THE ANCHOR

JANUARY

nineteen hundred seven
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Sole Manufacturers Conklin Self-Filling Pen

SOLOMON SCHMIDT AND THE STERE OPTICON.

John Van Zanten, ’07.

Hello, Sol!” Jack’s voice rang through the store.

“Vell vell! ‘if dere hain’t Shack, vell mein poy, mein poy, how you vas anyway?” the tones issued from a bunch of whiskers and other bairsute appendages of a fat, little German whose name was Schmidt. Solomon Schmidt, owner and manager of the business emporium of the little village of Cedar Springs. “Say, Shack,” Solomon continued, “dot school going party good vor you, don’t it?”

“Oh, yes,” answered Jack, “I s’pose I could go to that blasted university for eight years without getting nervous prostration. But, Sol, how’s your business going on? I see you’ve built a new addition on the rear of your store.”

“Vas, yas, you see, Shack, I got so many of dos dings vot I trade in, dot I don’t know vot to do mit ’em. So I dinks I pild me an shot after de shtore. But say, Shack, you know anydings about a lantern?”

“A lantern?” asked Jack, puzzled.

Solomon made a dive under the counter and appeared with a carbide burner and some other articles.

“Why, this is a stereopticon outfit,” remarked Jack to himself. “Now things are becoming interesting. Say, Sol, didn’t this outfit belong to that young doctor who went around giving lectures?”

Solomon did not hear. He was too busy bringing forth his treasures. All the different parts now followed in rapid
succession and soon he had the whole outfit spread out upon the counter.

"Dere, Shack, vot you say about dot! Look, here vas the slides mit de pitchers on, von hundredn en duty pitchers und here iss de paber vot tells all about it."

Jack looked at Solomon in amazement. "What in the world can you do with such a contraption, Sol?" Solomon was puzzled, shrugged his shoulders and finally, with a twinkle of his eye, whispered, "Maype I trade him vor an piano."

Jack laughed, and suddenly remembering that he had a few letters to mail, left Solomon gloating over his prize and hurried to the stuffy, little postoffice. There he found a letter, addressed in the familiar handwriting of his college chum. Hastily opening it, he found these words scribbled in an almost illegible manner:

Dear Jack: Six of us fellows are going on a three week's cruise up Georgina Bay. Want you to go along. Leave three weeks from next Monday. Each fellow pays 25 plunks for grub, etc. Come and spend Sunday with me so as to be on deck early Monday.

Love and kisses from "Pork."

Jack's face lighted up with pleasure; then suddenly fell. That very morning his father had said that he could not stand the university expenses and that an expensive vacation was certainly out of the question. Jack walked along, looking decidedly glum. Suddenly an excited shout came from Solomon's store, and soon Solomon's hulky frame appeared at the door, beckoning Jack to come with all haste. There was Solomon, dancing around the lantern which he had rigged up on a box. The lantern was throwing a bright light on a sheet which he had stretched across the rear end of the room. "Dere now, vot dos mein poys say now?" exclaimed Solomon, in the meantime making the store dark as possible. "Now look, Shack!" Suddenly there appeared the distinct outlines of an ocean steamer leaving New York harbor. Solomon was in ecstasy. "Now don't you dink I get an piano vor dis? Shure poys, ach Solomon don't be a fool, no sir, you bet no!"

Jack paid no attention to Solomon's antics, but suddenly broke out with, "Look here, Sol, that young doctor used to give exhibitions with this outfit, didn't he?"

"Yas, you bet, Shack, an he make somedimes ten dollars in von night, clear money, but den he make a nice speech about the pitchers—an de ticket ashent he run de machine!"

"Oh, I don't care who ran the machine, but see here, Sol. Why can't you and I give some exhibitions with this outfit? You run the slides and I'll explain the pictures. Why, we can make five dollars a night and you can get back to your store in the morning!"

Solomon fell in with the suggestion immediately. For an hour they sat there making arrangements. At last it was decided that the would give their first exhibition in the village of Whitmore, about twelve miles distant. Whitmore boasted of a village hall and furthermore was inhabited by a class of people who were likely to attend such an entertainment. Six other villages were selected and dates arranged when they would appear in each. Some more bills had to be printed and many other details tended to. The following Wednesday the exhibition would be given in Whitmore. There were just five days to get ready. Immediately on the next day Jack rode over to Whitmore to arrange for the exhibition.

With a great deal of unforeseen difficulties, Jack and his cousin, who also took part in the venture, got their lantern rigged up before 7 o'clock Wednesday evening. Already farmers with their families were bunched about the doors, and by 7:15 a crowd had deliberately chosen advantageous seats for the great performance. While his cousin was busy at the door, Jack got a few lamps in running order. It was almost 7:30 before Jack noticed that Solomon had not yet appeared. Going out on the front porch, he learned that nobody of Solomon's appearance had yet arrived. In the meantime a continual stream of expectant individuals was filling up the hall. Several were buying tickets at the door as all the tickets in the village had been sold. Jack's cousin whispered to him that he was taking in all "kins o' dough," but Jack only nodded and went to the door to look for Solomon. Jack consulted his watch. It was 7:45 and no Solomon in sight! Jack was in a cold sweat. Not a thing was set up and only fifteen minutes left. It was getting dark and the rickety lamps shed but a feeble light through the crowded hall. On all sides people were asking each other, "Where is the lantern now," or "Why don't that guy put up the curtain," and finally
as Jack stood near the door he heard a big, burly fellow whisper to his companions that the whole thing was a fake. For the first time Jack noticed a crowd of tough looking fellows standing about the door and more than once he caught them nodding toward him and speaking in a very threatening manner.

At 8 o’clock the hall was jammed. The crowd of touns was ranged up in the rear. Jack was simply at his wits’ end. The suspense was terrible. The hall was one mass of staring faces. To Jack it seemed like a horrid dream. For about the hundredth time he rushed for the door, only this time he dashed right into the arms of Solomon. Jack hugged him for joy, but suddenly became aware of the fact that Solomon had been drinking! With the greatest of difficulty he maintained his equilibrium. With a desperate effort to walk straight Solomon advanced to where Jack had arranged things as best he could. Together they managed to get the lantern set upon the box. Then while Jack put the slides where they could easily be found, Solomon went out to fill the carbide tank. In his confusion Solomon spilled some of the carbide in the outer tank and when he added water a most offensive odor arose. He was, however, too busy to mind that and soon had the tank attached to the lantern. To all appearances everything was now ready. To be sure the light was terribly dim, but it simply had to go. The remaining lamps were turned down and in the darkness and suspense Jack marched up to the front. Summing up all the courage he had left, he began the lecture.

“Ladies and Gentlemen: We are much pleased to have this opportunity of taking you on a trip through the beautiful countries of Europe. Leaving New York we will go direct to Ireland. From there we will journey through Scotland and England, stopping several days at London and then on to Paris. In this way we will take you on one of the most interesting journeys of your life.” The audience was all attention and Jack was fast gaining hope. “Now, as I said before, the first view will be New York City.” Jack waited impatiently for Solomon, who was stupidly trying to insert the slides. Suddenly the dim outline of something appeared on the screen. Jack couldn’t for the life of him tell what it was, but with a courage born of despair, boldly began to describe the city.

Gradually the outlines became more distinct, and then to his dismay he noticed that Solomon had inserted the slide showing the steamer leaving New York, and to make matters still worse the whole thing was upside down. Jack was overcome with shame while Solomon in blissful ignorance was calmly waiting for Jack to give the signal for the next view. Suddenly Solomon awoke to his mistake and tried to remedy matters by inserting a view of Constantinople. This now passed off for New York city and “the next view, ladies and gentlemen, will give us a nearer view of the business portion as well as the elevated railway of New York.” While the crowd waited in eager expectation Solomon deliberately inserted the calm and serene view of “Sunset at Sea.” This time a ripple of laughter ran through the audience, but worse than that, Jack noticed the crowd of touns had worked around until they were right near Solomon. A terrible feeling of apprehension seized Jack, but Solomon noticed nothing at all.

Jack now began giving the signal for throwing the view on the screen first and in this way Jack managed to bridge over the discrepancies. The carbide, however, that Solomon had spilled in the outer tank was now diffusing a most offensive odor through the close, heated atmosphere. This was becoming worse and worse. Solomon himself was beginning to cough and sneeze and soon those around him began a regular fusillade. Several of the touns had worked their way up to the front seat and were edging dangerously near to Jack. There was trouble coming, Jack was sure. Suddenly one of the touns shouted, “Look out! There’s goin’ to be an explosion!” In a second the hall was one seething mass of humanity. Solomon rolled over, lantern and all. Jack turned to run out the side entrance only to fall right into the hands of the touns. In a moment they seized him by the legs, hurled him to the ground and before he knew it, had him astraddle a long fence rail and were carrying him down the street. The crowd jeered and hooted and whenever Jack tipped to one side or the other a regular storm of applause arose. Vegetables, in every stage of decomposition, were sailing through the air. Jack wished the earth would swallow the whole bunch, himself included, until continued cheers in the rear caused him to look around and there a still more gruesome sight met his anxious gaze. Solomon, coated with a
thick layer of tar and decked in feathers, was being carried around in a big tar kettle suspended from a pole. Consternation and shame were stamped upon his every feature. His rotund form completely filled the kettle, while his shaggy, black exterior looked supremely grotesque. Coming to the end of the street, the carriers suddenly gave the pole an unexpected jerk, throwing Jack to the ground. Before he recovered his senses the crowd had fled. Hearing somebody groan on his left, Jack painfully crawled in that direction and soon came upon the panic-stricken Solomon, who was still taking advantage of the favorable protection of the tar kettle.

The next morning at 2 o'clock three stiff, tired but wiser men rode into the village of Cedar Springs. The roosters were already announcing the dawn. Jack and his cousin were objects of suspicion for several days until the real facts of the case leaked out; then they tried to pass as martyrs.

Jack sent a note to "Pork" saying that he couldn't join the cruise as the funds were not available.

About a week after that in morable night, Solomon called Jack in and whispered, "Say, Shack, I fix dot lantern up and git trade it for an bicycle. A bicycle is vurt more as dot ool organ vot I first had!"

HOW THE STUDENT SPENDS THE HOLIDAYS.

For the average student the vacation given during the winter holidays begins during the last week of school. Of course, during the last week he pretends to be cramming for examinations; but there is a great deal of fatalism in the student's make-up. He does one of two things. Either with an optimism unwarranted by classroom work he expects "Gs" and "Fs" and is content to rest on his laurels; or he gives himself over to the "don't-give-a-hoo-ra" thought and rests on his laurels anyway. The resting on his laurels is always part of his program. He considers himself something of a martyr and believes most earnestly that a rest is absolutely necessary. According to the student's own version (and he, if anybody ought to know) he is on the verge of nervous prostration.

But physical wreck as he is towards the end of the term, his "lofty ambitions and noble aspirations" do not wane.

Before he leaves for home, he makes his annual visit to the library and the following list is a sample of the books he draws: Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture" in two large volumes, Somebody Else's "Theory and Art of Eloquence," a couple volumes on Psychology, crammed with foot notes; Aristotle's "Ethics" in the original, and last and best of all, a French and German book each of a couple hundred pages. These latter he takes at the suggestion of the Modern Language professor: they are designed to increase his vocabulary. All these are to be read inside of two weeks!

But if you could take a look at this over-ambitious average student in his mother's parlor you would perhaps change your mind about his mental equilibrium. All the books with high sounding titles, including the darling German and French books, are neatly tucked away in the book case. Brave boy, to have had even the faintest flash of an intention to read them! The pages in "Theory and Art of Eloquence" are still uncut, and much of the reading matter in the great volumes on Ethics has never been perused by student-eye. The student has, preliminary to starting solid reading, fished out one of his sister's favorite paper-covered novels, something like "Wedded and Parted" or "The Broken Heart" or "The Fatal Wedding." He suddenly finds a charm in these books that he has before so conscientiously called trash; and before he knows it vacation is over and the learned volumes are still staring blankly from the book case.

But sometimes the student stays in town during vacation. He tells himself that he has a long dull essay to write, or that he is going to prepare for next term's elocution, etc., etc., to the end of the chapter. He "stays in town," but to this phrase he gives a peculiar meaning. It results in his being out of town nine-tenths of the time. He usually manages to "take in" four or five parties at which nobody ever thinks of going home at 10:30. Personally I wouldn't give the value of the stem of a five-cent corn cob pipe for all the work this "stay-in-town" student does during vacation. But sometimes he is engaged far into the night. At 7:30 he takes a look at "How the Office Boy Saw the Ball Game" and other scenes. After that he takes advantage of the beautiful moonlight and goes skating for a couple of hours. At eleven he tires of this, takes off somebody's skates and goes strolling down a slu— no,
starry lane. That perhaps ought to end his evening's work. But you are mistaken. This average student is leading the strenuous life. He reaches his room at twelve and finds three or four fellow "stay-in-towns" there. They spend the time from 12 to 2 pleasantly of course; but here is where my personal observation ceases. Rumors have come to me of cards; but I suppose they mean "Flinch" and "Old Maid," and similar other harmless games. Next day after dinner this ambitious student awakes from a dream-haunted sleep and begins the occupation of the day.

When finally the opening day of the winter term arrives, the president's kindly eyes wander down the rows of students; and then he smiles at the glow of health and good feeling on their faces. Then blessings on the ambitious plans unrealized, the learned books unread, the ten cent shows, the sister's novels, and above all blessings on the dear old stand-bys, "Flinch" and "Old Maid."
THE CONTEST.

We are again approaching one of the great events of our college year, the annual oratorical contest. Each young man who enters the contest, enters to win, and each one is going to win. Only one, of course, can receive the offered prize—a few dollars in money; but all will win the prize of greater respect for himself, greater respect from his fellow students, and valuable special training in oratory. But, best of all, each one will learn the lesson so hard for us all to learn, of accepting seeming defeat gracefully and heartily. There is this year a healthy feeling of mutual appreciation and mutual good fellowship among the orators of the different classes. The petty jealousies that have marred many a previous contest is altogether lacking. The girls are not entered in this contest, but they will all be there with best wishes for each one of the speakers; and when the local contest is over they will do all that sympathy and good will can do to help Hope win the state contest. The contest will be held on Friday evening, February 1st, in Carnegie Hall. E. L. G.

BASKET BALL.

Crescent Five, 38; Hope, 29.

On December 12 Hope’s five showed its class among the basket ball teams of the country by holding the Crescent Five of Evanston, Ill., to a score of 38 to 29. It was a fiercely contested game. It was Evanston’s first on a 10,000 mile trip, and they were determined to start their trip right, while Hope endeavored to register a victory against the A. A. U. champions. The large floor in Carnegie gymnasium gave our opponents ample opportunity to execute all their plays, which in fact they were forced to do in order to win out. No one of the five stars picked from the best material in the United States and Canada outclassed his opponent on the Hope team. We can feel proud of our showing against a team whose recent work bids fair to make them the international champions.

Grand Rapids’ Y. M. C. A., 32; Hope, 33.

Friday, December 21, Hope played its first game in the Interurban league at the Grand Rapids Y. M. C. A. The game opened with fear in the hearts of the faithful who had journeyed to Grand Rapids to cheer for old Hope; for Dr. Kriff, easily the best point winner for Hope, was out of the game. Rogen, in his place at forward, played strong ball, and by his work at throwing from the foul line won the game. Hope played its characteristic fast game and before the Grand Rapids team awoke to the fact that there was a basket ball game being played Hope ran up fifteen points. When the Y. M. C. A. finally began to play real ball the game was worth ‘going for to see.’ The first half ended in favor of Hope, 24—16. A changed line worked wonders for Grand Rapids and in the second half they all but turned the tables. The men in orange were tied several times but never passed. In the last minute of play Rogen threw the winning point and Hope won its first game in the race for the pennant of the Interurban League.

Grand Haven, 11: Hope, 45.

Grand Haven was easy when Hope met their team on December 27. Our team could easily have doubled our score, but was content to win by a decisive one. The game was too one sided to afford excitement for the spectators. This game marked our second victory in the Interurban League.

Muskegon, 17: Hope, 28.

On Tuesday night, January 4, Hope’s Five evened up an old score with Muskegon. Years ago they showed us that we couldn’t play foot ball; showed us rather decisively, too. We never forgot that and when we took our places on the floor in Hackley gymnasium it was still fresh in our memory. Muskegon still thought that they were playing foot ball and used us rather roughly, and the nets surrounding the field of play bothered somewhat but Hope was out to win and win we did. This game marked our third victory in the Interurban League and keeps us in the lead with a percentage of one thousand.

M. A. C., 50: Hope, 30.

Tired and sore but happy as a result of the game with Muskegon, early the next morning we went to Lansing to meet the team from the M. A. C. We were in no shape to play after the game of the night before but put up the strongest game we
EXCHANGES.

"College Spirit" is very aptly defined in an article in the Hillsdale Collegian. "College spirit," it says, "as every other public energy, in the ultimate, resolves itself into the enthusiasm and energy of the individual. Each student must seek for the best in every department in which he is entered and must have a living interest in all departments. Until every student is interested in and is supporting the athletic teams of the school, until every student is seeking to stand at the head of his class, until every student is an active member of some one of the literary societies and through these is striving to honor his college, until there is a complete unity of aim for the best of all departments we cannot claim the highest type of college spirit."

"Father, when I graduate I am going to follow my literary bent and write for money."

"Hum! My son, you ought to be successful. That's all you did the four years you were at college."—Ex.

An old Christmas story, told in a new and crisy way, appears in The College Index. Its setting and plot are naively interwoven with bright and brisk dialogue. The story is the old Christmas tale told in the new Christmas way.

Young Wed—"I want accommodation for my wife."
Clerk—"Suite?"
Young Wed—"Bet your life she is."—Ex.

Under the suggestive title "Junk," The College World has a very clever article. Its tendency to moralize is rather predominant, yet the moral is very apt. The brief and suggestive title was well chosen.

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JOTTINGS.

Fact I. Van Zanten, the joke editor, failed to hand in any jottings this time.

Fact II. Van Zanten spent the holidays in Beaverdam.

Fact III. Van Zanten says the Beaverdam girls are the only girls. He that hath ears to hear, etc.

Van Dyke—"I wish that girls were as easy to catch as rabbits. I caught ten during vacation."

"Man is the hunter, woman is the game."—Tennyson.

Prof. Sitphen has a book in which he keeps a record of all the solid couples in his classes.

23 skidoo. 
53 skidaddle.

In Bible and Elocution F stands for "Fine" and C for "Capital."

Ask Augie how he showed the M. A. C. boys that he can dive.

---

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Gouwen—"I'm busier than a dog with nine pups."
During vacation Prof. Mast's daily prayer was "When I say that the gymnasium is closed, it is closed."

R. d'Zeeuw has been visiting home in town during vacation.

Although they tried hard, Phil Jonker and Sizoo were unable to stay out of town all vacation.

Roggen—"Dr. Kollen says that lights must be out at 10:30, but that doesn't mean that you must be in bed."

Vernie Oggle (making a visit to Roggen's room)—"I thought I'd call on you; I don't know what to do for about two minutes."

Wynia asked a girl six times to skate with him, and still he had to skate alone.

Slagh's days of grace are over.

De Motts—"Is Miss S—— in?"
Lady—"Yes, would you like to talk to her?"
De Motts—"How do you do, Miss S——, I would be pleased to have your company to the basketball game tomorrow night."

Miss S.—"Who are you? I don't know you. Good bye."
Estelle—"I wish I had a little dog."
J. V. Z.—"How would I do?"

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The Anchor

"Have my book, professor."
"Oh, no, keep it, Mr. Niessink, you'll need it."
Estelle—"Drive more slowly, John."
J. V. Z.—"Yes, but you see the horses haven't learned the co-educational walk yet."
Miss K. K. (to Schaefer)—"Call again when you can't stay so long."

Slagh spent Christmas in North Holland and Roggen in East Holland. These grave Seniors are trying to lead the simple life and to breathe the free country air.

Vander Meulen (in Educational) to Van Dyke whose eyes are blinking wearily)—"Now, Mr. Van Dyke, you may tell us what Rossean thinks about sleep."

Van Dyke—"Rossean thinks you ought to let the child sleep as much as he pleases."

When Hope College played basketball at Grand Haven Roggen received a long speech over his face. There are two versions of its cause. Roggen says it was a pin in Harvey's sweater. The others say—!!!

B-ss Wes-a said she would surely have accepted W-a-a's invite to North Holland, if he had not asked Ethel first.
Abe (when the Sophomores took the Junior seats, the
day after Miss Van Z's accident)—"I won't get into the rush;
one hurt in the family is enough."

Miss L-rk-s—"I think it's a shame for Mast to take
Beardslee skating, when he'd promised that I could go with
him."

Vander Meulen told the Seniors to study b aies and their
ways during winter vacation. Van Zanten says he did some
valuable self-study and found himself an apt subject.

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