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Thou canst not fail to bring
some joy to e'en the saddest here;
For now we seem on Bethlehem's
hills to hear the glad refrain—

“Peace, peace on earth, good-will
to men,” sung by the angel train.
And as the echoes of their song
down through the ages roll,
O may the blessèd Christ-child
come to every burdened soul,—

To all the weary, sinful world
such peace and joy impart
That Christmas-tide may
dwell for age in every human heart.

Dorothy Pieters, '15

A CHRISTMAS EVE EPISODE.
(Based Largely on Fact.)

T IS the night before Christmas. That is the way in which all Christmas stories begin. The boat is ready to start. A long, deep, dull whistle is heard—the signal for departure. The gangplank is about to be drawn in. But just then the first mate swings a little boy aboard—a very tiny boy; right after the boy comes an old, worn-out suit-case, which has
really seen better days; and then to complete the trio, the little boy's mother appears. Is there anything about this woman that characterizes her especially? Nothing particularly, except that she is small—a distinguishing feature of many of our good mothers,—with dark-blue eyes, a pale face, and a cheery smile which wins people everywhere.

The boy and his mother, after purchasing their tickets, were shown into the small cabin. This cabin was smaller than most cabins are on the boats which traverse our Great Lakes, since navigation had closed and only an occasional freighter crossed over from Grand Haven to Milwaukee. When I describe this cabin as small I do not mean to say that there was no more room for this little boy and his mother, but that the passengers, such as they were, would have preferred that no other additions should be made to their number.

On the one side of the cabin stood three chairs, and they were occupied as follows: First, a middle-aged lady—one of the type of old-maid aunts that you all know. She was travelling for her health, and often suffered from severe headaches. No wonder then that she drew the corners of her mouth down, and wished, hoped, and prayed that the little fellow would not disturb her during the night, as her sister Ethel's children had so often done during the past week.

Second, an old gentleman with a snow-white beard, at whom the little chap pointed with glee, exclaiming: "O muvver, see that funny man with flour in his beard!" At this the gentleman looked up with a frown and wished that people would leave their children home when they traveled.

Third, a young man, neatly yet not extravagantly dressed, a student who was going home to spend his Christmas with the "folks." By the way in which he smiled when the little fellow made the remark about the gentleman sitting beside him, one could see that at heart he enjoyed it. But to think that all the world must know that at some time he had been a little boy also, was something that he especially detested. There is a time, as you know, in a young man's life, when it is bitter agony to acknowledge that childhood is the common lot of us all. The student had just entered that age in life. No wonder, then, that he scowled upon the lively child.

On the other side of the cabin were four chairs. In one of these sat a motherly-looking lady, and in the chair adjoining hers sat her daughter, a girl of about fourteen years of age. The remaining two chairs were taken by the little boy and his mother. They were hardly seated when the little fellow suddenly sprang up, and said, "Muvver, muvver, sister is here too." At this sudden outburst of childish glee the mother of the prim young lady fairly glared at the boy. To think that this little chap with the dirty, chubby hands, dared to claim her daughter as his sister. But the little fellow did not seem to care in the least for the cold look which he received in reply to his remark, and, turning to the old gentleman with the white beard, he said, "Don't you think grandma will be glad to see us?" No reply.

Nothing daunted, the little fellow again attempted to start up a conversation. "Don't you all like to cross the lake? I do because I am going to see my uncles and aunties," he said, looking from one to the other—still hoping for a reply.

"Be quiet, my boy, be quiet," said the mother gently as she patted her "laddie's" cheek. "Here is some candy for you. Do promise mother that you will be quiet now. People do not like to have you talk."

Quick as a flash the little fellow was out of his chair. With a cry of delight he dug his little fist into the bag of candy, and before anyone knew just what had happened, each had received his share of the contents.

And who of the passengers could resist the spirit in which this was done? "The gift without the giver is bare" we often say. One by one the travelers took the child upon their knees, and each one of them had something for him. Last of all came the student's turn. What did he have? Nothing except a pair of strong arms, and with these he took the little fellow up tenderly—and before long the little one was in Dreamland.

Ten o'clock came, the time for all to retire. The tired, little mother attempted to take the little fellow up, but found herself gently pushed aside—and then the student proudly followed the mother to her stateroom, bearing the little fellow in his arms.

That night the student slept lightly. He had not expected to learn a lesson on his way home, but he had. Sometimes he dreamt of his only little sister, and then again he was out doing
practice-work in one of the schools of his college town, and
wondering how he might win and teach "those kids." Christ-
mas Eve had brought him a priceless gift—love for little
children.

LOLETA.

The woman standing at the kitchen sink paused a
moment in wringing out her dishcloth and let
her eyes rest lovingly upon the unopened letter
with its delicate schoolgirl handwriting, and
sighed wistfully. How she missed the bright,
charming daughter whose merry laughter light-
ened all her burdens. For there never had been a time,
reflected the mother with a tender smile, when Loleta had not
been bubbling over with life and happiness. And when love
came to her first, Loleta had responded with all the force
of her nature and quivered to the tips of her fingers with super-
abundance of happiness and joy, so that sometimes her mother
had watched her with half-fearful anxiety and sighed for what
might come. And something had come—disappointment and
bitter disillusionment. He had gone, left suddenly, without
warning or explanation, and Loleta had locked her feelings
within her heart and was silent, but the smile had faded from
her lips, the spring had gone from her step, and the laughter
from her eye. Grave, cold, and quiet, she did her daily tasks
mechanically. All her mother's sympathy and understanding
love met no response; only sometimes there sprang to the dark
eyes a look of agony that wrung the mother's heart. Baffled,
she had persuaded the girl to visit in the country, and had
waited anxiously for news. She finished the dishes in feverish
haste, then, wiping her hands, she picked up the letter and
carried it to her room. Sitting down near the open window,
where the breeze came up warm and dusty from the crowded
street, she slit the envelope with fingers that trembled slightly,
and read:

"Dear Mother:—This is such a beautiful place! I do not
think I can ever forget it, dear,—I love it so. Not at first,
mother,—at first I wondered that things dared look so green
and beautiful and that they could. I could not see how the
little brook wanted to glide so cheerily along the banks,
and when it rippled over stones and bubbles as if it were pleased to
do it so easily, I felt as if I should scream. And the roses!
Such wonderfully beautiful roses—that once I should have
thought that one such an exquisitely lovely thing in its per-
fec-tion would make a whole world beautiful. And when I
came here first I only remembered how ruthlessly folks pluck
them and how often they are crushed and killed to satisfy a
human craving for a sweet perfume, and I marvelled that they
had the heart to blossom so. And in the quiet nights the stars
twinkled so brightly that when I stood beneath them, with
my throat choked and heart aching, I almost believed they
understood my pain, but they sparkled on and left me with
the old ache and the intense longing for Bob! For, oh, mother,
I did love him, and I do,—I do! How could he hurt me so?
And I want him now with all my heart, just as I have wanted
him all the time, even though he was wrong and cruel; but I
did not let any one see, not even you, mother dear, because I
am too proud and I thought I could not endure to have any one
pity me. But I suffered just the same. When I walked the
quiet fields, sometimes I thought I'd give years of my life to
know that he was true! But even with the pain, I did not
once wish it had never all happened, and that I had never
known love, for that was sweet as the agony is bitter. But if
only someone, something could have understood! Then it
would not be so hard. But I have searched, and sought, and
all in vain. Once I thought the elm tree would feel for me,
the beautiful, spreading tree that whispers nothing but gentle-
ness and peace and comfort, and one day I laid my head against
the trunk, and thought I would sob all the bitterness out there
where no one would see, but the tears did not come, and by
and by I grew quiet again, but I was so tired I think it must
have been just weariness, for the old ache was still there.

"Oh, mother, they were so hard, those days, when every
hour was an emptiness, and every breath a sigh for him! And
every morning when I arose, I just clenched my fingers tight
and prayed, "Just strength enough to control my longing
through this day," and every evening I murmured, "One more
day gone." I did not think a mortal could ever be so glad that
another day had slipped from life. It was not that I did not try, dear, to forget and be happy. I did try!

"There is a bird around here,—they call it a Bob White, I believe,—and every morning I hear it sing, and to me it always seems to say, 'Is it all right—all right?' and it sings so tenderly and brightly and yet with such sweet persuasiveness and persistence that often I have tried in my heart to say, 'It's all wrong!' and sometimes I did say it, but then there would come surging back all the pain, and I couldn't help crying, 'It's all wrong!'

"That was before the storm came, but now,—I'm so thankful, mother,—but I am going to tell you about that now. It was last Sunday and I was sitting on the porch just watching the wind ripple over the grain, chasing the shadows swiftly across the waving tips, when suddenly the sky darkened, the wind rushed with a greater force, and the grain bent to the ground, while the elms tossed their branches as if they longed to escape and could not. I watched fascinated—it was all so beautiful and strange, mother. Then the wind died as suddenly as it rose. Away off in the distance hung a delicate gray mist, and then came a faint sound, a far off swishing that told the rain was coming. The noise increased, the mist came nearer, the trees stirred, then there was a long hushed moment, when it seemed as if everything bent to receive the storm, and the rain was on us with a rush. The lightning came, too, and the thunder—blinding flashes and deafening reports. And, oh, mother, it was so fine, so awful, so thrilling,—and in those weird flashes of lightning I saw everything clearly and differently. It came to me all suddenly, surging over me like a flood, that there were things that were more to be desired than happiness, and that the greatest thing was to fill the place in this beautiful world of the Master's that He has chosen for us, whether it brings happiness or not. It is just as you told me, mother, only I did not realize before. Now I think the discipline of suffering may be good for me. Then, I just prayed, dear, there in the storm and the rain, that I might be willing to suffer, and the storm died away and I grew so quietly, strangely happy there, that I ran out to the elm tree and laid my face against the trunk—and it understood, I am sure! Then the sun came out, and the birds; oh mother, you can never in all your life imagine the sweetness of the symphony they poured forth. It was a hallelujah chorus, and it brought the tears to my eyes. I have heard beautiful music before, but nothing so inspiring, so thrilling, so wondrously sweet as this.

"And now, dear, I'm happy. It is not that I do not long for him, but the sharp pain is gone, and the bitterness, and I'm willing to let the Master take care of my life. And if He chooses to let me suffer a little, ah, dear, I think I will bear it gratefully, because He sends it understandingly. And now I'm coming back to you. I'm so anxious——

"Oh, mother, what a beautiful, beautiful world to live in! How happy we are! Just when I was willing to give it up! It seems as if I shall die with joy! To have it all come back! I'm crying so I can hardly write—tears of joy, mother. Bob has come! Just when I was writing to you. And it's all a mistake,—he was sent for, he left a note, it wasn't delivered,—he has been ill, and couldn't write. Oh, we are all so happy! Bob says we are coming home tomorrow.

Your happy child, Loleta.
HELENE DE MAAGD, '13.

A DREAM TRAGEDY.
(A Detective Story.)

In a conversation with an old friend, a graduate of Overton Tech., on the wonders of abnormal psychology, he told me a most peculiar story which I shall endeavor to set forth, trying to retain as much as possible the original details of the narrative.

John Saunders was one of those unfortunate people whose coming to college from no one knows where, brings with it an air of mystery. Of medium height, with dark hair and well-formed, handsome face, and an easy, graceful carriage, he had attracted instant attention when he appeared at Overton for enrollment. He had been much sought after by all the campus fraternities, but had accepted none of the invitations. He made no friendships among the students, and while never
indifferent to any who approached, he made no advances. So it was that his appearances in college society grew more and more infrequent until finally he was left undisturbed. If he ever was made the subject of remark, it was no longer his accomplishments or attractiveness that were spoken of. Rather random words were passed concerning the strange note in his voice or the gleam in his dark eyes. And so the air of mystery deepened, until the unknown Freshman was generally looked upon with doubt and suspicion.

Saunders had gone quietly on with his work in the course in mining engineering in which he had entered, completely ignoring the shy glances of his fellows. During the first term of work a friendly intimacy had come to exist between the student and his instructor in rock analysis, and the two were often seen to go on private excursions into the hills in search of geological specimens. While the young student had made no friends among his classmates, he had apparently discovered in his instructor a congenial spirit.

One day, toward the end of the year, the president of Overton Tech. was visited in his office by a man who said he was looking for a young fellow, by the name of Saunders—a brother, he explained—whom he had traced through many states to this college. The president sent a note to Saunders, and while he waited for an answer, studied the appearance of his visitor. He noticed a likeness to Saunders which gradually grew into a distinct resemblance, complete in every respect except for a livid scar over one ear.

Saunders came in answer to the president’s message, and as he entered the room the visitor rose and advanced to meet him. Saunders, however, stopped suddenly and made several vain attempts to speak. Finally the older man gave a low chuckle and said:

“You might give your brother a paddy, Jack.”

The other finally controlled himself and said brokenly:

“You, Jim? I thought you were dead. I left you for dead that night, three years ago, when Old Bill cracked you over the ear with that iron pin in the Rocky Creek Hotel.”

“It takes more than a stake to lay me out, Jack. I dropped all right, but I woke up after a little, and when I found that you had finished Old Bill and skipped the district, I lit out too, and have been trying to locate you all this time.”

Busily exchanging reminiscences, the brothers left the president’s room, while the latter, astonished into silence by the strange story, had remained unnoticed. Next morning the story of the reunion of the two Saunders brothers sifted out, very much distorted—as such stories usually are. Rumor was added to rumor, until at last the belief was prevalent that Saunders had a visitor whom he had once attempted to kill. After a few days the interest in the affair subsided, while the reunited brothers lived together in the younger man’s rooms.

One morning, however, the excitement was renewed and grew to such proportions that whole classes failed to report for recitations. Everywhere groups of students stood talking wildly. Out of the confusion it was learned that the elder Saunders had been found dead in his brother’s room, strangled, while young Saunders was not to be found. The theories of the crime which appeared on the spur of the moment need not be mentioned. It can easily be imagined what the popular trend of mind was as to the author of the crime. It developed later that young Saunders had gone early in the morning to the rooms of his friend, Professor Winslow. Upon his arrival there he had aroused the instructor and had told him of his awaking early in the morning and finding his brother dead by the side of his bed. He made repeated avowals of innocence, although acknowledging that he had heard no one enter the room nor heard any struggle. Seeing the darkness of his prospects of acquittal of the crime he expressed his intention to leave immediately, before the tragedy should be discovered. Only with difficulty did his friend compel him to remain, assuring him that his innocence would surely be proved.

As the investigations proceeded, and each possible clue was run to earth, the case began to look very dark, indeed, for Saunders. The president remembered only enough of the interview in his office a few weeks before, to share in the general belief of the story that had been circulated. No stranger had been seen in the little college town for some days before the tragedy, who could not be accounted for. No one living near Saunders had heard any suspicious noises, yet the body of the dead man had shown all the marks of strangling—the finger prints had been seen on his throat, and above all, the
old suspicions and rumors kept repeating themselves. Even Winslow began to despair, although firmly convinced of the innocence of his young friend. But one morning he was suddenly possessed of an idea that set him immediately to writing notes to several of the faculty of the school, asking them to be present in Saunders’ room at eight o’clock the next evening.

As all of the men who had been summoned gathered in Saunders’ room at the appointed time, they found Saunders leaning dejectedly back in his chair. Near him stood Winslow and an elderly man whom Winslow introduced as a doctor from a neighboring city. As the group grew quiet the doctor arose, walked to Saunders’ chair, and commenced to bring him under hypnotic influence. Slowly the patient’s muscles relaxed and he passed off into an apparent sleep, in reality a hypnotic trance. Then the doctor commenced in low, even tones to repeat the words, “You are in your room. It is ten o’clock. It is the night of the 17th” (the night of the tragedy). After several repetitions of this he asked, “Where are you? What time is it?” Very distinctly and to the doctor’s apparent satisfaction, came back the answer, “It is ten o’clock. I am in my room. It is the night Jim died.” Then the conversation between hypnotizer and hypnotic continued as follows:

“Very well. It is ten o’clock. You have lived through the tragedy. You have the solution of the problem. By the strange phenomena of hypnotism we have succeeded in causing the young man to live over again the events that took place on the evening of his brother’s death. On that night, troubled with a headache, he retired early and dreamed over the mountain scene of three years ago. The accidental brushing of his foot gave the final suggestion, and in his dream he attacked his brother, believing him to be the character before him in the dream. Gentlemen, it is one of the saddest things possible to unwittingly kill one we would give our lives to protect.”


IMITATIONS OF BACONIAN STYLE.

Of Athletics.

A sound mind in a sound body is the greatest boon that Nature bestows on any man. Without a sound body a man is crippled, and he cannot give to the world the best that he hath. It is the imperative right and privilege of everyone to strengthen his body and make it robust, so that it may be the fit temple of the soul and of the intellect. To this end athletics tend; by the various exercises included in all sports every part of the body is brought into play and fully developed.

To one who becomes interested in these sports they are a perpetual source of delight. Indeed, such is the fascination for some that they would spend all of their hours in the pursuit of such games. Especially is this true of some College Students who are filled with an ambition to shine brilliantly in the intellectual world but believe they cannot without a perfect physique, therefore put all of their valuable time into football, tennis, and the like, with only occasional spasmodic periods for study. Thus even the best of things can make a man slothful, even as too much study for mere delight is sloth.

Ignorant men condemn athletics altogether; others, likewise foolish, prize them more highly than aught else; but the wise man is he who makes use of them moderately and to the best advantage.

Lastly, the words of the wise king fitly say to us: “Rejoice, O young man, in thy strength, and be glad in thy
youth, but know that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

JEANNETTE VANDERVELDE, '14.

Of Athletics.

Athletics, like studies, serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in quiet, solitary exercising; for ornament, is in gymnastic exhibitions; and for ability, is in the development and utilization of all the muscles of the body.

A man has a decided advantage in the world if he be athletically inclined. Many an one has gained entrance into a college or university simply on account of his athletic ability, and it is well known that in no small number of colleges and universities a man's athletic ability is regarded as more important than his knowledge of studies.

It cannot be argued that athletics, if properly carried on, do not make a man's brain more clear and perceptive, his wit sharper, and his whole life brighter. For athletics require a great amount of brain power as well as bodily energy, and one's brain must needs be freed from the daily cares of his life; and it has been proved that athletics are by far the best diversion.

So, if a man's brain needs a dusting out of the cobwebs, if his wit needs sharpening, if he wishes to enjoy life and be strong, let him engage in some sort of athletics. If he needs to learn pluck and perseverance, let him take to running; if he have not a great amount of endurance, let him play basketball; if he wishes to learn to live through the buffets and cares of this world, let him play football. So every care and shortcoming of man's life may be somewhat overcome by athletics.

JOHN W. FLIGHT, '14.

Of Woman's Rights.

He who seeks to discourse upon the rights which a woman should possess, hath entered upon a much contested field. Man seeth the veil of ignorance taken from the eyes of woman; he doth see her stand forth in all her glorious powers, like a mighty eagle about to fly from the mountain-tops; and he becometh afraid for his position. He saith in his fear, "Must woman be first? Must she become, in the words of the Latin poet, 'Dux facta'?

Truly, man knoweth woman not. In her mind there is no thought of equaling or outstripping man. She knoweth her sphere, she still wisheth for man's protection,—but she demandeth the right of protecting self, if her lord and master abuseth his power. Let man not take a stand upon the ancient way, attempting to draw woman back to the darkness, for she hath gained the right of thought, speech, and action. Let him gain in sweetness and moral elevation; she, in mental breadth and larger mind; till, in the words of the great Victorian poet—"At last she set herself to man
Like perfect music unto noble words,
And so these twain upon the skirts of time
Sit side by side, full summed in all their power."

CORNELIA BOUMA, '14.

Of College Literary Societies.

College literary societies serve for instruction, for pleasure, and for sociability. Their chief uses for instruction are in the literary part of their program, and in learning how to conduct a meeting according to parliamentary law; for pleasure, are in the other parts of the program and in the feeling that you have a place in the society; and for sociability, in getting easily and more intimately acquainted with the other members, and in attending the parties and picnics.

To spend too much time thinking and talking of your society is sloth; to use it too much for pleasure is foolish; and to think that yours is the only literary society worth joining is narrowness.

Foolish men condemn literary societies, sensible men admire them, but wise men join them; for it can readily be seen that they do a great deal of good, both as a means of making the student more interested in his college, and as an advertisement for it.

Literary societies help to broaden men, for in the discus-
sions that naturally come up in the meetings, they offer a very good opportunity of hearing other people's opinions, and thus to find out that there are others who have ideas quite as good as our own.

So, if a student wishes to be a good all-around college man, it is necessary for him to join a college literary society, for he will derive good from it in an instructive way not only, but also in the attitude created by its social gatherings.

HELEN PIETERS, '14.

The Fair Child

Ah child, what early dawn did find thee, plucking dewy violets for thine eyes, And made the sunbeams love thy hair, and fill it with their own bright dyes?

Tell me, did'st thou practice from the graceful swaying of the river reed? And oh, thy airy step; when did'st thou steal the motion of the bird's low flight across the mead?

Is there a thrush within thy throat, that thrills so clear and high? With what great price in gems and gold, did'st thou thy dainty graces buy?

Could not the rose retain its lovely tint, but lent its bloom upon thy cheek? And did'st thou from among the lilies thine arm's fair whiteness seek?

Is thine heart glad, that makes thy lips to ever curve in smiles? And art thou always ready with thine entrancing wiles?

Ah child, thou liest close to nature, her own fair child thou art, Bloom midst her flowers, smile with her streams, for nature's beauty lies within thy heart.

Janet Oltmans, '14
reckless mismanagement. Many a student is in need of a sound business training, which will impress upon his mind a proper conception of the use and value of money. A hard-headed business man is a good instructor in business economy. As an employer he will perhaps reprimand his employe for cutting a string that could be untied and used again. To come in contact with such business men is good for the student; it develops a phase of his character which must not be slighted.

Student organizations annually transact a tremendous amount of business with the merchants of this city. It is highly proper to pay all bills promptly, but it is exceedingly unbusinesslike to pay no attention to them for an indefinite length of time—and this, because of mismanagement, sometimes occurs.

What holds true of our organizations, applies with equal force to the individual student. Contracting debts is a very evil habit to fall into, especially for young people. In most cases it is not necessary. We do not condemn the student who sometimes contracts debts and pays at his very earliest convenience, but we in particular censure that individual who neglects to discharge his financial obligations. That student is bringing a reproach upon the whole student body and the college, and it is against this that we emphatically protest. There are students who have debts of long standing at the local stores, and notwithstanding this fact these same students foolishly spend many a dollar for needless luxuries of every kind. Can such acts be justified? Is it fair to the merchant, who himself must meet all bills promptly? Of course the business man's opinion of such students is deservedly not very high. The best policy is to be free from all accounts, and this is nearly always possible for those who will to have it so, but, fellow-student, if it is absolutely necessary to incur debts, settle up as soon as your check comes in. Scholarship is very desirable, but business sense is not to be despised. The best scholars are sometimes absolutely ignorant of the first essentials of business methods, but this is by no means a credit to them. Let us have scholarships together with a goody amount of sound business sense. This century demands it. C. D.

The holidays are near. How shall we spend them? Some of us are already counting the days, anticipating the moment of boarding the train en route to "Home, sweet Home," where Christmas and New Year's will be peculiarly happy because loved ones help us to enjoy them. But there are others who will be a bit lonely on those days. How they would like to receive a gift from sister's hand, or taste the dainties that mother makes. But home is too distant, and to spend the holidays there is impossible. To such students the homes of friends may offer pleasant welcome. Still others will visit with college chums, to see how they celebrate the feast-days. Wherever we are, may the holidays bring us peace and jollity. But they should do more; they should teach us a little of the spirit of "otherdom." When these days come, let us try to make the world about us glad, and then we shall be happy, too.

Give us more poems—we need them badly. We feel that The Anchor is weak in its lack of poetry. We do not believe that the practical age of today is too matter-of-fact or too strenuous for the poetical spirit, nor that the grind and rush of modern college life should drown out the wooings of the Muse. Many of the students can write a little poetry if they try. Why do not these seek diversion from the prosaic daily program by writing out a few stanzas for the college paper? If they are modest about presenting their work, the Anchor Box is ready to receive it. Other available material has come to us through that medium.

To whom it may concern: Athlete, are you consistent? You claim that you go into sports for the physical good that you receive from them. As an athlete, you are after a strong body. Why, then, as soon as the games are over, do you proceed to abuse what body you have with the fumes of Velvet or Duke's? Maybe athletics have intoxicated you with the desire for popularity and the name of "sport", but you can be popular enough and "sport" enough without consuming the weed. Of course, others besides athletes smoke, but the smoking athlete provokes the question: "Is he in the game for his own genuine good, or merely for fun and popularity?" If the
latter is the case, then, so far as he is concerned, athletics have little to justify their existence. Is this a logical proposition?

The Mission Study Rally.

The annual Mission Study Rally took place on Tuesday night, October 17th. The company of young men and women was addressed by Dr. Blekkinck and Dr. Vennema, both of whom brought home the importance of mission study very strongly. They are both deeply interested in the missionary issue, and their advice is worth following. Although not an overwhelming number enrolled in the classes, splendid results may be expected if all those who began the work will stick to it to the end. The classes are of such a size that the teachers can conduct them with little difficulty, and come into close contact with each individual. The courses offered are:

"The Decisive Hour of Christian Missions."—Mott.
Leader for men, A. Luidens; for women, Miss Martin.
Leader, S. T. Fortune.
"The Unoccupied Mission Fields of Africa and Asia."—Zwemer.
Leader, H. V. E. Stegeman.
"South America; Its Missionary Problems."—Neely.
Leader, B. Van Zyl.
"Servants of the King."—Speer.
Leader for men, O. G. Droppers; for women, Miss Minnie Beld.
Leader, J. Bennink.

The First Lecture.

The Lecture Course opened most successfully on the night of November 6th, when Adrian M. Newens, who came as a substitute for Captain Jack Crawford, delighted us with his rendering of "A Message from Mars." This is a modern play containing a splendid social lesson, the duty of altruism. It shows how the selfish multi-millionaire, Horace Parker, becomes a benefactor of his kind, as a result of a visit from an inhabitant of Mars. At first he is selfishness incarnate, but "Marsie" shows him his brutality and his low standing among those who know him, and by peculiar methods causes him to help the distressed whom he meets. All this happens in a dream, but when he awakes, Parker really opens his house to the unfortunate. Though the play is unique in character and contains several dramatic personae, Mr. Newens delivered it very skillfully. He impressed us as an artist. If the other numbers of the Lecture Course prove as good as this first one, the management will deserve warm congratulations.

The Week of Prayer.

The Week of Prayer was observed from November 12th to November 17th. The students had been quietly preparing for it, and the meetings were carried on smoothly and effectively. There was no compulsion or emotion. Evening prayer circles were held in various places. Twenty or more students showed a desire to follow Christ. This was the visible result, but the full benefits of the week are perhaps much greater than we think. It is especially hoped that the religious spirit exhibited during this week may continue and work powerfully through the coming months. The program of the meetings was as follows:

SUNDAY—"The Condition on which the Week of Prayer will be a Success (Consecration Meeting)—Prof. J. E. Kuizenga.

MONDAY—"Jesus Christ—the Way, the Truth, and the Life"—Rev. A. Van den Berg.

TUESDAY—"What Does It Mean to Follow Christ?"—Dr. E. J. Blekkinck.

WEDNESDAY—"The Companionship of Christ"—Mr. A. Luidens.

THURSDAY—(Decision Day)) "The Value of Decision"—Rev. G. Hondelink.

FRIDAY—"How Has the Week of Prayer Influenced Me?"—Rev. H. J. Veldman.
Dr. Winfield S. Hall.

On November 17th, Holland was privileged to hear Dr. Winfield S. Hall of Northwestern University, Chicago, who is an authority on Sexual Hygiene. In the afternoon Dr. Hall addressed the young ladies of the college and the High school, and in the evening the Gymnasium was well filled with men students, besides men and boys from Holland, Zeeland, Saugatuck, and Douglas. The lectures were free and highly appreciated. Dr. Hall speaks simply and frankly, and back of his words one can see a noble purpose.

Mr. Walter TenPas, '10, and Miss Irene Garside were married on September 25th. The bride is a graduate of the High school at Sheboygan, Wisconsin. Mr. TenPas is now teaching in Pleasant Prairie Academy. The Anchor extends heartiest congratulations.

On October 26th a son was born to Rev. and Mrs. T. W. Muilenberg, the former of the class of '89. Rev. S. F. Riepma, '00, was also gladdened by the birth of a son on November 7th. Doubtless these are valuable additions to the prospective studentry of Hope College.

Mrs. Garret Hondelink, '03, was one of the speakers at the Women's Missionary Conferences held at Holland, Chicago, and Pella.

The congregations at Ustick, Illinois, and Byron Center, Michigan, of which Rev. Z. Roetman, '05, and Rev. William Walvoord, '08, are respectively pastors, have recently dedicated new churches.

Rev. H. Dykhuizen, '95, has accepted a call to Albany, N. Y. Rev. George Korteling, '01, becomes pastor of the Presbyterian church at Creston, Iowa. Rev. J. P. Winter, '91, is to be stationed at Fairview, Illinois.

Mr. Henry Vruwink, '10, who is now attending the New Brunswick Seminary, is acting as secretary for the Young Men's Christian Association at Rutgers College.

Mr. James Weurding, '11, visited school on November 15.

Mr. John D. Dykstra, Prep. '07, is holding the position of principal of the High school in Bellevue, Michigan.

THE ANCHOR

Class Functions.

The evening of the 1st of November was devoted by the "B" class to a Hallowe'en party in the Literary Rooms. The hall was appropriately decorated with jack-o'-lanterns, black cats, and witches.

The same evening was spent by the "C" class in the reception room of Van Raalte Hall. The class was out in full force, and enjoyed a pleasant time.

The class of 1913 enjoyed a hay-rack ride down the Zeeland road to the home of Mr. Gebhard Stegeman on Thursday evening, October 26th. Each member of the class enjoyed himself to the fullest extent.

Miss Wilma Oxner delightfully entertained a party of her Freshman friends on Monday evening, October 30th.

The evening of November 3rd will long be remembered by certain Hope College men, for on that night they were initiated into the mysteries of the Fraternal Society. After this most interesting phase of the program had been finished, the evening was spent socially. A bounteous spread was enjoyed, assuring the new men that the society which they had just joined was worthy of their support.
The Ladies' Literary Society entertained the young ladies of Hope College on the afternoon of Tuesday, October 31st. After an address by Mrs. De Merrel, the president of the society, an extremely instructive and interesting program on the legends of the Eddas was given. When the program was finished, a social hour was spent, during which delicious refreshments were served. The young ladies of the college heartily thank the Ladies' Literary Society for the kindly interest they have shown them.

A Hallowe'en counter was established by the Sorosis Society on Friday evening, November 3rd. After the society meetings, a great number of students enjoyed the candy, pie, and coffee served by the girls.

The Delphi Society held a "Broodje" sale in Van Raalte Hall on Thursday, November 9th, between the second and third class periods.

Saturday evening, November 11th, the members of the Knickerbocker Society were entertained by Mrs. Durfee and the young ladies in Voorhees Hall.

The Choral Union has reorganized under the leadership of Mr. Campbell. An exceptionally strong chorus this year promises to give Mendelssohn's "Elijah" as it has never been given before in the history of the Union.

With the help of Dr. Brush, the men in the German department have organized a "Deutsche Gesellschaft." Their first meeting was an enthusiastic one, and it seems that the society will be a success.

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**Exchanges**

The Kalamazoo *College Index* for October offers us a detailed account of the changes in the faculty. Pursuant to this they give us a short biographical sketch of the retiring and the incoming members. These articles, we think, show an exceedingly appreciative attitude on the part of the studentry. It is needless to say that harmony between teacher and student is essential to the welfare of any college. In this we are assured that Kalamazoo has not been and will not be deficient.

An exquisite lyric appears in *The Argus*, entitled "Autumn Evening." *Argus*, you never lack meritorious essays, poems, and stories, nor are you found wanting in brisk news items.

But we do not approve of your policy in respect to exchanges. Of course, "de gustibus non disputandum," but do you not think that it would be better to let others know what you like or dislike in the college journals that you receive?

**Cue:** Our anticipations are pleasant as we open your pages. Your jokes entitled "Cueisms" are aptly so-called, for we find in them a distinctive flavor. Your literary department for November is, however, somewhat brief.

We were pleased to welcome *The High School Review* to the Exchange Editor's tables, and were interested particularly in the article, "Football as an Educational Force." We quote: "Football, like all other things, has its good and its bad, its benefits and its drawbacks, but when properly regulated as is now done it is a grand upbuilder of character and men." A tastily decorated cover gives *Review* added attractiveness.

We desire to commend the Exchange department of *The Spectator*. It has breadth and fullness rarely found. *Spectator*, more interior decoration would not be amiss. "The Wandering Jew" and "The National Guard" are well-written essays.

*The Cynosure* for October, issued by the Freshmen, surely speaks well for them. "The Flight of the White Pheasant" is an interesting story concerning an Aviation Meet. The notes on current events at the High school have a humor all their own, and reading them we are reminded that "there is just as much human nature in some people as there is in others, if not more." We suggest the use of cuts or illustrations of various sorts and likewise a better quality of paper.

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**Athletics**

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The football season at Hope ended November 4th, when we met defeat at the hands of the Western State Normal team of Kalamazoo. Although the season has been somewhat disappointing, as the score indicates, let us bear in mind the difficulties football here is forced to contend with, namely, the strict rules prohibiting intercollegiate athletics, the permit question, and last, but not least, the lack of an efficient coach. If Hope can place a team like the one she had this year, without a coach, imagine the strong team that could be had with a coach. There is enough material here to form one of the strongest teams in the state.

The Muskegon Tigers defeated Hope in the second game of the season by scoring three touchdowns. Hope played far better in this game than the previous one, but the strong interference of the visitors proved too much for our boys, who were unable to break through it. In all around team work Muskegon excelled Hope. Meyer, our speedy halfback, was forced to retire in favor of Van der Meer in the first quarter, when he suffered an injury to his leg. Final score, 15 to 0.

The prettiest and most hotly contested game was played October 28th with Kalamazoo College. It was a far better game than the score indicates. Although the visitors scored one touchdown and a field punt, they worked hard for the eight points. Mr. Cunningham, from Ann Arbor, refereed the game, while Arthur Bennet acted as field judge, with Mr. Osborne from Olivet as impire.

The last game was played with the "Celeryites." The defense of the visitors was very strong as compared with ours, which seemed very weak. The one feature of the game was a 40-yard end run by Holleman, but the boys were unable to score a touchdown, due to the stone-wall interference of the visitors. Score: Kalamazoo, 23; Hope, 0.

Basket-Ball.

Basket-ball has again been resumed with vigor. The efficient services of Geo. De Kruijff as coach have again been secured. A large number of candidates are in training, and working hard for a place on the team. With such good coach-
Prof. Nykerk, talking about noise, said: “The rattling of silk dresses makes more noise than anything I’ve ever heard.”

Frank Kleinheksel would like to know whether the least little bit can be divided.

We wonder why Ruth blushed when Miss Holleman was called upon to recite.

Bennink, in Dutch class: “Ik heb maar EEN VRIEND.”

Well, we all suspected that, John.

Fred Van Dyk was in the middle of his oration, which he was delivering with great passion, when Professor Nykerk said: “Mr. Stronks, will you please open the window and let a little of this hot air out?”

Ruth: “Somehow, when I sit down to write, I always start out with an ‘H.’”

Poppen claims that Miss Brown has a case on him. We suggest that she point out to him the error of his way. How about it, Miss Brown?

The Juniors have begun to study the clouds and with their usual optimism have already discovered that they have silver linings—even in Greek.

Prof. Dimnent: “Why is ‘ship’ feminine?”

Stoppels: “Because the rigging is worth more than the hull.”

Susan (after Psychology): “Did you ever have hallucinations?”

Jennie: “Yes, I should say so, but I’d never tell them—they’re too silly.”

At the breakfast table, one morning, Holleman and the lady next him were disagreeing very decidedly, when someone else remarked: “You two are like flint and steel; you never get together but the sparks fly,” whereupon Holleman replied quickly, “Oh, but we aren’t sparkling now.”

Said Ida once: “The path to glory lies through flight.” Has she changed her mind?

Miss Martin: “What is Russia’s chief product?”

Smart Student: “Pe(a)!”

The letters we receive from home. Are yours like this?

“Dear Brother:

“I think of you every night and every morning. I go to school every day now. We got a sample of tooth powder today in school. I brushed my teeth. The blood came out of my gums because they are tender yet. I have some new boots. I don’t get my feet wet now. Did you pick out a girl yet? I had a sick headache last night until this morning. I through up and then I felt better. We got a wagon box of turnips without leaves. I learned a new piece today in school. I will write it to you. ‘The day is done as the darkness falls from the wings of night. Amen.’ Please come home soon. I must close now. From your

“Loving brother. JOHN.”

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