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HOLLAND CITY NEWS
MULDER BROTHERS & WHelan. Proprietors
IN THE SPIRIT OF OUR FATHERS.

(This oration received second place in the contest Feb. 7, 1908.)

Posterity ever honors the bravery of its fathers. Only yesterday, eighty millions of people celebrated the founding of Jamestown, and in a few years this nation will commemorate the settlement of Plymouth. Fearless and brave were the men from both settlements, but far different passions struggled in their breasts. Greed of gold exerted its allurement upon those whose longing eyes were turned towards Virginia. Gentlemen adventurers, disdainful labor, furnished the rank and file of those who sailed in 1607. As the last towering spire of Old England disappeared from view, no tears dimmed their vision, for in their hearts avarice was king. Not so, those who anchored in Massachusetts Bay. They were men upon whom fortune had smiled at home; prosperous merchants and thrifty yeomanry of the sturdiest type were they who now stood ready to brave danger, not for the sake of gold or adventure, but who faced the trials of a voluntary exile, their object the triumph of a religious principle. No mere band of adventurers they, gone to seek their fortunes beyond the seas, but the germ of a great nation wafted by providence to pre-destined shores.

The Pilgrim idea was one of growth. To remain in England meant to don the hated livery of the Anglican Church. Fleeing from the bitter opposition of church and state they sought a refuge in Holland. Freedom of worship was their only quest. But ere a decade of peace had passed in Holland,
there came gloomy portents of war with Spain. The voice of the great new world beyond the seas whispered that their freedom in Holland was but a half-truth. Moreover, a continued residence meant loss of identity as a people, while a second migration meant hardship, suffering and toil; it meant also a freedom both religious and civil. Their passion for religious freedom now embraced a longing for civil freedom as well, and in 1620, on Plymouth rock, the principles either scorned or unknown by the nations of Europe, found in the wilds of a new world, a recognition which was destined to be the future creed of a great people. This principle of civil equality and moral right made the America of the past; it is the only safeguard of the America of the future.

Our doctrine of the sovereignty of the people had its origin in Puritan New England. There the principle of the civil equality in America had its birth. The unique assembly in the Town-Hall at Plymouth foretold our government by representation. In Massachusetts, the founding of Harvard College by public taxation antedated our present system of education. The Church, the schoolhouse, and the public assembly were the concrete expressions of the Pilgrim principle.

From the home of the Pilgrim came America's first protest against that royal fiat, the divine right of kings. Beneath a century of trouble with the crown smoldered the hidden fires of open revolt, while the spirit of '76 was foreshadowed in 1689 when Massachusetts waxed strong enough to defy Governor Andros. Connecticut still hallows the spot where its charter was hidden in mutiny against the behests of a tyrannical king. When strength was needed, a confederation was formed, and in that league between the New England colonies, posterity sees clearly a prophecy of the republic to come.

This growing spirit caused Patrick Henry of Virginia, when he heard of Concord and Lexington, to exclaim, "I am not a Virginian, I am an American." It gave us as a leader, a Washington who served his country at his own expense, and sought his strength for battle upon his knees. It gave us the sturdy sons of toil as our wall of defense. It gave to all an American courage resistless, an American faith invincible, an

American patriotism unconquerable. It gave us Yorktown and victory, and to the world a new nation.

When the sword had been sheathed, it was the descendants of the noble Cavalier, and the humble Pilgrim who penned "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." The spirit which had actuated the town meeting of Plymouth established our nation with "a government made for the people, made by the people and answerable to the people." The tenets of the Pilgrim colony became the creed of a new democracy.

The Pilgrim spirit of freedom and morality gave to this new nation a larger sphere of development. It asserted itself in the winning of the West. The acquisition of Louisiana opened up a new land to the virile manhood of the thirteen colonies. To this unbroken wilderness, the sons of the Revolution brought their strength of character and purity of principle. Legion were the difficulties of this advance guard. Their home on wheels offered but scant protection against the dangers of a new land, where Indians daily threatened their advance. Imbued with the spirit of the Mayflower the sturdy pioneers roamed the plains and established their homes. The fruition of their sacrifice and suffering was the ever increasing number of stars in our emblem of glory, and the beginning of a greater nation.

What but the same love of freedom that in the beginning had made our nation, also preserved it from disruption in the dark days of civil strife? The shackles of prejudice and greed held the negro enslaved. The Cavalier, proud descendant of kings had for him nothing but scorn; grasping traders nailed him to a "cross of gold." Ignorant, despised and in chains, he yet influenced the nation's destiny. From the home of the Pilgrim came the echo of a forgotten voice: a voice that called "All men are created free and equal." In blood and carnage the slave traffic yielded to the ideal of liberty. The narrower Pilgrim ideal of individual right had grown until it struck off the fetters of servitude. The spirit of '76, fighting for personal freedom and manhood, had grown until in 1861 it fought for the freedom and manhood of others. It was the golden rule grown militant, blessing him that gives and him who receives.

Looking back, we see that the hand of God, working
through North and South together, has finished the outline sketch of a magnificent nation. A great civilization has grown upon the vacant prairie, in the wilderness, and upon the sandy shores of our inland seas. The path of the lurking panther and the gaily painted Indian has become the highway of the straining engine and the whizzing trolley. Where first the pioneers coralled their wagons and the voyagers beached their canoes, throbbing, panting cities have arisen. The powerful gang-plow now furrows the western plain where once the lone farmer slowly tilled his soil. The telegraph and printing press makes neighbors of us all. At present, every sea dashes its spray before the prow of vessels laden with merchandise made in America. The flag has followed in the march of progress, and today in the breezes of the morning and the golden rays of the setting sun, it floats in benediction over the oppressed from every land.

The history of the world is the record of the rise and fall of great civilizations. The principle on which this nation was founded means more than that we should be a nation big and strong, able to tyrannize over peoples weaker than ourselves. It demands that we be a nation in which the welfare of the people is the supreme object; a nation in which the general welfare and the "pursuit of happiness" pledged by the constitution shall apply alike to rich and poor, to the enlightened and the illiterate. The essence of that Pilgrim principle is individual freedom; a freedom that demands a uniform railroad rate from corporation and individual alike; a freedom that assures an equal share in our country's prosperity for every citizen.

But is not this sovereignty of the individual an empty mockery? Whence these captains of industry whose word is law to the politician walking in the paths of bribery and corruption? Do not many men in high places kneel before the idols of avarice and greed; what mean the robberies and graft in our city councils; the wail of the suffering child in the factory, and the tears of the miner's widow? Is not our vaunted Americanism a dream?

Indeed, evils are present which must be overcome; but rather is he the dreamer who fancies that our democracy slumbers. The democratic principles, in spite of which abuses were possible, have never failed to offer a remedy. In Missouri Folk, the people's governor, asks that professional lobbyists be sent to jail; that corporations which live to themselves alone be put out of existence. He wages a resistless war against crime and corruption. The city of Cleveland boasts an apostle of truth in Mayor Johnson, who as the damned leader rules the once boss-ridden city in the interests of God and humanity.

The democracy of the Mayflower invades the White House and the "square deal" president enforces uniform rate laws and pure food legislation in the interest of the man who labors. He who runs may read that the principles of our forefathers are working out a remedy.

In the Pilgrim principle of freedom and morality alone is America's possible attainment of its highest ideal. But let none forget that the future of every nation is determined by the daily lives of its citizens. Its humblest members are influencing its destiny. Its future glory rests with us. The War for Independence has long since ended, the last brave hero has been crowned. Their glory can never be ours. Theirs the glory of victory in battle, ours the glory of the conqueror in peace; noble our task—our work divine. The "Knight of the Twentieth Century" is he who will give battle to the mighty Goliath of fraud and deceit. Our hope for the future rests not in battleships and money but in men; men of character; men of action; men whom money cannot buy, whom politics cannot corrupt; men who remember Plymouth rock and the virtues which made it famous.

The power of moral principles is bringing to America the solution of her many problems. Monopoly already yields before a public conscience awakened. Industrial despotism, at this present moment, is tottering upon its throne; industrial freedom will soon be a truth. Wealth even now, in obedience to a higher law, is confessing its debt to mankind.

In the open vistas of the future, we see our nation in the van of human progress. We see a mighty people crowned with the joys of freedom; the lineage of human liberty unbroken, and the pulse of the world throbbing with the growing life of America. We see a spirit of justice and love brooding over a land in which factions have ceased to exist, whose people wield the sceptre of the Prince of Peace, and worship
at the altar of Truth. We behold a greater America, a witness of the priceless legacy of our fathers.

"The Pilgrim spirit has not fled;
   It walks in noon's broad light;
And watches the bed of the glorious dead,
   With the holy stars by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
   And still guard this ice-bound shore.
Till the waves of the bay where the Mayflower lay.
   Shall foam and freeze no more."

P. H. PLEUNE, '50.

HARBOR BELLS—A SOLILOQUY.

Why do I sound my warning cry
   Over the waters forebodingly still?
Why fitfully moan on the midnight sky
   And echo through ocean cave, dank and chill?
The Nereids start in troubled sleep
   Far below in the sea-god's home,
And the petrel dreams of the tempest's shriek
   And scudding clouds over the crested foam.
Why call to the deep with its secrets grave
   Of aching hearts and outstretched hand:
Of those whose tombs the billows lave
   But bring no tale to memories' sand?
   Why do I ring? Why do I call?
A mist falls over the unknown deep,
   And a ship is out at sea.

Tolling, tolling in sad refrain,
   From my lofty home on the world I roll
A song of sorrow, a cry of pain,
   A musical agony, earth's requiem dole.
Why do I chant the days gone by?
   Why cry for the night, for sunset's wane?
Why mourn lost hopes or softly sigh
   For shores receding or shadowy plain?
Are there no days at the journey's end
   Where rises the sun on morning strand?
Are there no fields that sweetly blend

And mingle along with Yesterday's land?
   Why do I ring? Why do I call?
A mist hangs over the Unknown Deep
   And a soul's gone out to sea.

Now dim in the west grows the fading sun,
   Calm is the air at eventide,
As over the meadows my clear notes run
   Calling to vespers far and wide.
Why fill I the heart with hope and joy?
   Why waken the little bird's twittering call?
Why summon the prayer from earth's alloy
   To Him who watches the sparrow's fall?
Is it for kingly crimine and seal,
   For lofty hall and pillared arcade,
For riches or pleasure, fancied or real,
   For a world of strife by human hands made?
   Why do I ring? Why do I call?
A mist hangs over the unknown deep,
   And a day's come in from sea.

COLLEGE TOGS.

(See Sentinel Editorial.)

The poor college boy has been censured for the kind of clothes he wears. Just as if he has not troubles enough in his daily occupation of skipping classes to be bothered about his clothes. They tell him that he is second cousin to Maud just because he considers it an insignia of his profession to have the sleeves of his trousers (as some wit has called them) rolled up a couple of inches higher than the common, everyday, unmatticulated sport wears them. And then just because he considers it one of his most solemn obligations to wear a hat with rim cut down to the minimum size, and with names of Greek fraternities and former sweethearts covering the crown, instead of the staid and conventional Stetson, such thoughtful people as lecturers and editors (especially editors) call them names that no self-respecting student can fail to resent. And furthermore, just because he occasionally jams his hands halfway up to the elbow into his trouser pockets, he
is called a plain and simple ass. "This is the most unkindest cut of all."

This paper is not a Sartor Resartus. It is not the philosophy of clothes with the clothes left out, but simply the philosophy of college togs. For there is a philosophy underlying college togs that is deep rooted in human nature; the spirit that causes the college boy to wear all those so-called asinine togs is that same spirit that has formed this great republic out of thirteen struggling confederate states. This may seem a little far fetched and I don't quite see the point myself, but it was the first comparison that popped into my head, and I trust that wiser heads than I will grasp it. I mean, it is the spirit of organization. The student body is a class by itself, and the individuals that make up this class must show the world their colors in some way. Then why not through clothes? How could you tell a soldier without his uniform from a common mortal? How can you tell a student without his rolled-up trousers and handkerchiefs from an editor or lecturer—unless it be from the look of superior wisdom in his eye?

And then there is also the law of contrast at the bottom of the philosophy of college togs. Think of boys feeding on the cream that all the geniuses that can be crammed into the curriculum have succeeded in skimming from the fountains of wisdom (mixed figure, I fear), not having artistic taste enough to dress differently from other mortals! Of course the law of contrast is a dangerous thing to handle, since there is said to be but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous. It is especially dangerous for a person with an artistic taste as a well-bred student is supposed to possess. You have perhaps all heard of a certain Mr. Buggs, also of artistic temperament, who became proprietor of the old village hotel. He named it "The Bugg House," and in a moment of special poetic insight put as a subtitle on his business cards, "A Sojourn for Pilgrims of the Night"! But in spite of an individual "putting his foot into it" occasionally and making a fool of himself, the student as a class believes in this law of contrast. His clothes stand for a principle if the rest of prosaic humanity could only see it.

And most important of all, a student's togs are of use in preserving the wearer's mental equilibrium. His mind, fed so diligently on the aforesaid cream, is constantly in danger of becoming too rich. Who has not seen the thoughtful, unearthly expression on the student's face? It is simply a reflection that the "inner light" casts. But college togs counteract this danger. They occasionally direct his mind into safer channels and they prevent him from having too much veneration for the past. The enchantment of distance, the poetic sentiment that crowns every deed and thought and event of a past age with a special halo would make the student, who is constantly in touch with them, lose his belief in the importance of the present if it were not for his togs. They preserve his self-respect and his respect for the present. These peculiar habiliments represent his genius, they are the result of his ingenuity. No matter if the ancients could dream out loud in Greek and swear in Latin, all they could do in the line of togs was the plain, bare-faced, pocketless toga. Though the ancients have delved deep into philosophy and science and have figured out how many angels could dance on the point of a needle, the student has delved deep into the philosophy of clothes and has originated the science of college togs. Then listen not to the sneers of editor or lecturer, oh, college boy, but roll up your trousers a foot and a half, dive your hands deep down into your pockets, wear your Greek letter, name-encircled hat and whistle away for dear life that good old tune, "What's the Use of Feeling Blue?"

And in conclusion I would like to give the philosophy of the college girl's togs, but alas, I'm only a boy.

A. M., '07.

A FANCY.

Oh! off I dream of olive-trees,
And shining walls and sunny seas;
Perfumed gardens, birds and bees,
And orange-groves waving in the breeze.

To Setubal, in Portugal,
My winged fancy finds it way—
I see the hillside villas white,
Their terraced gardens; vineyards bright:
Here fades the day to sweeter night;  
As slow the Time-God's placid flight,  
As flows the Tagus to the bay.

In Setubal, in Portugal,  
No future sorrows dim the day;  
At dawn the sails dip over the bar;  
The hunter seeks his hill afar;  
Swart women spin where shadows are;  
From matin-bell till evening-star;  
The groves resound with children's play.

In Setubal, in Portugal,  
Men's lives are strong, and women's true;  
Men fight for Hate, and not for Gold;  
Wise are the Young, and young the Old;  
There none fear Death, each story told  
Must end; what tho' the grave be cold,  
The souls that die unshrived are few.

To Setubal, in Portugal,  
My wearied feet will lastly roam;  
In thee my days declining be,  
(No alien friend but Memory.)  
Thy children lip my name in glee,  
Thy priest shall chant my litany,  
Thy hillside field my latest home.

JOTTINGS--AT SEA.

On board the good steamship "Siberia" we found a young man bound for Manila and the United States civil service,  
having chosen the occupation because of its educative value.  
Unable to secure a college education in America, he felt an  
ocean voyage to be an excellent substitute for books in the  
development of character, which is education. The experience  
of the voyage has led us to agree that especially in two  
respects an ocean trip makes for a full manhood.

The first of these lies along the line of emphasizing  
patience. It is indeed a trial to some in these strenuous days  
to be compelled to quietness for two or three weeks, scarcely  
at all during that time seeing land, or, what may seem even  
more terrible, a newspaper. What of the world's championship base-  
ball series, or of the latest development in the financial situation?  
What if all the home letters intended for you fail to  
arrive before the steamer sails? It is not always easy, either,  
to remember that in a world so small as an ocean steamer one  
ought always avoid rubbing elbows, sometimes even colliding,  
literally and figuratively, with other passengers; or that the  
servants on board may have other duties than immediately  
looking after all your wants. Perhaps the captain is, after all,  
not greatly to blame if, upon crossing the international date  
line, it is the only Sunday of the whole week that must needs  
be counted out. Nor need it be hard to bear with a choppy  
sea, if the morning that wears away too slowly when seasick-  
ness threatens has found the only Christian Scientist on board  
thinking breakfast to be more enjoyable if brought to him  
than if he should go to breakfast, as usual. And why, indeed,  
are you scrutinized from head to foot at every Japanese port  
by two uniformed doctors, if it be not to educate you in the  
patience that adorns character?

An ocean voyage is, likewise, an enemy to provincialism  
and sectionalism of every kind. It is an education in world-  
citizenship. Your fellow passengers speak as familiarly of  
Calcutta, Shanghai, Singapore and Honolulu as you ever  
used to of Zealand or Muskegon. Down in the steerage you  
see Chinese, Japanese, Hindus, and even the members of the  
Hawaiian baseball team, bound for Japan. You may room in  
a cabin with a veteran of the Spanish-American war, returning  
to service in "the islands"; you are paired off in the shuffle-  
board contest with a young college graduate en route to  
Peking, China, to enter the United States consular service; you  
are seated at table next to a Scotch merchant who sells hemp  
in Manila, and waited upon by a Cantonese Chinese "boy";  
and the fat men's race returns as the winner a representative  
of the China Inland Mission returning after furlough, and  
among the losers a man representing the Standard Oil Com-  
pany in China. The world seems all your own, as you meet  
every day men who feel that all the world owes them a living,  
and others who feel that all the world has need of the life that  
is life indeed; those who want their brothers to provide their
keep, and those who acknowledge themselves their brothers’ keepers. You are tempted to read, and you borrow books—
“The Blue Flower,” showing how various men in various
times have longed and sought to attain; “The Lady of the
Decoration,” vivacious in style, suggesting that the child
heart is one the world over; “The Weavers,” of the English-
man who labored, as following a vision, for Egypt; “The
Marks of a Man,” which are even the same; and in the early
morning moments, the letters of the intrepid voyager Paul,
who must have shared the feeling that has prompted many
another world servant to cry “Amplus, amplus!” And in it
all there is a prophecy of the time when, because the sea shall
be no more, there shall be no more separation between man
and man.

Some men have learned these things, in some degree,
through books; but no character, and so no education, can be
complete without patience and vision, alike in being inimical
to selfishness.

WILLIS G. HOEKJE, ’04.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT RIGHT-FORWARD.

It is an ancient Forward Right
And he holdeth one of three;
“Avaunt thee knave—Pete, go it light—
Why dost thou thus hold me?”

“Carnegie’s doors are open wide,
The seats are filling fast—
May’st hear the Zeelanders inside—
I must not be the last.”

He holds him firm, he holds him tight,
Gripped where the belt is slack;
And thus unto that luckless wight
The Right Forward did clack,

“The game began with many a slide,
It was a red hot match;
With ‘Now play fast’, and, ‘round the side,’
And many a throw and catch.

... and right forward I deftly played
Ah, me—the goodly game.
When suddenly in might arrayed
Upon me now they came.

A ton in weight, my spirits sank
The fearful ball, it flew
And with the ball, one lean and lank
In front of all came thru—

God save thee, ancient Forward shark,
From fiends that plague thee now;
Why lookst thou so?—Just for a lark
I threw that lean, lank cow.

About, about in rough-house grim.
The fiery battle tore;
Minus an arm, and less a limb
They bore me from the floor.

Three quarters scattered—thus I ran,
I was a fearsome wreck;
I started in one full sized man,
They brought one Forward back.

And now from land to land I roamed—
Nay, take your “nickel” back:
I need it not—I have a home,
Enough to eat—and all I lack

Is one to listen while I tell
The story of my game.
And you sirrah have done it well,
All glory to your name.

HARVEY OLMANS.

SCHMIDTISMS.

I.—The Arrival of Schmidt.

“Meester Schmidt! ach yess, dot iss meen name. Nau,
mein pootty girl, vot iss it dot you would like.”

This was the stereotyped greeting with which Schmidt.
Solomon Schmidt, welcomed all prospective buyers to his em
The Anchor

porium; yes, his emporium, if that's another name for com-
cmercial museum. The village had always been a very quiet,
 sleepy place until the Northwestern ran a spur line through
the midst of the business portion. Then a sudden change took
place. The train of progress was fast approaching, and so
the cow-catcher, as it were, sat Solomon. His available assets
were crammed into two bulky satchels, but all fortunate for
Solomon, through his veins there coursed herculean blood, the
blood that had made the Rothschilds, the Pinners, the Ein-
horns and the blood that was destined to make Solomon the
Marshall Field of Cedar Grove, for thus was the village named.
Solomon's satchels managed to stock a little store and there
in the most humble surroundings he began. He was his own
housekeeper, clerk, delivery boy, floor-walker, window trim-
mer, manager and book-keeper. Truly an astounding array
of titles, and still Solomon had a hard job to keep busy. He
was, so to speak, breaking the ice, and here it was decidedly
thick. His business soon, however, began to pick up, his run-
ning expenses were small, for Solomon himself did all the run-
ing, that is, if running is used with a very broad application
to include a manner of progress much resembling the com-
bination of a gallop and a wabble. This combination, how-
ever, was inevitable from the very nature of the case; for
Solomon was fat, decidedly rotund and Solomon was short,
amazingly short, therefore the wabble; furthermore, Solomon
was busy, distractingly busy, therefore the gallop.

II.—Schmidt in Action.

Rapid increase in business demanded an enlargement of
present quarters. Schmidt built on an addition. Schmidt did
it himself. Indeed it was a task. The ladder always creaked
most ominously when Schmidt clambered up the rungs. At a
distance he resembled a gorilla; no one doubted that the
tower built Solomon not one bit. At length the herculean task
had been accomplished and a lop-sided addition graced the
rear of his establishment. Immediately it began to fill up. An
old sewing machine, a kerosine tank, a baby carriage, and a
pile of flour in sacks filled up the structure and still business
increased. Schmidt was in a quandary. "Donner en Blitzen!"
cried Schmidt, "most I pilf anoder part after re store?" "No, sur,
I will rent me dot big shotre by de corner." The trans-
ation was soon completed and Schmidt was to occupy the
more lofty mansion." The village did not boast of a drayman.
No Solomon must be his own drayman. How his amorphous
bulk did wiggle and wabble and how he did hustle, for Schmidt
himself was drayman. Truly his means of transportation
were poor apologies for horse and wagon, but Schmidt made
up for all deficiencies. From his former habitation he
trundled, he dragged, he pushed, and hauled all the specimens
of his commercial museum. "Tis true, his face was red, no it
was scarlet, and his hair, well, what was left, was in a state of
dire confusion. His breath came in puffs, he wheezed and he
panted just like a little mountain engine. His short, busy
legs went back and forth like the vibrating tines of a tuning
fork. Sometimes Schmidt got mad, red, downright mad, for
all did not go as it should. Once Schmidt underestimated the
strength of the top of an empty barrel and while, with the
agility of an elephant, he scrambled on top and reached for the
overhanging lamp, his error in judgment suddenly became
evident as he disappeared into the narrow confines of the
barrel. But perseverance and an occasional beer carried
Schmidt through and another step had been taken toward his
becoming the Marshall Field of Cedar Grove.

The Anchor
We place this number last, not because girls are least in importance at Hope, but as a fitting close to our maiden effort as editor of a college paper.

The present issue is supposed to be a Contest number but the necessity of having most of our copy in before the local contest, prevents us from devoting the entire issue to the Oratorical contest. We are looking forward with great hope and enthusiasm to the coming State contest, to be held here March 6. We expect large delegations from all our sister colleges throughout the state and no one will give them a heartier welcome to Holland and Hope than does the Anchor. Hope wants to win and we want her to win, but that does not keep us from wishing every orator who comes here, both for the Men's and for the Women's contest, the best possible success. Welcome to Hope!

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The seventh of February was a big day for Hope. It witnessed the inauguration of oratorical contest work among the students for the year 1908. It was an event that had long been looked forward to with interest. A large and appreciative audience gathered in Carnegie Hall to hear the six competitors deliver their productions. The successful orator is to represent Hope in the Intercollegiate contest. Mr. A. J. Van Houten, the treasurer of the Michigan Oratorical League, presided and with appropriate remarks opened the exercises of the evening. Dr. Oltmans offered prayer.

Mr. Keuper favored the audience with an artistic clarinet solo and Miss Beta Bennis furnished some pleasing music with her violin.

There was hovering over the audience a distinct spirit of good will. Although the various classes "rubbed" each other with antagonistic yells, still the spirit of friendship and courtesy was ever evident.

The orators seemed to have imbibed the enthusiasm of the audience, as each one spoke with vim and glow of persuasiveness. The orations were remarkable in many respects. Every competitor had some advantage which another did not possess. Being greeted with yells from the various classes, the orators entered into their oration with heart and soul, and,
Indeed, the individuality of each man cropped out everywhere The contest over, the judges adjourned to compare their gradings. A few minutes of suspense, and the audience was informed that Wm. Walvoord, '08, speaking on "The Siege of Leyden," captured first place; Peter H. Pleume, '09, however was a close second.

Mr. Walvoord is indeed a strong man, and we place a goodly amount of confidence in him. There is at present perhaps no busier man upon the campus than our orator. Every spare moment is spent in a rigid re-examination of the oration. Being saturated with his theme, and being one of the keescut scholars in the college, he surely will put forth a strong and polished production. We "bunk on" him as a winner, for he is a sincere and hard worker, a man who is nurturing a growing determination to win. And he has full right to entertain this spirit. Mr. Pleume, who captured second honors, won the $150 bronze bust in last year's Washington Bust Contest; and certainly Pleume "put up" a stronger fight this year than ever before. Why should not a victory over such a man be a keen incentive to better work? And how can it help but be a glowing stimulus to a stronger spirit of determination? Interest is what counts, and Walvoord has a good share of it.

Class spirit should now be crystallized into college spirit. The latter cannot exist without the former, but if the enthusiasm of the respective classes cannot fuse into a unity, it is worse than nothing. Then there is mutual destruction. Let us, one and all, "whoop her up" for Walvoord. Let us make a determined effort to win and victory will be ours.

DAY OF PRAYER FOR COLLEGES.

Thursday, June 30, was the day of prayer for Colleges and College exercises were suspended. Service was held in the Chapel at 2 o'clock. Dr. Dubbink opened the service with prayer. Dr. Kollen read the scripture lesson and in a short address, held up before the students the value of the individual life. The Rev. Dr. McLaughlin of Park Congregational Church, Grand Rapids, was the principal speaker. He held the attention of his audience with a simple straightforward eloquence, which reveals power under restraint, which appeals to the mind and soul of man. He said in part: "Each individual must write his Book of Life. The theme of Chapter I must be Loyalty to Truth. We are not our own masters but the servants of another. Truth for every man is his final authority. Chapter II is a Vision of Service. Allegiance to the truth always leads to a vision of service. Chapter III is Heroic Unselfish Action. The earnest life is lived not in the realm of vision but in the region of truth. The years of action follow the moment of vision. "Lease yourself in the work you are doing." In the address, we find the motto for College students, "The truth against the world for me."

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The Young Women's Christian Association was greatly helped by a visit from our State Secretary, Miss Landes, who spent several days among us in January. She met the cabinet and each committee, giving us new ideas and great inspiration and encouragement in our work. She left behind her many influences for good, greater faith in prayer and in the power of God in the work of young women for young women.

The Young Women's Christian Association sent three delegates to the State Convention held at Bay City January 16-19. They report a number of inspiring and helpful meetings, a large attendance of wide awake, active Christian Michigan girls, and a broader outlook over the field of young women's work in the world to be accomplished in the motto of the convention, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

The Anchor
Photographer to Vander Schaaf, posing for Anchor staff picture—“You on the end there, move up closer to the young lady” (Miss Grotemat.)

Vander Schaaf, gazing earnestly into the young lady’s face—“May I?”

Photographer to Schaeffer, posing, etc.—“You’re a little twisted here.”

Huiihregtse, translating “aequo et pari”—“With equability” (Dr. Sutchin, breaking in) “and paranimity.”

Upon request we print several of the bon mots that appeared in the January issue of the Anchor.

Van Westenbrugge—“From now on morning coffee only twice a week.”

Prof. Raap—“Where is Van Westenbrugge?”

John Dykstra (looking out of the window) —“There he goes now to get his coffee.”

Iky, hiky.
O’er the piky,
To Re(i)ky.

Table “I” at the Vorhees Girls’ Residence Dining Hall took up, last month, the study of mythology as an adjunct to Applied Domestic Science. Classic nom de plumes were adopted by the members, and all agreed that the classic atmosphere and the pleasure of meditation in the classics, like good digestion, served to

“Wiat on Appetite.”

The only disagreeable feature of the idea was the difficulty experienced in reconciling to the classic atmosphere the discordant phraseology of time and circumstance, as for instance:

“Vulcan”—“Cupid, will you please pass the gravy?”

Neptune—“Ganymedes! A glass of water, please.”

Cupid—“Psyche, are you a lover of pea-soup?”

The members of the circle and their nom de plumes were as follows:

Dido—Miss Grotemat (Elizabeth Loraine).
Aeneas—Mr. Jos. Dykstra.
Ascanius—Mr. Geo. Aeneas De Young.
Bacchus—Mr. Jas. Dykema.
Vulcan—Mr. Henry Mollema.
King Priam—Mr. Van Arendonk.
Psyche—Miss Josephine Bolks.
Cupid—Mr. Bernard Filkkema.
Neptune—Mr. Henry Pasma.
Mars—Mr. Tennis Gouwens.
Ganymedes—Mr. C. Muste, the garcon.

We publish in this issue a few items taken from the College Jottings of ten years or more ago.

Wanted—Some one to keep my light burning while I am out after supper. Apply, stating wages expected for steady work from 7 to 12 p. m. every evening.

JOHN MERSEN, V. V. H. '94.

A special sale of wrappers and morning gowns is going on in Holland's leading dry goods stores. Take note—Warning: Banninga, Banninga, Kuize and Kelle! You can get them to look well with your coiffure and bangs. '94.

Where did Prof. Klineheksel send those "funny" valentines that he bought on February 12? '95.

In 1895—

One morning Dim, having rolled up his ulster, was hugging to his heart's content. A classmate standing near vouches for the fact that he heard him say, "Come to my arms, Nora, darling." We infer that there is a Nora somewhere playing a very important part in his thoughts. Look out, Eddie! '95.

A. T. Godfrey daily appreciates the use of a good nag.
Amor omnia vencit. '96.

Profs. Sutphen and Nykerk have invested in lots on Fourteenth street, upon which residences will be erected in the near future. Prof. Sutphen's will cost not less than $1,800 when completed.

Qua causa mi magister? '96.

"The owner of the mittens found in Prof. Nykerk's pockets can have them upon application," was the amusing notice read in chapel. Truly, it sounds like romance. '97.

The Anchor

BOOM ALACK A! BOOM ALACK A!
Sis, boom, bell,
Wore the H. C. L. L.
By request of Mrs. Gilmore. '98.

Mr. Bloemendaal, our janitor, was recently found studying the dictionary in Van Vleck Hall.
Prof. Yntema's room has of late become quite slippery. '98.

Dr. Kollen had a flowing beard.
Prof. Klineheksel wore side burns and a beard.
So did Prof. Boers.
Prof. Sutphen wore a beard.
Prof. Nykerk owned a mustache.
Prof. Yntema's mustache resembled the one of 1908.

EXCHANGES

The decree at the head of this department does not mean that our exchanges are "kicks," for observe how the friendliness of the faces neutralizes the malice of the heels.

Among the exchanges that make their regular weekly appearance at our table is "The Normal College News." It differs from most exchanges in that it is edited and printed in newspaper form. As such, it is a good paper. Its articles are usually up-to-date and well worth one's while to read.

The "E. O. H. S. News" has a good literary department.

The "Echo" contains plenty of society and college news, but along other lines it is rather deficient. A good story or two, a few articles of a more solid nature, and an exchange column would raise the standard of this paper in a marked degree.
A good exchange column is conducted in the "Horace Mann Record."

"The Ray" is an excellent paper. Its cover designs are usually neat and artistic. Among its best articles in the January number are, "My Trip from Europe to the United States," and "Getting Started."

"The Easterner" seems to work in opposition to the general consensus of opinion of the exchange editors, as to the value and purpose of an exchange column. Such a department composed exclusively of jokes, has been almost universally denounced. Still, our friend, "The Easterner," deliberately has filled the exchange column of its last issue with them. As to its literary department the article, "Peter's Ghost," in the same number is worthy of note.

"Said and Done" has a good editorial in its December number on "Student Honor." It is well written and sets forth some interesting facts.

Language of Umbrellas—There is a language of umbrellas—There is a language of umbrellas as well as of flowers. For instance, place your umbrella in a rack, and it will exchange owners. To open it quickly in the street means that somebody's eye is going to be in danger. To shut it quickly signifies that a hat or two will probably be knocked off. An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain signifies courtship. When a man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings it indicates marriage. To swing your umbrella over your shoulder signifies "I am making a nuisance of myself." To put an alpaca umbrella by the side of a silk one signifies "Exchange is no robbery." To lend an umbrella means—well, never mind what it means, nobody ever does that.—Ex.

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