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SCROOGE’S CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

IMAGINE that of all the ghosts who join in the festivities of Christmas Day, none laughs a merrier laugh, or sings a merrier song, or partakes in the joyousness and good-will of the occasion with more hearty zeal, than the ghost of the long departed Scrooge, of Scrooge and Marley’s. I see some smiling and saying, “He doesn’t mean Scrooge’s ghost. He means Marley’s.” But I know which ghost I mean. Of course, I do not mean the ghost of Scrooge, the First, the hard-hearted, selfish Scrooge, whom we all despise; but of Scrooge, whom we all love. And, indeed, Scrooge has reasons for feeling happy. For upon that day, in thousands of homes, the well-worn copy of Dickens’ “Christmas Carol” is taken from the shelf, and an eager company gathers about the fire-place, to listen to the story of the transformation of Scrooge.

You would have to search far and wide to find a more miserable misanthrope than Scrooge. Where would you be able to discover a more hard-hearted wretch than he? Ask Bob Cratchit, his clerk, or Fred, his nephew, what a mean rascal he was. But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge: a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret and self-contained and solitary as an oyster. The cold withing him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and poke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days; and didn’t thaw it one degree at Christmas. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent on its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Nobody ever slopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, “My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?” No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle. No children asked him what it was o’clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such place of Scrooge. But what did Scrooge care! It was the very thing he liked.

But then came those blessed visions of Christmas Past, Present, and Future. He lived over again his happy, boyhood days, and he saw

My Christmas Gift

O soul of mine! while angels sing
Their praises to the new-born King,
And mother Mary, meek and mild,
In awe adorest her Holy Child;
What canst thou do to voice thy joy?
Thine earthly notes would but destroy
The music of the heavenly song;
Thou canst not join the angel throng.

O soul of mine! while Wise Men bring
Their tribute to the new-born King,
To Him their treasures they unfold,
Of myrrh and frankincense and gold,
What worthy gift canst thou present?
Thou couldst but gaze in wonderment
And stand aloof with empty hand;
Thou canst not join the Magi band.

My soul, I hear the clear air ring
With shoutings for the new-born King;
‘Mong shepherds voices, rude but strong,
‘Mong these poor folk death thou belong.
Go, join them quickly, for they haste,
No time for waiting will they waste;
Behold the Babe; return, and raise
With them thy voice to God in praise.

ROBERT KROODSMA ’14
what might have been had not avarice taken the place of love in his heart. He looked in upon the home of Bob Cratchit, his poor clerk. He saw Bob Cratchit and his wife, and Peter and Mary and the two young Cratchits, and Tiny Tim, who "bore a little crutch and had his limbs supported in a little iron frame." What a happy family they were! And what a glorious dinner they had on that day! There was never such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. "And oh, what a wonderful pudding!" Bob Cratchit said, and calmly, too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mr. Cratchit since their marriage. And when Bob finally proposed, "A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us," Scrooge could hardly keep from joining in. As they faded from his sight, he kept his eye on them and especially on Tiny Tim until the last. For in the cold heart of Scrooge there was beginning to glow a warm love which had not been there for many a year, and how he longed to do something for Tiny Tim, so that he might not die, but grow strong and well again. And last of all, he saw the body of a dead man upon a sled. There was no one to weep for him, for he had not a friend on earth. There was no man, woman, or child to say, "He was kind to me in this or that," for this man had lived selfish like, and had not tried to make others happy. And then Scrooge went to a churchyard and saw upon the stone of a neglected grave, his own name: "Ebenezer Scrooge." In anguish, he cried out, "Good Spirit, assure me that I may yet change these shadows you have shown me, by an altered life."

Then Scrooge awoke and realized that it was a vision, and that there was still time in which to make amends. How happy he was when he found that it was Christmas Day. How happy he was when he bought the largest turkey he could find! "I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's," whispered Scrooge, "he shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim." When he had dressed himself in his best and got out into the streets, he looked so irresistibly pleasant that three or four good-humored fellows said, "Good-morning, sir! A Merry Christmas to you!" And Scrooge said often afterwards, that of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ear. And how he surprised Bob Cratchit the next morning, when he said, "A Merry Christmas, Bob! A Merry Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you in many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon."

"Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old, town, or borough, in the good old world."

Indeed, the good old Scrooge has reasons for feeling happy on Christmas Day. For as he goes here and there over the land, he finds men and women, impelled by the same Spirit which guided him, looking into their hearts and lives, to see whether there has not been too much selfishness, and sordidness, and narrowness there. He sees school teachers, grim and stern, who have felt bound for many a weary day, to maintain the discipline of their schools with hand of steel and rod of birch. These, I say, Scrooge sees relaxing the strictness of their authority for a time, and shedding abroad a warmth of love and good-cheer, which is so sorely needed in every schoolroom. He sees the "Good Fellows" of Chicago, as they go about in their automobiles, distributing good things among the poor people of that city, so that even the poorest may have a merry Christmas. Everywhere Scrooge goes, he sees the spirit of love and good-will—the Spirit of Christ—manifested as at no other time.

Would it not be a glorious thing if this spirit of Christmas could be preserved throughout the year? But, alas! all too often the teacher returns to her work just as grim and stern as before Christmas time; the man of business is again engrossed with his own affairs, and loses all interest in those who need his help so much; and the Christmas spirit is crushed in the whirl of every day affairs.

Can we not learn a lesson from Scrooge? It was said of him that he knew how to honour Christmas in his heart, and keep it all the year, if any man possessed that knowledge.

"May that be said of us, and all of us. And so, as Tiny Tim observed, 'God bless us, EVERY ONE.'"

—John J. De Boer, '15
IT was a bright, sunny afternoon in last Autumn. The clear, almost dazzling blue of the sky, and the deep, rich shades of the foliage bore witness of the glorious Indian Summer. All nature seemed to be holding holiday. Birds twittered in the branches as if rejoicing in the fact that their premonition of coming winter was perhaps, after all, unfounded. A group of children played hop-scotch on the front walk. A little dog ran after them, barking furiously. But to all the merry clamor, to the lure of the outdoors, there was one who was oblivious. Within his heart was only a dull grayness as he sat in the library, his head buried in his hands, a picture of absolute dejection, yet, despite the apathetic appearance, there was something prepossessing about the figure,—a young man of perhaps twenty-six, slight of frame, but well-built, with a shapely head of crisp black hair. As he lifted his head, he revealed features finely moulded and of a classic cut, dark eyes and an extremely sensitive mouth,—a physique typical of his race, a Jew. Alone, he was approaching what each individual must meet, his hour of decision.

Isadore, as a child had been brought up to respect the customs of his people. Indeed, a family more devout than his it would have been difficult to find; but as he grew toward manhood with his doubts and misgivings, he lost the one whom he needed most, his mother. Between the two there existed an affection that amounted almost to idolatry. She was a rare woman with a charm and an understanding that drew him to the fireside at night, when his acquaintances sought companionship on the streets. Such had been her influence, and when, after a brief illness she died, there was a vacant place that he found impossible to fill. There no longer appeared to be any reason for living or caring to live. For a time it was feared that he would lose his reason, and then came the reaction. His mood passed, but carried with it his religious faith.

Over and over Isador asked himself the question, "How can Jehovah be just? How can He be good?" And, finally in his despair he thought he solved the difficulty. "There is no God!"

He grew to take a peculiar pride in the fact that he was a non-believer. He no longer made any pretense toward concealing his atheism, but declared that religion was an invention, a mere collection of myths and superstitions, not for the educated and thinking, such as he, but for the ignorant and credulous. Had not something happened at this point he would have been in a truly dangerous state of mind. A subtle influence was brought to bear upon him, however. The unexpected happened. He met her—fair, blue-eyed Isabel. As she stepped over the horizon of his mental darkness, serene and lovely, it seemed to him that the world held nothing more to be desired. She was his World. He thrilled with the idea of possessing her, and then he remembered,—'he was a Jew.'

Never had the burden of his hated race rested so heavily upon him as now! He longed to change his personality as the chameleon does his color, but the power of heredity held him fast. Struggle as he might, he was still a Jew, in name, if not in creed. He loved with a love that comes to an individual but once. While Isabel returned his affection warmly, she loved her God. The sincerity of her devotion touched Isador strangely. He could not understand it and it left him troubled and hopeless. He tried to explain to himself just where he stood, but he could not. He was dimly conscious that there must be some Superior Power, but who or what it was he could not decide.

"Dear," he pleaded, "what difference does it make so long as I pray, whether it be to a cross, to the sun or to a tree? Isn't it the praying itself, that counts?"

In Isabel's clear eyes he read the answer, and he knew that he was wrong.

With despair in every feature he flung himself into his chair, his face in his hands, and tried to think. Minute by minute he went over the events of his life, his mother's death, that period of awful depression, his apostasy and, finally, the one remaining bright spot, his meeting with Isabel. Try as he would, he could not see the matters differently. The voice of Reason spoke its approval of his action, but away in the dim recesses of his brain there was heard another, the voice of Conscience and what it said awoke within him vague uneasiness. In his present condition he was stranded midway between two difficulties: he could no longer honor the Jehovah of his fathers and the God of the Christians he did not know. He was sorely tempted to accept the latter unconditionally. He reached for it, but Conscience kept him back. He could not perjure himself. Tormented thus, Isadore sat while the sun sank lower and lower until it cast long shadows across his stricken form.

In the weeks that followed Nature laid aside her glorious attire. A heavy snow covered the beautiful leaves, and in the air was the spirit of
Christmas. Everyone was happy in anticipation of the coming season—everyone except Isadore. He went about with a pre-occupied air and a heavy heart for the struggle that was sapping his energy as nothing before had ever done. He seldom saw Isabel. Somehow, he had not the courage, he could not bear to meet her, conscious as he was, of his weakness. The monotony of life palled upon him. He realized in a dim sort of way that he must do something, but he was powerless.

Christmas Eve saw him threading his way through the streets with the determination of a grim purpose. In his ears there was a roaring and a rumbling that he had never before heard. Objects took on a vividness that was startling. The severity of his suffering had rendered his senses morbidly acute, and, as he hurried through the merry, jostling, bundle-laden crowds, it seemed to him as though everyone shared his miserable secret. The thought of it drove him nearly frantic. He rushed on with an abandon that caused people to turn and stare after him. At the corner of a busy street he paused as if uncertain what to do, but in a moment plunged into the thick of traffic. Directly before him he was lost.

When he opened his eyes he was lying in one of a row of beds. There was a bandage about his head and both his arms were in splints, but on his face there shown the sight of a new peace. In his triumph he heard the words, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my little ones, ye did it unto me." And there on Christmas morning in the quiet dormitory of St. Luke's hospital, with the bells from a dozen churches pealing forth the joyful message, the Christ Child came to Isadore as He came of old to the Hebrews. His struggle was over, the voice of Consolatio satisfied.

—VERNA SHULTZ, 13.
win. All the money Carroll could place on this bet was readily covered when Marshall heard that Hammond was to be in the Carroll line-up.

Bill gave a different twist to the door-knob of room 45 that night. He turned on the light and stood still. It seemed to Bill as if the two side walls were the bleachers, filled with enthusiastic and loyal rooters for both teams, and in the right bleachers, toward the further end he could see the face of one. The window casings appeared as the goal posts, and were covered with yellow and blue, maroon and white. The rug, so soft under his feet, felt as the sod of the gridiron.

About nine o'clock in the evening, Bill heard a knocking at his door and said, "Signals," and the voice without said, "B-formation 54-12-19."

"Play ball," said Bill, and into the room walked Coach Williams and Captain Russell. Before the coach and captain were seated Bill thanked them for putting him in the line-up. They told Bill, that it was on account of the bitter rivalry between the fraternities, that he had not been in the line-up in previous games, as he was an Independent. Bill received some good "inside" information on the fine points of the game from the coach and captain, and when they left his room, the coach said, "Say 'Russ' I look for Bill to be the star of tomorrow's game."

It was almost 10 bells, and all the boys in the hall except Bill met in the parlor and were singing the Alma Mater. Bill opened his transom to hear the words of the dear old song, and looking out his window upon the moon lit gridiron, he joined in on the second verse, and softly sang:

"Her mighty learning we would tell
Tho' life is something more than lore;
She could not love her sons so well,
Lov'd she not truth and honor more.
We praise her breath of charity,
Her faith that truth shall make men free,
Hat right shall live eternally.
We praise our Alma Mater."

Bill was soon in the land of dreams, as the coach told all the fellows to get a good night's rest. About 8 o'clock in the morning there was a knock, but no reply. Some of other students hearing the continual knocking came from their rooms.

"Where is Bill," said the coach.

None of the students had seen Bill since about 9 o'clock the evening before, so Bill was last seen by the coach and captain. One of the boys looked through the transom,******the bed clothes had been disturbed, Bill's coat hung over a chair, his tan shoes and socks were near the chair.

The morning of November 19, saw the field covered with a light frost, which sparkled brightly in the morning sun, an ideal day for football. The morning train brought many alumni and spectators for the annual game.

The boys were in the locker room, dressing for the game. The question on the tongues of all was "Where is Bill?" Only a few minutes more and the big game would be on. Loud cheering arose from the Carroll bleachers as the team headed by Capt. Russell entered the field from the southeast corner, threw off their blankets, and ran through a few signals. Bill was not at right end, but Camburn, whom Bill had outplayed for the end position the night before. Here and there among the crowd was heard "I thought Hammond was going to play right end?" Captain Norcross for Marshall won the toss and chose to defend the south goal with a slight wind in his favor.

"Carroll ready?" Russell raised his hand.

"Marshall ready?" Norcross also signaled.

The whistle blew, and the game was on.

Pollard for Carroll received the kick-off and returned the ball 15 yards. The first quarter ended scoreless, the second, 6-0 in Marshall's favor. Coach Williams called the team into the "gym" and told the boys about their lack of "pep", and unexcusable fumbling. "No reason at all Camburn, why that man got away from you for that touchdown if you had only tackled low," was Camburn's part of the lecture from the coach.

At the beginning of the third quarter, the Carroll line-up was still the same. Carroll received the kick-off and immediately returned the kick. Norcross was downed in his tracks by Russell. Marshall made twelve yards on a beautifully-executed forward pass, and it was first down. An end run around Carroll's right wing netted Marshall six yards more, and on a line smash, they again made first down. Down the field came the Marshall warriors, never losing a yard, and the Marshall rooters were yelling for another touchdown. They were on Carroll's twenty-yard line, when Carroll recovered a fumbled ball, and Russell immediately punted out of danger. Again Marshall were slowly nearing Carroll's goal and when time was called for the end of the third quarter, Marshall had possession of the ball, on Carroll's ten-yard line.
The last quarter was on, and Captain Norcross, the Marshall quarterback signaled for a drop kick. The oval left the ground, the suspense on both sides was great, but soon the stillness of that November afternoon was rent by the loud cheering from the Carroll bleachers, as the ball struck the cross-bar and bounded back. Carroll put the ball in scrimmage on their twenty-yard line, and on the first play made fifteen yards on a fake punt.

"Time out," called Captain Russell, as he saw Bill come running towards the team from the side-lines.

Bill replaced Camburn at right end.

"Carroll's ball, first down."

"Third and four" yelled the referee.

With only three minutes to play, Russell called "B-formation 52-39-17-6."

"Signals," called the Carroll left half.

"B-formation 31-42-12-19," repeated Russell.

The play was off, and down the field ran Bill with the ball. He crossed one white line, then another, with still four more to cross. He could feel a player close behind him. The cheering was intense, then all was still, as a Marshall player made a tackle for Bill—but missed him. Bill crossed the last white line, and downed the ball squarely between the goal posts, and time was up. The score was a tie, and Carroll had a chance to win by one point if the goal was kicked.

"Bill you kick goal," said "Russ."

"No, "Russ," I'm all in," said Bill.

Russell held the ball for a goal kick. Bill stepped back a few feet, looked at the ball, then at the cross-bar and advanced.

The referee dropped his hat, and the oval crossed the bar.

Bill left the field in a different manner than he came, for his teammates carried him on their shoulders past the cheering and frenzied routers. Between the cheers, Bill heard a voice say:

Bill! Bill!"

He raised his head modestly and saw the one whose picture was in the oval frame. Bill struggled from his teammates' shoulders and hurried to grasp the hand of his one true friend, Clara Ward. All Bill said was, "I'll meet you in front of the 'gym' in about fifteen minutes, Clara," and hurried off to the dressing room.

"Nine rhaps for Bill," yelled Russell as Bill entered.

Nine more and again nine more were given.

"Where were you all day, Bill?" asked the coach.

"Ask Camburn," said Bill in his modest manner.

The position for right end, was bitterly contested for by Bill and Camburn. Camburn belonged to the Alpha Beta Gamma fraternity, and his fraternity fellows had kidnapped Bill during the night, and intended to keep him captive in the fraternity house till the end of the game, but Bill escaped at the end of the third quarter.

Bill met Clara, and they took a stroll around the campus, past the scene of the past struggle, and Bill told Clara the entire story of his mysterious disappearance. Bill listened with intense interest as Clara told him of her anxious moments during the game, wondering about him, and how her heart beat with joy, when she saw her Bill carry the ball for a touchdown.

"Bill, if I had not given you that little shove, when that Marshall player tried to tackle you, I'm sure you never would have crossed that last white line," said Clara.

They both stopped.

"Clara?" said Bill.

"Yes Bill," replied Clara.

Bill was silent.

"Bill you won two C's today."

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Christmas is God's great Consolation Feast. It was not the joyously happy to whom the angel messengers came that quiet night so many years ago, nor was it to those who had great material wealth, and all life's comforts, its bright colors and sparkling glories. The glad tidings that brought to man the first glimpse into the perfect Fatherhood of God came to the friendless, the poor, the sad, and the outcasts. The shepherds were the lowliest, humblest class of workers, plodding thru days of toil and petty tribulations with weary courage and numbed spirits. Mary and Joseph found no friendly home, no faces eager with welcome; they were obliged to
content themselves with the barren cheerlessness of a stable room. Christmas means that God cares. He sent His love into the world to comfort those who were outcasts forsaken to enlighten those who were striving unsuccessfully and hopelessly to answer the bitter questions life flung at them.

And only as we catch in some measure the spirit of love and sympathy which the Father revealed in its wonderful richness and glory and depth that night, can we gain what we so much covet at this time of the year, the Christmas spirit.

There are many even at college and among our circle of friends, who in some one little, seemingly insignificant thing are in need of the sympathy we might bestow. And if we give our strength to another’s weakness, if ourselves faulty, we look with gentleness upon the faults of others, if, we succeed in purging our hearts of the secret grudge we have cherished long, if we are more loyal toward our friends, more generous toward our enemies, patient with those who stumble needlessly, just toward those whom our prejudice distrusts,—if, in short, we fulfill our duty toward those about us, down to the very minutest of obligations, and carry in our hearts such a fund of sympathy and mirth that each duty seems the highest privilege,—then life will be filled with a new glory; we shall live it radiantly until everything we touch is transfigured, and the most commonplace glows with sacred meaning. This is the Christmas spirit, and if we have it, all our Christmases will be merry.

—H. de M.

College days are precious. But if we glance at the various ways some students pass the time away we would be hardly justified in making this assertion. Judging from the inactivity, the dreaming and the actions of some students the fleeting college days are of very little significance. They have a good time they develop the social side of life, they make friends—but a college is not founded for such purposes.

The hours, the days and weeks come and go. Fellow student, what are you doing with them? We feel safe to make the charge that much time is wasted in college—thoughtlessly perhaps. An hour here and an hour there, a little dreaming and the afternoon is gone without any real results—just wasted, squandered. We believe in play, if it is not overdone; we believe in work, which is rarely overdone. But play hard when it’s time to play and work with the same spirit. Some seem to brown upon both work and play. Every afternoon a number of spectators are watching the football team practicing; a large number are to be found in the gymnasium idly gazing at the basket ball games, just loaﬁng while they ought to be exercising strenuously so as to prepare for an evening of clear thinking and diligent study.

The innumerable visits some students are so extremely fond of making causes a glaring loss of valuable time; they waste their own time and rob others.

It is highly important to have a sense of the value of these college days. Our time ought to be utilized, every hour should be put to some advantage. Don’t dream in the classrooms when you have ﬁnished your recitation, don’t allow your mind to roam about—concentrate your mind up the lesson discussed. Besides concentration, put system into the work. It will multiply your time, results and joys. Allow a certain amount of time to every study, devote a deﬁnite period to exercise and utilize the remaining time in reading good books. Make it a ﬁxed habit to read something every day outside of the curriculum. Watch the spare moments and the stray hours.

CHAPEL

Our chapel exercises are fairly well attended. Despite attendance can be increased considerably. A number of the younger students have acquired the habit of frequenting other college buildings during chapel service. Why not look them up and convincingly persuade them to change their schedule? And some are so extremely fond of those rear seats in the Y. M. C. A. room that they even put themselves to the sacrifice of coming early so as to be very certain of a place. Talk so far has produced no results. Why not try action? If they were asked before beginning Chapel service to march forward and occupy the front seats their fondness for the rear seats would very soon disappear. Fellow students, let us do all in our power to stimulate an interest in Chapel service and set an example. Let us all go as regularly to Chapel as to our dinner.

A BOOK REVIEW

From now on we hope to publish one or more book reviews in each
issue. It is commonly charged that students do not read enough books that are beneficial and profitable. Our aim is merely to suggest the reading of a few books which we consider very helpful and educational. If through these reviews some one shall receive an incentive to read more and better books our aim will be realized. We only wish to suggest.

The Life of A. Bee

Sometime this summer I heard a lecturer say that the most extravagant thing in the world, next to the love of God, was the force that we call nature. To fully appreciate the truth of that statement one must read Maurice Maeterlinck's "Life of a Bee." This book is not a practical treatise on bee-keeping and the honey market, nor a scientific essay on habits and species of bees, it is a sympathetic study of the life of bees, and as such it is extremely fascinating, for it opens to us a dulled vision of the world of meaning and of beauty in the existence of the busy hive workers who hum about us in the summer time. To us the sound of their coming and going seems but the whir of their gauzy wings, the clattering music of their passing: to Maeterlinck it meant the conscious joy the bee shares with man, the joy of labor. All life's great lessons the bee has learned. There is forethought in the planning of the hive, steady industry in the storing up of riches for the winter, passion in the rapid flight, exercise for the future of the race in the swarming, toleration in the care of the males, and tenderness in their love of the queen. Maeterlinck's book contains a revelation well worth while.

It is said that among modern writers, this author is unique in that that all his works, there is no trace of commercialism. He lives and moves in an atmosphere so far removed from our everyday business world that one may read through a book of his without once becoming conscious that there is any such thing as money in the world. This is true, also, of his study of the bees, and is another good reason for reading it. We get very little art now-a-days that is not touched with commercialism.

—H. de M.

CAMPUS NOTES

Dr. Frank Keller's Visit

Foreign missionaries are always welcome at Hope. Dr. Keller, travelling for the Student Volunteer Movement, addressed the Y. M. C. A. meeting Tuesday, Nov. 19 and on the following morning gave a short talk in chapel. The Student Volunteer Band of the college also had the pleasure of having him in one of their meetings; the students who had personal interviews with him will long remember his visit. The Volunteer Movement will receive an empetus when men of such Christian fervor and character as Dr. Keller represent the movement. The local Band has eighteen members, all of them enthusiastic in their work.

The First Lecture Course Number

On Thursday evening, November 21, the Beilharz Entertainers were greeted by a most promising audience. Surely the city people are most loyally supporting the College Lecture Course this year particularly. The number consisted of impersonations, readings and instrumental and vocal music. The humor was decidedly appreciated by the audience.

Hope College Banquet

November first was a holiday for the college. The Michigan State Teachers' association institute met in Grand Rapids and work was suspended to enable the members of the faculty and several juniors and seniors to attend the meetings. As a special treat, preparations had been made for a banquet at the Ferkinner hotel at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. About seventy of the faculty members with their wives, alumni now engaged in teaching, and present students gathered in the English Room and enjoyed the mutual fellowship. Following the banquet many attended the concert at the Coliseum, where Madame Schuman-Henck sang, assisted by the Schubert Club of Grand Rapids. Steps have been taken toward the organization of a Hope College Teachers' Union and toward making the banquet an annual affair.

A New Prize

Mr. William J. Olive, of this city has offered $25.00 for the two best essays on "Life Insurance;" $15.00 for the essay receiving first place and $10.00 for the essay awarded second place. Students, here is another opportunity to carry off a neat little sum of money. Utilize those spare hours in writing an essay, and remember there are more prizes offered. Get busy.

The Rhodes Scholarship Exams.

Three of the four students, who took the examination, have passed. Percival Blanchard of Ann Arbor and two Hope College students Lambert Helhuis and William Moedlyke, both of the senior class. Besides these three four other successful candidates of last year are also on the waiting list; W. W. Vischer and Hessel Yntema of Hope College and C. W. French of Albion and Charles Wagner of the University of
Michigan. One of our students, Milton Hoffman, is now finishing his last year at Oxford. We hope to have another Hope man in his place next year. Hope College leads the state in the Rhodes' Scholarship Examinations.

Visit Hope

Two former Hope Students, now attending the Chicago University, John Vruwink and Herman Stegeman, made a short visit Thanksgiving morning to the college. Mr. Vruwink played on the University football team, where he distinguished himself in more than one game; Mr. Stegeman had the honor of being captain of the Freshman football team of the University. Both young men are an honor to the college and are making the name of Hope known in the University.

SOCIETY NEWS

On Oct. 21, a merry bunch of Hopeites spent the evening in the roller skating rink, which had been hired for the occasion. Inexperience was no damper on the fun. What were a few bumps and bruises compared to the exhilarating affect of knowing how to "move on wheels."

After the regular meeting of Oct. 24, the Y. M. C. A. girls had an informal "tea." The association is doing much this year in fostering a feeling of friendship among the girls.

The "C" class came out in full force the evening of October 27, to have one of their "rousing" good parties in Van Raalte hall.

October 31, is an evening that a number of upper class men and college girls will not soon forget. A cottage with a big fire-place, a spooky wind, and noisy sleet, all made a good setting for a Hallowe'en party. The decorations, the "cats," the games all had the true "Hallowe'en" twang. Wit and witchery kept pace, and when the time came to "hie themselves home-ward," there was a general protest against the swiftness of Time."

On the same evening the Freshmen had a party at Macatawa also. A "perfectly grand time" is the report.

George Pelgrim entertained a number of Freshmen friends at his home on the evening of Nov. 13. Wherever a group of "Freshies" gather you may be sure there is a super-abundance of "heart-easing mirth."

One evening in October, at an hour which will not be mentioned, the "Dorm" girls assembled in the attic to have a good, old-fashioned "spread." Mice, cob-webs, and spiders were forgotten. Chafing dishes and gigles were in evidence. Teachers were sleeping. What more can the heart of a "Dorm" girl desire? All went well, until two ghosts made their appearance, and then—chaos!

November 15, Mrs. Durfee, and the young ladies of the college entertained the Ladies' Literary Society in Voorhees hall. After Mrs. Durfee had welcomed the guests, a typical college-girl program was given. Dainty refreshments were served, and opportunity given for Holland's women and college girls to become acquainted.

Miss Martin was in charge of the Dormitory while Mrs. Durfee attended the Deans' Conference at Ann Arbor.

ALUMNI NEWS

Dr. A. Vennema, '79, has returned from a trip to the East. Samuel Alets '11, who is studying at the University of Chicago, spent a few days at Hope visiting his sister, Johanna, of the Freshman class.

Mrs. D. Dykstra, missionary from Arabia, is spending a few weeks in the West, speaking in the societies of the different churches in behalf of the Arabian Mission.

Rev. J. A. Dykstra, '09, was ordained and installed as pastor of the Reformed church of Catskill, New York, Tuesday, October 15.

Missionary A. Pieters, '87, of Japan, has been very successful in his "Newspaper Evangelization Enterprise," during the past year. This work was only an experiment last year, but the result was successful that this method of reaching the people who would otherwise be left in ignorance of the Gospel, is to be continued during the coming year.

The installation of Rev. S. C. Nettinga, '00, as pastor of the Fifth Reformed church of Grand Rapids, took place Thursday, November 24.

EXCHANGES

Parliamentary Law

Under the direction of Prof. McKay, of Ypsilanti, a parliamentary law class has been organized. At present sixty-five students have enrolled and there are bright prospects that more will do so in the near future. They meet once a week for the purpose of studying Robert's Rules of Order and thus acquaint themselves with the proper manner of conducting a public meeting more efficiently.
Re-Organized

After some time of idleness the students of Alma college have finally re-organized their debating league. Officers have been chosen, money raised, and they are now ready to carry on the debating work of the year with renewed zeal and enthusiasm.

Compulsory Subscription

The problem of the support of a college paper which has induced many managers to the excessive use of advertisements appears to have been solved by Morningside. For the solution of this problem every student is compelled to subscribe for their college paper.

Meeting of Deans

The meeting of Deans held at Ann Arbor November 11-15 proved a great success. Deans gathered from colleges as far East as Boston and as far West as Colorado to discuss the problems, difficulties, rules, and regulations of Dormitories. Many a dean returned with new zeal and inspiration to put into practice the valuable information received.

Death of Dr. Daniels

Dr. W. W. Daniels, a graduate of M. A. C., who for nearly forty years had been at the head of the chemistry at the University of Wisconsin died after a short illness at the home of his son in Toledo, Ohio.

Booker T. Washington

Booker T. Washington, the famous colored educator, travelled through the lower peninsula and addressed large audiences at various cities and college chapels. His inspiring messages consisted chiefly of the problem of his race and the development of the Tuskegee Institute which he founded nearly thirty years ago.

A few days the Editor of this column talked to the Editor-in-Chief and said something like the following:

"Say, I just received the November number of the News from East Orange High school. The cover design just strikes my fancy; and The Comet Thanksgiving number is certainly a spicy number. I like the number of cuts they can afford to publish. They give life to a paper.

"There are a lot of things I like in the Calvin College Chimes but I don't like to see the Exchanges written in both Dutch and English, nor the Dutch and English jokes mixed. A separate column for each language would be preferable.

BASKET BALL

With the oval once more placed on the shelf we turn our attention to Basket ball. Get out your fudge-pans and chafing dishes girls, for you will soon need them!

A league has been started in the Prep. and College departments, by Manager Vanden Berg, and some hotly fought contests are being staged every day. It is worth the price of admission to a "big" game any day to see some of the "Would-be-Stars" gambol over the floor. Strippings of the "D" class vie with stalwart sons of the prairies to make a basket." That is but the beginning. The next step in advance—the large one—is the contest for a place on the second team. You see, there's apt to be a little trip on it for the "Second," and so some fifteen to twenty are on hand every day to make sure of a berth. There is so much work with these teams that extra coaches are being taken from among the first team candidates to assist the coach and managers.

Then comes the first team. Possibly the battle for a position, tho not so openly contested is possibly harder fought than for any other team. All the men from last year's squad are back, with the exception of VerHock, and they present a formidable array. A few additions are trying hard to fit in somewhere so that they too can go on the trip. Manager Vanden Berg has practically arranged for a trip into northern Michigan and each candidate is anxious to be his right-hand man.

Grand Rapids "Y", Manistee, Traverse City, Cadillac, and possibly Muskegon Training School, will complete the cycle. Before the holidays games will be played with our old-time rivals, Mount Pleasant Normals, and the husky "Azes" from Manistee. Besides these teams, Hope will play Northwestern College from Ill., the Rayles, from Detroit, Grand Rapids "Y", Albion College, and three or four other fast teams.

November 16, marked the close of Hope's football season. The Allegan failed to put in an appearance, our boys were ready for them,
and had put in a week's hard work. Sometimes we hear the expression "All's over but the shouting." That, however, was scarcely true at Hope this year. After a poor and a slow start, a team was gotten together and practice begun under the direction of Prof. Edison. A practically new team,—scarcely any of last year's men on, and very little time for practice, handicapped both coach and team throughout. But, after the smoke has cleared away, and the sand burrs have been pulled up, and all's said and done, we can still say we had football, and that was what we wanted. When it gets down to Athletics anyway, it isn't the winning of games that's the most important. It is true we like to have a winning, and it's fun to play on a victorious '17, but that's not the whole thing. It seems to me that getting the exercise is of greater value than winning games. The fall term is generally hardest on a healthy young person.

After a summer of hard work a fellow needs exercise, and consistent football practice will meet all the requirements, and will make a man do better work than when he walks a half dozen times up town.

Scores of Games and Teams Played
Hope vs. Holland High School ......... 2-21
Hope vs. Holland High School .......... 0-30
Hope vs. Kalamazoo College ........... 5-60
Hope vs. Western State Normal ......... 0-45
Hope vs. Union High of G. R. .......... 9-12

It would not be telling all to omit mentioning the work of the "C" class, in football. The boys get together and worked up a snappy bunch of signals, and beat everything in sight, except the first High school and the first Hope teams—and these were not played. Coach Edison doesn't have to worry about future material, does he "C's?"

LOCALS

If the students attended Chapel as regularly as the faculty would there be more or less students attending?

Pyle's favorite song is "I Want to Be in Dixie."

Since Wilson is elected our Bull Moosers are looking for hard times.

Prof. Beardslee in Ethics.—"Who was the man that held that view, Mr. Pyle?"
Pyle—"Kant". (can't.)
Prof.—"That's right."

Nykerk—"Here I have a rarity, a volume, which will be worth a $1000 in a few years."
Students—"You better keep it in the family then, Professor."

Ev. (at table)—I tell you it's fun to sit by the fire and read some awful ghost stories, so that you're afraid to stay, and afraid to go, because of ghosts."
Dame—"I like the fire-side alright, but I don't want ghosts there, I'd rather have something else."

Senior elocution—"The Children's Hour"—Prof. Nykerk.

Dormitory girls standing at stairway window watching the fellows leave—"I'll take the 3rd"—"I'll take the 16th"—Ruth—I'll take my own.

Prof. Nykerk—"Mr. DenHerder, explain the altitude of the debates on the stage.
Butch—"A—ah—er—ah—"
Nykerk—"You talk as if you're full."

Blekking (to Broekema)—"What does your father do at Marshall-Fields?"
Broekema—"He sweeps the roof off."
Bronk—"Who sweeps it back on again?"
Ruth—"Who got the ring in the Hallowe'en cake?"
Evelyn—"Hollem did."
Ruth—"What a coincidence."

Vandenberg—"I couldn't sleep all night because of the noise the "A's" and "B's" made.
Leenhouts—"Then you surely had time to study."

Sunday School Boy—"What do they do when they install a minister. Do they put him in a stall and feed him?"
Stopples—"No they harness him to the church and expect him to draw it."

The Midnight Tragedy
Two lovers stand at the dormitory door,
He holds the—door, no more.
At a chamber window a lady stands
And rubs her hands.
For a while she watches them unaware
Then goes down the stair.
The noisy stairs spell his fate
The question is "Did he wait?"

A Relic
Jacob—"My son is going to get married."
Abe—"Is he?"
Jacob—"No, Ilky."—Ex.

Remember your dates, but don't forget the debates.

Don't go thru college without having entered some contest—try at least.

Nykerk (in Soph. Eng.)—"Yes, all fools are not dead yet."
Margaret Den Herder—"Say he looked right at me."

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