the honest workman, not needing to be ashamed, will appear. The ode to Thanksgiving reveals how “Verse may build a princely throne on humble truth.”

LOCALS

Chronicles of a Sophomore.

At the Sophomore party at Prof. Yntema’s, in responding to a toast, this Sophomore said: “Inasmuch as I never allow myself to be seen with a girl.” Whereupon one Sophomore said under his breath: “Alice, Where art thou?” And another added: “Oh, don’t you remember Sweet Alice, Ben—”

There are embryo captains of finance on the campus. One of them tried to sell a new little “D” a ticket to the week of prayer.

Stronks—“Van Dyke, how can you tell a bad egg?”
Van Dyke (who is a grocer) — “I usually don’t, if I can help it.”
Stronks—“Well, how can you?”
Van Dyke—“Well, if I have anything to tell a bad egg, I always try to break it very gently.”

Mae De Pree quoted thoughtfully: “Some books are to be digested, some are to be swallowed whole, and some are to be—chewed.” And she looked at the corners of her chemistry text.

One of Hope’s alumnas who teaches in the city gets track of things like this sometimes: A little pupil of hers said to
his mother, “Mamma, how many turnips in a bushel?” “I don’t know, George. Why?” “’Cause we’ve got to have it for a test in music tomorrow.” The puzzled parent telephoned Miss Warnshuis, who explained that the question was “How many beats in a measure?”

A lady, while crossing a chasm,  
Got frightened and had a bad spasm.  
She said, “I will go  
Where chasms don’t grow,  
For I don’t like the country that has’m.”

Te Paske: “I enjoyed the lecture on “Silas Marner,” but I would have preferred “The Mill on the Floss.”

“Hi, Stegy, how’s your foot?”  
H. Stegeman: “Oh, I can’t kick.”  
Mother—“Why, Bobby, what do you mean by making baby eat that yeast cake?”  
Bobby—“Boo-hoo. He swallowed my fifty-cent piece and I’m trying to raise the dough.”

“Say, doctor, what are the prettiest colors of the rainbow?”  
Doc.—“Orange and blue, my boy; orange and blue.”

Vis to Van Der Laan after the big spread at the Rest.—“That lobster didn’t make you sick, did it?”  
Van.—“No; why?”  
Vis.—“Oh, I was just wondering whether two of a kind could poison each other.”

Prof. Patterson (calling the roll)—“Van Houweling.”  
Van (in a very hoarse voice)—“Present.”  
Prof.—“Are you trying to make your voice suit your name?”

Schwitters says it is two miles and a lap to his girl’s house.

Te Paske: “I would rather have a piece of pork than a lobster.”

Verburg—“How about Flossie?”

Silverheels—“I haven’t the cheek to kiss you.”

Queenie Ossewarde—“Use mine.”

It takes a clever oculist to cure an egotist of his I trouble.—Ex.

Prof. Wichers, in “C” class Biology, to Houloose—“Can you prove that the cerebellum governs the muscles in walking?”

Houloose—“Take it out and then you won’t walk.”

A quotation from the new poet, Richardus Bergensis:

“I may live without poetry, music and art,  
I may live without a conscience, and live without a heart;  
I may live without a friend, I may live without a book,  
But as a civilized man I can’t live without a cook.”

Arie Te Paske has invested in a season ticket for Zeeland.

The local editors have a great deal more of poetry, prose and rubbish on the immortals, Te Paske, Vander Laan and Bennink, but space forbids publication this month.

**SCARLET FEVER SCARE.**

School closed Monday, December 6, upon advice of Dr. Boot—city health officer. Though only a score of cases from all over the city had been reported, it was deemed advisable to run no risk, and at once commence Christmas vacation until January 4, 1910. Dormitory girls remained quarantined, but were permitted to leave for home two days after.

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